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JOURNAL

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7 Boys From Good Families: WHY DID THEY STEAL? ❦ How to Live with a Tyrannical Husband
HE CHILD WITH ONE PARENT: Dr. Spock ❦ THE PARIS LOOK ❦ Outstanding Condensed Novel
iscious Summer Foods ❦ PHYLLIS McGINLEY–Profession: Housewife ❦ 9 WAYS TO LIVE LONGER

219809



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Montina Corlon is one of the famous Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

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UFD-11-62

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Look at all 8 by Frigidaire before you buy any food freezer!

You're sure to find the perfect style and size for your family!



UFD-13-62

Ho
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. Five full-width shelves; plus
th door shelves. One of 6
built-in door lock. Comes with
ty for repair of any defect,
otection Plan for repair of any
gerating system. **Same com-**
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Exclusive Frigidaire Frost-Proof system! Folks who use this big freezer never cease to be thankful it never, never needs defrosting! Holds 588 pounds. Storage for frozen juice, soup cans on door. Choice of four colors plus white. Exclusive Frigidaire Frigi-Foam insulation saves space.

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gineering, the same superb depend-
at makes Frigidaire Refrigerators first
world around!

ire Food Freezers must go through a
ugged tests to prove their dependabil-
example, production line models are
t random. Then they're run day and
ly loaded, in room temperature of 110 degrees. In test after test after test, Frigidaire Freezers kept frozen food temperatures safely down in the zero zone!

You get this extra reserve of Frigidaire dependability no matter which Frigidaire Food Freezer you choose! Look at the models on this page. Then see your dealer. He is ready right now to demonstrate these sturdy new stars in the Frigidaire Family of Dependable Appliances, products of General Motors.

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

THE MAGAZINE WOMEN BELIEVE IN

SUMMER 196

JOURNAL

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There's zesty sauce. Full of meat, ready to heat. Made from an old Italian recipe, with vine-ripened tomatoes and savory spices. There's tender spaghetti to cook to taste, lots of tangy cheese.

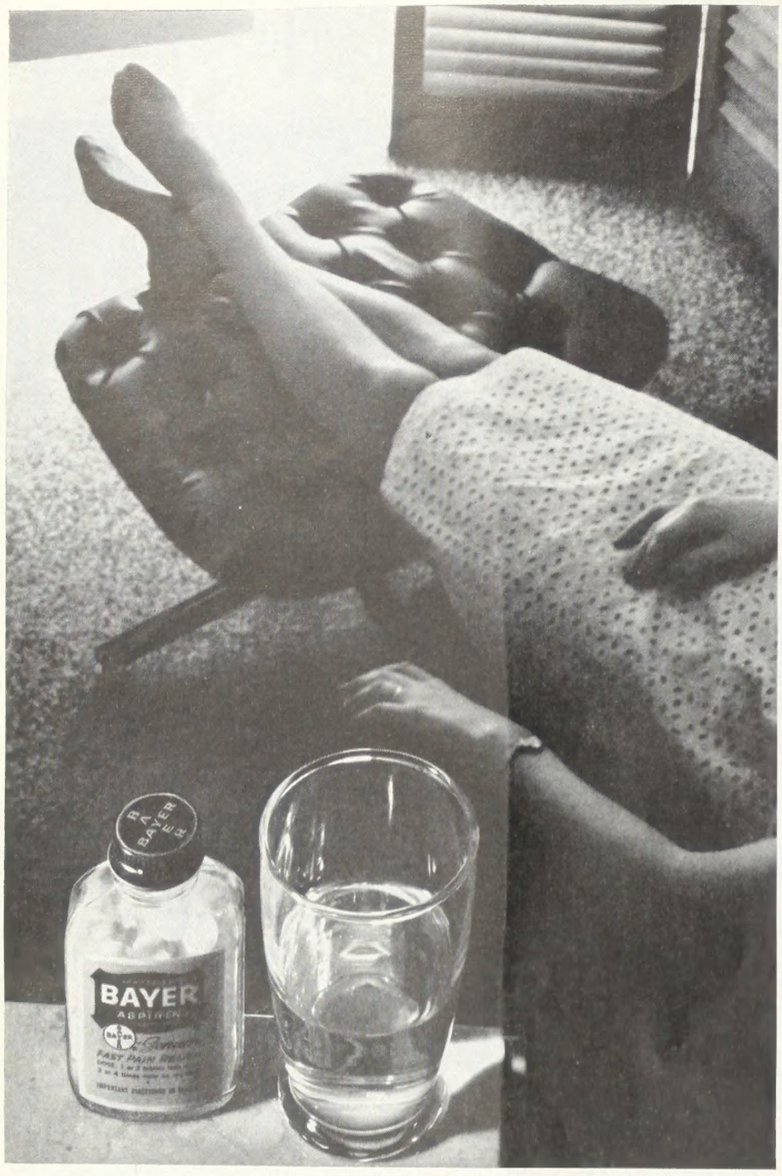
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The most important minutes of your summer day

When hot weather makes you feel tense, irritable, headachy, two Bayer Aspirin and a short rest can help you feel better fast!

It happens to most of us on a hot, humid summer day, when the pressures of daily living mount up. By midafternoon we feel so headachy and edgy that the simplest chore, the smallest disturbance becomes an irritation. We're in no mood to enjoy life or the company of others.

Here's how to turn that mood around: just take two Bayer Aspirin for your headache, sit down for a few minutes and relax. These few minutes can make a world of difference in the way you feel and act. You'll enjoy being with people, and they'll enjoy being with you.

Whenever you get tense, headachy and out of sorts on a hot summer afternoon, set aside a few minutes for Bayer Aspirin and a brief rest. You'll find these can be the most important minutes of your day.

BAYER ASPIRIN
FAST PAIN RELIEF

OUR READERS WRITE US

IN THE TUB WITH MICHELANGELO

Dear Editors: What housewives need is a forty-eight-hour day. There's so little time to read. I've mastered the art of reading while cooking—and I've been relaxing in the tub with Michelangelo and Irving Stone for a half hour a day this week. But apparently I don't cook or bathe enough. I never read everything I want to!

My *Journal* arrived yesterday. It took me some time to get as far as "Our Readers Write Us." If I never get any further the magazine is still worth the purchase price. What a wonderful mixture of emotions! I decided then and there to thank you for so much pleasure for so many years.

HELENE HARNED, *Zionsville, Penna.*

ADVICE MOTHERS SELDOM GET

Dear Editors: I wish to thank you for all your household hints and advice to mothers, but there are some areas you haven't touched. I have never found an article titled "How to Get Rid of Unwanted Kittens and What to Tell the Children." Or, consider this: A child raises white mice, breeding them as fast as Nature allows (which is pretty fast). For a while there's quite a good sale of white mice at 10 cents apiece. Then suddenly all the neighborhood children *have* white mice. What now? What to do with all those excess, unsold mice?

My older boy collects snakes. One night a snake got loose. And though we hunted an entire day we couldn't find him. I even tried thinking like a snake to see where I would hide myself. You try thinking like a snake for a while—it gets you.

When I recall the various creatures that have got loose in my house and never been found, I wonder that I can sleep nights.

DORIS A. HOLLIS, *Baltimore, Md.*

● *Let* everything *loose and restore the balance of Nature.—ED.*

RULES FOR A FRENCH WIFE

Dear Editors: Sorting through the contents of an old chest the other day, I found these ten "commandments" for a wife, written sixty-five years ago in French, which I freely translate:

1. You must love only one man and love him completely.
2. You must be faithful to him and obey him always.
3. Serve his soup hot and serve it promptly.
4. Do not drink his wine unless he offers it to you.
5. Shine his shoes every day.
6. Brush his clothes and keep his shirts spotless.
7. Always kiss him lovingly.
8. Afterward let him rest comfortably.
9. Do not deceive him while he is alive.
10. Or you will be spanked.

M. ZURBRIGGEN, *Sumner, Iowa*

IS HONESTY OUTMODED?

Dear Editors: One of the hardest lessons in the growing-up process is the realization that the concepts of honesty, morality, "Do unto others ——" that were taught in school do not apply. Upon entering adulthood we learn that it is perfectly all right to lie to the law—be it traffic cop or judge.

We hear of government dishonesty, union dishonesty, corporation dishonesty, and we realize our fairy-tale world of school exists no more. Can't we somehow return to the pioneer spirit of everyone loving and helping instead of the cheating, conniving and dishonesty that appear to prevail now? What happened to our old admiration for virtue?

JOAN BURKETT, *Reno, Nevada*

● *We believe there is still far more personal honesty than personal dishonesty (and there is no other kind), but the latter does appear to be increasing. Directly or indirectly, we plan to pursue this subject in the* Journal *and welcome further comments from our readers.—ED.*

YOUNG ALCOHOLICS

Dear Editors: Our eldest daughter is a freshman at a nearby college. Many of her friends at school can't seem to date without drinking and have become intoxicated on more than one occasion. At home we serve drinks to company and have an occasional highball but this teen-age drinking is entirely new to our circle of friends. Some of our daughter's dorm sisters laugh at the nondrinkers and their nonalcoholic good times. Is it this way in all the colleges, or is it just in the Eastern part of the country?

Name Withheld, Newark, N.J.

INTOLERABLE TOLERATION

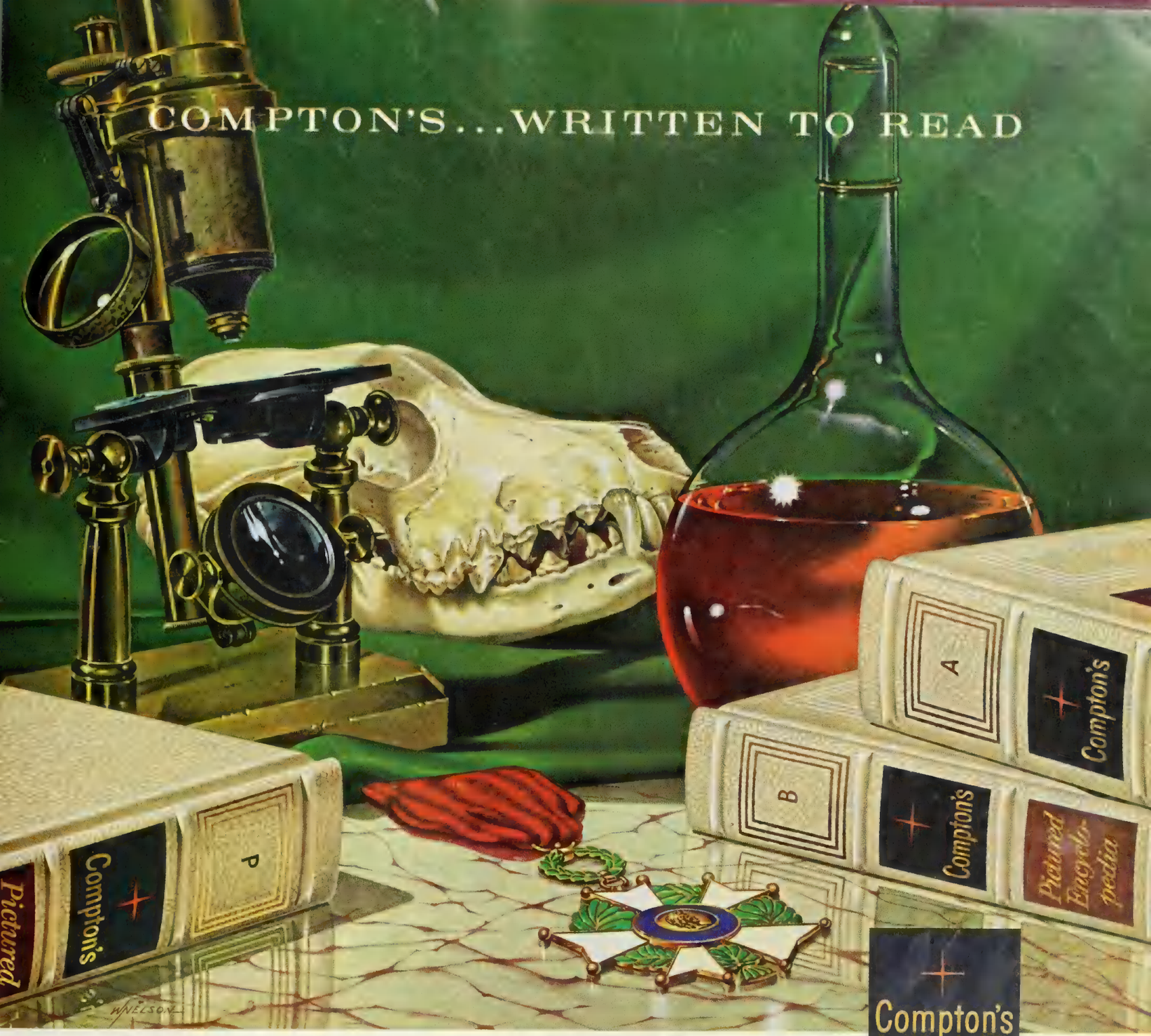
Dear Editors: In the section of the South where I was born and grew up, one "tolerated" events or conditions, but certainly never human beings. The use of the word "tolerate" implies a natural or inherent superiority. Must we all go around feeling generous because we have been "tolerant" of someone less fortunate than ourselves? Isn't this prejudice in one of its most acute forms?

JEAN N. REILLY, *Tarawa Terrace, N.C.*

STOP NEEDLING

Dear Editors: I am an Air Force nurse, working in the outpatient clinic. Daily I overhear mothers telling their children "Sit still and don't cry, or you'll get a shot!" Mothers, please don't threaten your children with the possibility of an injection. We need your help to become your child's friend.

LT. FRANCES F. LAROSE, *George AFB, Calif.*



How did a "mediocre" student help Science save millions of lives?

DO YOUR CHILDREN KNOW?

Louis Pasteur was graduated from college with "mediocre" in chemistry attached to his diploma, yet he went on to make discoveries that led to the pasteurization of milk, inoculation against rabies, the researches which developed the sterilization methods that permit modern surgery. These achievements are listed in almost any encyclopedia. But what good does it do your children to learn facts unless they can relate them to living?

That is the remarkable difference in Compton's. It is "written to read." In Compton's, a young reader reads on and learns that while Pasteur was not considered an especially brilliant student, he was a hard-working one. Young hearts are inspired to greater diligence by his example. Young minds are encouraged to learn that, with application, what may seem to be only average abilities can result in great achievements.

Compton's is not just a "look-it-up-for-homework-and-then-forget-it" encyclopedia. Every article in Compton's is written by experts for accuracy, and then re-written in the Compton style that stimulates interest and understanding. "Pictures that teach" on almost every page of every volume contribute to still greater understanding. An exclusive Fact-Index in each volume leads young readers from subject to subject, leads them to read more and more, leads them to knowledge.

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All in favor of
brown-sugar cured flavor...
say "Swift's Premium Ham!"

Served hot or cold, this tender, brown-sugar cured ham always tastes just wonderful! Its delicately sweet, slow-smoked flavor tells you why generations of families have preferred the high quality of Swift's Premium Ham. Select the type, the size you want, for glorious ham right down to the last lean, tempting slice!

Meat power from Swift
provides a wealth of food energy and complete meat protein



"The Swift's Premium bone-in Ham Come Fully Cooked or Cook before Eating." Our [illegible] boneless Ham and the Hostess Ham (completely [illegible] are fully cooked, in whole and ½-ham sizes.

Swift's Premium

The two most trusted words in meat. Our 107th year.

JOURNAL, ABOUT HOME

New products this summer let you leave home and like it, whether you'r picnicking or going to Paris. *Journal* editors preview nearly every new item—from featherweight foam jugs to folding cribs—so that they can shar them with you.

BIGGEST HIT! NO RUNS! A bonanza for women on the run are sheer seamless nylon stockings that *won't*—run, that is. Catch them, snag them no damage done. ($1.75–$2, Hanes; Gotham.)

PAPER BAKERS? Sounds unlikely, but you can actually bake in in dividual paper casseroles that go from freezer to oven to table to waste basket. A dish saver all round by Dixie. (10 for 25 cents.)

WE LIKE THE WEIGHTLESSNESS of foam-insulation jugs and chests They're so light they add only ounces to the weight of food and drink inside And they really keep food cold (or hot). A woman from Maryland tells o driving to New York in the heat of a 90° day with a foam chest full of froze food. And it stayed frozen—solid! Some women shop with them to kee perishables cold in the car while they complete their errands. (From abou $1. Hamilton-Skotch, Life-Like Products.)

A NEAT TRAVELING COMPANION is a bureau-on-the-go in decorato colors, styling. Invented by an ex-Army officer, this is a dresser whose fou drawers pull out and convert into lightweight luggage made of vinyl-covere reinforced plastic. (Set of 4 cases, mirror, base, protective top: $278.9 Each case: about $60. Lug-A-Ture by Matralin Co., Inc.) Attention: dorm tory dwellers.

A CONTINENTAL TRAVELER is General Electric's temperature controlled steam iron that weighs 1¾ pounds, works on 115 or 230 volt AC or DC, takes tap water and costs under $15.

A CRYING NEED for the littlest traveler (his parents too) is a crib playpen that folds suitcase style (24″x24″x8″), includes foam mattres opens to 24″x48″. (Tote-A-Crib, about $40.)

FOR SHOE GROOMING you can now buy odorless throw-away wax treated tissues that will clean, wax and shine in one wiping. (40 Shiners, $1

AND SPEAKING OF SHOES, we've found something to make new shoe of old (well, almost). It's a finish made especially for leather (good for bag and belts too). Available in rainbow colors, this three-step process (clean paint, wax) requires certain deftness. It's a little like applying fingerna polish. But results are amazing. At the *Journal* Workshop, two coats freshene scuffed shoes of nearly the same color, four coats turned black patents to re If you're steady of hand and free of time, you can paint designs on shoes an bags to carry out dress motifs. (Shu-Mak-up kit with cleaner, 2 colors, wax $2. Each additional color: about $1.25.)

IF YOU'RE PRONE TO LOSE HOUSE KEYS (alas, many of us are there's a new push-button combination lock in brass or satin-chrome finish It's tamper-, jam- and weather-proof. (About $49 by Emerson-Pryne.)

WHAT-WILL-THEY-THINK-OF-NEXT DEPT. There's a persona protective alarm that slips into your handbag, sells for about $4. A cord attached to the alarm, can be worn around the wrist so that one jerk of th purse sounds a loud alert. (Hammer-Pac.)

GOOD PREVENTIVE MEDICINE: a wall drug safe with combinatio lock that deters curious children, is easy to open if you know the formul Jot it down. The safe (about $5 at Walgreen Drugstores) has one shelf, 8″x7¾″x6″, has been commended for its safety features.

GOOD COOKERS and quick to clean are Teflon-treated baking pan Cookie sheets (about $5 each) require no scouring, no greasing. Cookies w consider real stickers fairly slid off after baking. Roasters (about $9) solv baked-on spatter problems. You can almost rinse them clean. Caution: don cut or scrape food in these Quisine containers. Easy does it.

Many of these new products are already on the market. More are arrivin all the time. We'll be trying, then telling you about them.

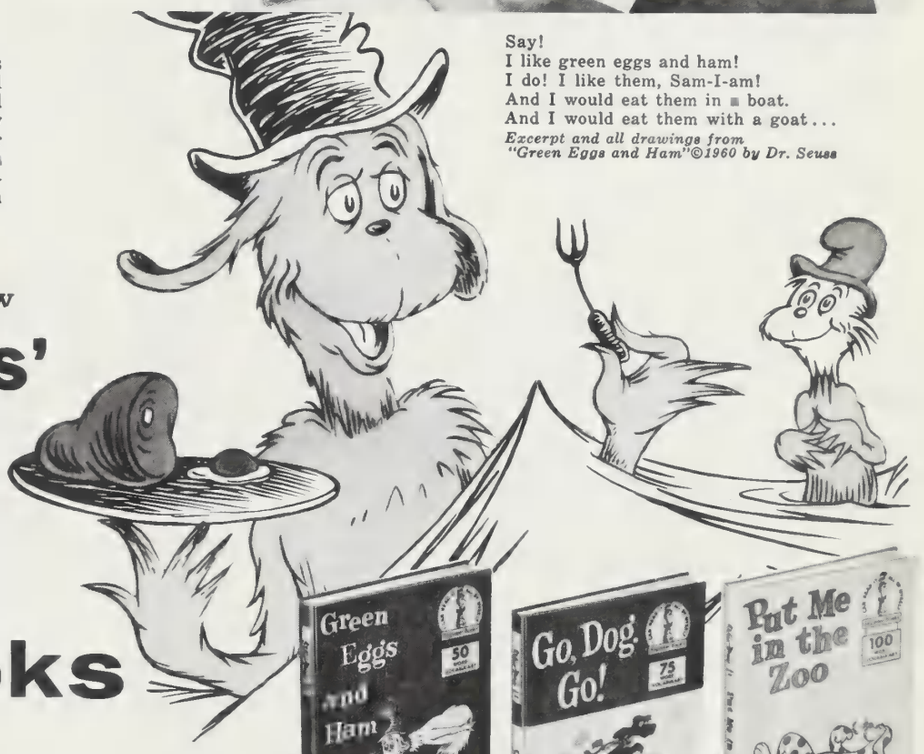
PARENTS, TEACHERS, AND TOTS ACROSS THE LAND ARE SAYING:

Thank You, Dr. Seuss!

For Giving Us Books That Even Beginners Can Read All By Themselves

Must books written simply enough for first, second and third graders necessarily be dull? It was always assumed so . . . until the beloved DR. SEUSS created "The Cat in the Hat." The kids loved it, and parents and teachers were thrilled to see their children reading joyously and unaided. This led to a whole series of BEGINNER BOOKS by other talented writers and artists. Now Dr. Seuss and others have scored a new triumph – delightful books for *beginning* beginners, using a vocabulary of just 50, 75, or 100 words your child already knows, or can learn right away.





Say!
I like green eggs and ham!
I do! I like them, Sam-I-am!
And I would eat them in a boat.
And I would eat them with a goat . . .

Excerpt and all drawings from "Green Eggs and Ham" ©1960 by Dr. Seuss

To introduce you and your child to the new

Beginning Readers' Program

RECOMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

WE INVITE YOU TO ACCEPT

These 3 Beginner Books

including the delightful
DR. SEUSS story "GREEN EGGS AND HAM"

The #1 Children's Best-Seller of the Past Year –*The New York Times*

$1.49 or only **WITH TRIAL ENROLLMENT**

You'll know something special is happening the first time your youngster turns, wide-eyed, from the zany cartoon creatures and their hilarious antics to the words that tell the story. Word by word, phrase by phrase, he will follow the print. Excitement grows and grows until the secret cannot be kept a second longer. "Mommy! Daddy! Come and listen. *I can read it myself!*" And so the great adventure begins, moving from page to book, book to book – until the words that were once hard to read become easy – understanding comes more quickly—and vocabulary grows by leaps and bounds. All because he has discovered reading is fun, *when he can do it himself.*

GREEN EGGS AND HAM
By Dr. Seuss
Using only 50 different words, Dr. Seuss tickles young readers with a perfectly ridiculous tale. But its message is quite sensible: even something as unfamiliar as green eggs and ham is worth trying – it may turn out to be delightful.

GO, DOG. GO!
By P. D. Eastman
What child doesn't love dogs – especially wildly colored dogs that ski, drive cars, skate, sail boats! P. D. Eastman's funny words and pictures will delight your child—and give him mastery of 75 simple words.

PUT ME IN THE ZOO
By Robert Lopshire
A polka-dot animal wants to get *into* a zoo, but they won't take him. Where he does wind up is a real surprise for beginning readers. Written in rhyme for added word retention, this memorable book contains just 100 different words your child already knows or will quickly learn.

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The importance of the BEGINNING READERS' PROGRAM goes far beyond the glorious illustrations and fascinating stories. Each book makes reading more fun, and easier than ever, because it is written in about 200 or fewer basic words your child has already learned, or can quickly pick up. All are written and illustrated by gifted writers and artists who know where a child's heart is. There's a story on whales, the tale of a city boy who becomes a cowboy, a little girl who flew an airplane . . . even a trip to the moon. No wonder TV and comic books soon step aside!



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PHYLLIS McGINLEY
PROFESSION: HOUSEWIFE

THE OLDEST PROFESSION

Miss McGinley, wife, mother and prizewinning poet, believes that wielding a broom may be as high and demanding an art as wielding a pen.

God must love housewives as He does the poor. He makes so many of us. It may solace nobody to recall statistics. Yet (unless you believe the legend that there was originally a Lilith who tempted Adam before Eve married him) it is perfectly apparent that ours is not only the oldest profession in the world, but the most numerous.

Personally, I find it a comfortable idea. There is something soothing about the thought that I am one of an enormous sisterhood, each of us bent on much the same ends, all of us doing our able or our fumbling best to hold the planet steady on its axis by such primitive expedients as hanging window curtains, bandaging knees, or getting meals to the table on time.

Because we are so many, we are sometimes downgraded in our own eyes. We form no unions, belong to no professional organizations. We do not federate, lobby in the Senate, go on strike, scream for shorter working days or establish corporations. Our hours are peculiar, our wages irregular. Few honors come to us in the shape of scrolls or doctorates or chairmanships of foundations named with our names. If we have any public status apart from that which our husbands' abilities bring us, it is limited and local. Nobody has so far received a Pulitzer prize for contriving a poetic boiled custard, in spite of the fact (which I know from experience) that it is a feat less easy to perform than writing a ballade. The Nobel committee has yet to award any laurels to a woman simply for making her home a place of such peace and delight that her family might rightfully rise up and call her blessed—if such an odd notion ever occurred to them.

Nevertheless, ours is a true profession, ancient, honorable and unique. Compared with it all other careers are upstarts, Johnny-come-latelies. When physicians were barbers or even witch doctors, we were members in good standing of a guild already old. When bankers were usurers, lawyers no more than bardic historians, architects mere carpenters, writers simply minstrels, we existed as we do today. We commanded the hearth, contrived the clothing, took charge of the children, flavored the food, and made the house—or the tent or the castle or the wattled hut or the cabin in the clearing—as attractive as our wits and our means permitted. When some early and talented woman patted her barleycake into a pleasanter shape than her neighbor's, or poured honey on it for a change from drippings, she was advancing her profession and, with it, civilization. When she complained that the floors were cold and persuaded her husband to let her use that extra bearskin for protection against drafts from the doorway, she was progressing another step along the route. It is true that most useful novelties, from the wheel to paper napkins and cellophane tape, have been conceived of first by men. But I suspect it was a housewife who fostered the notion to begin with.

"Really, dear, the children oughtn't to be sleeping on the floor." I can hear her saying to her man some winter night. "Why don't you invent a bed?"

Or even, "Day in, day out, nothing but raw meat. I declare, I'm tired of it. Daddy, you're a clever fellow. How about discovering fire?"

It was to please us housewives that painters, for instance, got their start. They may have been scribbling pictures on the cave walls at Lascaux for thousands of years. But nobody took them seriously until they began designing colored tiles for fireplace mantels or planning really necessary things like gold hand mirrors and ornamental pitchers.

At our insistence have come most of the important amenities which cheer the lot of humankind—furniture, soap, plumbing, chimneys, refrigerators, obstetrics, salt, dinner parties and electric blenders. It is only while we are momentarily preoccupied with our current toys—while, as it were, our backs are turned—that men get into mischief and invent such useless gadgets as levers and catapults, airplanes and the hydrogen bomb.

It encourages me to remember that I belong to such an old and continuous company. I am pleased, also, as I said earlier, to remember how numberless are my fellow workers at this very moment. We have our illustrious ancestresses to boast of, like Nausicaä at the river's edge, rescuing Odysseus in the middle of the Monday wash, or Penelope busy at her loom in Ithaca. But we also have millions and millions of contemporary kin. That Indian woman, stirring her kettle of rice over a charcoal brazier, shares our responsibilities and our triumphs. So does her cousin in Hawaii or Nova Scotia, Kentucky or Kenya. In Alaskan igloos, in Swiss chalets and Spanish *casas*, in tenements, palaces, split-level ranch houses; every place in the world where men and children come home to sleep or eat or brag of their exploits or plan excursions or be comforted, housewives are concocting that comfort. We may be merely directing servants and altering flower arrangements. Or we may be weaving the very wool which goes into the family blankets. It is all one. On us rests the burden (and the glory) of seeing to it that the pot boils, the table is set, the sheets get changed, the babies remain healthy, a light shines in the window after dark and there is refreshment for body and spirit waiting at the day's end.

Our tools change, of course. The besom gives way to the vacuum sweeper. We have carpets and linoleum in place of rushes or sand. Instead of the churn and the open-hearth spit, we have pressure cookers, thermostat-controlled ovens, and the milkman smiling at the door. The hired girl, willing and ubiquitous, has vanished; and that is no improvement. But at least we do now own a small army of electrical assistants. (Automation, for that matter, came to the household long before it really arrived in factories.) Still, the goals and the good which it is our privilege to achieve on earth do not alter. They are the ones Naomi confided to Ruth, Joan worked toward for her Darby, and Eve undoubtedly understood.

All this being granted, one would think we should be constantly counting over our good fortune like beads. Our lineage noble, our aims important, we might seem to have little cause for discontent. Yet pride does not dwell in us as it should. The satisfaction I feel with my role is not universally shared. Doctors are, on the whole, happy to be doctors. Professors boast of their callings. Real-estate men lunch together and make complimentary speeches concerning their careers. But the housewives I encounter often go about with an injured air, complaining of their limitations rather than their benefits. The charges are diverse, but they seem to fall into three main categories.

"We did not choose our profession," is the commonest of them. "It chose us."

If today were two or three hundred years ago, it might be a legitimate complaint. In *other* eras there *were* few *other* female careers. One could elect to remain unmarried, perhaps; but one was still bound by the chains of domesticity without even marital prestige to ease them. Or there was the cloister to run to. That was all. But nowadays women have as many occupations open to them as men and can be as selective in embracing them. We can be physicists or ambassadors, advertising experts or golf professionals. Doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—name a career and it is within our reach. So when we choose to be housewives, we are only exercising free will. We enter that field with heads high and eyes open. Since so many of us do so choose—since the marriage rate is higher and the marriage age earlier and the children more numerous than they have been in a long while—the domestic arts appear, in the final summing up, more appealing than we maintain. No, that particular accusation the defense cannot admit.

Less ordinary but more truthful is the charge that we grow up untrained for our duties, thrown without professional education into the most demanding of jobs. There the malcontents have a point. In other ages and times, girls were put to work from babyhood to learn the rudiments of their trade. While boys tramped off with older men to pick up the secrets of the chase or the caprices of war, while later they studied law or statecraft or were CONTINUED ON PAGE 16

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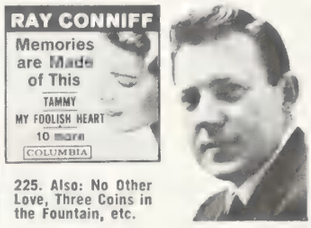
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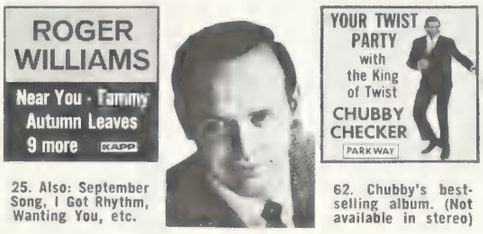
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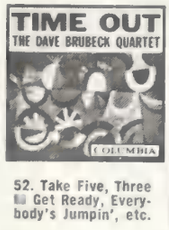
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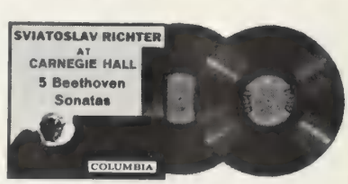
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PROFESSION: HOUSEWIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

apprenticed to a guildmaster, girls were taken in hand by their mothers. They learned spinning and weaving, the mysteries of the kitchen, the nursery, the stillroom and the ewery. Equality of education and expansion of opportunity changed all that. Boys began to get their professional training in colleges. Girls, busy with their books and their enlarged opportunities, began not getting it at all. In the present generation, and despite our largely servantless households, it is possible for them to spend twenty years or more learning to read, write, ski, dance a *tour jeté*, translate Catullus, analyze minerals, run a typewriter, play chess or the guitar, sail a boat, or define Einstein's propositions, without ever having cooked a meal or run up a hem. Their mothers may be accomplished chatelaines. But, "Girls are only young once," they comment to friends when a daughter drives off to Princeton for a weekend, leaving her room in chaos and her frocks unmended. "Time enough to be domestic when she has to be."

Happily, the girl in question often does learn to be domestic when she is confronted with that necessity. By osmosis, by environment she has been indoctrinated in spite of herself with the elements of housewifery. She knows how a drawing room should look and an entree taste. I have seen young women change before my eyes from slatterns scarcely competent to rinse out their lingerie while under the roof of childhood into perfectionists in their own nests. It is not the easiest way to learn. It deprives our profession of its pomp. But trial, error and simple goodwill can work miracles. So that argument fails also.

The third accusation is the most ancient one. It is a cry which has rung down through the years since first some long-haired skin-clad woman sulked in her cave, crossly blowing on the fire, and lamented that the hunters in the forest were having all the fun.

"Woman's work!" one hears like a threnody. "What is it but monotonous and frustrating and never finished? Three meals a day and a cart to push at the supermarket. A husband to please. Children to pick up after. Beds. Laundry. Pots and pans. All I have is this same dull round of chores forever asking to be done over again."

And the woman who complains, if she is especially tired or very bored, is apt to compare her lot with that of the man of the house.

"There he is in the city every day, mingling with grown-up people instead of the very young, having to please nobody except himself; taking two hours for lunch and dictating to a secretary. He hasn't any notion of what it means to be entirely surrounded by petty urgencies."

Does the charge have any validity? Well, some, of course, since all occupations have the defects of their virtues. Being a housewife is no sinecure. It means the plague of details all jobs entail. It implies frequent frustration, daily emergencies, sameness and routine and not very much leisure. The average young woman, married, say, ten years, by rights ought to sprout several hands to cope with all her problems. Let us say she has three children. (A few years ago it would have been one and a half. Now it is likelier, at least in our community, to be three with a fourth on the way.) She has a cleaning woman once or twice a week. That is usually all the help she expects or can afford. She owns a washing machine and a dryer, an automatic dishwasher and fifty other recommended aids. But those do not order the groceries or buy the children's snowsuits or help them with their homework or feed the baby his spinach or scrub behind the cabinets. They merely permit her to keep abreast of her work. She needs stamina, cheerfulness, capability and the forces of her whole being to cope with her position. What, I wonder, has persuaded her that her husband's job took anything less from him?

A man's employment is not pure pleasure and recreation. If he is only a few years on his way to business success, he is still on the lower rungs of whatever ladder he has chosen to climb. He is his own man no more than his wife is her own woman. His bosses may be captious or his hirelings difficult. He has clients or patients or accounts or sponsors with all of whose crotchets he must bear. He has a living to earn and a family to succor, a house to support, a job to succeed or fail in. His days, exhilarating as they may sound to us housewives (left untidily at breakfast time with ten hours to cram full of ordinary tasks while he rushes away, well tailored, to the office), are as disheveled as ours. A late or crowded train can be a greater frustration to a commuter than a stopped sink to us; and we, at least, can berate the plumber and so ventilate our spirits. He cannot argue with either the railroad or the head of the firm. We have neighbors to gossip with and confide in. We can even take a nap in the middle of the afternoon. He must be alert and agreeable at all times. It is tiring to clean a room. It is also fatiguing to compete in the marketplace. It is nerve-racking to have to answer the thousand questions of children. It is more than nerve-racking, it is often ulcer-producing, to soothe the ruffled feathers of a whimsical employer.

That brisk and handsomely shaven young executive on the station platform is as much at the mercy of occupational hazards as are we. Little annoyances will hinder him all day too. A typist is inefficient. An order does not come through. An advertising campaign has not pleased the head of the company. His chief has a temper tantrum. The weather is bad, the car will not start, his pen runs out of ink, a memo is mislaid, he is rebuked by a customer, lunch is unappetizing. The difference between him and us lies in two things only: he is doing his job in a different atmosphere from the one where he sleeps and puts down roots, *and he has been trained from boyhood not to complain.* In other words, he has been taught the dignity of work. He is pleased to be a professional. If girls could be so trained and taught, the day-by-day vicissitudes of being a housewife, good at her trade, might seem less like the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune and more like simple obstacles to be overcome.

True, a man can change his job if he finds it altogether too trying to put up with. Or at least he can if he is bright, educated, successful and lives in a prosperous era. And, true also, we are saddled with the selfsame duties pretty much for a lifetime. But then our difficult chores shrink faster than his. He will find time for leisure at a not-much-earlier age than sixty-five, and then sometimes too late to know enjoyment in it. We will have ten years of great effort; if the family is large, perhaps twenty. After that we will have more hours on our hands than some of us will know what to do with. The children will be in school or even away from home altogether. Drudgeries will dwindle. We'll have time for any avocation to which our gifts entitle us. We'll be free to paint, write, garden, run for Congress, chair the women's club, talk from soapboxes, change the color of our hair, do good works, take up petit point, read good books or start a business.

And in the meantime—during the course of those ten or twenty difficult and demanding years—we will have won rewards out of all proportion to his even if we did not recognize them as rewards at the moment.

From the raw material of four walls and a roof, a shelter over our heads, we will have made a home by force of our own personalities. We will have warmed, cheered and sustained the head of that house, turned progeny into a family. We will have learned a dozen skills—as nurses, chefs, diplomats, dispensers of first aid, teachers, healers of hurt affections—and enjoyed the fruits of such skills. For us the baby will have taken his first step, repeated his first word. We will have heard the school child call "Mommy" as soon as he puts a foot inside the door, not so much to have a reply as to be assured that he is safe, life is ordinary, and that *we* are there. We will have been raised to a dizzy eminence as final authority, dispenser of justice, necessary presence. A husband, no matter how willingly he gives himself to the role of householder or parent, never approaches such triumphs. To be jealous of his public busyness, then, is to denigrate ourselves and our worth.

In reality, all the stock reproaches fail when they are logically examined, this one most of all.

Free choice, importance, the prizes as well as the perils of a career—they are all ours. What more can one ask of a profession? And the fact that we belong to the most ancient of any is, at least for me, the crowning feather in an enviable and becoming cap. God, as I said when I began, must love housewives. It is time we also learned to love ourselves.

ASK ANY WOMAN

BY MARCELENE COX

To a mother of several children, stereophonic sound is nothing new.

Our neighborhood minister reminds parents that although one of the Ten Commandments orders children to obey parents, there is no commandment with a reverse injunction.

Embarrassing moment recalled: My guest was known as a "perfect" housekeeper. Consequently, when I stepped from the kitchen into the living room and saw her, back turned, gazing up the stairs, I said in a kind of chagrined agony, "Oh, you've discovered those cobwebs!" "Mercy no!" she replied, laughing. "I was just putting some drops in my nose."

The real adolescent is not a boy or girl trying to be rid of youth, but a middle-aged man or woman trying to hold on to it.

There are two kinds of housekeepers: those who wash the corners of a window and those who slur over them.

EXPERIENCE

As a teacher, she cannot be good
Else this I wouldn't deplore:
A lot of the things I must learn
She tried to teach me before.



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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

HOW TO LIVE WITH A TYRANNICAL HUSBAND

By DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

AMY: "When Bob comes home, he conducts an inspection tour like an overseer with twenty slaves at his command."

BOB: "I've made out dozens of schedules for Amy, which she ignores."

Amy Tells Her Side: "I worked five years to help my husband through college and on to his advanced degree," said thirty-four-year-old Amy, sixteen years married despite her youth and even more youthful appearance. Her large blue eyes were troubled; her manner firm. "Bob is a research chemist now thirty-six years old, and earning $12,500 a year. When we were married, he was entitled to GI education benefits; but because of all the books and apparatus he needed, the Government allowance for married students wasn't enough for us to get by.

"On our honeymoon we shopped around and eventually found a college, willing to admit him, whose chemistry department suited Bob. It was located in quite a small town and jobs of any kind were scarce. I grabbed the first place available and was glad to get it: clerking in a general store. The elderly owners were awfully kind to me, but they'd never heard of overtime. My weekly paycheck was $35, no matter how long or how late I stood behind the counter.

"Every Saturday I endorsed and handed my $35 check to Bob; he cashed it and gave me $20 to buy the groceries for us, any incidentals I might need such as stockings or lipstick, and canned food for his dog, Rex. Bob's commanding officer gave Rex to him the week he left the service. Rex, an old English sheepdog that lived to be fourteen, went on our honeymoon with us, and slept on the foot of our bed at home.

"Bob set up our budget. He paid for his haircuts, bought the few clothes he required, and paid our rent. Whatever cash was left over from his monthly GI check and my weekly salary check went toward the purchase of his endless stream of supplies and books. He and I didn't go anywhere that cost money. Occasionally we attended a free college dance, which was fun for me and a concession on Bob's part, since he dislikes dancing. Mostly for our recreation, we took long hikes with Rex; Bob and Rex enjoyed the hikes more than I did.

"Some of the other campus wives used to say Bob's notions of recreation were crazy, that his ideas on family financing were medieval. I brushed off their remarks. I was working hard, sure, but Bob was studying desperately hard to stay at the head of his class and he was succeeding; he was graduated *summa cum laude*. In my opinion I had a man I could be proud of, a man I could depend on, lean on.

"I didn't expect marriage to be a bed of roses. My mother was married twice; her life, what with her having seven kids and obliged to look after us and, for the most part, support us, was far from perfection. Neither my father nor my stepfather ever helped her with the baby tending or housework, although she always worked outside the home too. Mother was a trained nurse.

"In comparison to my mother, I considered myself well off. So long as Bob was in college, I was resigned to his various ways of acting, ways I now think of as mean and selfish. Whenever Bob told me it was unmasculine and sissy for a husband to dry dishes, to pick up his own clothes, to empty the garbage can, to groom Rex, who scratched himself raw unless his tangled coat was combed out regularly, I listened without argument. If Bob ordered me to shut up, I obeyed him. At home, as a girl, I had always obeyed mother.

"In our early days of marriage, the only thing that ever caused me to fight seriously against Bob was my wish for us to have a baby immediately. Bob wanted to wait. He would remind me of the importance of his future to both of us, would promise we could have our babies the minute his schooling was finished, and would tell me to quit nagging him. So I would quit. It was years before I awoke to the fact that Bob was as much of a tyrant as my mother. Indeed, as I see it now, his ways strike me as practically identical with *her* ways. It's uncanny!

"In the beginning I had no regrets that I had married Bob; both the sex part of our honeymoon and traveling around by bus to find a college for him were fine with me. Our troubles started when Bob got his master's degree. At the end of five tough years I expected the chance to become pregnant. I was outmaneuvered again. Bob accepted a low-salaried job on a secret Government project because he figured the experience would not only aid our country but would be valuable to his future career in science.

"The project was located smack in the middle of the desert. It was a poor environment for an infant, according to Bob; and also according to him, it would be better for our future if I kept on working. He could bank my salary checks—clerical jobs were plentiful—and apply the savings to the down payment on a really good house while we lived on his earnings. Maybe Bob's idea was sensible, but for some reason I hated myself for agreeing to it. I hated the desert, our living accommodations in a beat-up trailer, my monotonous job. Finally I darn near hated Rex.

"Every day the poor dog got cactus spines in his pads and I had to pick them out with tweezers, but spines got underneath his coat in spots I couldn't find. At night Rex's scratching drove me frantic. I'm a light sleeper, whereas Bob sleeps like a rock. Also, he snores. I begged Bob to build or buy a doghouse and let me keep Rex outside. He refused and kept on refusing, even after I developed asthma and the doctor said I was allergic to dog hair.

"After I worked seven years (frequently I recall that I worked for my children as long as Jacob in the Bible worked for Rachel), after we had saved a big down payment for the custom-built house Bob wanted, after he resigned from the project and selected private employment which suited him, Bob told me that at last the right time had come for me to have a baby. To my delight, I became pregnant almost at once.

"I had twin daughters, Ann and Fay, now eight years old and absolutely darling. But when Bob and his parents, to whom he is devoted, greeted me after my return from the delivery room I quickly learned they were all disappointed in my performance. They had hoped for a boy.

"Bob's mother and father are fine people—they're Swedish—and I'm fonder of them than of my own parents. However, at times they get on my nerves terribly, especially his mother. A year ago they paid us a visit without warning, and stayed seven weeks. Whenever my mother-in-law is on the scene Bob's bossiness increases, and she abets him in it. One night the three of them were watching TV and I was in our open kitchen scraping the dishes—my mother-in-law wouldn't help because she disapproved of our buying a dishwasher—and suddenly Bob looked over at me. In his most infuriating voice he told me to run to the corner and buy cigars for him and his dad. I refused. I did worse than refuse.

'With his parents sitting there, all eyes—Bob's father is a real hero to him—I threw the dinner plates on the floor and stamped through the broken pieces to the garage. I drove around until I felt calmer. It was past midnight when I tiptoed in, but Bob and his mother were still up and talking.

"I waited until I heard them go to bed. Then I joined Bob in our room, terribly ashamed of myself and wanting to apologize and make up. He pretended to be asleep, but I knew he was awake. I put my arms

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I often have occasion to recall the case of a husband who came to see me—at my request. His wife had told me of her difficulties and I wanted to hear his side of the story. He was most affable: "Fine work you're doing here, Dr. Popenoe; I'm very much in favor of it. But really," he went on earnestly, "there's no need of our being here. Why, there wouldn't be a bit of trouble in our home if my wife would just do what I tell her to!" Bob, in the case here described, had an almost equally simple point of view. His was a real totalitarian government! Because he was basically a very intelligent man, it took only a few weeks of counseling for him to see the point and to make a complete change. Amy required a little longer to realize that Bob had really changed. Experience convinces me that divorce could be avoided, and a successful marriage established in an actual majority of cases, when couples are properly directed. . . . The counselor in this case was William Zehv.

PAUL POPENOE, Sc.D.
THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF FAMILY RELATIONS



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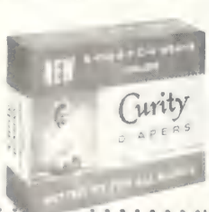
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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

around him. He jerked loose, threw back the bedcovers, snatched up a blanket and his pillow and stalked off to the living-room sofa, where he slept all night. I was so furious I would have smashed a second set of dinner dishes, if I'd owned a second set.

"A week later his parents packed and went home. During that miserable week everybody was aware that he was sleeping on the sofa; he made it obvious. It was three weeks before he spoke to me again. It was a month before he came back to our bed. And that night he was surprised and outraged when I wouldn't make love with him, and even more outraged when I took my pillow and my blanket and moved out to the sofa. I've been sleeping there ever since, almost a year now. It's easier for me to sleep without the noise and distraction of Bob's snoring and the scratching of our new dog, Flossie.

"The other wives in our neighborhood—a top-drawer neighborhood he picked without consulting me—don't have husbands like mine. Their husbands help them. Bob doesn't do the vacuuming, the window washing, the heavy chores. Unless I operated our power mower we would be knee-deep in crabgrass.

"When Bob comes home in the evening he conducts an inspection tour like an overseer with twenty slaves at his command instead of one wife. A month ago, as he strode from room to room in search of something wrong, he spotted my curlers on the bureau. In sweeping the bureau top clean he upset and spilled my favorite perfume. As yet, he hasn't replaced it. Another time he yelled about the way I ironed his shirts—ironing and vacuuming are the household tasks I dislike the most—until I blew up and threw the shirts at him and all over the room.

"Bob has a clothes closet, I have a closet. He has rearranged both, hung my dresses in the order he thinks best. He has rearranged my spice shelf, my pots and pans. We eat the food he likes, we shop in the stores he prefers.

"Bob isn't tightfisted, like some men, but he wants a close accounting of everything I spend. Often he warns me, 'Be careful with *my* money.' When I held a job he also spoke of my salary as *his* money.

"In his own peculiar limited way, I think it is possible that Bob may love me. In our sixteen years together he has seldom told me so, and then only under extreme provocation. Several months ago after one of our brawls, I left him. I took the girls and moved into my stepsister's home. Two weeks later Bob appeared and told me he wanted us back and that he loved me—and he darn near choked when he said those words. I quit the job I'd found, and the girls and I went back. I am sorry now.

"Bob's highest form of compliment, at a time I have done my utmost to please him, is to say, 'You're a good kid.' For many years I pushed myself to the limit to win that stingy bit of praise. But then suddenly—I can't recall just when—it came to me that my effort wasn't worthwhile. I no longer believe I am duty-bound to adjust all my thinking to his thinking, smother my deepest feelings, stamp out every wish of mine, destroy my whole personality in order to be 'a good kid' in my husband's eyes. I can't stand it any longer. I can't stand Bob and his effect on me, even though I still admire some of his qualities, and in some ways I guess I still love him.

"I am certain a divorce will be an improvement for our daughters; it will spare Ann and Fay watching and wondering in dread, as I used to wonder in my childhood, what awful thing mamma and papa would do next. I want a divorce, I want peace and harmony. A week ago I had divorce papers served on Bob and, whatever he says or does, I fully intend to go ahead and get my freedom."

BOB TELLS HIS SIDE: "If I hadn't known Amy more than sixteen years, I would think she had lost her mind," thirty-six-year-old Bob reported with bewilderment. "Last Wednesday when divorce papers were served on me I practically fell off my chair. My office buddies had to hold me back from popping the process server one, and winding up in jail.

"Amy loves me, and I love her. She has no grounds for a divorce and she can't have a divorce; that's flat. Why she sicked the law on me I'll never know. It's true she's been complaining an unusual amount of late and creating ugly discord, but nowadays I notice most women like to make trouble and complain.

"Shortly after the birth of our twin girls, even before Fay and Ann were a year old, Amy set up a clamor for another baby. Her obstetrician and I—he is a good friend of mine—decided she should wait at least three years. Amy is physically frail, but she has a mind of steel. When the three years were up she notified me that our daughters were family enough for us, and she stuck to the decision despite all my arguments that every man is entitled to a son. Nor was she moved by my mother's or dad's pleading.

"I date the change in Amy's personality back to the birth of our daughters. No man could have married a sweeter, more affectionate, thoughtful girl than I married. My parents approved of my choice, and I considered myself the luckiest fellow in the world. In the beginning no chore was too tough or tiring for Amy to tackle in my behalf. She appreciated the smallest thing done for her.

"Amy now appreciates nothing. I bought her a fine house in a fine neighborhood, four baths, a wonderful kitchen. She whines because she doesn't fancy the wallpaper in the master bedroom. Her choice was impractical and too expensive. She is a pushover for any sob story from a door-to-door salesman. That doesn't bother me; I bundle up and mail back the junk to the salesman's company. I do mind the independent way she runs around to sales and picks out clothes for herself and the girls with the explanation that she has acquired bargains. Very seldom are the bargain dresses the colors I admire on her and the girls.

"Amy takes no interest whatever in my clothes, she merely pretends. Not long ago she did mend a bunch of socks for me, but she made very sure I knew it. She left the socks out in plain sight, messing up the living room. It seemed I was supposed to pass out compliments and put the socks in my bureau drawer, a wife's job. Never in his entire life has my dad put away a cotton handkerchief; mother sees to that.

"If Amy were systematic and wanted to improve, she could be a first-class housekeeper. She could iron my shirts properly if she had a mind to; I have a hunch she purposely uses too much starch so I will give in and let her send all my stuff to the laundry.

"I've made out dozens of schedules for Amy, which she ignores. I can never be sure whether supper will be waiting on the table for me or whether Amy will be involved in a Brownie project with the kids, and no food on the stove.

"She loves our daughters as much as I do, but she isn't an extra-good mother. She's inconsistent in her manner of disciplining Fay and Ann. One minute she is kissing them, the next minute she is yelling over a minor infraction of some foolish rule of hers. A year ago I decided the twins were old enough to own real bicycles. When I gave them bicycles as a Christmas surprise, Amy's furious objections ruined the holiday for everybody, including my parents. I don't want my girls to grow up to be as nervous and fear-ridden as my wife. Both of our girls watch the lights and are cautious, real experts in handling their bikes, but Amy's fearfulness spoils a lot of fun for them. One day after school they rode to a neighborhood picnic ground, which she had banned as dangerously far from our house, and she confiscated their bikes for a whole month.

"I have no influence with Amy anymore. I've tried to teach her it's idiotic to be afraid of a citywide network of freeways, with built-in safety factors, but she shakes and trembles whenever I turn in on one. She should learn to control her nervousness. She could learn to stop having nightmares if she would follow my advice and concentrate on peaceful, pleasant matters at night. If she would dismiss her worries and relax the way I do, she would soon get over her insomnia. It's just a bad habit that she's allowed to grow on her.

"Even when we did share a double bed, starting way back years ago, she was wakeful. She would wait until I was asleep and then creep out and curl up somewhere else. It annoyed me. If I woke wanting her and called for her, she would come back to bed with the excuse that she couldn't sleep because I snored or our dog scratched.

"When Amy married me, she knew my dog, Rex, was part of the deal. I am the same

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22



"He's getting serious! He's trying to find me a job!"

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

person I was when she agreed to become my wife, exactly the same, and she herself should be fair enough to admit it. She can't complain that my personality changed as hers has changed. Our quarreling and fighting are her fault, not mine. I grew up in a calm, peaceful home; peace is what I want. But when she screams nonsense at me, if I'm to retain my self-respect and defend my manhood I either have to shout at her or plain quit talking. No talk, I've just about decided, is the cure for her scenes and hysteria. And if she has made up her mind to deprive me of sex from now on out, she can rest assured I won't kick in any locked doors. My dad was the undisputed head of our family, but he never lifted a finger against my mother.

"What I will not do is permit Amy to go skylarking off on her own with our children. In her heart of hearts she knows she can't go to work while our twins live in a rackety household with her stepsister, now in the process of breaking up a fourth marriage. In her heart of hearts, Amy wants to stay married to me. She doesn't want to be a strident, dissatisfied shrew like her divorced mother. Apparently it means little to Amy, but the fact is she hit the jackpot when she married me. I'm on my way up and traveling fast. The organization where I decided to work was exactly right in size and scope for my field and talents. In a year or so I'll be vice president. Next will come the top spot, the presidency. Only Amy herself can stop me by robbing me of my family, killing my efficiency, my ambition. I need her beside me. How I wish she would behave herself again, and change back and be a helpmate and loving companion to me, a real woman!"

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS: "Bob belonged to a vanishing breed of American men. There is no doubt he was a domestic tyrant, domineering, impatient, unjust, but he was endowed with strength. Amy depended on his strength and resolution more than she realized.

"Bob's decisiveness met some of her deepest, most instinctive needs, complemented her naturally very feminine personality. My guess is that Amy's mother perhaps took revenge on her small daughter for the dreariness and harshness of her own life. At any rate, she emerged from Amy's recollections as a tyrant. Amy's long-drawn-out, futile attempts to please this mother, who was not to be pleased, accustomed her to bow to the unreasonable and, in the beginning, to follow Bob's lead in everything. Subconsciously, however, she felt trapped, frustrated, hemmed in at obeying orders that seemed pointless. Moreover, Amy was intelligent and had a long memory—too long a memory, in fact, for her own health and well-being.

"As for Bob, his autocratic father was his ideal and model, a poor model in the light of his particular marriage. Lucky in his choice of wife, Bob pushed his luck too far, expected and demanded too much.

"Amy's revolt was inevitable. Indeed, as I gathered during our interviews, she had wearied fairly soon of her doormat role. The fear that had paralyzed her child's tongue in the presence of her dominating mother held her silent a long while. But then she grew up. When at last she bore her daughters, her feelings of small-girl insecurity disappeared. She began to look around and observe that other husbands in their circle, unlike hers, were considerate and helpful.

"When Amy ultimately rebelled, in small matters at first, Bob was temperamentally unable to compromise. In his view his manhood was threatened. He reacted as his fierce old father might have reacted in a similar situation. He joined in a violent struggle with Amy to turn back the clock, force her once again into the subservient position where his emotions informed him she belonged—under his thumb. Bob's lack of emotional maturity, as opposed to his intellectual gifts, showed clearly in this all-out effort. His sulks, his withdrawal of affection and sexual attention, did not convince Amy of his righteousness or draw her back to him. Instead, to his perplexity and discouragement, she drew farther and farther away.

"Although Amy and Bob had poured forth torrents of wrathful words, at the time she applied for a divorce neither one had succeeded in getting the other's message or in conveying a coherent meaning. It was the divorce lawyer, puzzled by the contradictory elements in their complaints of each other, who sent the couple to the American Institute of Family Relations. Strange as it may seem, strong-minded Bob proved the easier to counsel. For one thing, he badly wanted to salvage his marriage.

"With his quick mind, he readily comprehended that his father's ideas of the proper masculine conduct might have been admirable in their day but were outmoded and obviously hadn't worked with Amy. He also comprehended that his mother's loyal but partisan support, though a comfort to him, might be a profound annoyance to his wife. At once, and with considerable success, Bob undertook to change his behavior patterns. The first step in his course of self-improvement occurred one evening when he voluntarily offered to walk to the mailbox and post a letter for Amy. She was flabbergasted, but touched.

"Soon Bob was doing better all along the line, curbing his criticisms, inviting Amy and the youngsters to a Saturday movie, finding words of appreciation and praise. At his suggestion Amy began to send all his shirts to the laundry and thus a chronic source of irritation vanished. Acknowledging that her distaste for vacuuming and heavy housework was as much a part of her as was his distaste for such tasks, he hired a weekly cleaning woman. With more difficulty, he persuaded himself that his systematic, perfectionist methods, necessary in his laboratory, were unnecessary in his home. He dropped his inspection tours.

"When Bob took the trouble to show his appreciation for some small favor, she 'remembered' to put away his neatly mended socks instead of leaving them around the living room in a subconscious attempt to irritate him. A parade of similar small changes on the part of both, small courtesies extended to each other, vastly improved their marriage.

"Gradually, Amy perceived and acknowledged that she loved and needed Bob. Gradually she came to recognize that she had frequently battled with Bob over points she didn't wish to win, fought him on issues where, in actuality, she preferred he lead. In the end she learned to accept herself as the woman she was, feminine, submissive, willing to go along with masculine judgments on most things.

"Our counseling assisted Amy to reach a partial understanding of some of the ailments that plagued her, the bogey fears that haunted her and were almost certainly of psychic origin. She was guided to better ways of coping with them. Here, too, Bob was helpful.

"We traced her traffic fears back to an almost forgotten automobile accident in very early childhood. When Bob modified his manner of driving, she stopped objecting to his use of the freeways and lost some of her nervousness at the bicycle riding of her cautious, well-trained daughters.

"Nowadays Amy tells me she has fewer headaches. Her long-standing insomnia still persists. For many years, beginning in her childhood, she carried worries, disappointments and problems to bed with her—a hard habit to break. When Bob banished the family dog to quarters in the backyard, Amy returned to the master bedroom. Her asthma soon improved, although sleep continued to elude her.

"After Bob falls asleep—incidentally, he still snores—she usually slips away to finish out the night in the guest bedroom. As most people are probably aware, separate bedrooms are not recommended by marriage counselors. Someday it is hoped Amy will conquer her wakefulness and be undisturbed by Bob.

"Someday very soon, Amy hopes to announce the birth of a son. At the conclusion of our counseling, she and Bob celebrated by flying to Hawaii for a second honeymoon. Both are confident it will be a boy!"

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records.

LETTER ABOUT LOVE

By PAUL ENGLE

Your hand is home. Whether in light or dark
Like friendly dogs your fingers leap and bark.
The sun comes from the east, wind from the south.
I come from silence to your talking mouth.
I come to search with you over the wild
Landscape of love, and not as a lost child,
Frantic for any touching, warm and human,
But as a man, praising you as a woman.

We talk. That is as useless as to sing.
Our slick words mock this marvelous, plain thing:
A man gives so that he may ask to live.
A woman's way of asking is to give.

Live stars need darkness to reveal their light,
But love, that is our doom and our delight,
Needs neither day nor dark, but only being
Together, in one presence, closer than seeing.

For love, like weather, simply happens: No
Will, no thought—feeling's full overflow.
For love, all grace and lightness, needs no light.
Dear dark, come down. Our hands will be our sight.
Love saddens, too, with its ecstatic nerve,
By being more than men and women deserve.

I call you, in my lucky tongue's elation,
Not just a name, more like an incantation
By some old savage making the magic sound
Which calls his god to consecrate that ground,
Which makes vile devils scream and disappear,
Which draws the fangs from snakes, which frightens fear.

And I have heard your soft voice speak my name—
How small a sound to burn the ear like flame.

These words for you—love me as each one flies
Up from the page to stroke your looking eyes.



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Nature gave you two eyes...now Cutex gives you dozens...the ultimate in eye-fashion by Oleg Cassini

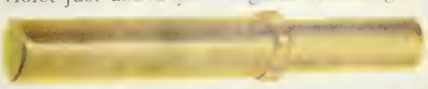


OLEG CASSINI

"Match your eyes to the mood and the moment with the subtle magic of eye make-up," says Oleg Cassini, fashion advisor to America's most glamorous women. "These new eye-fashion colors by Cutex will enhance your beauty to the ultimate."

For eyes with a hint of mystery, blend a film of violet just above your regular blue or green Cutex eye shadow. To captivate by candlelight, smooth Cutex silver over your daytime color and play up the natural shade of your eyes with dark green or navy blue mascara. Get more exciting tips on the back of each package of "Eyes by Cutex," the fabulous new make-up designed to glamorize your eyes.

Packaged in fine jewelers' design cases with an elegant brushed-golden finish, new "Eyes by Cutex" include: **1. Automatic Mascara** with a spiral brush to curl lashes and separate them; **2. Automatic Pencil** with built-in sharpener; **3. Automatic Shadow Stick**, with easy-action case, each $1.00 plus tax. Also (not shown), Cake Mascara waterproof formula; Pressed Powder Shadow blending kit; Creamy Eye Shadow.

1. 

2. 

3. 

There's a DOCTOR in the House

NINE WAYS TO LIVE HEARTIER, HEALTHIER, HAPPIER

"Take care, now." That's the way they say goodbye in some parts of the country when they want to suggest you might stop round again sometime. The phrase seems almost an echo out of our sturdy, independent past, implying a wish that a friend may have good luck, but also making its bow to the inescapable fact that a lot of his luck and most of his future are in his own hands.

We're an impatient people. We demand miracles to wipe out disease and suffering. We get them: many of the dread diseases that once plagued mankind are only dark memories now. But why do we so often fail to use these miracles to save lives they could save? Is it because we feel somehow that just having them is enough? Or do we shrug away the thought of illness because "it can't happen to *me!*" It can. It does.

A hundred and fifty thousand Americans die needlessly every year because they do not have adequate medical care. (Some experts put the figure far higher.) Millions suffer needless illness, crippling or blindness. We have no way to chart the cost in human suffering, but we do have figures to indicate what our failure costs us in dollars and lives. They add up to a shocking indictment of our apathy.

CANCER . . . costs us $350,000,000 a year in hospital bills, $90,000,000 in income lost to workers, $15,000,000,000 in estimated annual goods-and-services loss. It also costs us 270,000 lives each year; 87,000 of these lives might be saved if we simply used to the fullest what we have learned in our long and bitter battle against this most feared of all diseases. No new miracles are needed to accomplish this, just earlier diagnosis, earlier treatment. In a recent speech, one of our leading cancer researchers, Dr. I. S. Ravdin, said, "If every American adult had an annual proctoscopic examination of colon and rectum we could save 50,000 lives a year." Each year 14,000 women still die of uterine cancer in this country—a type of cancer which might be all but wiped out if every woman had the simple, quick, painless "Pap" test annually. But 40 percent of American women do not even know that the "Pap" test exists. They should know. They should use the knowledge to stay alive. The American Cancer Society unit nearest to you can provide lifesaving information.

HEART DISEASE . . . is our greatest killer, claiming more than 900,000 lives a year. The National Heart Institute is spending $112,000,000 this year in the search for answers to heart disease. Another $10,000,000 is being spent for research by the American Heart Association. It is true that we do not yet know the cause of and cure for all types of heart disease. (Though researchers are learning more about the possibility of preventing it.) But we *do* know what causes one type—rheumatic heart disease—and full use of this knowledge might save almost 20,000 lives a year, many of them children. Rheumatic heart disease is caused by rheumatic fever, and rheumatic fever often follows a "strep" infection such as "strep" throat. When your child develops a bad sore throat *you* can't tell whether or not it is strep, but your doctor can, guided by a new test that provides more exact information about the infection in less time (a few hours instead of two days). He can then start treatment with antibiotics which can cure the strep infection and prevent rheumatic fever in almost all cases. Letting your doctor decide whether a sore throat is a strep infection may save a precious life—one that you would never gamble with knowingly. Why gamble with it *un*knowingly? For further information contact your local branch of the American Heart Association.

MENTAL ILLNESS . . . A special governors' conference on mental health recently labeled the inadequacy of care and treatment of the mentally ill "the nation's number-one health problem." An estimated 18,000,000 Americans have some form of mental illness. It fills one half of the country's hospital beds and costs us $1,500,000,000 a year for care of patients in Federal, state and county mental hospitals alone. Earnings lost by workers who become mentally ill add another $500,000,000 a year. Studies clearly suggest that these figures could be cut in half if we simply used to best advantage what we already know:

That a ten-year program of education has given the public far greater understanding of mental illness, reduced fear, shame and prejudice, increased hope—justifiably, since patients entering mental hospitals with schizophrenia, manic-depressive or involutional psychosis now have a 65 to 75 percent chance of returning to community life within a few months.

That *more* public education could result in more and better research, better mental hospitals (eliminating those where—for lack of money and trained personnel—treatment of patients is purely custodial and only rarely helpful).

That drugs now available can eliminate hospitalization in many cases, make "reachable" many once considered hopeless.

That time of hospitalization can be greatly reduced if mental illness is recognized and treated early. And that your local branch of the National Association for Mental Health can probably answer any questions about mental illness

ARTHRITIS . . . has more than 12,000,000 victims in America today, and 250,000 more join the ranks every year. Arthritis sufferers spend $252,000,000 a year on phony cures. (Far more than is spent on the research which will one day find a true cure.) Only the quacksters profit; no "cure" they sell cures arthritis and no promise of "lasting relief" is fulfilled. But, says the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation, the *right* treatment can restore to useful living 7 out of 10 of those disabled by the disease. New drugs relieve the pain of many cases (and drugs now undergoing tests show exciting promise for the future); restorative treatment including surgery, proper diet and therapeutic exercise, can greatly reduce disability. We now have drugs to control infectious arthritis and gout almost completely. And the American Medical Association is on record with the statement that 70 percent of the crippling of arthritis can be prevented by prompt and early treatment. Vital aid to this goal: new tests, which diagnose the disease in its early stages when treatment is most effective. (Footnote to the "*use* of knowledge we have" department: for every $1 the U.S. Government spends to rehabilitate a disabled or handicapped worker, it gets back $10 in income taxes.)

TUBERCULOSIS . . . Diagnostic measures (chest X rays, tuberculin tests) and proper use of near-miracle drugs developed in the past fifteen years could give us total victory over this disease that was once called "the great white plague." Which makes still more tragic the 10,000-plus deaths it causes each year, the 55,000 new victims it claims, the $725,000,000 it costs us annually—and the estimated 100,000 undiscovered cases in the United States today. For information which *could* save your life, contact the National Tuberculosis Association.

POLIO . . . which once struck terror to the hearts of parents everywhere, may soon be one of our "only a dark memory" diseases—*if* we make full use of the miracles we've been given. The Salk vaccine is credited with cutting the polio toll in this country from a 1952 high of 57,879 reported cases to a 1961 low of 1327. But 864 people—37 percent of them children under 5—were paralyzed by polio last year and an estimated 59,655,000 Americans under 60 are still unprotected against the disease. Their lack of protection helps keep the polio viruses in circulation. With all three types of the Sabin oral polio vaccine now licensed by the U.S. Public Health Service, we have real hope of eliminating polio completely—*but only if the vaccines are used.*

BLINDNESS . . . Undetected glaucoma threatens 1,000,000 Americans with blindness, though a quick, simple, painless test can discover its presence in time. Diabetes, another cause of blindness, threatens 1,500,000 who do not know that they have it. There are improved tests to detect the disease and improved methods of controlling it. Together, glaucoma and diabetes account for 20 percent of all blindness. The Public Health Service estimates that more than 100,000 blind people are getting public assistance. Cost of this public assistance alone: 90,000,000 tax dollars a year.

TOOTH DECAY . . . costs us $1,700,000,000 in dental bills each year. The average American loses half his teeth by the time he is 40 years old and 22,000,000 have lost all their teeth. Future generations can be spared most of this. Fluoridation of the water supply in areas of the country where fluoride content in natural water is low can cut tooth decay by more than 50 percent. The cost? Ten cents per year per person. Thirty years of studies show that the procedure is completely safe, says the Public Health Service. And in the published words of Dr. Luther L. Terry, Surgeon General of the United States, "Fluoridation is beyond question the most effective, the most economical means available for the prevention of dental caries." He also states flatly that failure to adopt fluoridation is "nothing short of tragic." If you live in an area where fluoridation has not been adopted and where natural water contains insufficient fluoride, you might want to ask your dentist about the fluoride drops and pills which are now available for adding to your child's diet. When he tells you how to take care of your child's teeth (and your own) your dentist may also tell you a little wryly that though 88 percent of Americans *say* they visit their dentist at least once a year, only 40 percent of them actually do.

MEASLES . . . There were 441,703 cases of measles reported in the CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

BY BETTY COE SPICER

Hate that gray? Wash it away!



Now! Color only the gray

without changing your natural hair color!

Gray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that gray, wash it away with Loving Care Hair Color Lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does new Loving Care wash in young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. No big decisions about shades. Loving Care comes in ten colors—from deepest black-brown to pale shining blonde. Just choose the tone most like your own. About once a month, to keep gray away, just wash your hair with Loving Care. Loving Care won't rub off, won't brush off. Leaves your hair vital, shiny, in better condition than ever. Not a tint... better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.



Makes your husband feel younger, too . . . just to look at you!



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Loving Care® Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL

ADVICE FROM A LEFT-HANDED-MITTEN COLLECTOR

By JANE GOODSELL



Are you one of those brisk, decisive individuals who can throw away a deck of playing cards that's absolutely perfect except that the eight of clubs is missing? Can you get rid of a left-handed mitten that's been kicking around the closet all winter? No? Me either.

If you're like me, you keep every wire coat hanger that comes into your house because goodness only knows when two or three hundred hangers might come in handy.

If you're like me, you're balmy. Come, let's put our addled heads together and try to figure out what to do with all the stuff we've been saving, just in case.

By talking some sense into you, I might even talk myself into disposing of last year's batch of Christmas cards.

What should you do with that old sewing machine in the attic that you intend, any day now, to paint white, decorate with Pennsylvania Dutch decals and plant with ivy?

You know what you should do with it? Give it to a rummage sale. Yes, I realize that you *bought* it at a rummage sale because you heard another woman say that she'd like to paint it white and turn it into a conversation piece for her entrance hall. She wouldn't have done a thing with that sewing machine, either, and the fact that you bought it right out from under her nose is just her good luck.

What should you do with those stacks of old newspapers and magazines that contain interesting articles you intend to read just as soon as you find a little spare time?

There are two kinds of articles. There are those (like "The Secret Liz Never Told Eddie" and "Are You Headed for a Nervous Breakdown?") that demand to be read, hot off the press, the moment the magazine arrives; and those (like "Our Water Resource Problem" and "How to Remove Spots and Stains") that you certainly plan to read, but not right now. You want to wait until you have time to concentrate properly. Now, I won't say the day will never come when you'll be ready to read that article on water resources. But if it should—if you awaken some morning with a burning desire to get your hands on that article—you needn't rummage around in your basement, getting cobwebs in your hair and breaking your fingernails. All you have to do is go to the public library and tell the librarian what you want. She'll find that article for you.

OK, now get rid of those stacks of paper in your basement. I believe the Boy Scouts collect old newspapers and magazines. They do something constructive with them. I think they turn them back into trees.

What should you do with those twelve jars of bread-and-butter pickles that Aunt Bessie sent all the way from St. Louis, and that you aren't especially eager to open because they look sort of peculiar?

Yes, I realize that Aunt Bessie put them up with her own two hands, and they took nine whole days to make. Aunt Bessie said so in that cute note she enclosed with the pickles.

© 1962 by Jane Goodsell

Aunt Bessie is a sweetheart, and you're crazy about her. But look at it this way: she'll never know that you dumped those pickles into the garbage can. On the other hand, suppose you *do* open them and they explode, causing serious injury to you and your household? If Aunt Bessie found out that her pickles were responsible for a dreadful accident like that, she'd feel awful.

What should you do with that blue-and-white polka-dot dress that's in perfect condition, just as good as the day you bought it seven years ago, and that's bound to come back into style sooner or later?

Come now, put on your thinking cap! You *know* why that dress is still in mint condition. Because you never wore it, that's why. The minute you got that dress home from the store, you noticed something that you'd failed to perceive while the salesclerk was rhapsodizing about its lovely lines, exquisite fabric and perfect fit, needing only a teensy bit of letting out here and a dart or two there. That dress (there were no two ways about it) made you look thick through the middle.

Since you're a good five pounds heavier today, it's unreasonable to expect that your attitude toward that polka-dot number will change. As for its coming back into style, that's about as likely as the Navy going back to schooners. Look, honey, when fashion forecasts speak of "recapturing the spirit of the 'twenties," you mustn't interpret it as a signal to drag out the beaded chemise your mother bought for her trousseau.

By the way, have you any idea where that polka-dot dress *is?* Could it be in that box in the closet labeled "Sprg. Thgs. 8/16/55"? No? Well, maybe it's in the bundle marked "Slps, Jns & Sks."

What should you do with that jar of pinkeye ointment you've been keeping because you might want to renew the prescription one of these days?

Are you absolutely positive that salve is supposed to cure pinkeye and not athlete's foot? All the label says is "Use four times daily as directed." Anyway, medical science has made tremendous advances in recent years. (Let me see that label again, will you? H'm-m-m, it's dated 4/13/51.) Surely, during the past eleven years, they've made some progress in the treatment of pinkeye.

While you're tossing out that jar, get rid of the other junk in your medicine cabinet. All those empty tubes and those bottles with the purple sludge in the bottom.

What should you do with the baby furniture that's been gathering dust in the attic, but you're afraid to give it away because everybody knows that the surest way to get pregnant is to give away the baby things?

That's the silliest superstition I ever heard! There are lots of people who can use that crib, and it's ridiculous to keep it because of an old wives' tale. . . .

On second thought (unless you'd like a wee one to cuddle) maybe you'd better hang on to those things. I'd hate to feel responsible for giving you advice and—well, you never know. Besides, you'll have grandchildren someday, and that buggy and crib will come in handy. END

HEALTH AID



wilted?

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oda Bicarbonate (½ lb.)
lukewarm water
elieves skin discomforts,
ools and refreshes you.

ust lie back lazily. No need even to
b. SODA's soothing alkaline action
lieves such hot weather annoy-
nces as sunburn and prickly heat,
nd gently cleanses, freshens and
ols your skin. Treat yourself to a
ily fresh-up SODA bath...it's the
ealthful, easy, inexpensive way to
lerate summer heat.

SE SODA—GENTLEST AID TO AMILY HEALTH AND HYGIENE

ush your teeth with SODA.
nerican Dental Association literature
ognizes soda bicarbonate (baking soda)
an effective dentifrice.

lieve heartburn with SODA.
solve ½ tsp. in ½ glass water for quick,
e, pleasant relief from acid indigestion.

ve first aid with SODA.
isten to a paste and apply to burns,
es, stings, poison ivy, skin rashes.



& Hammer Soda Bicarbonate (baking soda) meets U. S.
macopoeia purity standards... is sold at all food stores
anada, same high quality product sells as Cow Brand
ng Soda.

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FREE! Summer Recreation Booklet
Send now for beautifully illustrated booklet: "How to Add FUN to Outings, SAFETY to Travel." Describes helpful uses of SODA, including fire extinguishing.

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COOKIE CRUST-"PHILLY" PIE EASY!

The Pillsbury Slice 'N Bake cookies give you a wonderful crunchy-rich crust; Philadelphia Brand puts an out-of-this-world creaminess in the filling. Lightly grease and sugar the bottom, sides and edge of a 9″ pie pan. Cut Pillsbury Slice 'N Bake Refrigerated Cookies into ⅛″ slices. Overlap slices around sides of pan to form scalloped edge; line bottom with more slices (use a half roll per crust). Bake 6 to 8 min. at 375°. (The puffy crust will settle down as it cools.)

For the Orange "Philly" Filling dissolve one 3-oz. package orange gelatin dessert in 1½ c. hot water. Blend together ¼ c. sugar and one 8-oz. package of softened Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese. Gradually blend in gelatin, ¼ c. orange juice, 1 tsp. lemon juice. Chill until almost firm. Whip until fluffy; pour into cooled crust. Sprinkle with grated orange rind. Chill until firm. Be ready for showers of compliments.

IN YOUR GROCER'S DAIRY CASE:

PILLSBURY REFRIGERATED SLICE 'N BAKE COOKIES—[illegible] The fresh cookie dough comes [illegible] simply slice and bake. Ready in just 9 [illegible] makes the flavors you like. Delicious

PHILADELPHIA BRAND CREAM CHEESE—the brand that's guaranteed [illegible] or your money back. That's [illegible] Whenever you buy cream cheese [illegible] Philadelphia Brand on the new [illegible]

THE HOSTESS who makes everything look easy

. . . knows how to cook and keep cool!

Our favorite hostess, this summer, knows that cooking can be effortless. She plays it cool. Sizzles steaks, chops or chickens for a big party outdoors where the breezes blow, and has a repertoire of new, delicious sauces to serve with them. HOT-HOT-HOT BARBECUE SAUCE: (1) Sauté ½ cup finely chopped onion, ½ cup chopped green pepper and 1 clove garlic, peeled and crushed, in 3 tablespoons olive or cooking oil until tender. (2) Add 1 cup tomato purée, ½ cup red wine vinegar, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 tablespoons prepared horseradish, 6 drops liquid hot pepper seasoning and ¾ teaspoon salt. (3) Simmer 5 minutes. Makes 2½ cups sauce. Delicious for barbecuing steak, chicken and other meats.

DEVILED STEAK SAUCE: (1) Cream ⅓ pound blue cheese very well. (2) Add ¼ cup prepared yellow mustard, 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 small peeled and crushed clove garlic, 3 drops liquid hot pepper seasoning and ⅛ teaspoon salt. (3) Spread over cooked steak just before serving. Makes 1 cup sauce.

TARRAGON SAUCE: (1) Melt 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. (2) Blend in 2 tablespoons flour. (3) Cook and stir until the mixture (roux) is gold. (4) Add 2 cups beef bouillon or consommé, 2 teaspoons steak sauce, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, and 2 teaspoons cut fresh tarragon or 1 teaspoon dried. (5) Stir until smooth. (6) Simmer for 30 minutes to bring out the flavors and reduce the sauce a little. Makes about 1½ cups sauce. Pass with charcoal-broiled steak or chicken.

SALSA FRIA: This is a wonderful cold sauce to pass with grilled steak or lamb. (1) Peel and chop 1½ pounds *ripe* tomatoes. (2) Stir in ⅓ cup chopped onion, 2–3 chopped canned chili peppers, ½ cup tomato purée, 1 peeled and crushed clove garlic, 1½ tablespoons each olive oil and red wine vinegar. (3) Season with ½ teaspoon sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, and a dash each pepper and coriander. (4) Cover and chill well. Serve with any grilled meat. Makes 3 cups sauce.

Our cool hostess knows how to enclose a summer's meal between slices of fresh, delicious bread; knows that hearty, unusual sandwiches, plus a crisp tossed salad or a cup of soup, satisfy guests home from the beach, and *hungry!* Try the MARINER'S SANDWICH: (1) Mix together 1 (7-oz.) can drained, flaked tuna with a little finely minced onion, salt, pepper, lemon juice and enough mayonnaise to bind. (2) Add ½ cup cubed process American cheese and toss well. (3) Pile onto 4 slices of toast and broil a few minutes until cheese melts. Makes 4 sandwiches.

TROPICAL CHICKEN SANDWICH: (1) Mix 2 cups chopped cooked or canned chicken with some diced celery, salt, pepper, mayonnaise and ¼ cup chopped pecans. (2) Cut a slice from the top of 6 hard round rolls and remove some of the soft centers. (3) Fill with chicken salad. (4) Top each with a slice of canned pineapple and a little grated cheese. (5) Broil a few minutes until the cheese melts. Delicious also on split toasted English muffins.

HOT CRAB-BURGERS: (1) Open 2 (7½-oz.) cans crab meat and remove the bones. (2) Put the meat in a skillet with ¾ cup melted butter or margarine, 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 2 tablespoons minced pimiento, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and ½ cup heavy cream. (3) Simmer, uncovered, about 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. (4) Split 4 to 6 hamburger buns and toast until golden. Fill with crab mixture. Makes 4–6 servings.

THE COOL CUCUMBER: (1) Cut 2 hamburger buns horizontally into three slices each. (2) Soften 1 (3-oz.) package cream cheese, and blend in 1 small clove garlic, minced, and 2 tablespoons finely chopped scallion. (3) Spread this on cut surfaces of buns. (4) Place a tomato slice on the bottom third of each bun, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. (5) Put middle slice of bun on top of that. (6) Cover with cucumber and radish slices. (7) Cover with bun top. Makes 2 sandwiches.

Call it "grinder," "submarine" or "blimp"—whatever the name, this is our SUMMER HERO, and the best of them all: (1) Split a loaf of French or Italian bread lengthwise. Remove soft centers. (2) Arrange slices of Provolone cheese on both open faces. Then add slices of tomatoes and strips of anchovies. (3) Drizzle the anchovy oil over the tomatoes and sprinkle lightly with orégano. (4) Next a layer of thin-sliced garlic salami. (5) Top with more Provolone cheese. (6) Broil until cheese melts and bread is well heated through. (7) Remove to cutting board. Clasp the two halves together and press down firmly with both palms, so that the two parts will flatten together. (8) Slice with a sharp knife.

No standing over a hot stove with our Quick Seafood Gumbo. It simmers gently, practically makes itself! Faster still is Tuna Chowder. Just heat, then eat! QUICK SEAFOOD GUMBO: (1) Into a deep heavy kettle empty 1 (10½-oz.) can condensed tomato soup, 1 (10½-oz.) can condensed clam chowder, 1 (1-lb.-13-oz.) can tomatoes, 1 (13¾-oz.) can chicken broth and 1 (15½-oz.) can okra (juice and all). (2) Add 2 pounds shelled and deveined raw shrimp. (3) Open 1 (5-oz.) can lobster and remove the bits of bone. (4) Add to the soup mixture with 3 tablespoons instant minced onion, 1 tablespoon dried parsley flakes, 1 tablespoon red and green pepper flakes, ¼ teaspoon crushed hot red pepper, 2 pinches saffron, ¼ teaspoon mace and 1 teaspoon salt. (5) Bring to a boil and simmer about 45 minutes. (6) Add 1 (10-oz.) package frozen-peas-with-mushrooms. (The mushrooms are in an envelope.) (7) Simmer another 20 minutes until flavors are blended. (8) Serve in soup bowls with rice. Makes 8–10 servings.

TUNA CHOWDER: (1) Heat 3 cups diced canned potatoes, 1 medium onion, finely chopped, 3 cups milk, 2 (7-oz.) cans tuna, drained and broken up, 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons dried parsley flakes. Do not allow to boil. (2) Serve in deep bowls as main dish with grated Parmesan cheese. Makes 4 generous servings.

And when delicious summer soups come to the table icy cold, no cooking required, who could ask for anything more? HEAVENLY SOUP: (1) Chill 1 (12½-oz.) can madrilene and 1 (10½-oz.) can consommé. (2) Peel, pit and purée 1 avocado. (3) Blend with 1 cup dairy sour cream. (4) Season with ½ teaspoon salt. (5) Combine soups with avocado mixture. (6) Beat, then chill. (7) Serve with bits of firm part of ripe tomato as garnish. Makes 4–6 servings.

COLD CLAM BISQUE: (1) Open 1 (7½-oz.) can minced clams and pour into a blender container. (2) Cover and buzz at high speed until smooth. (3) Add 1 cup light cream, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 4 dashes liquid hot pepper seasoning and salt to taste. (4) Chill, serve sprinkled with minced chives and paprika. Serves 3.

This summer's hostess loves salads cool, loves them crunchy, but will love best of all the *Journal*'s new quick-as-a-wink potato salad, party-dressed.

PATIO POTATO SALAD: (1) Cook 2 cups instant sliced potatoes with 4 cups cold water and 1 teaspoon salt according to package directions. (2) Drain and while hot add 2 tablespoons vinegar, ¼ cup chopped onion and 2 tablespoons dried parsley flakes. (3) When cool, add ½ cup mayonnaise, ½ cup dairy sour cream, ½ pound cooked ham cut into ¼" cubes, 3 stalks celery cut into crescents, ½ cup chopped dill pickle, ¾ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon seasoned pepper and ½ teaspoon dried dill seed or weed. (4) Mix well and chill several hours before serving in a lettuce-lined salad bowl. Serves 6–8.

A hot-weather hostess wisely cooks in the cool of the day. She likes cooked meats sliced cold and the lightness of frozen seafood warmed for a short time in the oven. For these she needs sauces that are quick to create, quick to cool. PIQUANT SOUR-CREAM SAUCE: (1) To 1 cup dairy sour cream add 1 tablespoon prepared mustard, 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish. CONTINUED ON PAGE 115

THE CHILD WITH ONE PARENT

BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

From social conversations I've been impressed with the degree of apprehension which husbandless women express when they talk about rearing children without a father. This is as true of widows as it is of divorcées, so it isn't based on guilt about having pushed the father out. They often use the words, "It's an awful responsibility to try to be both a mother and a father."

Certainly it's true that a mother alone is compelled to take on serious responsibilities that would ordinarily be the father's, or shared with him—having to make fundamental decisions all by herself, perhaps earning the living. And the role of breadwinner will interfere with the time that she could use ideally for mothering. But I think that part of the excessive worry is based on a misunderstanding—the assumption that a woman should somehow make the attempt to be father as well as mother. It's as impossible psychologically as it is physically.

We know that a child wants both a father and a mother. A young child who lacks one or the other keeps asking the remaining parent for a replacement. But the remarkable thing is that he can create a parent who will serve many of his needs if he has to. If he remembers the parent or sees him occasionally, he will keep his memory fresh. He will really commune with him in spirit between visits. If he can't remember the parent, he will reconstruct him out of what he has been told, what he admires in other adults of the same sex whom he has known, what he would like his parent to be. When fathers came home during the war and announced themselves to offspring who were too young to remember them, some of these children angrily denied that these men were their fathers. They pointed instead to photographs of their fathers with which they had connected all the stories they had heard. Even a child who has never known either parent—because of death, desertion or illegitimacy—will create vivid images of both, which he can describe in detail, compounded from elements of the people he has known or read about, and from his own yearnings.

Children who have been adopted at birth because of illegitimacy, even when they grow up in ideal familes, may daydream a great deal of their true parents, about whom it is usually impossible for them to know or find out anything. Sometimes, in adolescence or adulthood, they set out on quests to track down their true parents, even though they realize that they won't be able to join them.



HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

"Most husbandless mothers find that they can raise their sons and daughters as successfully as other parents do. In some cases the added responsibility and considerateness which the children feel toward the mother who is all alone will help to build unusual maturity and character into them."

So a human being is a creature who *must* have a father and a mother, in his feelings, and will create them if necessary. Of course a real father who's a good one will be a lot more satisfactory than an image, on many scores. But if there isn't a real one, the mother's job is not to try to be one, and not necessarily to try to find one, but to maintain a wholesome environment for her child so that he can create a wholesome one in his imagination.

At this point we will have to review very briefly the progressive development of the average boy's and girl's relationships with their father and mother—at the conscious and unconscious levels—and how this shapes their respective characters. Then we can discuss what the implications will be for the guidance of a mother without a husband.

It's at about the age of six months that a baby begins to distinguish between the various individuals who pay attention to him—and to develop feelings for them as people. The mother (or her substitute) is the one who is overwhelmingly important for the next two years, and from whom the boy or girl derives most of his security. He won't develop nearly as much dependence on his father at this stage, unless he's around him a great deal. But he will learn how men are different in their manners, voices, play and discipline. He will learn how to adjust to and enjoy these differences.

It's between two and three years that a boy begins to realize more consciously that it's his destiny to become a man. From then until six he really sets to work to pattern himself after his father particularly, after older brothers if he has any, what occupations they are interested in, how they go about them, what they think is right and wrong in behavior, what their attitudes are to each other and to women, how they talk, what mannerisms they use, what feelings they have, which ones they express freely and which they try to conceal, what they are scared of. He plays all day at manly occupations, pushing toy cars, building structures, riding a horse, shooting pistols, flying like a plane or sitting at the controls, acting the father when he plays house. By three a boy begins to be aware of the feelings connected with genitals and may become involved in sex play with other children his age. Between three and four his love of his mother, which was mainly dependent before, now takes on an increasingly romantic quality. By about four he may declare that he is going to marry her. But the intense and possessive nature of his love—because he is a human being—stirs up feelings of rivalry and antagonism toward his beloved father.

Because he assumes that his father reciprocates this jealousy, and because his father is so much bigger, stronger, smarter, he becomes increasingly uneasy about this uneven rivalry and keeps it out of the conscious part of his mind. By five or six he is uncomfortable enough in his deeper feelings and wise enough in the ways of the world so that he finally denies the wish to have his mother for himself. After this he doesn't want to be kissed by her, at least in public. He becomes increasingly intolerant of all girls and of love stories. He gets absorbed in impersonal matters such as the three R's, nature, science, making collections, games of skill. From now on he doesn't have to work to copy his father because he feels sure he is very much a chip off the old block. Instead of wanting to please his parents he becomes somewhat argumentative, messy, irritating. Now he wants to imitate the other boys—in his appearance and manners and occupations.

We believe that a boy's attraction to his mother in the three-to-six-year-old period is vital in establishing an idealistic romantic pattern for his future life as an adult. In this way his sexuality will be strongly linked to a deep love for a fine woman, who will also be a devoted mother to his children. (This is in contrast to most animals in which sexual attraction is quite indiscriminate and flitting.) But we believe it is equally important that the little boy, in his yearning for his mother, not be allowed to become so closely attached to her in actuality that he cannot detach himself from her later. In the ordinary family he is prevented from feeling that he can have her all to himself by three interrelated factors: his awe of his father, his realization that his mother's romantic love belongs to her husband, her tactful refusal to let the boy become too intensely affectionate toward her in a physical sense.

We sometimes see situations in which a mother, without meaning to, encourages her son to become much too close to her. It may be because she and her husband have lost all affection for each other and she turns all her warmth toward her son instead. Or she may be an exaggeratedly flirtatious person, who tends, unconsciously, to act a bit seductive toward any male, of any age. (You know the type I mean.) Or she may be a woman who really doesn't appreciate a man or a boy who is distinctly masculine in personality but will be responsive to one who can be persuaded to share her womanly interests. There are various ways in which these different kinds of mothers may permit their sons to become too strongly attached. If a woman's husband is a traveling man, she may allow her son to sleep in his father's bed and this encourages him to daydream that he is really taking his father's place. Another may carelessly reveal too much of her nudity or act too coquettish toward him or dance with him, as if playfully pretending he is her husband. She may embrace him too ardently and too long, or not interfere tactfully when he does the same thing. Another may show that she enjoys her son's company and conversation a lot more than she enjoys her husband's. Another still, without realizing it, may be

CONTINUED ON PAGE 32

For Lux-Lovely Hands and Sparkling Dishes



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This side-by-side test shows how quickly Pink Lotion Lux Liquid goes to work. Notice how its rich suds cut through grease in no time at all—get your dishes sparkling clean in just seconds. And Pink Lotion Liquid has world-famous Lux mildness that leaves your hands soft, smooth—Lux-lovely.

Yes, Pink Lotion Lux Liquid answers both your wishes—Lux-lovely hands and sparkling clean dishes. And you get the extra convenience of a handy plastic squeeze bottle. Try it!

Good Housekeeping

DR. SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

subtly discouraging her son from spending time with other boys or from interest in boyish activities; instead she is always trying to interest him in interior decoration or dressmaking or the arts. She may be making him her confidant, telling him about her friends, her troubles, as if he were another woman.

I want to explain quickly that I don't mean to scare normal mothers out of being warmly affectionate and companionable with their sons. For it's just as undesirable when mothers are standoffish with their sons as when they are too enveloping. I'm only calling attention to the definite differences in the natural relationships between mother and son, mother and husband, mother and woman friend.

It's obvious that when a mother has no husband it won't be so easy to keep her relationship with her son as ordinary as it would otherwise be. She is apt to be lonelier. No matter how normal she is in personality, she will have an inclination to make her son an unusually close companion, especially if she has no other children, and to lavish her affection on him. But the whole situation is not so lacking in natural safeguards as it might appear. In the first place, a boy's instinctive drive to play the part of a regular guy is powerful. It will keep him on the right track unless he's up against great pressures, and he will actually guide his mother too. He will strive to keep alive what memory he has of his father and to fill out his image of him. Furthermore, we learn from psychoanalytic investigation that he will be sufficiently in awe of this memory of his father so that he will not want to trespass on his father's preserve if the mother plays her part right. She does this by showing that she, too, keeps alive the memory of the boy's father, and respects him as the boy's father. For the sake of her son she doesn't belittle his father, no matter what she secretly thinks of him in other respects. She also helps the boy to be respectful of the composite father figure he creates for himself out of the other men who come into his life—relatives, male teachers, doctor, tradespeople, neighbors, the mother's suitors. She does this by showing that her woman-to-man relationships with each of them, whether impersonal, cordial or romantic as the case might be, are all quite different in quality from the mother-child relationship. To put it another way, each of these men helps to keep the boy in his place as a child, just as his father would have done, provided his mother co-operates by treating them as men and treating him as a child.

I don't mean that a husbandless woman should be so afraid of treating her school-aged son as a mature person that she refrains from explaining about their financial situation, or chatting freely with him, or going on trips with him, or giving him a hug, or letting him feel responsible about saving money or earning it. Rather it's that she should allow him to remember that he is still her son, however responsible, not her husband (or not her woman friend). She should keep up her own friendships and activities. When she and the boy go on excursions they can sometimes invite another boy and perhaps his parents. She should encourage her son to cultivate his own interests and friendships, to accept invitations without her (rather than act hurt when he leaves her). When he gets into adolescence she may have to remind herself not to act jealous about his girl friends.

All this will be easier for a mother if she has several children, because then everyone is reminded that there is an adult world and a children's world, however closely they meet in the family.

But there are still the natural fears of a mother of a fatherless boy that, because she's a woman, she won't know what his needs are, or whether he is making a good adjustment, or how to help him if he has problems. (The feeling may be a bit like that of the chicken that has hatched duck eggs.) In the first place, I myself think it's a good sign when a mother confesses that boys are more mysterious to her than girls, in some respects, if it means that she's very much a woman herself and has a respect for the male sex as somewhat different. The woman who feels she knows just how to manage the opposite sex may try to manage them too much and produce either rebellion or submission. When a mother can admit that she's only a woman it should foster the chivalrousness of her son, whether he's four or sixteen. His wish to please and help her should more than make up for any lack of knowledge on her part. If things are working out right, her son will instinctively follow his boyish destiny without constant guidance from her. She will be reassured by his success at home, at school, in friendships. She need not worry about hidden trouble if no signs of it show. However, I think she is entitled to regular consultation with a family social agency for her own comfort. Of course she should get advice from the school people, family social agency, a sensible male relative or a child-guidance clinic if problems arise.

A mother's uncertainty is apt to be accentuated when her son gets well into adolescence. He will probably be more secretive about his friends, dates, activities, thoughts. ("Where are you going?" "Out.") He shows at least glimpses of stormy feelings. He has an itch to be rebellious against certain teachers or other authorities. He may make it clear that he feels his mother, being of another generation and sex, is hopelessly out of touch with his situation. His huge size reminds her that she is incapable of controlling him physically. Discipline now can be exerted only by moral suasion, which is like riding a bicycle without touching the handlebars. The romantic attachment to his mother which was so intense before he was six is now most often felt negatively—as an intolerance of closeness, a bristliness. Only a "mother's boy" can feel cozy with his mother at this age.

The husbandless mother is only feeling in exaggerated form the same management problems that all parents of adolescents face. It's hard to define the right course in positive terms—they just sound like platitudes. It's easier to start with some negative statements. We know that the parent can't manage the teenager by constant nagging or threatening or punishment. These just irritate him and provoke him to rebellion. Prying and suspicion and mistrust are worse; he feels, "If she thinks I'm that bad, I might as well have the fun of being bad." On the other hand, many well-meaning parents nowadays, in their fear of antagonizing the child, act as if they are pretending that they don't care what he does. Adolescents realize that they are inexperienced, that they want guidance and rules. They don't usually admit this to their parents. But they often complain to their friends or trusted adult counselors that they wish their parents would give them advice and regulations, as their friends' parents do. They sense that this is one aspect of parental love. So the husbandless mother should certainly show that she cares about the impression her son makes on the community (his and hers) and that she takes it for granted they'll talk together about behavior from time to time, not necessarily in long solemn sessions but in casual conversations. An adolescent likes these discussions to be on an adult-to-adult level which recognizes the fact that he is on his own most of the day and that therefore he himself must feel convinced—not just told—what is right. He is not upset when a parent is clear and emphatic. What irritates him is being talked down to. The fact that he may not agree verbally with his parent's advice doesn't mean that he rejects it.

If a mother can't persuade a teenage son that her stand is right because he feels she is unable to understand a boy's position, and if she is as convinced as ever, she should stick to her guns. Even if he should disobey her at the time, he will be helped in the long run by knowing what her attitude is. Meanwhile she can suggest that they get the advice of another man—his uncle, teacher, minister, counselor.

If a boy and his own father visit each other or can correspond, some of these unresolved conflicts may be referred to the father. But even if the father votes against the mother, she doesn't have to change her opinion. She might say, "You may decide to follow your father's advice, but I still do not think it is wise." The point I am trying to make is that though a mother cannot have as total a control of a full-grown son as she could of a small boy, nor as much authority as the father would have if he were in the home, she can still have access to his conscience if she is a fair and loving parent. In the long run this is a lot more important than whether the boy agrees with her or obeys her at the moment.

When it comes to the relationship between a husbandless mother and her daughter it will be similar to her relationship to her son in some respects, different in others. The mother is less apt to feel apprehensive about her ability to raise a daughter because she has learned about all there is to know about rearing a girl by having been one. This is an advantage in itself because a confident parent can bring up a child with greater ease than an anxious parent. And the girl will have her mother as an ever-present model throughout childhood to pattern herself after.

There is every evidence that a girl wants a father as much as a boy does. In infancy and very early childhood she needs to become familiar with how different men are from women—but still enjoyable—so that they won't seem too strange to her later. Between three and six years of age she will need a flesh-and-blood father or an image of a father, to make a romantic attachment to. If she has little recollection to go on she, like a boy, will create one from what she hears, from the men she sees, from her needs. The image of this man and the image of her mother's relationship to this man will probably have a strong influence on the ideals she will set for her eventual marriage as an adult. This is why it is important that her mother help her to think the best of her father. Just as important is how the mother feels and how she acts toward other men who come in contact with the family—in a business or social way. If she shows that she thinks most men are selfish or unreliable or brutal, because of her experiences with one her daughter may pick up this attitude and be looking for the worst instead of the best when she grows up. It's surely wise for the mother to keep what contact she can w other families among the relatives and neig bors that have fathers, so that the girl can e perience them at close hand, in casual gathe ings. Otherwise the image of males m become unreal, either frightening or ov idealized. Since widowed or divorced mothe fairly often go to live with their own parer or see them often, I want to add specifica that a girl or a boy can use a fond grandfath very effectively in creating a good father i age and in establishing a child-father type relationship.

There is the question of how a child will affected if his widowed or divorced moth accepts dates with another man and conside marriage. Some widows in earlier times aut matically ruled out any further romance, sisting loyally that it could never come up their first love and would desecrate it. The are few who take this position arbitrarily day. Psychiatrists believe, like most peop that what made a woman a wonderful wife one man should make her equally success with another if, after her sorrow has dim ished, just the right man turns up. A proble that occurs fairly often, when a woman h felt spurned as a result of a marital breaku is that she's too anxious—consciously or u consciously—to prove to herself and the wo and her ex-husband that she's still highly sirable. If she's conscious of this motive, sh less likely to get into further trouble than if s has no awareness of it. For in the latter case may seem to her that she is being pursued several attractive men who'd make great hu bands. But her critical acquaintances mig say that in her desperation she is throwi herself at men and not being too particul Anyone who's gone through a divorce nee time and professional help to get over t hurts and, more importantly, to try to lea something about his or her own participati in the failure. Otherwise there may be greater chance of a quicker tragedy in the ne marriage.

The child, too, needs a period of adjustme after the departure of a father from the hon a chance to see that he still has his mother much as before, that he has not lost his fat altogether. If his mother becomes immediat and obviously involved in numerous da with one man or with several, it will seem the child (who still feels of course that mother and father belong together) that l love is shallow, unreliable and promiscuo So she has to show discretion, especially first. Most young children will help the mot sooner or later by asking why she doesn't p vide another father. (The idea may be m appealing to the child than the actuality.) S can say that she might, someday, if a man t she and the child could love appears, or t there is a nice man at the office who wo like to be invited to dinner. From then on song has to be played by ear. In one c mother and child and man will become creasingly sure of their mutual love, in spite the fact that there may be temporary episo of jealousy at first, on the part of one or other. On the other hand, if the suitor rema critical of the child, or if a child's jealousy the man continues to stir up chain reactions resentment in the man and quarrels betwe him and the mother, there's every reason to slow and to seek advice from a family soc agency or marriage-counseling service. might be that the marriage in question wo still be good all around but that the ch needs psychiatric treatment first to help h outgrow a possessive dependence on mother. In any case, antagonisms that ca be solved before marriage would only be centuated after it occurs.

Most husbandless mothers find that t can raise their sons and daughters as succe fully as other parents do. In some cases seems as though the added responsibil and considerateness which the children f (and which it is quite appropriate that mother let them feel, as long as she does try to do this by making them feel sorry her) build unusual maturity and charac into them.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to ans letters personally. However, he is delighted to rec suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.

LIGHT IN THE SOUTHEAST WINDOW

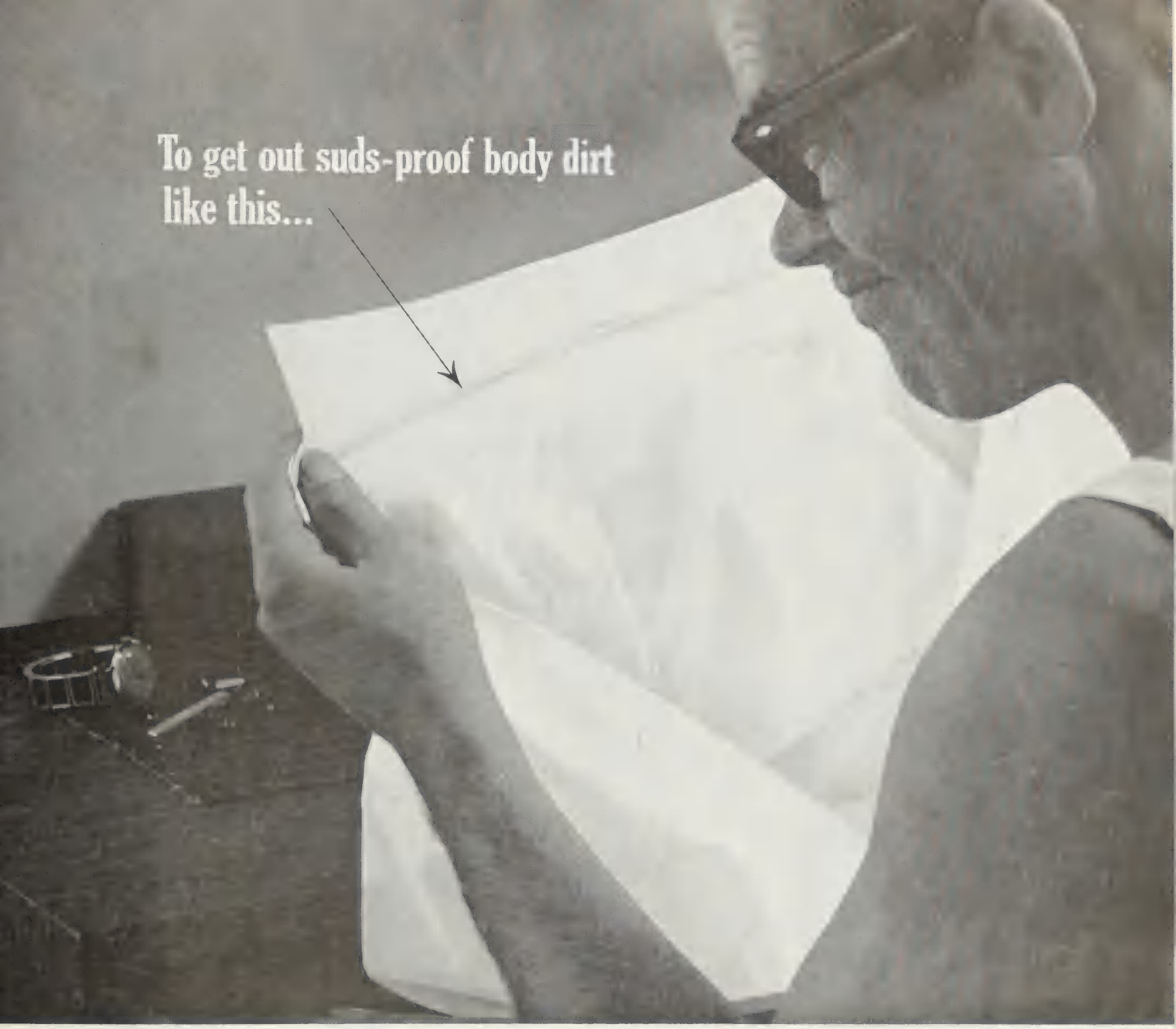
By DIONIS COFFIN RIGGS

George, you'd better go
And mend Miss Sadie's chimney.
When I went past tonight
There wasn't a sign of light
In her kitchen window.

She wouldn't go out in this gale!
But I looked for her at the store;
She wasn't there.
When I came back the light shone pale
In the southeast bedroom window.

"Now, either she's sick," I said
To myself—"but that can't be,
For she'd expect the doctor's call
And leave the lamp
Asetting in the hall—

"Or else she's holed in there
To keep warm in her downy
Because George hasn't fixed
Her kitchen chimney."
You'd better go, tomorrow.



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Yes, mother, there is a Dr. Spock

By NEAL GILKYSON STUART

Photographs By Henri Cartier-Bresson



After years of observation, Dr. Spock still finds a child's gestures irresistible.



The child-development professor entertains Linda and her brother informally.



The Dieners are in a six-year "child-rearing" study planned and directed by Dr. Spock.

A Western Reserve medical student watches as the master examines a baby at clinic.



Dr. Benjamin McLane Spock is a noticeable man. He is six feet four, with a wonderful face and a powerful Connecticut twang. He is all a baby doctor should be: his easygoing manner disarms, his genial laugh comes often.

Yet he gave up private practice years ago, partly because the large, inquiring mind, like the long legs, prefers to be moving on. He is now professor of child development in the department of psychiatry at Western Reserve Medical School, where his work involves research as much as it does teaching.

Researcher, teacher and writer: one who seeks new insights into children as he passes along the old. Let us see him first in the role of researcher. It is Monday morning, and he is ushering Mrs. James Diener and her two children into his office.

His office is a 10′ x 12′ workmanlike cubicle, into which he has introduced potted plants and Utrillo reprints. His big bookcase is jammed, but foreign editions of *the* book fill two entire shelves, from French to the squiggles of Arabic.

Kenny and Linda fly to the toy cupboard (everything is pulled to the floor in seconds) and Mrs. Diener settles comfortably in a chair, for all are old friends. Mrs. Diener volunteered before Kenny was born for a long-term study of how parents succeed in raising children, and every other Monday for more than three years she has sat and chatted with Dr. Spock about things at home. Eleven members of the medical faculty each has this relationship with two families (Mrs. Diener drew Dr. Spock by sheer chance), and they are gathering rich, homely material on the day-to-day lives of mothers and children. Dr. Spock's role is listener, and he listens attentively. He is really curious.

Linda grabs a fistful of crayons and marches to his swivel chair. "OK," he says amiably, and moves over to a straight chair, on which he perches rather uncomfortably. It is very hard for him to sit in a chair in the normal manner, for his legs are too long. Usually, no matter where he is, he manages to tilt backward,

Of the millions whom Dr. Spock has helped raise, lucky one-year-old Linda Diener's relationship is closer than most.

Yes, mother, there is a Dr. Spock



Dr. Spock skates three times a week at a private club, choosing hours when the huge rink is almost empty. Long an enthusiastic dancer, at 59 he skates with stately grace.



Dr. Spock is a lively lecturer; rarely stands still before a class. He teaches mostly medical students, but here he is impersonating an angry child to undergraduates.

but now he is taking notes. He pulls out the sliding board of his desk, while Linda steadily piles up crayoned papers everywhere else. Mrs. Diener talks and every now and then Dr. Spock says, "Really? Really?" Suddenly Linda wants a drink, and everyone troops out. When they return, Dr. Spock can't find his notes. He paws through Linda's papers. They turn up (of course!) pushed in with the sliding board, but now the hour is up.

Later that afternoon he is teacher. At four o'clock he is flying down Euclid Avenue to give a lecture on child management to more than a hundred undergraduates. He looks preoccupied, and he suddenly explains courteously, "I've got to think of what I'm going to say!"

He arrives two minutes late—a chronic habit. (He says, "If I find I have ten minutes to spare, I find a twelve-minute task to occupy the time.")

There is a stage with an imposing lectern facing the hall, but he and the colleague with whom he shares the class, Dr. Jane Kessler, prefer the floor level in front of the first row of seats. He and Dr. Kessler exchange some easygoing badinage, and then he begins his lecture.

For one who didn't know what he was going to say, it is quite a performance. He walks up and down, up and down; during the hour he must cover a good mile. He opens with a startling question: "Are schools necessary?" He points out that billions of children have learned things without going to schools. He does an imitation of two Frenchmen arguing fiercely on a street corner, another of two Americans arguing politely over a cracker barrel. He asks the class how many of them plan to teach, and a forest of hands shoots up. He tells them that the basis of all teaching is that children long to learn.

Finally, at night he is the writer. He writes at home, sitting on a tall stool (the most comfortable arrangement for his legs) before a high shelf fitted into his study wall. Dr. and Mrs. Spock live in a large gray stucco house on a tree-lined residential block. Mrs. Spock is a handsome brunette with intelligence and spirit of her own, and she says of her husband, "He works too hard!" She sometimes roots him out to the symphony or to friends', but she also arranges her household around his work.

Three nights a week she leaves him alone in his study until midnight, when she comes and reminds him of the hour. He completes two or three pages a night, and he says he wears out an eraser per page. Into his *Journal* columns goes the mixture of the tested knowledge and the new insights that is his work.

He is concerned that the modern concepts of child care, which he helped foster, have taken self-confidence away from mothers. "Mothers need to resume *leadership* of their children," he says, "but they can't until we decide what life is all about. Americans declare their aim is to make their children happy. But they find that happiness isn't something you can give a child. It comes from functioning well.

"Part of the sickness of America is the feeling that as long as things are all right *in the home*, this is as far as a family needs to go. But we won't feel really serene about bringing up our children until they, too, through their parents, are dedicated beyond the home to something worthwhile—something larger than themselves."

There is no question that the Yankee with the long legs and the wonderful face is dedicated to something worthwhile, larger than himself. END

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ALL THE TEA IN CHINA



This is a story of an American family—how they loved and hurt and failed each other; all that they lost of innocence, all that they gained in compassion. For the ways of love are not always sunny and serene. Often they are dark and dangerous, filled with peril.

By Katharine Topkins

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL. THE COMPLETE BOOK IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED BY THE MACMILLAN CO.

© 1962 BY KATHARINE TOPKINS.

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNIE FUCHS

I wish people, strangers especially, would quit being so nice—elaborately nice, I mean. A little while ago one of the clerks here in the American Express Office in Rotterdam, which is where I currently am, brought me a bottle of carbonated stuff. Then there's a woman who keeps looking at me. She's an American, I'm pretty sure—I suppose all the clerks here are—and she's wearing purple eye shadow that matches up with the purple Alps on the poster behind her desk. Then there's a fan on the floor that isn't going and the still blades are like a four-leaf clover, only I don't feel very lucky. I wish the woman would turn the switch and I could watch the silver dissolve of speed. It's always better if you have something to focus on. She says:

"It won't be long now, Miss Showcrafter. Don't give up hope."

"I won't," I say to be polite.

"She just sits there," the woman said *sotto voce* (that's the extent of my Italian, that and *fortissimo* and *spumoni*) to the man at the front desk.

I wanted to tell them not to worry about me. What I was really thinking had nothing to do with what they thought I was thinking about. I was thinking how when we landed someone on the top deck heaved a beer can right through the plate-glass window of the Holland-America office. Isn't that terrible? There was the band to welcome the ship and the Dutch consul and coils of confetti that darkened and lost their color in the water and everything like that and some smart aleck has to ruin everything. That's all I was thinking, nothing about everything that's happened. You know, it's like one of those crisisy movies—you get out on the street afterward, and all you think about is whether you have a token for the bus and how there's a letter out in a neon sign across the street.

"All right, hon, this is Peter. Peter's going to see that you get to the airport all right."

Peter picked up my suitcase the way they do in hospitals as though you aren't going under your own steam anymore. It's crazy. How do they think you got there if you didn't carry your suitcase yourself? I mean porters don't bother with student groups and I carried mine and part of the time my sister El's. She had a tendency to get absorbed.

"Good luck," the woman said after us, and we started to the car.

I want to tell you everything: how I came to be on my way to the airport outside Rotterdam to meet my parents just five hours after I arrived there, about El and Mike—everything. My best bet is to start at the beginning, about six years ago when Mike and El first met, although of course even I—and I'm eighteen and no psychologist, that's sure—know that nothing began or ended then. Maybe it began years before somewhere in our childhood or Mike's or when Eleanor's father drowned. Or maybe when mother married my father three years later. Guthrie Hollis Showcrafter. Now isn't that a name for you? I used to think it was the most normal name in the world until one day just recently I took a good look at it in the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*. It was at the time when the whole business was all over the papers, and it seemed to me that couldn't be anyone's name, certainly not my own father's. Guthrie Hollis Showcrafter and Rena Showcrafter—that's mother.

When I came along they decided on Emily Louise. I think to sort of match up our names: Eleanor Lorraine, Emily Louise. What they should have done was to have El go by Showcrafter, too, and then we wouldn't have had that sticky business of different names all through school: Eleanor Dowling and Emily Showcrafter. I don't suppose names would have saved the situation though. What really needed to happen was for one of us to have been a boy. A real go-getter son for daddy.

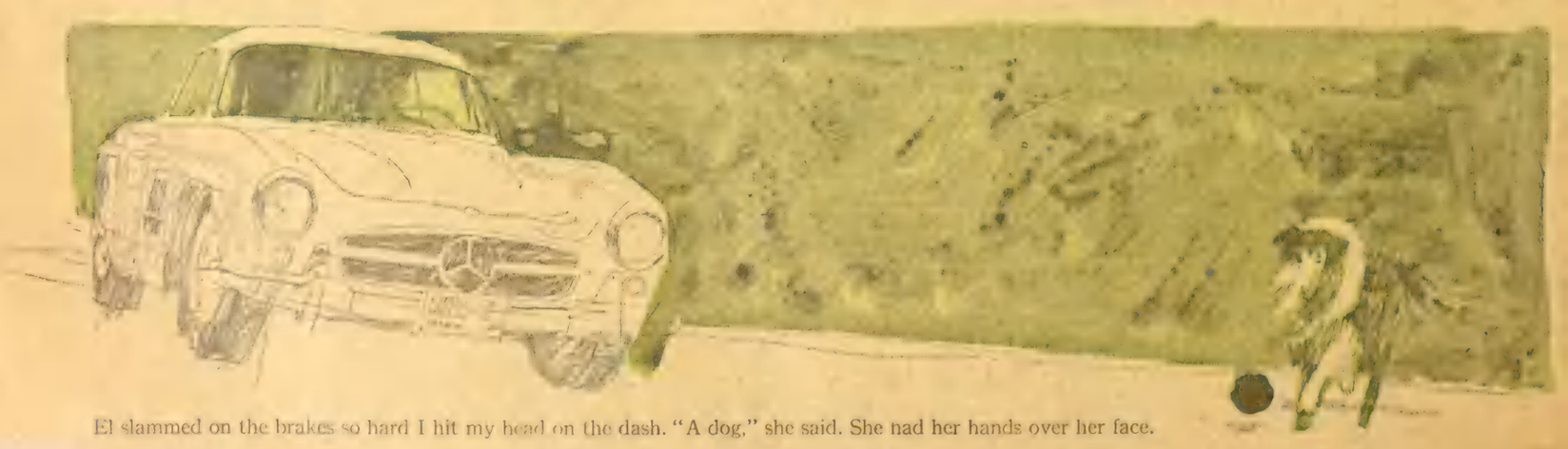
If your batting average is high enough the big leagues will find you, daddy was always saying. I guess it just never occurred to daddy that he could possibly have the kind of kids who never got up to bat at all—fielders at heart. Daddy was always reading to us about the Who's Who type of women: Clare Boothe Luce, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Evelyn and her Magic Violin—the cream of the crop. But it just didn't rub off on us. That's why he really took Mike in as a son, I think, and why —— But then it's always easy to go backward with the why after you know how it all turned out.

The way Mike and El met in the first place was complicated, like the rest of their life together. El was home from U.C.L.A. for Christmas vacation—it was her freshman year—and it was Christmas Eve and she was going over to Warren Titus's. They were engaged. The Tituses lived in Denny Blaine, which is one of Seattle's older but better districts and about ten miles from us, the way the crow flies. Our house is on a hillside up on a bluff in Carleton Park, which is also considered a first-rate residential section.

Well, there was a big family conference about whether or not El should be allowed to take the Olds herself or daddy should drive her. In the end they decided to let her go. (Warren had broken his ankle skiing, so he couldn't pick her up.) She started out the door in this gray gabardine coat that she had this real *thing* about, even though it was a million years old and mother said goodness she couldn't go like that, with a spot down the front of her coat, what would Mrs. Titus think? on Christmas Eve? So in the end she wore mother's beaver coat and mother wet her forefinger and smoothed down El's eyebrows which had a tendency to go every which way, and we all sat tensely waiting for the sound of the motor. After we heard the car bump over the curb (we have a narrow driveway) I went back to the tree, which was trimmed on only the street side. They keep this weird-looking unhinged angel that I made in kindergarten for the top of the tree and a Santa Claus with a cotton beard and brass paper tacks for buttons and fitful coloring that El did. I was looking for the Santa Claus when the phone rang and mother just kept saying who? who? my daughter? and she shouted that El had been in an accident five blocks away. It wasn't serious, this woman who called kept saying. El had smashed into a parked car in front of their house and jarred her teeth a little, nothing to worry about.

We all flew over there in the Chrysler. El said she was just leaning down to adjust the heater and she didn't notice this parked car.

The Olds was still drivable and daddy took it, with us following. Mother kept on about thank God it wasn't serious, just enough to teach her a lesson, and El, who was shivering, kept trying to explain how it happened. The main damage was the windshield, which was cracked.



El slammed on the brakes so hard I hit my head on the dash. "A dog," she said. She had her hands over her face.

en we got home mother got El the heating pad to break her chill
ddy called our insurance agent who was either crocked or unre-
e to being called on Christmas Eve. He did cough up the name of
ace, Tri-State Auto Glass Craft, which as it turned out happened
ng to Mike, and Mike said yes, he would come out with the mobile
o install the windshield. (We found out later that Mike didn't
ny family himself and so he really didn't have anything special
on Christmas Eve, he having just broken up with his fiancée,
-pronounced *m-a*—and I think he welcomed the call.)
n by porch light Mike was really breathtaking. That was six
ago and he must have been twenty-six then and really in his
Mike had a terrific sense of timing. I mean he just stood there
is fists on his hips shaking his head and looking from the wind-
back to El until finally she started to giggle out of nervousness.
dy and El stayed out there with him for a while, but eventually
ee of them came in and mother said they must be simply frozen.
introduced her—"This is Edward Michaels; my wife, Mrs.
rafter"—and Mike said, "Just call me Mike," and reached out to
ands with mother, looking around at things. "You have quite a
here, Mrs. Showcrafter," and mother said something about how
seeing us in a rather confused state, she was afraid. But Mike just
here looking up at the spiral stairway. It really is kind of impres-
mean we have this round Chinese Oriental rug in the hall and then
en stairway with a wrought-iron banister and everything like that.

Well, Mike kept standing there even after daddy had signed the
receipt Mike gave him for the insurance company and so finally
who had a Christmas Eve habit of reading us Dickens aloud by
e, invited Mike to join us if he cared to. "A Christmas Carol,"
began. "Stave One—Marley's Ghost." Mike and El sat on the
sofa, facing the fire, with Nicki, our Persian, on the cushion be-
them, like a breathing pillow, and daddy sat in his leather chair
other sat on the needlepoint desk chair and I kept on tinseling be-
could observe better from there. Nicki kept standing up on El's
d stretching. Just as Mike said something to El, there went the
of Nicki's tail into his face, and I think it made Mike feel cut off.
d Nicki never did see eye to eye on things.
und about where Mr. Fezziwig's fiddler plunges his hot face into
f porter, Mrs. Evans, who lives kitty-corner to us, came over for
ite with *pfeffernuss* cookies on a paper plate with a napkin over
nd some English holly. Daddy introduced Mike, who told Mrs.
that he was imposing on our hospitality, joining in a family cele-
n, but it really meant a lot to him. Then later on one of the strings
s on the tree went out and Mike got it going again. About eleven-
Mike left, thanking the folks for letting him share Christmas Eve
em, and mother put an arm around Mike's shoulder and said it
l their pleasure, and she hoped they would have occasion to see
ain without the necessity of a broken windshield.
e we heard the truck backing out of the driveway, mother said
fine boy that was and daddy said yes, that he seemed to be one
few younger men who understood the necessity for hard work and
ld certainly be a catch for some girl, and then mother told El for
's sake not to slouch down that way, it was bad for her lungs.
l, the day after Christmas, Mike called and asked El to go to the
w with him and she was really flustered, explaining that she was
d and she couldn't, she really couldn't. Then she just sat there
er hand on the receiver after she had hung up, and her toes hooked
l the rung of the phone stool, and mother said wasn't it sweet of
oy to want to return the hospitality, which he certainly didn't
o, that way.
hat makes you think he's just returning the hospitality?" said El.
t was the last we saw of Mike until he and El arrived home from
honeymoon. So help me. I used to dread running into Warren
El got engaged to Warren just before she started U.C.L.A. My
ecret theory was that she wanted a formal link with home in
n, and also maybe a justification for not dating down there be-
t was always awfully hard on her, going out with new people. She



El was sitting in the visitor's chair by the bed. She was pulling on a lock of her hair as if it were a strap to hang on to.

was just no mixer at heart. But when El left to go back to school, she and Warren were all set to be married in June. After New Year's mother began sending El sketches of wedding dresses. El never commented back on the sketches, but then that was El and nobody thought anything about it. What I thought was that probably she planned to wear her serge regulation skirt from high school and her Camp Fire sweater for her going-away outfit, she was really that out of it.

This one particular morning, April twenty-seventh, we were sitting, mother and I, in the breakfast nook. Mother had made a groom's cake from a secret recipe that had been in her family a jillion years and we were cutting it up into rectangles and putting it in little silver boxes and tying up the whole deal with narrow white satin ribbon, when we got this wire that El and Mike had been married in Las Vegas. "Mike for a brother-in-law!" I kept shrieking. I sat right down at mother's desk and crossed out the letters they had in common in their names, using this friendship-courtship-love-hate-marriage thing, and it ended up on marriage, and daddy said just what did that prove? they were already married, weren't they? He was furious, of course, that El chose-to-do-it-that-way. He kept pointing out how she just couldn't stick with anything, school or the fiancé she had picked out for herself, and mother said that what she didn't see was why Mike had married her and could he have known about this small inheritance, $15,000, that she would get from her dead father when she was twenty-one, and daddy said that didn't seem a likely motive since Mike had considerable means himself for a young man. Well, I've personally given a lot of thought to why Mike married El. It certainly wasn't the money. It was partly that she was engaged and Mike loved taking things away from people, and partly he was impressed by the folks—they symbolized something to him—and partly he was fed up with Aime, who took baths in milk for her complexion and fleeced him out of four grand. Anybody could see that El was the wholesome type; and although that wasn't exactly what Mike wanted either, he liked the idea of playing God by taking El and making her over in his own image. Anyway, that's how I have it figured. Nobody seemed to consider it from the other angle of why El married Mike.

What made the day truly gruesome was that Warren's little old mamma-dear called that night and daddy got on the extension in the library and there was this terrible scene. Daddy kept saying that didn't pretend to excuse his daughter; once he even said his stepdaug ter, which I thought was pretty sneaky. Mrs. Titus's heart was brok she said, and mother took to her bed as though she never planned arise again. When she finally did the atmosphere had cleared a litt We had had a note from El at Lake Tahoe in which she said she was ve happy and she hoped that since the folks had reacted so well to Mi they would be pleased to have him for a son. What had happened, s said, was that he had given her this tremendous rush when he was L.A. for the Glass Cutters' Association convention and not to wor

Daddy did some inquiring around and found Mike had a lucrati business, grossing a hundred grand a year. And mother began a ing it wasn't as though we had never met Mike at all when he h practically spent Christmas at the house.

A few days later we got this colored card, "Sea Lion Cows Sun Bat ing on Boulders," that said in a green-ink scrawl, "See you Saturda Mike and El." We didn't know just what time to expect them, but had El's room all fixed up with the sheets with violets. It gave me creepy feeling somehow when mother sent me in with the linens over arm. I tried to pretend I was one of those hotel maids going sullenly to look for my tip in the ashtray, things like that. I even put my ha on my sacroiliac to help my role along, my painful lot in life.

El had a picture of Warren on her dresser, so I put it up where t hatboxes were in case she ever wanted it. In the picture Warren had that suit with the pearl buttons that he was so proud of and the fol made fun of. Warren was what daddy described as a perpetual forest major at the U. I happen to know that what Warren planned was to b lookout and sit up there in the Cascades with El and look into her ey balls and roast their baked potatoes in foil like overgrown Scouts.

I changed my clothes several times that day. First I put on velvete slacks and a Smartee top with my friendship ring my best friend, Doc Gardner, had given me around my neck. But then I thought, suppo Mike were to ask "Where'd you get that ring?" and I had to expla Dodie was a girl. So I took it off and changed into my gray wool skirt wi the gores and my black bulky-knit sweater. CONTINUED ON PAGE



I wished that mule would keep on and on, until El and Marcie came to a fairy kingdom somewhere.


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JOURNAL NOW



Jeanloup Sieff. Cathy di Montezemolo *and* Tom Heck *study the results of a freezing excursion to Jones Beach to photograph the girl in the summery dress on page 59.*

Putting together this unprecedented summer issue of the *Journal* was like the story of the music of **PAUL DUKAS**'s *L'Apprenti Sorcier*. You remember how the apprentice used the sorcerer's magic words to get the broom to carry a bucket of water? Then forgot the words to make the broom stop? Well. In this instance the sorcerer was Editor **CURTISS ANDERSON** and the magic words were something like "Let's go!" New ideas came and kept coming . . . and kept coming . . . and the *apprentis sorciers* who write this page got all hyped up. . . . That's **JAMES MOORE**'s incomparable photograph on the cover; the girl under the hat is **ANNE DE ZAGHEB,** 19, born in Lebanon of French and English parents, grew up (*that* way) in Egypt. There's **BERNIE FUCHS**'s first-of-its-kind illustration for **KATHARINE TOPKINS**'s first novel, *All the Tea in China* (page 39)—a first-of-*its*-kind too (and consider yourself warned: you may not like the "alchemy of love" in this story, but try to stop reading it). And it's **HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON,** the world's foremost reportage photographer, who followed the world's best-known doctor, **BENJAMIN SPOCK** (see page 35), around for a day.



Kurt Vonnegut Jr.—*Go Back to Your Precious Wife and Son*, page 54.

JEANLOUP SIEFF, an energetic young Parisian photographer, caught the warm contemporary look of "The Forever Dress" (see page 59) at dawn on Jones Beach with the wind whipping and the temperature below freezing. **CATHY DI MONTEZEMOLO** says it takes a special kind of genius to pose repeatedly (so she looks unposed) a lovely young model whose feet are so cold she keeps saying she hasn't any. . . . Cathy di MonteZEMolo, Cathy di MonteZEMolo, Cathy di MonteZEM—it's easy to pronounce once you get the swing of it. Who she? New *Journal* fashion editor. What she like? A living doll, sweet-but-not-too-sweet, down-to-earth-but-genteel type (*male* reporting). She loves and uses that name professionally solely because it is her husband's, a good enough reason. By the same good luck, she is a marchesa. Know what **MR.** and **MRS. DI MONTEZEMOLO** most likely will be doing this hot midsummer day? Getting down to earth on what they hope will soon be a lawn around the new house just completed for them in what was once a four-acre potato patch near Southampton, L.I., N.Y. . . . Art Director **TOM HECK** spent several hours with **BETTE DAVIS** in her New York town house selecting photographs from her personal collection to use with her autobiography (second part, page 68). She was excited about the movie she is making from the book *Whatever Became of Baby Jane?* "It's the best part I've had since 'Mildred' in *Of Human Bondage*," she told Tom. He reported she was wearing nubby tweed slacks, and a white tailored shirt; she smoked one cigarette after another, gesturing with it to punctuate her rapid-fire sentences. "Do you know," Tom said, "Bette Davis at home is exactly like Bette Davis on the screen? Talking to her, I kept thinking I'd blow my next line!" . . . **JUNE OTANI,** a Japanese-American artist from California, makes her first appearance with those whimsical drawings for *The A.B.C.'s of Keeping Cool* on page 76 . . . Our editors have compiled a new-products column, this one (page 6) dealing with little items to make summer travel more joyful. **BETTY COE SPICER** will bring a doctor into the house occasionally to report on the world of medicine (page 24). Your *Family Money Management* counselor (page 50) will be **SIDNEY MARGOLIUS,** who has spent more than twenty years worrying about other people's money (how to help them keep some of it, not how to get it). . . . There is one more new name, but it's easy and you won't forget it—**BRUCE CLERKE,** beauty editor. Yes, Bruce—girl type, mother of one (boy type—see photo below). Her grandmother was named Bruce, her mother was named Bruce (but she was called Bill), now she is Bruce. "My first name is Idris, so what choice do I have, really?" Bruce asks. For the new beauty editor's own cornucopia of summer beauty ideas, see *Face Up to Summer*, page 66. How about those exercises you can do in bed? They aren't easy, though. You have to be awake. . . . So many things are new; what's *old* about the *Journal?* Much. For one example, that old *Journal* standby, **AL PARKER,** who invented the memorable mother-and-daughter covers, has done a fresh and masterful illustration, as usual, for **KURT VONNEGUT JR.**'s zany short story, *Go Back to Your Precious Wife and Son*, page 54. Editor **CURTISS ANDERSON** says the *Journal* is and always will be made of the same stuff—people. They are always new, always young. *Women!* A woman. *You.* It's *your* point of view, from the home, the community, the heart, the *Journal* will always seek and express. . . . **GLENN WHITE** (*Why Did They Steal?* page 72) likes this prayer, written four hundred years before Christ by the Greek playwright Aristophanes: "O thou that maketh wars to cease in all the world in accordance with thine ancient law, we beseech thee make war and tumult now to cease. From the murmur and subtlety of suspicion with which we vex one another give us rest. Make a new beginning and mingle again the kindred of the nations in an alchemy of love. With some finer essence of forbearance and forgiveness temper our words."



Katharine Topkins: "*If I weep over my characters, I know the story is going OK.*"



Cary Clerke Hollander *gets a beauty treatment at* Michael's *barbershop for children while his mother* (*Journal Beauty Editor* Bruce Clerke) *kibitzes.*

...AND THEN

50 YEARS AGO In July, 1912, an American Indian named Jim Thorpe was declared "the most wonderful athlete in the world" by King Gustav of Sweden. *Waiting for the Robert E. Lee* was a hit tune and the slangiest expressions were: Beat it! Peeved. It's a cinch. Getting your goat. Peachy and classy. . . . Comments Editor Bok in the July, 1912, *Journal*, "The growing practice of telephoning people at mealtime because then we are surest of finding them home is highly discourteous. I have never been able to understand why the telephone companies cannot refuse to transmit calls during certain hours if the customer so requests." . . . "The Loop-the-Loop is a nerve-racking amusement," declares the *Journal*. "Do you want your children to get this idea of fun? Add to this the eating of popcorn and ice-cream sodas between meals and it is little wonder why children are nervous." . . . "A soap-bubble contest is fun if the party is divided into sides and each blows bubbles over a tennis net," suggests The Lady from Philadelphia. . . . Believes cooking expert Mrs. Rorer, "A glass of whipped cream nicely seasoned finishes a dinner without taxing the digestion." . . . "I am just recovering from an attack of typhoid fever and my hair has started to fall out in large quantities," mourns a reader. "Try a sulphur ointment," advises the *Journal*. . . . "Only seven out of every one hundred American school children go on to high school," reveals an article called: *Is Our Public School System an Utter Failure?* . . . "A comfortable summer cottage can be built for $105, with room for a piano, a banjo, a guitar and a zither." . . . "Mothers! The danger season for bottle-fed infants approaches," runs a *Journal* ad before the day of electric refrigerators. "Let Thermos win the battle for your babies' lives by keeping their milk cold and germ and flyproof for as long as three days." . . . Porch sewing for the baby: "This summer make your baby a coach cover of pale pink satin with ecru lace." . . . "What design shall I paint on my dinner set of Haviland china?" a reader wants to know. "A plain gold band with your initial." . . . Advice to brides: "Turn the smallest possible hem for both your tablecloths and napkins and do them all by hand."


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HARLAN MILLER
There's a Man in the House

NEVER LEAVE UNDONE TODAY
WHAT YOU CAN LEAVE UNDONE TOMORROW

As I teetered on a ladder to screw new bulbs in the carriage lamps at our front door, my wife complained the kitchen can opener was maladjusted. ► I climbed down to get the oilcan in the basement, and noticed the garage rain gutters were choked with mud and leaves. ► So I propped a longer ladder against the garage and scooped the leaves. From this vantage point I observed the turquoise garage doors were speckled with small paw and finger prints. ► On my way for solvent to wash them off I found the oilcan and lubricated the can opener and the hinges of the kitchen door. ► My Lady Love now intercepted me to tote empty bottles from back porch to car, so she might return them to the supermarket. I noticed the driveway drain was clogged. ► So I unclogged it and picked up candy-bar, cigarette and gum wrappers. This involved a long trek over front and back yards. ► Near the tennis terrace I detected a wheelbarrow full of debris and wheeled it to the pasture, where I fished an old watering can out of the creek. ► In our mesh fence a long mysterious wire was snarled, so I hunted for the wire cutter, but paused to shift and rearrange a variety of garden furniture, some hidden in the basement. ► I stumbled on the solvent and washed finger marks off the garage door, and saw, alas, that the latch on the gate was bent, and detoured in pursuit of the pliers. ► Luckily I located a single-edge razor blade to scrape baked paint off the side-door window and our dog-shaped mud scraper. ► Under the cellar steps I reconnoitered a stack of newspapers and carried them to the garage to remind me to phone the Salvation Army. My sleeve snagged on a nail. ► I fetched the pliers and pulled out the nail and fixed the latch on the gate, and attached a new sign: "Please Keep This Gate Closed." ► Offguard as I pushed the wheelbarrow, I stepped on a recumbent rake and it reared up and hit me in the elbow, so I hung it in the garage and redraped the garden hose on its reel. ► Near the gate I discovered a shingle blown off our roof. I hung the shingle in the mailbox slot as a reminder and wrote a note to my Dream Princess asking her to remind me to phone the roofer. ► Thus reminded, I unwound and straightened the other hose in the garden and picked gravel from a flower bed and filled up a new dog hole. ► Close up it was plain the bricks in the garden wall need pointing, so made a mental note to ask my Dream Girl to remind me to phone the mason. ► I found the pliers still in my hand, so tightened the handrails on the cellar steps where the kids swing, and found I needed a hammer too. ► Craftily I traced the hammer to the attic, where I repaired the loose leg of an old cedar chest, and carried a stack of wire coat hangers to the basement. ► In the basement paint room I found an old Army baggage stencil and stenciled my name on an old favorite suitcase and hauled it to the third floor. ► On my way upstairs I saw a hole in the upper staircase where my son had driven a nail, so descended to the basement for putty and ascended to fix the hole. ► To save steps I carried a stack of magazines to the basement, and brought up firewood and laid a fire in the fireplace for use sometime. ► In my hip pocket I found the wire cutter, so trudged to the back fence to trim the dangling wire, pausing en route to play catch and shoot a few baskets with the small fry. ► In the front-door closet I found the picture wire I'd hunted for weeks. I strung it in my bedroom closet to hang my clean shirts this household no longers folds for my dresser drawer. ► Among my shoes in the closet I found my son's lost camera, and took it to his room. Eureka! Under his bed I discovered my missing electric shaver, the day's greatest triumph. ► I zigzagged back and forth across the yard and up and down the steps, restoring pliers, ladders, hammer, wheelbarrow, wire cutter, rake and garden hose to their rightful places, and rummaged in the icebox for a can of beer.

INSURANCE FOR US?
MAYBE NEXT YEAR!



BY JEAN KINKEAD, WOMEN'S CONSULTANT TO THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANIES

If you're a young parent, it wasn't so long ago that you exchanged the foot loose freedom of your courtship days for a delightful, responsible, new kind of freedom.

It's the freedom of establishing a household all your own. Your *own* wonderful family, your *own* pattern of living: the big, sprawling Sunday breakfasts, the friendly little Friday night buffets.

As Women's Consultant to The Travelers, I know the slender budgets you manage these miracles on, and that there's little cash left over! Maybe this just doesn't seem like the year to start your insurance program, but surely—with so many precious new responsibilities—it's the year to begin thinking about it.

THINK!

The best way we know to think about anything non-fuzzily is to gather up as many facts as possible on a given subject and confront them with a clear mind. A nearby Travelers agent will give you the information you need about the types of policies there are—and the ones you almost *have* to have right now. Some of them are very new. Many of them are tailored especially to young parents' piggy banks.

If you're worried about plunging into an ocean of complicated insurance talk, don't be. You'll realize right after you meet your Travelers man that he speaks your language and spares you the bewildering terms of the technical side of his profession.

We think you'll be surprised at how much protection a quite slim outlay will provide if you let a Travelers agent put it to work for you—and the sooner the better!

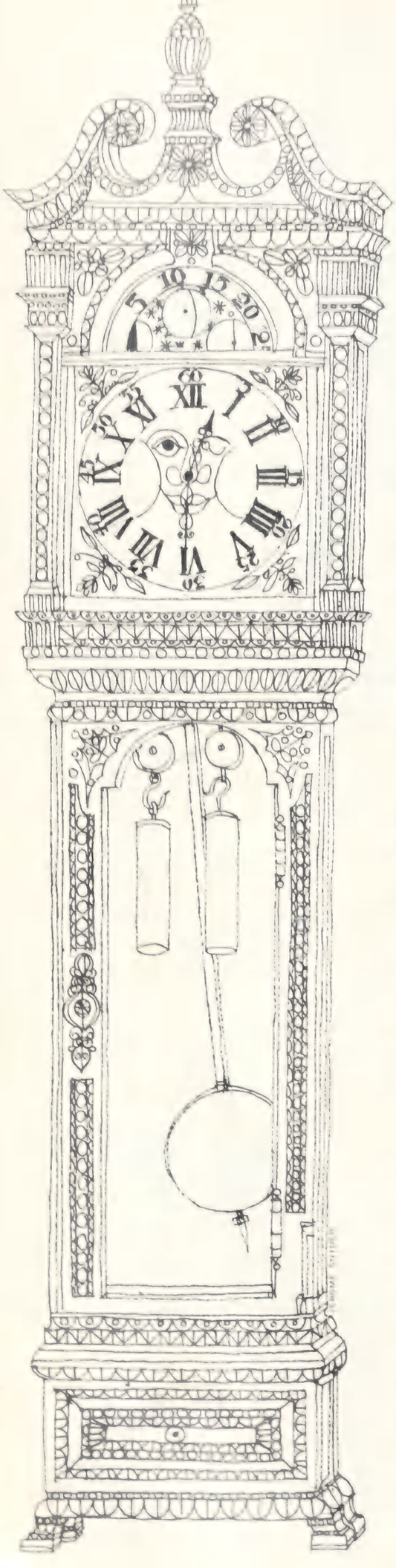
WHAT'S THE HURRY?

Insurability may be a temporary thing in this hazardous old world. *This* is the number-one reason, I think, for buying life insurance now—when your husband is in good health. Remember, too, that the older he gets, the more his life insurance will cost.

While the Travelers man is at your house, avail yourself of his knowledge about all kinds of insurance: life, automobile, fire and theft, the works. You'll find the Travelers way of One plan, One man, One check to pay eliminates expensive overlapping policies and gaps in your coverage that can be expensive.



P.S. *Let me send you my free booklet,* WHAT EVERY WOMAN SHOULD KNOW ... ABOUT INSURANCE. *If you have other questions about insurance, I'll answer them personally. Just write to me, Jean Kinkead, The Travelers, Hartford 15, Connecticut.*



Life is a matter of Time

BY JOSEPH BARTH
PASTOR, KING'S CHAPEL, BOSTON, MASS.

In a hospital waiting room late at night a young man sat alone, hunched despondently in an uncomfortably straight chair. In another room of the hospital doctors were assessing the injuries of his best friend, trying to decide if his friend had a chance of living. As he waited to hear the judgment of the doctors, the young man felt terribly weary and almost detached from his own existence. Life seemed so much nothing, after all. Waiting in silence, he found himself listening intently to the ticking of a large clock. *Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.* It was a huge grandfather clock he heard. Suddenly, with a deep, cultured voice followed by sedate reverberations, it spoke—*bong!* The young man looked up at the clock. The large hand was at six, the small one just past the midnight hour. "Half past ——" he said to himself, but he didn't say half past midnight or half past twelve. The word he heard himself say aloud was "—— life."

"Half past life," he repeated, watching the long slow-swinging pendulum. *Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.* What was it saying—this grandfather clock? *Birth-death, birth-death, birth-death,* he imagined. In announcing the hours and half hours and quarter hours it spoke of life as it heralded death—*tick-tock, tick-tock, birth-death, birth-death.*

At last a doctor came into the room and reported to him. He "couldn't say" at this time how his injured friend would fare. "It will take time," the doctor said. "Yes, time will tell."

But the young man knew, with a peculiarly peaceful acceptance, that his friend would die soon. There was no need of words. He knew.

And he was right, for this was the story he told me after the memorial service for his friend. The doctor was right too. The doctors are always right when they talk about life being "a matter of time." Without coining a phrase, they might also add, "and it is brief." How long is it between the moment we are carried into life, infants on the arm of love, and the moment we are carried out again, leaving behind only memories of our being? Doctors of medicine or of theology, wrong about so many things, are not wrong about this: Life is a matter of time.

I have a friendly feeling for all grandfather clocks. I had this feeling long before I heard this story. Grandfather clocks measure life at such a leisurely pace. They speak of the flow of life, and they speak softly, openly, always deliberately. Their reminder of the passing hours is quiet, confident, urbane. I have never seen or heard a grandfather clock that reminded me of a catfight or a production line or a drunken brawl, or of piled-up little lies or of a nuclear explosion. Moment by moment they give that *tick-tock* measure of the time we treasure between birth and death. Hour by hour they emit that solemn but friendly sound—*bong!* You are alive! This is the moment you live.

A grandfather clock has dignity, a kind of dignity each life should have—the capability of taking things as they come, in stride, unworriedly, flowing on into the future in the pendulum swing of desire and satisfaction, asking not too much attention, giving of oneself what one has been built to give, generously and without anxiety.

I would like to own the grandfather clock I saw one time, with a full moon painted on its face—a full moon with a wide mouth and nose and eyes. Although solemn of countenance, the clock had one eye that closed in a good-humored wink, as if to say, "Life is real, life is earnest, but, brother, you might as well smile." Or so it seemed to speak to me: "Life is also gay. Will it hurt if in this starlit, paradoxical universe we smile now and then, smile even in the face of death?"

Modern electric clocks are insidiously quiet; they give no warning, demand no attention. They purr and measure, whir and record time—but they do not tell us so. They tell us only that it is 8:14 or 2:21 or 7:52; they do not tick *birth-death, birth-death.* They do not say what hour it is or tell us when it is half past life. And they tell us nothing of the necessity of living with dignity, responsibility, satisfaction and wise judgment, hour by hour, day by day. Instead they seem to say *Whir-hurry! Whir-hurry! Live fast! Live on the edge of your chair! Whir-hurry! Whir-hurry!* There is no perspective-giving silence between tick and tock to catch an integrating breath. Life is a skyrocket with the fuse lit and apparently must go whoosh to its end.

Where is deliberation? Where dignity? Where is joy along the way? Where judgment?

We live in such a hectic whir-hurrying time it is sometimes hard to remember man has a soul. But the silence between tick and tock of a grandfather clock also speaks to me. We live as on a mountain crest of time. Between two eternities of past and present we live our now. Deep in this moment is our eternity.



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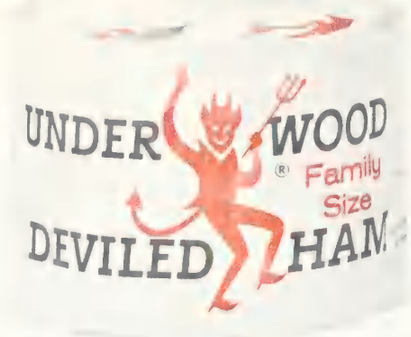
That's why today's *modern* families use Mazola for delicate, delicious home-made salad dressings . . . for tender, juicier frying too.

Remember: Not all "vegetable oils" are *corn* oil. So always look at the label before you buy. If it doesn't say corn oil, it's not Mazola—the oil that's best for cutting down saturated fats in the diet!

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the snappiest way



to flavor tomatoes

How delicious, how pretty, how easy. With lively Underwood Deviled Ham, tomatoes are terrific! Slice tomato half-through, accordion-style. Fill with Underwood Deviled Ham. Tuck in egg or avocado slices. Top, perhaps, with French dressing or mayonnaise. Make a peppy salad every day. Put handy Underwood Deviled Ham on your shopping list, where it belongs — at the top!



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Family Money Management

by SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

Consultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America

Women today are taking on increasing responsibilities as family money managers. Most of them do a wonderful job, but sometimes it helps to have an expert beside you. In a new *Journal* service, Mr. Margolius will from time to time answer letters concerning the many complex financial problems that modern families are forced to meet.

"We Can't Get Out of Debt!!"

"I am writing because your magazine has shown the most consistent interest in solving family economic problems. This week we added up the interest we are paying on installment debts. We found we are paying interest of 18 percent on many of the things we are buying on time, and had been led into extended payments that did not clean up the account quickly. My husband and I are both college graduates, our income is $10,000, and frankly we were shocked that we had been lulled by 'easy 1½ percent charges.'

"Now I have several choices, none comfortable. I can do without buying for my family for about eighteen months, until I can get on a cash basis. Or I can continue living as I have been for many years, buying what I need, mostly on time, and get completely bogged down financially. I find that this problem is hitting people in all walks of life."—Mrs. L.M., Florence, Alabama.

The accumulation of finance charges is one of the most frequent budget leaks I find in family spending. You are not alone in your predicament, Mrs. M. Most people do not know the true interest rates they pay on installment purchases and loans. The University of Michigan Survey Research Center reports this is the only subject on which it found college graduates as unknowing as the rest of the public, and also that higher-income families now use installment plans almost as much as moderate-income people.

Modern "revolving" or "budget" charge accounts are not like the traditional charge accounts which give you 30 days of credit with no service charge. For longer terms, you usually have to pay a finance charge of, generally, 1½ percent a month. There is no escaping the fact that this is a true annual rate of 18 percent.

But you really don't have to do without vital needs to extricate yourself. Here is a plan that gradually can solve this problem:

1. If you cannot accelerate your present payments to reduce interest costs, you can borrow from a lower-cost source to repay your other debts, and thus save from one fourth to three fourths of your finance charges. It is worth borrowing from Peter to pay Paul if Peter charges less.

A life-insurance loan is cheapest, if your insurance is the type that has cash value. Many families pay interest of even more than 18 percent, unaware that they have insurance cash value on which they could borrow at a true rate of, usually, 5 or 6 percent. If your insurance does have cash value, the current amount is stated on the policy.

You can pay back the insurance loan as you would your present debts, or take longer if necessary. But don't stretch out even a low-cost insurance loan unnecessarily long, or interest costs may total over the years as much as a high rate on a debt quickly repaid.

If your insurance has little or no cash value, you can get a consolidation loan from a commercial bank or credit union at a true annual rate of 8 to 14 percent.

2. If it is not possible to get on a cash basis on new purchases while paying old debts, you can reach that point gradually by making new purchases at the lowest possible financing costs. Some purchases can be spaced to take advantage of 30-day no-cost charge accounts. Where more time is necessary, pay as quickly as practical, not as long as the seller or lender will allow. For example, if you pay $7 a month on a $200 purchase, thus taking approximately three years, the finance charge is $42. Pay $9.50 a month and the fee is $32. Pay $14, and it drops to $21.

Credit is a useful tool, but it should be reserved for the big purchases you can't meet out of current income or at least in 30 days. If you get into a habit of using "permanent" budget-charge accounts, you will find you have a permanent new living expense.

Mr. Margolius regrets that he will not be able to answer personally letters asking for advice. He will, however, choose letters of general interest for broad discussion in his column.



Because melons should taste like melons...and butter shouldn't

Super Strength Alcoa Wrap Aluminum Foil

You *know* that food stays fresh in Super-Strength Alcoa Wrap. Leakproof foil seals in juices and flavor. Won't let air in . . . and strong odors can't get out to lend their tangy aroma to their milder neighbors. Be sure it's Super-Strength Alcoa Wrap . . . in the regular 25-foot size or, better yet, the 75-foot economy package.



Entertainment at Its Best . . . **ALCOA PREMIERE** with Fred Astaire as Host . . . Tuesday Evenings, ABC-TV

PEAS GRANADA

NOTHING LIKE TENDER SWEET DEL MONTE PEAS FOR THIS SPANISH RECIPE

You'll find that the delicate spring flavor of sweet DEL MONTE Early Garden Peas is as delightful in a one-dish meal like this as when you serve them just plain. It's DEL MONTE quality that makes the big difference—no matter how you serve your peas!

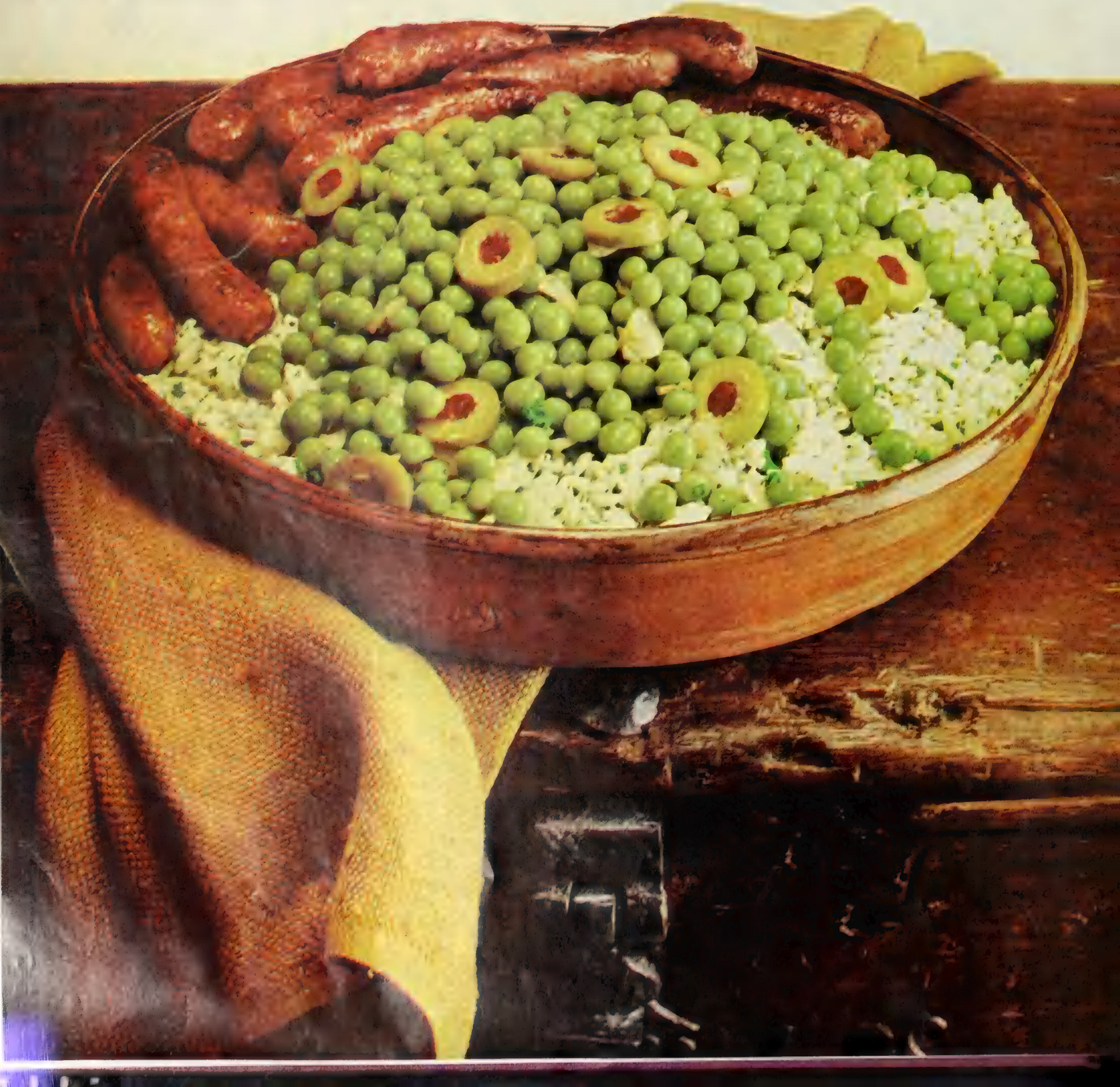
To make Peas Granada, cook 1 lb. link sausages, saving drippings. Keep the meat warm. Meanwhile, cook 1 cup of rice as package directs, adding ¼ cup of minced parsley to water with rice. Keep rice hot.

Lightly fry 1 medium onion, chopped, and ½ bay leaf in 2 Tbsp. drippings. Pour the liquid off 1 No. 303 can (17 oz.) DEL MONTE® Brand Peas; save it. (See These are like a batch of fresh garden peas you'd shell yourself, already perfectly cooked to melting tenderness. Deliciously, dependably DEL MONTE!)



To onion add the peas, ⅓ cup liquid from peas, ¼ cup sliced stuffed Spanish olives; heat. Toss hot rice with 1 Tbsp. drippings; top with the peas mixture and sausages. Serves 4 as a luncheon or supper dish

Yes, when you stick to the DEL MONTE Brand, you get your money's worth always. Let the quality of DEL MONTE Peas show you—time after time after time



A housewife from Texas recently sent us a small, privately printed booklet, "A Key to Survival," into which she had poured all her hopes for peace. We were so moved by it that we decided to share part of it with our readers.

Mrs. Otto Hofmann was born in Germany, but fled East Germany after the war. She came to this country, and three years later met her husband, a Texan of German extraction. Mr. Hofmann builds custom-made pipe organs in a shop in the rear of their home. They have four children.

A Mother's Plea For Peace

By Margret Hofmann

Heidi is my youngest. She has just learned to walk. Every few minutes she makes her way to where I am sitting and leans her head on my lap as though to strengthen herself for new adventures. In her dark brown eyes is reflected such confidence in me that I am obliged to ask myself, "What have I done and what am I doing to ensure a happy, peaceful future for her, her brother and her sisters?"

Again and again, when I attempt to visualize this future, I see myself in the ruins of what once must have been a court of law. My children are confronting and accusing me: "You were a free citizen in a free country. Why did you not speak up?"

Their argument continues: "You knew as few American citizens did what happens to a people who do not speak up. Our grandmother was deported and killed. You knew the horrors of war. You had us get polio shots; you had us vaccinated. You spared no effort to give us a happy childhood. Yet you did not voice your protest as the destiny of our country was being shaped.

"As we understand it, your parents, and their generation in Germany, did not speak up because they were afraid. You knew that this lack of courage and this apathy cost them first their freedom, then their lives.

"Why did you not speak up?"

Today I hope to do just that.

Had anyone told me twenty years ago that someday I would have a family with whom I might live in freedom, comfort, peace and safety, I would have doubted his sanity. All of us lived from day to day, from one bomb-shelter visit to the next. Our standard reply to "How are you?" was: "Still alive." In those days I did not believe in any kind of future.

Today, my memories of the war are becoming ever more vivid. I recognize many parallels between now and then; and the more clearly I see them, the more clearly I am beginning to understand my responsibility: namely, to make available to the citizens of the United States my knowledge, solidly based on personal experience, of the contrast between the *theory* and the *reality* of war.

I would not be so terrified, so strongly moved to share my concerns with my fellow Americans, if I did not find ever more similarities between our present attitude toward war as a theoretical possibility and the attitude adopted in my native prewar Germany. Except that then hardly anybody dared raise a warning voice. Now, in the United States, we dare and we must.

What I am about to relate are facts, not horror stories. This is reality, not theory. Oh, I could write about theory too. We also had our civil-defense drills. When I was a little girl in school, every so often the bell would ring and we would file into the basement. When the bombs fell, we would be safe in our basement. . . . It's a good thing that when the bombs did fall they came during the night when we were at home. The school burned down.

We were admonished to move valuables from the higher stories to the lower ones, since they were likely to be safer there. What happened? The fourth floor remained intact, while the first floor burned out. We were advised to remain inside our shelters until the all-clear sounded; but after the worst raids, naturally, the sirens were knocked out.

Ah, for all that theory which put us teenagers into such an eager and adventurous mood! We were taught, if an incendiary bomb hit, to rush up and toss it where it would do no damage. But it wasn't long before these bombs were outfitted with a small quantity of an explosive, and after a few blown-off hands that was the end of *that* theory. This little illustration, however, serves to make a very important point: War is unpredictable. As soon as we believe we have a foolproof defense system, the enemy simply pulls the rug out from under it.

I spent the war years in several different cities: Düsseldorf, Krefeld, Aachen and Potsdam. All of them were bombed. In Aachen, half the basement in which I had taken shelter blew up. The remaining half managed to hold up under the load of collapsed house above it. In Potsdam I was in the center of town, definitely within the main target area. We would cover up our ears to shut out the noise, yet we could still hear the bombs whistling through the air as they came down in chains of four or five, each one exploding nearer our house.

Much research is being done to determine what man's instinctive and emotional reactions to The Bomb are likely to be. I will here present my own experiences. CONTINUED ON PAGE 106

"We must face up to the chance of war if we are to have a chance for peace. If vital interests under duress can be preserved by peaceful means, negotiations will find that out. If our adversary will accept nothing less than a concession of our rights, negotiations will find that out. But while we shall negotiate freely, we will never negotiate freedom. Our answer to the classic question of Patrick Henry is still no. Life is not so dear and peace is not so precious 'as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery.' And that is our answer, even though, for the first time since the ancient battles between Greek city-states, war entails the threat of total annihilation, of everything we know, of society itself. For to save mankind's future freedom, we must face up to any risk that is necessary. We will always seek peace, but we will never surrender."



WIDE WORLD

From an address delivered at the centennial of the University of Washington

and there Gloria Hilton was.
"Don't talk to me about love," she said to her fifth husband.
"You don't know the meaning of the word."

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

Gloria Hilton and her fifth husband didn't live in New Hampshire very long. But they lived there long enough for me to sell them a bathtub enclosure. My main line is aluminum combination storm windows and screens—but anybody who is in storm windows is practically automatically in bathtub enclosures too.

The enclosure they ordered was for Gloria Hilton's personal bathtub. I guess that was the zenith of my career. Some men are asked to build mighty dams or noble skyscrapers, or conquer terrible plagues or lead great armies into battle. Me? I was asked to keep drafts off the most famous body in the world.

People ask me how well did I know Gloria Hilton. I generally say, "The only time I ever saw that woman in the flesh was through a hot-air register." That was how the bathroom where they wanted the enclosure was heated—with a hot-air register in the floor. It wasn't connected to the furnace. It just bled heat from the ceiling of the room down below. I don't wonder Gloria Hilton found her bathroom cold.

I was installing the enclosure when loud talk started coming out of the register. I was at a very tricky point in the operation, gluing the waterproof gasket around the rim of the tub with contact cement, so I couldn't go close the register. I had to listen to what wasn't any of my business, whether I wanted to or not.

"Don't talk to me about love," Gloria Hilton said to her fifth husband. "You don't know anything about love. You don't know the meaning of love."

I hadn't looked down through the register yet, so the only face that I had to put with her voice was her face which I had happened to see in the movies.

"Maybe you're right, Gloria," said her fifth husband.

"I give you my word of honor I'm right," she said.

"Well," he said, "that certainly brings the whole discussion to a dead stop right there. How could I possibly argue with the sacred word of honor of Gloria Hilton?"

I knew what he looked like, all right. He was the one who'd done all the negotiating for the bathtub enclosure. I had also sold him two Fleetwood Trip-L-Trak storm windows with self-storing screens for the two bathroom windows. The whole time we were negotiating, he called his wife "Miss Hilton." Miss Hilton wanted this, and Miss Hilton wanted that. He was only thirty-five, but the circles under his eyes made him look sixty.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108




Go Back
To Your Precious
Wife
&
Son

fem'i·nin'i·ty (fĕm'ĭ·nĭn'ĭ·tĭ), *n.*; *pl.* of the female sex; womanliness.

What is it? . . . . Who has it? . . . Do You? . . . . . .

By BETTY HANNAH HOFFMAN

One of our national concerns today is that women are losing their femininity. Says Cleveland Amory, author of *Who Killed Society?*, "In the war between the sexes, the battle-axes of the past may have won the battle, but they sure lost the war. You can't tell today's teenage girl anything about boys, of course, but even she is better than her bewigged older sister in the fashion magazines. You can't tell her *from* the boys."

Pulitzer-prizewinning poet Phyllis McGinley puts it more gently: "In the commuting suburbs, circumstances force a woman into the executive role. She has to organize and carry out family activities and be the disciplinarian. This tends to make her more authoritarian in manner than she used to be when fathers were around more, a little sharper and more domineering."

It's no wonder the subject is under discussion. There are today 23,000,000 workingwomen in America. One in every six households is headed by a woman. "Less and less is modern woman passive, the creator of quiet," believes the psychiatrist and authority on women, Florida Scott-Maxwell. "Instead she has become terrifyingly active, more active than her husband, and it is often he who helps her, instead of the old way when she helped and rested him."

And comedian Mort Sahl wraps up the growing male alarm. "When girls look for a husband," he told the *Journal*, "all they care about is status. Then, when they're married, they say to you, 'Well, I want an identity and I want to be a psychiatric social worker and I want to write poems for *The New Yorker*.' But they don't do any of these things; they don't even make dinner for you. Then, if you divorce them and they have all that alimony and freedom, they still don't do anything except get dressed up all day. And I don't think a woman can go through this world without doing something for somebody. That's what they were made for."

What is femininity, anyway? Is our feminine ideal changing? And if so, how far are we from our ideal? During the Victorian age it was considered unwomanly to enjoy sex; women enjoyed hysterics instead. In the roaring 'twenties many women went after sex aggressively like men; the "ideal" woman of that day was flat-chested, flat-hipped, rough-talking and unmotherly. What do we think a woman should be like today?

Shifts occur because all of us are a mixture of the masculine and the feminine. As Mort Sahl puts it, "If you get into a fight and in a moment of passion shoot a guy, that's your masculine hormones operating. But later, if you feel sorry you did it, that's your female hormones." In other words, there *is* a certain latitude for the female of the species in the development of her womanliness, just as there is for the male in the development of his maleness.

Nevertheless, mankind has been pretty sure through the ages that there were essential and definitive differences between men and women. The old French cry, "*Vive la différence!*" still rings, not only in men's hearts but in most women's too. Not even the various cultures of changing generations can alter *some* of the aspects of being feminine. It is still women who have the babies. As Richard Rodgers, great musical-comedy composer, said it for millions, "Back of all the talk, I suspect that being feminine is being as little like a man as possible. From the mental to the physical."

Childbearing is one of woman's great traditional roles. She has another, equally storied: to be attractive to men. Sometimes there is a confusion as to just how men prefer her—as mistress or helpmeet. Seneca wrote long ago, "It is hard to keep a wife whom everyone admires, and if no one admires her, it is hard to have to live with her yourself"—putting an emphasis on glamour that still flourishes today. Raymond Burr, TV's handsome Perry Mason, told us, "Femininity is knowing how to be appealing at all times, compatible most of the time, mysterious part of the time. It means being exciting to a man, and excited about him." And an English lady novelist wrote in some discouragement, "I personally feel that a woman is more to be respected for the power of her brain than the power of her legs. But men prefer the legs."

It is worth noting that it was the women we talked to who developed the "helpmeet" theme with the most enthusiasm. Sylvia Fine, brilliant lyricist and wife of Danny Kaye, told us, "Femininity is the ability and the desire to understand, comfort and please a man, and to give him support without even wanting or appearing to dominate him." Miss McGinley felt, "What makes a woman appealing to men is admiration, honest or dishonest. That fixed gaze, that listening ear; nothing is more fascinatingly female."

Peg Bracken, author of the *I Hate to Cook Book*, throws the helpmeet role right back to husbands: "A woman should make a man feel nine feet tall and comfortable, but if he doesn't make *her* feel five feet two and devastating, he will have to settle for lesser stature himself."

But whether as mistress or helpmeet, woman's role as a creature needed and sought after by men has long been regarded as essentially passive. Man is the aggressor, woman's dearest sport is the gentle art of allurement. Loretta Young, who has been called "the steel butterfly," assured us, "Most women are content to let the male exercise and enjoy his aggressive privileges—provided, of course, that we're allowed to exercise and enjoy the subtle (let's hope) prerogatives of the female." "Man must do," believes a New York psychiatrist, Dr. Warren Gorman. "It is enough for woman to *be*."

Whether it really is enough may be getting close to the trouble that exists between men and women today. However, in the act of sex itself, in which men and women may come closest to love and reasons for being, their roles as respectively aggressor and receiver are unalterably cast. Like childbearing, this is something no culture can change.

It doesn't take much more than common sense to guess that simple physiology has had an overwhelming effect on the way men and women feel about themselves and each other, and psychiatrists today document the suspicion. Erich Fromm, writer and psychiatrist, in an article in *Psychiatry*, points out that in the sexual act the man can fail (often against his conscious will) but never the woman (who can always pretend). The male ego, therefore, is in an exposed, precarious position. "Man being afraid of possible failure," says Dr. Fromm, "he tends to prove that he is better than any other man. The essential feature of male vanity is to show off. This vanity seems to color all man's activity. Another aspect of his craving for prestige is the man's sensitivity toward ridicule, particularly ridicule from a woman.

"His vanity is to show what he can *do* to prove that he never fails; her vanity is essentially a need to attract. A man can seduce a woman with physical power, social power or wealth. Her sexual satisfaction depends entirely on her attractiveness. Neither force nor promises can make a man sexually potent.

"If a man's main weapon against a woman is his physical and social power over her, then her main weapon is her ability to ridicule him. Man's specific hostility is to *overpower;* woman's, to *undermine.*

"Out of man's boastfulness and vanity stem his initiative, activity and courage. Out of woman's dependency stem her patience, reliability, intensity of love, and development of erotic charm."

Thus the physiological differences between men and women generate a whole array of consequent psychological traits which, in women, have come to be called "femininity."

Which traits are truly basic, and which ones change from culture to culture, is a subject of discussion—in everything from psychology books to comic books. Certainly our own culture has

TIES (-tĭz). 1. The quality or nature 2. Women collectively; womankind.

sketchy portrait: woman is that creature who ntuitive, fond of pushing the furniture around, very bright at catching her husband's jokes, l terrible at balancing checkbooks. Many ple feel uneasily with Dr. Fromm that a ty woman is cause for alarm. "The only way oman can be witty," says Phyllis McGinley, to poke fun at herself. This is disarming and for everybody. It's a woman's sharp wit ected against others that makes men un-nfortable."

TV comedienne Audrey Meadows goes even ther when she says, "Being funny doesn't ne naturally to women. From the time they on their first party frocks, little girls are ght to be demure and feminine. So they grow to become actresses—but rarely come-nnes."

Women *must* be passive, therefore we give for their special province the nonaggressive s. Their hold on men's imagination as home-kers and peacemakers endures.

Thus Dr. Gorman says, "One can deduce the ininity of a woman from her home. The anliness and orderliness of her rooms are not rly so important as the warm, appealing ches she has added. She arranges flowers, ters her house plants, puts family pictures out, dims harsh lights with shades and softens irs with pillows."

Ashley Montagu makes femininity hardly dis-guishable from gentleness and mercy. "It is capacity to love, the desire to conserve, the lity to see that things are not all black and te, as men like to believe, but that there are nite gradations of gray in all life's situa-ns." Helene Deutsch, distinguished psychia-t and student of Freud, in her monumental rk, *The Psychology of Women*, speaks of the d of woman who finds most gratification from . "If she is gifted in any direction, she retains capacity for being original and productive hout entering into competitive struggles. h highly feminine women rejoice in the ievements of their male companions, which y have often inspired. These women are dis-guished by very great tolerance. . . . Envy is n to them. Their readiness to give and re-e love is tremendous."

Women, then, bear children, make themselves active to men, are at the center of all we n by home, and bring mercy to a troubled ld. These are the principal gifts and capaci-that still inspire men to eloquence, and in ch most women still rejoice. Perhaps they are core of femininity of all ages. No one can bt that they are still effectively operating ay.

ociologist Edgar Friedenberg says, "I don't w what femininity is, but I know it's ex-rdinarily powerful." Social legislation to-has been inspired by feminine concerns, such as the care of the young and the sick and the old. Modern taxation expects the strong to support the weak.

If this age-old ideal of femininity is still with us today, where lies our trouble? Certainly we're in *some* kind of trouble; women are in too poor repute with too many men right now to doubt it. Dashing Cyril Ritchard, Broadway musical-comedy star, deplored the 1962 woman over the telephone. "In my salad days, the Rich Young had that bored, deadpan look; now the look has traveled to the Poor Young and the beatniks. I can't believe that beehive hairdos and pale lips and dirty fingernails are appealing in a woman, except perhaps to men with dirty fingernails."

And almost equally certainly, the trouble has to do with women's new freedom. Many modern men eye this freedom with about the same disfavor Calvin Coolidge might regard the present-day income tax. They bristle defensively when an editor of *Harper's* magazine writes, as one did recently, "The delusion that every woman must be a chambermaid, cook and nurse—in addition to any other work she may do—is archaic. It makes no more sense than insisting that a research chemist take time to wash the test tubes and scrub the laboratory floor. Women, like men, should give their highest skills to a society which badly needs them."

Woman indeed has her freedom, and it operates within the most lavish living standard known to man. If she chooses to leave the pots and pans to play bridge and attend matinees all day, the chances are her husband can support her preference. She may even, in her desire to express herself, become disagreeable, pushy, ill-natured and shrewish. But no one admires such a woman; she doesn't even like herself.

The truly feminine woman today has no wish to abdicate her time-honored feminine responsibilities, but she wants freedom to bring her one more gift—her own identity. Within the framework of having children, loving her husband, knitting the fabric of a family and creating intuitive relationships with others, she wants also to reach her full intellectual and emotional stature.

The current feminine ideal—the "young elegant"—is emerging. It reflects the expanding world and activities of women today. The New Frontier wife adores children, often has six, and considers rearing them her most important job. She not only is a helpmeet to her husband, she inspires his admiration as well. She keeps up on art, antiques, books and politics—although she exhibits her knowledge modestly. She may sculpt, write poetry, take in visiting international students or audit philosophy courses at her nearest university—and do so with real flair. The current ideal includes the eternal feminine: babies, beauty, domesticity and do-goodism. But it may demand the right to have a sense of humor as well.

Does this marvelous ideal work in practice? Observes Phyllis McGinley, who believes (with men) women should mainly admire, "Since women are no longer enslaved by their homes, they embrace homemaking more warmly. I find my friends are becoming more romantically domesticated, and better cooks. And since they get out more, participate more and are better educated than they used to be, they are better audiences for their husbands. For many generations, the only women that men found stimulating to talk to were the demimondaines."

Says charming actress Arlene Francis, "I'm just beginning to see a new renaissance of femininity, which did not exist a few years ago. Now there is a new awareness on women's part that they don't have to push and strain. If a woman is aware that *first of all* she is a woman—then she can do anything without losing her femininity, even drive a truck."

The renascent woman, then, is developing herself as a person as well as serving others. Suppose, as sometimes happens, this leads her to a full-time career? Can she still remain feminine? "Certainly," replies Dr. Montagu. "In offices, factories and around conference tables, women exercise a great humanizing and civilizing influence. When a woman worker joins an all-male office, a miracle takes place. The men start wearing their jackets at their desks, rough swearing stops, and before you know it snarling males are smiling and saying good morning to one another. Without women, men revert to the jungle."

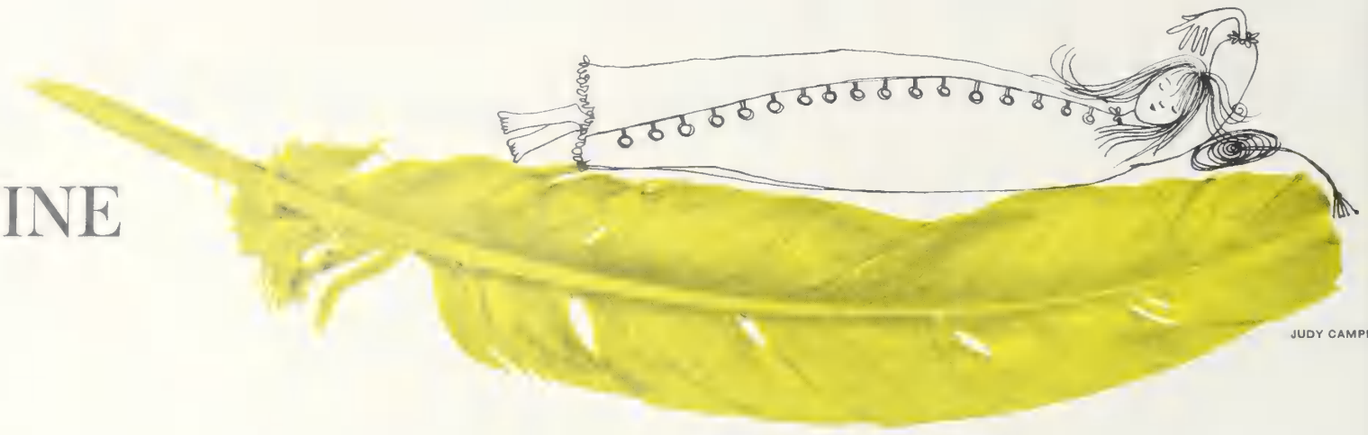
The greatest area of controversy is whether a career is necessarily in fatal conflict with a woman's primary responsibilities if she has a family with growing children. This is still a relatively new question; we are not yet sure of the answers. But there is no doubt that more and more mothers are working, and that at least some of them are sure they are doing it without violating their femininity. Eugenia Sheppard, fashion columnist, wife and mother, told us, "One always suffers somewhat in trying to do two jobs at once—the moths are always getting into the blankets. But *relationships* are improved—often the career wife is not as demanding or unsympathetic as the wife at home."

Dr. Ruth Moulton, a practicing psychiatrist with three young children, said, "A mother can neglect her husband and children during times of great work pressure if she is aware of what she is doing and makes it up to them later. A woman pays a price for working, and so do her husband and her children. But there are great rewards too. A woman who lives abundantly has no need to harbor negative feelings from the past. A person who is getting a lot of rewards from life can stand a great

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

TURN PAGE FOR QUIZ: "HOW FEMININE ARE YOU?"

HOW FEMININE ARE YOU?



Each girl has her own private dream of what it means to be a woman. But some of the standards by which she judges herself may be totally false. A world authority on women explodes some of the most widely accepted myths of femininity.

1. *The feminine woman is full-bosomed, with many curves, never thin or flat-chested.*
Physical proportions have nothing to do with femininity, which is measured in feelings and reactions: a woman's tender sympathy, loving identification with her husband, and motherly warmth toward her children.

2. *Only a woman who has borne a child can be considered fully feminine.*
Biologically speaking, this is true, but a woman can bear a child and not be motherly, while a childless woman can show exquisite motherliness. Her motherliness can be gratified in every creature that needs tenderness, care, and sacrifice.

3. *The childless woman who adopts a child can never be as truly feminine as the woman who bears one.*
Many couples, unable by organic reasons to have children of their own, overcome the difficulties by adoption. Where a true and sincere wish for motherhood exists, the truly "feminine" woman finds full compensation in children, even if not self-borne.

4. *The longer a woman gazes into a mirror, and the more ruffles and perfume and lace she wears, the more feminine she is.*
Excessive attention to one's looks is usually a sign of insecurity. The woman who goes "overboard" trying to appear feminine is psychologically suspect. "She doth protest too much."

5. *A highly feminine woman succumbs to men's advances readily and has a succession of lovers.*
Sexual promiscuity is not harmonious femininity. A woman who succumbs easily to many men is as inwardly confused as the woman who shrinks from every man's touch.

6. *A feminine woman is an accomplished flirt.*
Flirting which is obvious is aggressive; the feminine woman practices her art of seduction in an unconscious, more passive manner.

7. *It is highly feminine to be in love with two men at the same time.*
The feminine woman in our society is fundamentally monogamous. She may change lovers, but during each relationship she is faithful, and has the tendency to continue the relation as long as possible.

8. *The feminine woman is one who instinctively knows just which side of her nature to show to a man in order to make him feel big.*
Such a woman usually does not strive for love, but uses the sympathy she arouses in men for her own ambitious purposes.

9. *It is feminine for a grown woman to be greatly influenced by her mother.*
In the normal development of femininity, the detachment from the mother proceeds gradually, step by step. The woman who suffers from an unresolved conflict with her mother, or who remains too attached to her mother, will have great difficulty in relating harmoniously to men.

10. *A deeply feminine woman does not value herself highly, and harbors deep feelings of inferiority.*
Feelings of unworthiness are not an expression of femininity. There is always a provoking element for it in the past; for example, an overdemanding, punishing, criticizing parent, and so on. A really feminine woman enjoys and appreciates her values as a female.

11. *All highly successful career women are lacking in real femininity.*
Some women strive to realize their inner potential without any desire to compete with men. The career women of several generations ago often acted like men, and looked the part. But today's woman can pursue a full-time career and still act, look and feel feminine.

12. *The young girl who wears blue jeans and has a healthy interest in outdoor games and sports will grow up to be less feminine than the girl who shuns such activities.*
An enjoyment of vigorous, rough-and-tumble activity before adolescence (tomboy) is not only normal, but more desirable from the point of view of psychologic health than the passive attitude of a girl afraid of any physical contact, withdrawing into domesticity and care of her mother.

13. *Highly emotional crushes on other girls or older women during adolescence are a danger to a girl's developing femininity.*
Such crushes are normal. However, the gradual disintegration of these friendships is healthier than a sudden, disappointing end to the relationship. The task of adolescence is to end all bisexual waverings in favor of definite boy-girl relationships.

14. *It is highly feminine to have trouble giving orders to domestics, to reprimand them for careless work.*
The woman whose behavior creates trouble with servants is usually suffering from an unresolved conflict with her mother. Hostility toward one's mother is very apt to be displaced on the help in the kitchen.

15. *The woman who is frigid sexually (occasionally or habitually) is lacking in femininity.*
Frigidity often indicates an inner conflict. However, in some women, eroticism has been absorbed by an excessively strong motherliness. Tenderness and compassion may enter into a love relationship, in which case the woman is strongly inhibited from being stirred erotically. Or she may have had a highly prudish upbringing. A woman can tolerate her own sexual inhibition without losing her all-embracing warmth and harmony.

16. *Highly aggressive women need highly masculine men to make them feel feminine.*
Such women naturally prefer passive men whom they later furiously urge to be active. Their relationships with highly masculine men generally end in conflict, with both partners filled with hate.

17. *A feminine woman will feel a great wave of love rise up in her the instant she gazes upon her first child.*
Sometimes, yes, but very often motherliness is "learned" gradually. Many a feminine woman admits that the joy of motherhood she expected during her first wished-for pregnancy was mixed with some feelings of disappointment after the baby had arrived.

18. *The woman who successfully nurses her baby is more feminine than the woman who does not.*
Many masculine-aggressive women make excellent nurses and their conflicts with their children begin only with their independence. The *desire* to nurse a child is as feminine as the ability to do so.

19. *The woman who produces a large family is more feminine than one with only one or two children.*
Not always. The active experience of motherhood often exorcises old ghosts and liberates a woman into a richer, fuller life. However, in some instances very fertile women enjoy pregnancy as a kind of vacation from responsibilities, and have little love for their children after they are born.

20. *Motherhood makes every woman more feminine.*
There are two types of mothers. One type of mother awakens to new life through her child without the feeling of loss. Such a woman develops her charm and beauty fully only after her first child is born. The second type of mother feels restricted and impoverished.

21. *Feminine women suffer more with the menopause than highly active, aggressive women.*
Masculine-aggressive women fear their feminine functions and are therefore more apt to react to biologic changes in their bodies with physical discomfort and emotional problems.

22. *A woman loses her femininity when she can no longer reproduce.*
A life pattern of femininity prevails over a change in the body chemistry. Women whose life content is mostly tenderness and warmth remain young and emotionally rich for a strikingly long time. Their feminine charm conquers even the deprivations of Nature.

23. *A highly feminine woman "spoils" her grandchildren too much.*
Such a woman makes an excellent grandmother, for she repeats with her grandchildren the tenderness and spirit of tolerance she displayed toward her own children. She may pamper the children, but even so a grandmother who is directed by kindness of heart and by wisdom of experience is a blessing for them.

(Based on Dr. Helene Deutsch's definitive work, "The Psychology of Women," Grune and Stratton, New York)

THE FOREVER DRESS

Such is the American shirtwaist. It is the one look, fashion history has proved, that remains popular despite fickle trends. Below, the long-sleeved peasant blouse, made evening length, of ice-blue crepe to wear any season of the year. Designed especially for the Journal by Donald Brooks of Townley.

AVAILABLE AT HENRI BENDEL, NEW YORK; NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS; I. MAGNIN, ALL STORES.

By CATHERINE DI MONTEZEMOLO FASHION EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEANLOUP SIEFF





Frosted pink crepe in a billowing loose shirtwaist with a floppy bow at the neck and long shirt sleeves. Wear it daytimes now, Indian-summer evenings later—imagine it under a raspberry fleece coat or pale furs all winter long. Designed for the Journal by Ellen Brooke of Sportswear Couture.
AVAILABLE AT LORD AND TAYLOR, NEW YORK; MARSHALL FIELD, CHICAGO; I. MAGNIN, ALL STORES.



Filmy lemon silk chiffon with accordion-pleated sleeves and a lavishly full skirt. To wear to a summer wedding—your own if you wish—or to go dancing in any season; certainly one of those rare delights you can count on years from now. A forever dress if ever there was one, by James Galanos.
AVAILABLE AT BERGDORF-GOODMAN, NEW YORK; NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS; I. MAGNIN, ALL STORES.



Apricot Dacron-and-cotton voile with rows of pin tucks down the front to a cinched waist of sizzling red patent leather—a dress for town or country made especially for the Journal by the designer whose very name spells an American full-skirted shirtwaist, Anne Fogarty.

AVAILABLE AT ALL SAKS FIFTH AVENUE STORES; NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS; WOODWARD AND LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D.C.



Sparkling, glistening, sunny white Dacron and cotton sashed with red, hemmed in starched cotton lace. For the young for Sunday go-to-meeting days and Saturday-night dancing. By Anne Klein of Jr. Sophisticates. Watteau-inspired cartwheels on these pages by Mr. John.

DRESS AVAILABLE AT BONWIT TELLER, NEW YORK; NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS; I. MAGNIN, ALL STORES; WOODWARD AND LOTHROP, WASHINGTON, D.C.

THE LOOK OF PARIS...IN BLACK AND WHITE





All the glamour and excitement of Paris are reflected in this beguiling black dress designed by Castillo of Lanvin. The halter neckline reveals a low-cut back and the décolletage in front is offset by the short sleeve. The princess cut of the dress is belled out by its own petticoat underneath. Our dress, in a crisp silk-and-wool blend, is accented with large cluster earrings of black jet and rhinestones. The pattern also includes a floor-length version without the sleeves and with a stole. It would be lovely made in white piqué for summer with a stole in contrasting color. Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1162. You might fill the neckline with a large black silk rose.

This charming evening coat with a double-breasted closing was designed by Jacques Heim. The Empire fitting bells out slightly at the hem. The original Paris model was made in a turquoise-and-white silk and our exact copy, made from the French toile, is in heavy white imported cotton ottoman. We have buttoned it with large white pearl buttons. The coat is Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1165. Her accessories, short white gloves and rhinestone drop earrings. To wear underneath, we suggest another Heim design, No. 1166, in the same fabric. The model is sleeveless and has a six-gore skirt. Coat would be lovely, too, in a bright woolen for fall, or silk-and-wool faille.

By NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR



JEANLOUP SIEFF



From the House of Dior, by designer Marc Bohan, comes this delightful black matelassé one-piece dress and jacket. The dress is a complete understatement with a sleeveless and beautifully fitted bodice and a skirt with side folds. The jacket closes with three large braid buttons and is belted with satin ribbon with a looped bow. The fabric is a combination of acetate and nylon. This costume would be pretty, too, in a silk faille or a silk-and-wool blend. Remember, these Paris designs can be made for a small fraction of what the original model would cost and every last detail is exact. Paris Original Model No. 1164. She wears pearls and a large head bow of veiling.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT CAFÉ NICHOLSON

A dress of simple elegance is hard to find—especially in an evening dress. This Nina Ricci gown in white silk-and-worsted Alaskine certainly qualifies. The demure bib front has a bow that falls to the floor. The pattern includes a matching stole. It would be charming in black in the short version. Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1157. In the background is Patou's wonderfully classic long black silk crepe. The open-back bodice has a gentle drape and a bow at the neckline. The pattern includes a matching jacket with three-quarter sleeves. This model is also available in a short version and would be lovely in a printed silk. Vogue Paris Original Model No. 1153.

PHOTOGRAPHED AT NESLE INC.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES, PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 122

FACE UP TO SUMMER!

BY BRUCE CLERKE
Beauty Editor

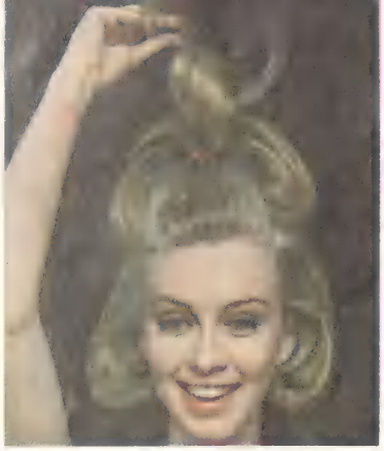
PHOTOGRAPHS BY
MARK SHAW



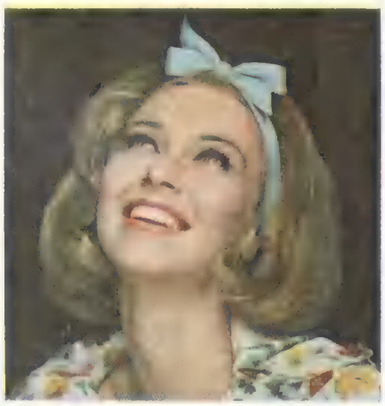
Suddenly it's July and a hairdo that's seen you through admirably until now falls victim to the rising temperatures. Our advice: don't try to revive a sulky hairdo; instead, begin afresh with a new one especially designed to take summer in its stride.



Really clean hair gets any hairdo off to a good start. And since your hair is very apt to change character during the summer, due to exposure to the sun, wind and salt water, you'll want to pick a shampoo to



match and treat the condition. There are shampoos especially blended to benefit every type of hair. A word of caution here: don't dry your hair in the sun—it could lead to split ends. Use a towel or one of the new portable hair dryers.



Two things go into the making of a successful summer hairdo: it's partly the cut which establishes the becoming shape, plus a body permanent that makes the shape self-supporting. Mr. Monti cut our model's hair the same length all around (ask for a blunt cut at your beauty shop). You can see the length and shape of her hair fresh from a shampoo (left).

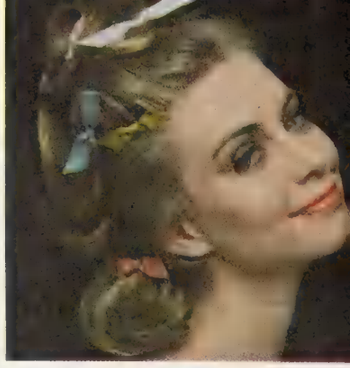
You can add height to your hairdo without teasing. Use a rubber band to hold an upright ponytail (left), then arrange the little fountain of hair ends in a pinwheel shape; pin lightly and spray. Ribbon makes a pretty summer accessory, and for the perkiest effect tie the bow forward



of your hairline, then move it back for a tight, nonslip fit (left). More bows (above) and this time they function as emergency curlers. Use tissues or soft paper towels and fold



them into inch-wide strips, loop and tie once around a strand of hair. Slip the half-knot to the ends of the hair, and roll your hair backward over it, using it as you would a roller. Secure by tying the ribbon again. Although you probably wouldn't want to be seen in our kitchen curlers, you can certainly be seen in these new pincurl clips (above). They've been



beautifully camouflaged with ribbon bows and are so pretty that our model set a handful of them flitting through her hairdo as accessories even after they'd done their workaday job.



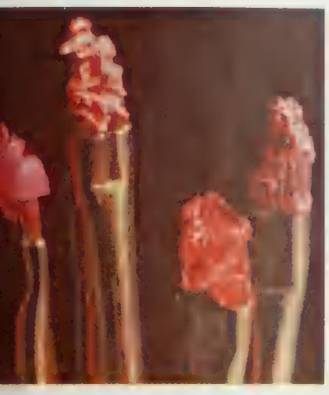
Summer makeup concentrates on looking natural. In keeping, use eye liner to accent the rounded shape of your eyelid. Powder your eyelashes



before you add mascara—it makes them look thicker. Add eye shadow in a pale color for a cool effect. Here, a seascape of pale greens and blues to choose from.



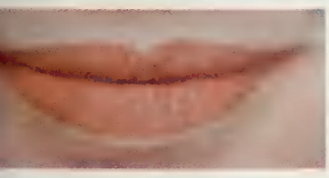
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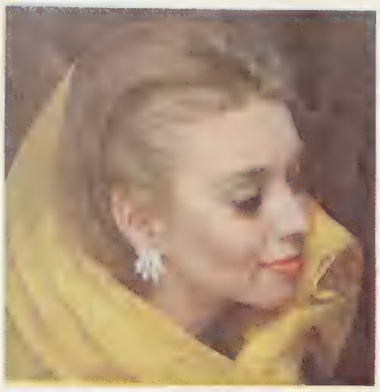
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a lustrous (above) or
(below) finish.



ly either this way: powder
lips, set the outline
a lipbrush and
fill in with the stick.
, apply second
of color.



The sum total of your summer makeup should be a paled-down natural look. Incidentally, this pastel color scheme is flattering to all women, whatever the number of their birthdays.



These beauty additives will revive the color effectiveness of a fading suntan. Add shine to your eyelids (over, or instead of eye makeup) with eye oil. Here (in stick form), brown-pink



rouge to simulate a tan's healthy glow; and lip gloss to highlight your smile. Getting a perfect tan is easy if you face up to the sun under the protection of a good suntan preparation.

To calm a summer heat rash toss a handful of baking soda into a tepid bath. Just soak—no soap or rubbing is needed. To refinish dry skin smooth again, add a helping of bath oil. An extra bonus: its clinging fragrance.



If your cuticles are dry and ragged, start remedial treatment (cuticle oil at bedtime, remover in the morning) and change the margins of your nail polish. By curving the



sweep of your polish brush from side to opposite tip, you manage to bypass the rough edges. The pretty moons will automatically appear. Color your toes (below) to match.





A lazy way to get into the exercise routine is to start while you're still in bed. Once in the mood, take to the floor to practice these waist and tummy smoothers. (Ten minutes a day will show a fast



improvement in the fit of your bathing suit.) Do each 10 times before reversing:
1. Legs straight and apart, swing arm to touch opposite foot.
2. Lying flat, bring one knee



up and over to meet the opposite elbow.
3. Sitting position, back straight, one leg bent, raise and straighten other leg against a towel, keeping your foot flat.



BETTE DAVIS THE LONELY LIFE

"The masculine ego takes on gargantuan proportions in the actor. The majority of actors strut about like cocks of the walk. Glamour boys bore me, and always will."

SYNOPSIS OF PART I: "I had to be the best. Nothing else ever satisfied me." Bette Davis's first public triumph was winning a cookie-baking contest at P.S. 186 in New York City. Her parents, "Ruthie" and Harlow Morrell Davis, were divorced when Bette was seven and Bobby, her sister, six. Always hard pressed financially, Ruthie worked as a photographer, schemed and struggled to keep the girls in school.

At Cushing Academy in Ashburnham, Mass., Bette first met Harmon Nelson Jr. and played leads with him in school plays. After graduation she joined a stock company in Rochester, N.Y., played for three summers at the Cape Playhouse in Dennis, Mass., and won praise from critics for her first Broadway roles. Screen tests followed and, under contract to Universal, she and Ruthie arrived in Hollywood in 1932.

Miss Davis's arrival at the studio was not auspicious. Miscast, unhappy, she made six disappointing films, after which her option was not renewed. At this "low point of her career" George Arliss chose her as his leading lady in *The Man Who Played God*. Immediately she was hired by Warner Brothers Studio, and given important roles.

When Harmon Nelson, now a dance-band leader, came to California their campus romance was renewed. They were married in Yuma, Ariz., in 1932. Domesticity and the demands of studio life almost immediately made problems.

II When Ham's orchestra was engaged for an out-of-town club date, the gossip columnists had a field day. We were obviously on the verge of a divorce. This was not unusual; separation was always used as indicating a potential divorce—it helped fill columns. I decided as an answer to all the rumors to go to the Warner Brothers premiere of *I Loved a Woman* with eight men. Needless to say, we stole the show. It also scotched the gossip columnists for quite a while.

I was cast next in *Fashions of 1934*. I was glamorized beyond recognition. The bossmen were trying to make me into a Greta Garbo. They even made me wear a wig like her hair, to say nothing of the false lashes and huge mouth and the slinky clothes.

About this time, John Cromwell wanted me for the part of Mildred in Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. She was such a disagreeable character, no well-established actress would play her. The picture was to star Leslie Howard.

I told Mr. Cromwell that I would give my life to do Mildred and he contacted the studio. The Warners absolutely refused to lend me out. I spent six months in supplication and drove Mr. Warner to the point of desperation—desperate enough to say "Yes."

The first few days on the set were not too heartwarming. Mr. Howard and his English colleagues were disturbed by the casting of an American girl in the part. Mr. Howard would read a book offstage, all the while throwing me his lines, during my close-ups. He became a little less detached when he was informed that "the kid is walking away with the picture."

When we were ready to do the scene involving Mildred's decline, I asked Mr. Cromwell if I could put on my own makeup. I made it clear Mildred was not going to die of a dread disease looking like a deb who had missed her nap. The last stages of consumption, poverty and neglect are not pretty, and I intended to be convincing-looking. I will always be grateful for Mr. Cromwell's courage and imagination. We pulled no punches and Mildred emerged as a reality.

Bondage made movie history. Ruthie called me from New York after the premiere of the film. Once more she had seats down front at an opening of mine, and once more she was proud of me.

The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences nominated me for an Oscar and my home studio seemed reluctant to take advantage of the tremendous publicity that always attends such an honor. It was an RKO picture, it is true; but *I* belonged to Warners and it was to their profit if I won the Academy Award. But my bosses sent out the word throughout First National and Warners to vote against me.

Frank Capra's charming comedy, *It Happened One Night*, captured all the trophies, and its stars, Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert, who gave delightful performances, won the coveted awards.

I cannot say I wasn't crushed—once I had been that close to the prize. I had not lost my loathing for second place.

Ham and I by now were living in Garbo's Brentwood house. I was bursting at the seams and Ham was as contained as ever. I would come home from the studio and be so bored by his languor and resistance to my problems that I would hop in the car and drive a hundred miles. "Don't dare come back" would ring in my ears, and so it went.

At the studio I had inherited George Brent as a leading man from his wife, Ruth Chatterton. And gossip, not without some foundation, implied that the bequest might be all-inclusive. Certainly, George was an enchanting man with wit and beauty and an excitement he rarely was in the mood to transfer to the screen. But he still belonged to Miss Chatterton. My little white cottage might have been in a state of disenchantment, but that is crooked poker in my book.

The Warners were quite befuddled by me at this point. No matter what piece of garbage they gave me to do, and no matter how much I scornfully sniffed at it, I did my job—and well. When the studio handed me the script of *Dangerous*, I was punch-drunk from my last few horrors. I read the script carefully and sighed. It was maudlin and mawkish, but it had just enough material in it to build into something if I approached it properly. Franchot Tone was lovely to play with and I worked like ten men on that film, receiving another nomination for an Academy Award.

To cash in on the fact that I had appeared with Mr. Howard in *Bondage*, I was now cast (Continued on Page 118)

©1962 BY BETTE DAVIS

an autobiography

As Mildred in *Of Human Bondage* Bette did her own makeup. "The last stages of consumption are not pretty I intended to be convincing," she says.

CULVER

FIRST HEARTBREAK

ful as Joe's ninth summer. Until then, he had no shield against hurt—and no need for one

By CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

In the mornings, that summer when he was nine, stretching out in bed, with the hot sun slamming behind the curtains and breathing on the top of his head, Joe felt the length of himself reaching farther than it ever had before.

Sometimes he would roll over and all his muscles would feel silky in his skin and he'd laugh out loud. Or begin to sing at the top of his lungs. Songs about pirates.

The summer Joe was nine his father stopped being a traveling salesman. They had a stay-put house for the first time he could remember. His father bought a small hardware store in Booneville and the house was white, with a big yard.

It seemed to seep into the three of them.

Joe's mother hung up the washing as if she planned to use those same lines in the sunny part of the yard until she was too old to reach up.

His father planted bushes by the front fence as if he intended to prune them a hundred years later.

Joe rode his bike past the school and got the feeling of how it would be to walk out of there with a diploma.

He wasn't lonely, although he was an only child and he didn't know any of the boys in the block or in the town. He had a bicycle for the first time in his life. He had the puppet theater he made. The books. The models he worked on endlessly. He was never lonely.

But he did look around. He did wait.

One day he rode past the schoolhouse and there were two boys. All over each other they were, grunting, scratching, pounding. They raised a dust from the dirty pavement. They raised another kind of dust too. The fierce, deep, shocking hate that two small boys, suddenly goaded against each other, can generate.

Joe got off his bike and watched them. The smaller one was getting the worst of it. A trickle of blood mixed with the dirt on his cheek. One eye was swollen.

Joe found himself yelling, "Hey, let him alone. You hurt him enough."

The bigger boy never swung his head. "Nuts to you," he yelled.

The smaller boy didn't even seem to know Joe was there. He just kept slogging, trying to get his fist free, trying to find room to pull it back, succeeding at neither attempt.

Suddenly Joe was in the middle of it, he the new kid, the only child, the one who'd never taken a blow nor given one. He had the bigger boy by the shirt. He heard it rip, felt it give.

He had him by the neck, his skin slippery and hot against his palms. He pulled on him. The feeling of the morning strength was all through him. The boy came. Partly because Joe pulled. Partly because he wanted to turn, as he did, and slug Joe one.

Joe sat down. He got up again, quick.

They stood there, toe to toe, the bigger boy and Joe. When he hit Joe it hurt, sharp, stinging, as if his skin cracked. But Joe managed to hit him back.

After a while they both stopped. As if they'd talked it over and decided it was the sensible thing to do. They stood facing each other, drawing great deep breaths.

Then, simultaneously, they swung to look at the smaller boy.

He was lying on the grass and his face was very white where it wasn't very dirty. He looked up at them with the bluest eyes Joe had ever seen. Joe went over to him and knelt down.

"You hurt?" he asked.

The boy shook his head. The little streak of blood had dried on his cheek.

"He's not hurt," the bigger boy cried. "Dirty sneak."

He turned and limped away.

Joe sat down beside the boy. He brushed off his jeans and touched his stomach gingerly.

"That kid's got a punch," he said, as if he'd tried all kinds and gave credit where it was due. "What's his name?"

"Toby." The boy sat up. "So have you got a punch." He was even smaller than Joe thought, and thinner too. "My name's Steve."

"I'm Joe," Joe said. He reached across the curb and picked up his gun. He twirled it around his finger.

He felt fine.

It was like D'Artagnan, jumping down out of a tree with his sword ready, just when the going got tough for the other Musketeers.

It was the captain of the ship, loosening his bonds just in time to grab the upraised hand of the pirate about to stab his first mate.

It was big-shot and protective and he liked it. You don't have many chances to feel that way when you're nine.

Steve stood up. Joe did too. Joe towered over him and that made the big feeling even better. CONTINUED ON PAGE 111



"Never give all of yourself to another person," Joe's mother had warned.



by Glenn White

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL LAMBERT

WHY DID

The real names of people and places are not used in this article, even though they were published in newspapers. Sources of some quotations and geographical details are also obscured. But the basic facts and all other details are exactly true. The writer wishes they were not.

Summer Job Ends for Bicycle Rider, 17, Arrested as Burglar

The Case of 17 "Well-to-Do" Youths Accused of Burglary

"It Was Partly Our Fault," Says Dad

Teen Burglars Had Plenty of Playsites

At five o'clock one Monday morning in June—a blue-sky dawn in Fair Haven—two patrolmen in a police car spotted a couple of boys strolling down a deserted business street. They stopped to inquire where they were going. The boys said they were going home.

"Wait up a minute," one of the officers called, stepping out of the car. "Home from where are you going?"

The boys didn't answer. Each looked at the other, smiling weakly.

"What's that bulge in your pocket?" the patrolman asked the taller youth.

"It's nothing."

The officer casually slipped his hand into the boy's pocket and pulled out a roll of money. "Where did you get this?" he asked.

"Saved it up," the boy replied lamely.

But the other officer had already lightly frisked his companion and produced a drill and a bit from under his jacket. The boy with the money also had a hammer and a chisel tucked inside his belt.

The patrolman ordered the boys into the police car and chauffeured them to precinct police headquarters a few blocks away. Here, after further questioning, they confessed they had just robbed the safe of a bakery on Main Street of more than $1000. There was $200 in the wad of small bills they had, and they implicated a third boy, whom police soon picked up with another $200 in his possession. He told them there was $600 more hidden under the eaves at the rear of a gas station. He said they also took a heavy sack of change. "But we threw all that out the windows of the car," he added, "for the little kids to pick up."

This boy was 18, the only son of well-to-do parents, and he owned his own car. The two other boys were 16 and 17 years old, and they, too, were from reputable, high-income families.

As the questioning continued, the three admitted one other safe-cracking job. A few weeks before, they told detectives, they had taken a heavy steel safe from the home of one of Fair Haven's wealthy citizens and lugged it four miles to a golf course. With a small Boy Scout ax and a chisel, they banged and pried around on it for nearly two hours before getting it open. When they found it contained only 70 cents and a woman's jeweled pin they were so disgusted that they just threw the pin into a nearby pond.

Police were sent immediately to search the pond. They had been looking for that bit of jewelry. It was valued at $3000.

And that was not all. Before most of Fair Haven's parents had their first cups of coffee that morning, the three boys named fourteen others and revealed the operation of a youthful burglary ring that met in the Star Luncheonette on Main Street, planned crimes almost as a lark, and had performed "so many jobs we can't remember them all" over a period of nearly two years.

The fourteen boys taken into custody during the next few hours ranged from 14 years to 22. Four were college students, the rest attended high schools. All were from families of above-average incomes and were supplied with ample spending money. Most of them had cars of their own or could use their parents' cars. Several of the boys had part-time jobs.

Fair Haven is a city dweller's dream of a community—near the city but far enough out to be free of congestion and to have great



THEY STEAL?

swaths of green breathing space. Neatly landscaped and custom-designed $30,000-to-$50,000 homes line most of its quiet, tree-shaded streets. An ideal suburban location, most people would say, a good place for children to grow up in safety, decency and good health.

Police estimated the elite group from the Star Luncheonette had burglarized 450 to 500 homes and places of business and stolen money and goods worth approximately $100,000. Usually they worked in groups of three or four, almost always in an automobile, most often between eight and eleven o'clock at night. As they explained to police, their method of operation was to drive slowly in a good residential district until they saw an expensive-looking house where nobody seemed to be at home. One of the boys would get out of the car and ring the doorbell. If someone answered, he would simply ask for directions. If no one answered, they would park the car a short distance away and enter the house by breaking a window or forcing a door.

They were selective in what they took, carrying away only money, some jewelry and other objects they could sell easily, such as transistor radios, portable television sets, binoculars, cameras and sports equipment. The two young proprietors of the Star Luncheonette served as "fences," buying the stolen goods for a trifle and selling them for a little more from a back room. The members of this informal association of young burglars did not function or think of themselves as a street gang, but something more like a secret society; the group did not even have a name—but after their arrest some police officials referred to them as "the Executives," for that is the class to which their fathers belonged and the police did not. At least one of the boys did not spend any of his share of the loot. He carefully banked it and had $1100 in his account at the time of his arrest.

The arrest of "the Executives" was front-page banner-headline news in the Fair Haven *Press*. The two-column story gave the names and addresses of all the boys except three who were under the age of 16. It was recorded that the youths were "unconcerned and unbothered" about their arrests and "lunched, smoked and jostled as if they were in a school hallway."

But their parents were greatly concerned. Summoned to police headquarters, one mother fainted, crumpling on the entrance steps. When police revived her, she said, "My boy couldn't have had anything to do with this. He was in bed by eleven o'clock every night." Another, gesturing toward her clean-cut, well-dressed son, exclaimed, "Look at him! He's an honor student. He's an Eagle Scout. He's always studying."

One of the fathers, facing a magistrate, swore that he would take his boy in hand "if he gets out of this difficulty."

"Take him in hand!" the magistrate exploded. "If the charge against him is true, that's like locking up the horse after the barn has been stolen."

Another father said, "Why, we gave our boy everything, we simply gave him everything! We gave him plenty of love, affection and understanding. Why didn't he come to me? We were very close and he never had to do without anything. There must be something wrong with him. As soon as he is released, I'll take him to a psychiatrist."

An assistant in the district attorney's office observed, "You'll never hear the father of any of the young hoodlums we see every day promising to take his son to a psychiatrist—if you can find the father. Just the other day we sent an officer to bring in the parents of a Negro boy accused of rape. He reported the mother said, 'You just take that boy! Take him and lock him up! I don't want him. I don't even want to see him. I got troubles enough without him.' She had five other children under twelve, all living in two rooms, and no husband."

The assistant district attorney agreed that children from such "families" have little chance to live decent lives and among them crimes of passion or hunger are almost inevitable, but he saw "the Executives" in a different light. "In the past we've had many boys from good homes brought here on charges of car theft for joyrides," he said. "That crime is reprehensible but understandable. These boys here today showed criminal intent. This was a repetitive invasion of private homes. If the charges against them are true, these boys have a debased moral concept."

One of the few parents who would talk to reporters conceded that the police were right in making the arrests. She added, "But I have no idea why the boys

CONTINUED ON PAGE 116



BALZ

This is the completely contained pool garden, or garden pool, whichever you prefer. The lower level is one foot below the ground-level rim of flagging which frames the whole affair. The pool is a sheet-metal tank whose fountainhead is activated by a tiny recirculating pump. The shade is tree shade, the best of all.

NORMAN KARLSON

A shaded patio for the country house, from which to look with delight across a summer landscape. This is about the completest outdoor room we've ever put together—the rippling shade of white birches and the solid shade of the terrace roof. Everything is here for alfresco cooking, dining, good conversation and relaxation. It has privacy, shelter, comfort and style. Design by Jeremiah Goodman.

THE LUSCIOUS LOOK OF SUMMER...

Have you, too, noticed how much more luscious it has been looking lately? For some years now the impression all around has been growing that Nature in summer has been trying harder and harder to be nice. Greens are getting greener, and on both sides of the fence. Millions more people than ever are being attracted to the woods, the mountains, the lakes, the ocean. The shady side of the street was never more enticing than it was last summer—remember? And partisans of Nature are becoming more and more adept at producing inviting shadiness, and at cajoling us with the ornamental sounds and activities of water, as indicated in different ways on these two pages here. It's as though Nature and her adherents were stepping up their efforts to draw us out-of-doors. But why? Could it be because indoors is now being made mechanically cool? We've always known that Nature abhors a vacuum. But why should summer be so competitive about air conditioning? It's the best friend she ever had! BY RICHARD PRATT

WESLEY BALZ

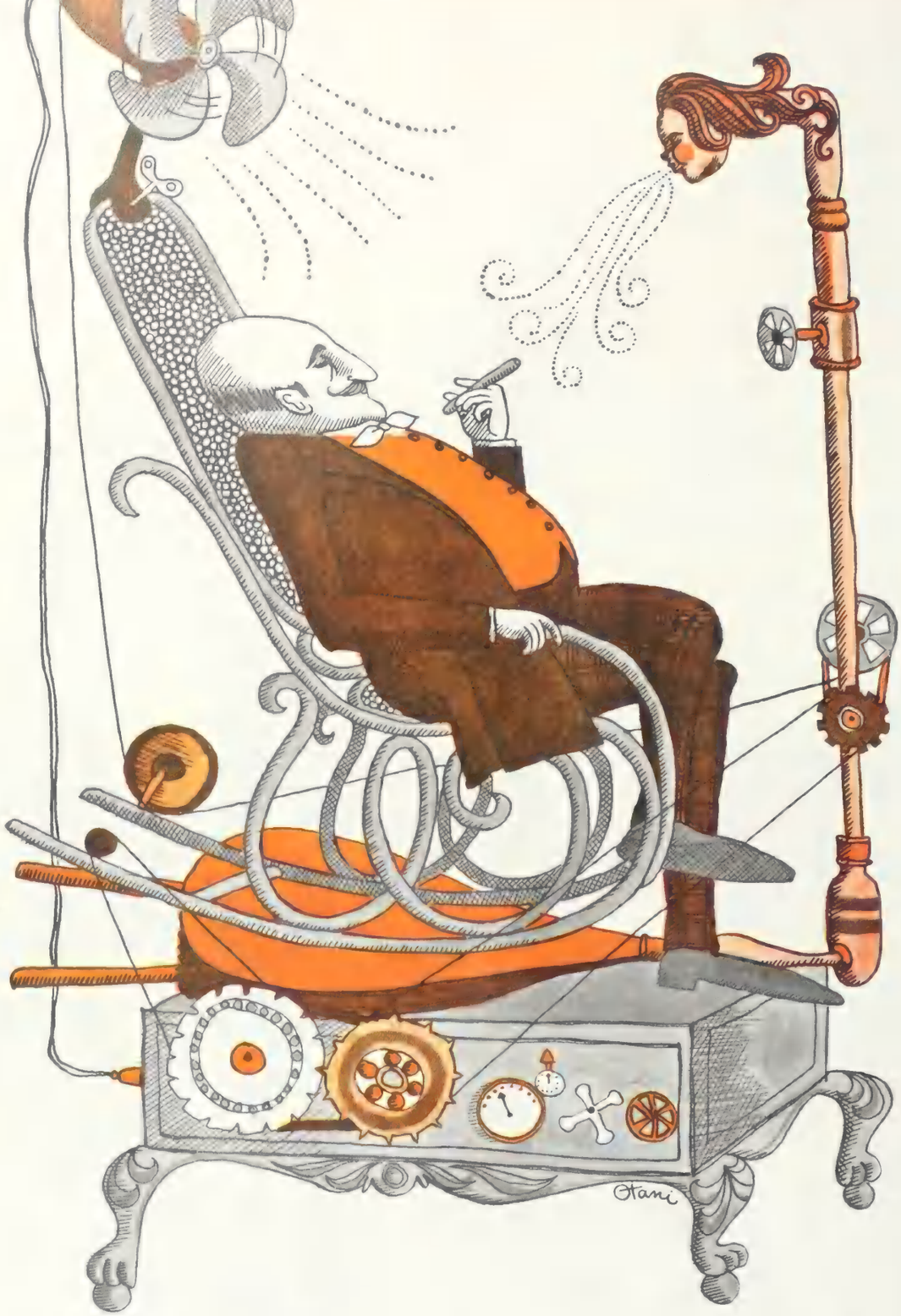


It's a cool water-garden table, all in one. Four galvanized tubs are set in a 2'x8'x1' box. When the box is packed with peat moss, the tubs filled with water, both bog plants and aquatics will flourish. A redwood border completes the table. Cost for the whole thing: $18, plus labor. Design by Pratt.

ROBERT LAUTMAN



A city garden, planned as a verdant, intimate outdoor nook, with walls of Transite framed in redwood, and a floor of pebbles in concrete. The object is nonmaintenance. Designed by Thurman B. Donovan for a Washington, D.C., house by architects Robert Anderson and Stephen K. Biggs.



the A,B,C's of keeping cool

JOHN BRENNEMAN
Home Building Editor

CYNTHIA KELLOGG
Decorating Editor

MARGARET DAVIDSON
Home Management Editor

"Heat, ma'am! It was so dreadful here that I found there was nothing left for it but to take off my flesh and sit in my bones!" So goes Sydney Smith's eighteenth-century commentary on how to keep cool. Times have changed! Today almost everyone is *doing* something about the weather. Once people poured outside the house to seek relief; now they stay *in* in air-cooled comfort—not quite like the dapper inventor above, who has the right idea but a madly intricate approach. Today's heat beaters—from battery-run hand fans to plastic pools to pastel window shades—more sensible than spectacular, work quickly, quietly, economically. They're "cool," man!



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houses ch
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put to bed
rooms; the
95 percent
heart, respiratory, circulatory, a
problems; husbands are happier—
too (conditioned air is cleaner,
housekeeping). Buying an air
tioner used to be like buying a pig in
because tonnage and horsepower
told how well a unit would cool. H
news: a certification plan which rate
ing capacity of most room units and
accurately shows which is best fo
ROOM CONDITIONERS give comfort
you need it. Trends: permanent w
stallation of individual units (no bl
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temperature controls (you set t
"portables" on wheels; do-it-yours
stallation: more for your money ($
$400, depending on size, coolin
pacity, features). But if you're
with the heat, don't rush out for a
conditioner until you know your c
will carry it—few existing ones
Whole cities have blacked out in sum
A BLESSING TO EXISTING SMALL HO
are units which fit in attics or
space, need an opening to the ou
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an open-planned house. Cool air
spill down the stairs.
CENTRAL CONDITIONING controls tem
ature and humidity year round, c
and circulates air, can usually b
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justments in ducts and fans. You
even pipe music through it. When
build, size ducts for air conditioni
now or later.
SOME AIR COOLERS ARE FANS that
across moist surfaces, cooling by e
oration. Best in dry areas, they may
be as good as Nature's beach bre
ATTIC FANS, installed near the r
move day's hot air out, cool night a
(some are automatically timed). For quiet fans, install on insulation; to avoid drawing dirt in, screen doors, windows.



ROOM FAN TRENDS: Trim window and wall fans (some filte
portables with transparent blades,
erful floor models on dollies, draf
hassock fans. If it's cooler outside,
fan's back to an open window. If
shut window, bask in fan's breeze.
THE LITTLEST FAN, battery run, fits h
or breast pocket, soothes a hot b

SUMMERIZE A WINTER ROOM. Make a clean sweep of as many furnishings as possible. Send rugs and draperies off to be cleaned and stored. Put away the knick-knacks. The more uncluttered the room, the cooler it will look—and you feel! It's a wonderful way to weather a heat wave.

SIT IN SLIPCOVERED COMFORT. Winter's cozy chair may become stuffy in summer, particularly if its fabric is rough to the touch. Cool, smooth fabrics are just that! Open-armed chairs, incidentally, are more "air-conditioned" than over-stuffed ones.



TRY BASKETS for a breezy look—a wicker stool, topped with a glass disk (look, no rings!), doubles dutifully, beautifully as a side table. Or grow a stand of greenery atop the wicker pedestal (a pizza pan paved with white aquarium pebbles will anchor an array of potted ferns and flowers). Hang a basketry cage—painted, possibly—from the ceiling, overflow it with cool trailing vines. Or fill a table-size basket with fruit—fake or for real. Baskets are great organizers—for stationery, or sweaters, blankets or paperback books.

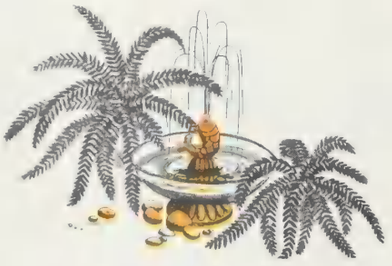
BRING THE BEACH HOME—its seashells, at least. Pile them into an apothecary jar, add water to make them shimmer. Or bottle bits of sand-smoothed glass—every seashore has its share. Set giant shells—the conch which carry the sound of the sea, or pink scallop shells—on a wooden plate stand (Japanese shops have a good stock, reasonably priced).

BRIGHTEN A BARE FLOOR with a cool cotton rectangle available in painter's-palette colors, a "buy" at about $16 for a 3′x5′. Less expensive, *so* durable are sisal rugs, long a tropical favorite, now available in jewellike fuchsia and sapphire ($42 for a made-in-Ireland



9′x12′). Tatami mats are woven of grass that's silky underfoot, come by the piece ($2.25 for 3′x6′) or yard ($1.25). The Japanese sleep on them—with no mattress! For the cost of a can of deck paint, you can buy a nontrip, never-slip rug. Using a pencil-and-string compass, paint a quick-drying one on the floor—all of a color or, if you're a brave soul, a cooling concentric combination (we suggest a child's or family room). Or rule off a rectangle, pattern it with diamonds in three favorite colors. The fringe? Brushed on too. Winter's rug neatly covers up summer's painted one.

THERE'S A COOL SERENITY about window shades. New ones, done in decorator colors (both plain and patterned), in crisp textures of shantung and linen eliminate the need for draperies which hang hot and limp in summer. Shades fit a summer budget too—$6.50 will buy a colorful stripe or pastel damask print. In a vacation house you might extend the shade treatment to windows framed with color (paint or adhesive paper).



FOR THE SOUND OF COOLNESS—and there's something to be said for it—consider an indoor fountain which electrically recirculates water. They are available at some five-and-ten-cent stores, in plastic for as low as $6; others start at $30 in department stores. These stand on the floor, rise from a growth of potted plants. Wall models are sold in garden-specialty shops. Another cool sound: a set of glass wind chimes which tinkle to the slightest breeze (under $1 in Japanese shops).

SPEAKING OF GLASS, it's icy to both eye and touch. Use lots of it through the summer. Sprig goblets with flowers or colorful candles. Group glass objects of a color—navy or emerald, perhaps, against a white wall; silhouette snowy milk glass on a colored wall. Cluster bottled candles (25 cents and up) on a hearth, shelf or mantel. And perhaps this is the summer to buy an aquarium—there's something about the quicksilver coolness of fish in water!

INVEST IN GREENERY. Just a few dollars spent at any dime store or wayside stand will begin a good indoor garden. Group small potted plants in a large bowl, or set them on a cake stand. Fill the fireplace with boughs of evergreen—ever so reminiscent of winter. And don't forget summer's gift of wild flowers—yours everywhere for the picking—and rustling sea oats!

PICNIC, inside the house and out. Save on the drudge of dishwashing by breaking out paper plates, cups and napkins. Newest designs are delightful, don't go limp in the lap.

COOK WHEN IT'S COOL—early in the morning, or after dinner for the next day. You'll save time if you do skip-a-day cooking, prepare one day for two. And with temperature-controlled equipment, less standing over a hot stove!

COOK WHERE IT'S COOL with plug-ins that broil, bake, stew or fry quickly in cooler-than-kitchen locations—outdoors or in the basement.

RETREAT TO THE BASEMENT. In many houses, it's the coolest spot of all. If yours is, you might consider making a new room there—for fun, study or sleeping. New floor and wall materials work well on or below grade.

DEHUMIDIFY DAMP AREAS like closets and small cellar rooms where molds and mildew enjoy a field day in summer. Dehumidifiers work like miniature refrigerators by condensing moisture on cold coils—just as dew collects on a glass of iced tea. Hot dry air seems cooler than air that's loaded with humidity. Most advanced electric dehumidifiers can be piped directly to drains, have controls to turn them on when humidity is high. Nonelectric models are filled with porous materials to soak up moisture like a sponge.



CANVAS IS COMFORTING! Stretch striped lengths of it on a portable folding frame and take your shade with you. Canvas deck chairs are a cool, economical way to furnish vacation retreats—terraces too. Cut from colorful canvas are sun umbrellas, circus-tent cabanas (a luxury at $72.50, but good heat relief).

VACATION HOUSES NEEDN'T BREAK THE BUDGET! Let imagination stretch the decoration dollar: furnish with folding chairs, deep wicker seats which are inexpensive and invite lingering. Paint the wicker or leave it plain, cushion it with foam pillows slipcovered in ocean greens and blues. Wicker hampers provide handy storage, can also double as coffee tables. Unpainted chests are easy to finance and fix up—paint them with drawers of different colors, add flowered knobs (for a bedroom chest) or Japanese brass pulls to convert a plain chest into a dashing campaign chest. Dress walls with travel posters; with a yard or two of a favorite fabric hung tapestry style. In a bedroom, hang a simple mirror, then paint its frame on the wall around it—plain or fancy as filigree.

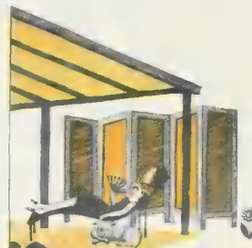
DESIGN MAKES A DIFFERENCE. You can build-in summer comfort: roof overhangs or awnings to visor windows (sun touching glass generates heat); washer, dryer vents to carry moisture outside (humidity makes heat worse); cooking exhausts to blow out hot air and odors; white or light roofs to reflect heat; tinted windows; fluorescent lights, cooler-burning than their incandescent cousins, which are good for kitchens, workrooms, come in cool-to-warm colors, can be tested with color swatches in some stores.



TREES AND SHRUBS are effective coolers too. Bracket sunny sides of the house with them. Patios, drives, wide-open spaces also need a place in the *shade.* Unprotected, these areas act like reflecting ovens and heat the air washing against the house.

SCREENS SHED HEAT TOO. Insect screens of tiny louvers deflect heat to the outside without blocking the view from inside, can cool a western exposure room by 15°.

WINDOW SHADES ARE GOOD HEAT SHIELDS. Old hands, knowing that white or light shades reflect heat, pull them early before the sun's rays reach under the eaves and leave them drawn until after sundown. Only problem: the house seems sleepy.



BREEZES BLOW through jalousied shade fences, which cast a cooling shadow across "hot spots" in the yard. There's something to be said for garden hoses—great for cooling the kids, porches, terraces, awnings (evaporating water cools surrounding air).

OUTDOOR POOLS or fountains will make a house seem cooler too. In many dry areas they can actually cool surrounding air before it touches the house. Caution: avoid placing a pool on the west side of a house where the water will ricochet hot sunlight against the windows.

LAZY DAYS' LAUNDERING: Let the dryer do the ironing. (You will find that tumble-dried clothes are nearly wrinkleless if you take them out before they're bone-dry.) An automatic washer will cope with all loads, neatly, completely and without complaint. And what refreshes faster than a change to clean clothes?

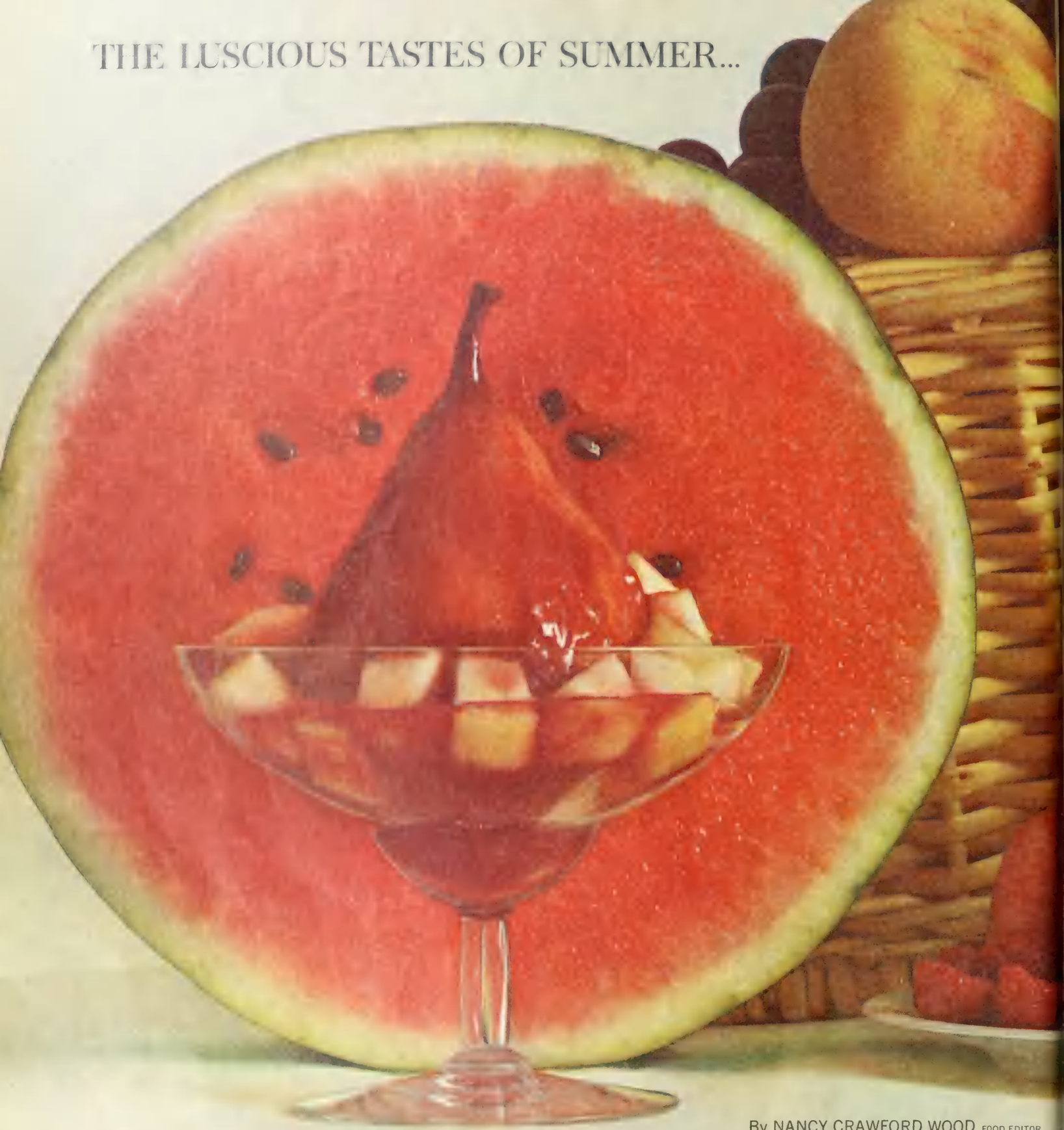
WEAR WHITE—or at least light—clothes. They reflect heat away from you



THINK COOL!

END

THE LUSCIOUS TASTES OF SUMMER...



By NANCY CRAWFORD WOOD FOOD EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IRWIN HOROWITZ

In summer's orchards trees arch to the ground, heavy with delicious fruit. n city markets there's a rainbow of ripe, perfect peaches, juicy plums, mel- ons and berries. There are pears to poach and jewel with raspberry sauce (Pears Christine). Whip plump cherries into a frosty, frothy Cherry Sherbet and rim it with fresh raspberries; mound a cool sweet serving of Tropical Fruit Compote in a melon shell and drift it with coconut. Try our French Fruit Tarts, celestial pastry with a creamy filling, topped with peaches and blueberries!

PEARS CHRISTINE. (1) Simmer 1 cup sugar, 2 cups water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, stick cinnamon, a 2" strip lemon rind and 1 tablespoon lemon juice for 5 minutes in a deep pan. (2) Peel 6 firm, fresh pears, leaving them whole and with stems on. Sprinkle each with lemon juice after peeling. (3) Cook pears in prepared syrup over low heat, turning them often, until tender. Remove with slotted spoon to a bowl. Cover tightly with saran or aluminum foil. (4) Boil remaining syrup rapidly (uncovered) to reduce to 1 cup. Remove cinnamon and lemon rind. (5) Add 2 pints fresh raspberries, hulled, or 2 (10-oz.) packages frozen raspberries, thawed, and boil rapidly 7–8 minutes until sauce turns red and thickens. (6) Strain and pour over pears. Cover and chill, turning pears often. (7) Garnish each serving with diced ripe pear



d a spoonful of sauce. Serve with cream if you like. Makes 6 servings.

IERRY SHERBET. (1) Wash, pit and chop 1 quart fresh cherries (or use 2 lb.) cans red, sour pitted cherries). Mix with ⅔ to 1 cup sugar—amount will pend on sourness of cherries. Let stand 1 hour. (2) Strain liquid and heat h 1 envelope unflavored gelatin and ⅓ cup orange juice. (3) Combine gelatin d chopped cherries. Freeze until mushy. (4) Remove to a chilled bowl and at until light and fluffy but still thick. Freeze partially again. (5) Beat 2 egg ites until they form soft peaks. (6) Beat cherry mixture until fluffy and soft. Fold in egg whites. Spoon into a 3-quart mold or individual molds. Freeze until firm. (8) Dip mold into warm water and turn out. Garnish with fresh cherries or raspberries. Makes 10–12 servings.

TROPICAL FRUIT COMPOTE. (1) For each individual serving, mix honeydew, cantaloupe and Persian melon balls, watermelon chunks, fan-shaped pineapple slices and seeded black and green grapes in any proportion you prefer. (2) Sprinkle lightly with lime juice and toss with a generous amount of fresh grated or packaged flaked coconut. (3) Chill thoroughly. Add 1 tablespoon Cointreau for each serving, if you like. Serve in scooped-out halves of honeydew, cantaloupe or Persian melon shells.

More fruit recipes on page 114


JUICY RIPE TOMATOES AND
GOLDEN SWEET CORN

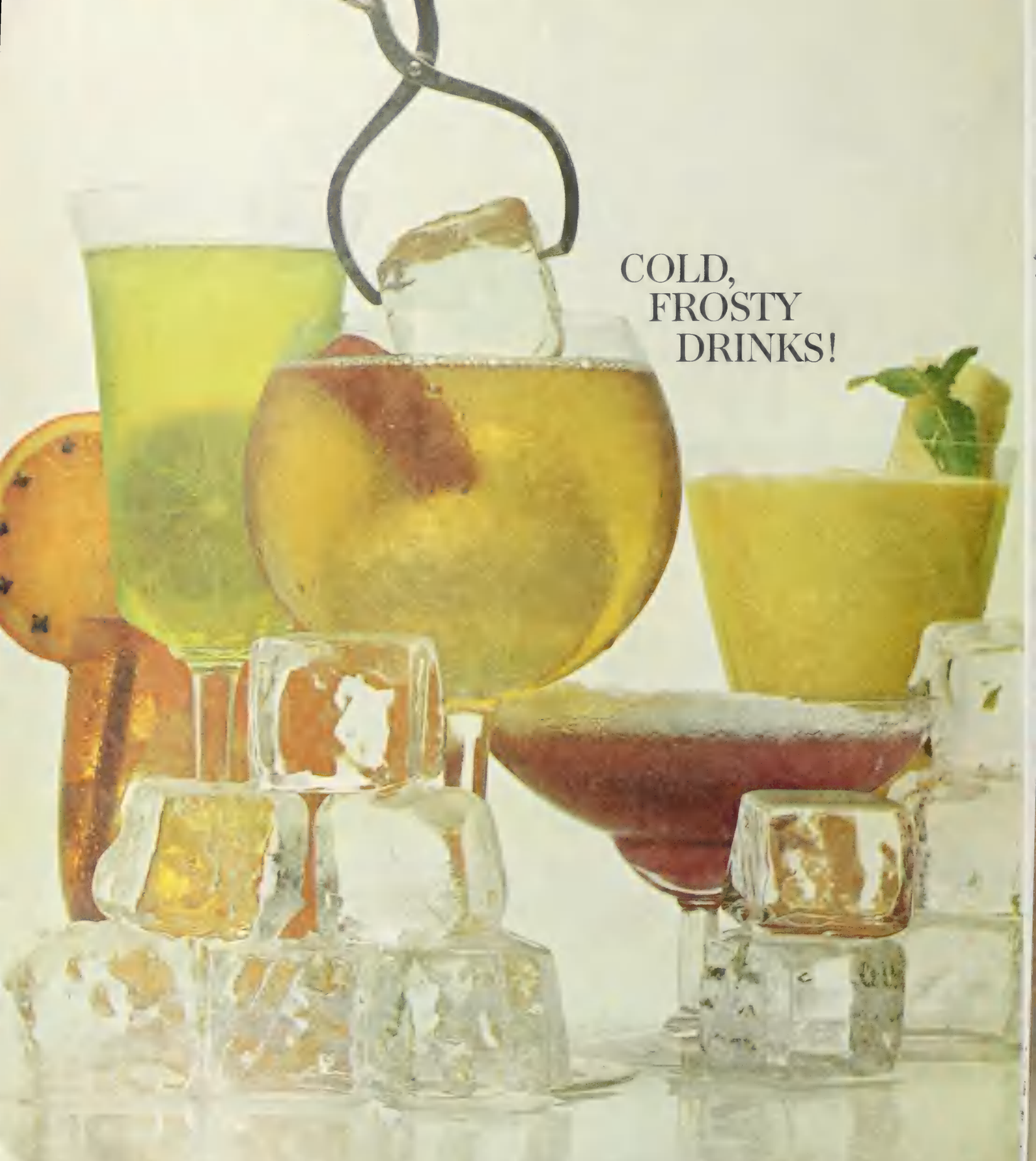
Savor the lusciousness of tomatoes red and plump from the vine! Slice them thick, and bake them in a deep, creamy quiche with cheese and herbs; chill the rosiest and stuff them with crisp cucumber-and-smoked-salmon salad. In the height of the corn season, serve whole ears of corn, steaming hot, with lots of butter, salt or sweet, or one of our delicious flavored corn butters. Have big salt shakers and pepper grinders handy. (Cook corn for 3–6 minutes in boiling water. Or roast it in aluminum foil, indoors or out. Try serving it as a separate course. People like to *concentrate* on corn.) Another day, corn kernels will be cut from the ears, flavored with rosemary, cooked with fresh Lima beans and chicken, in a 1962 main-dish version of succotash!

TOMATO QUICHE. (1) Bake a 9″ pie shell for *only* 8 minutes in a hot oven, 425° F. Cool. (2) Cut 2 large ripe tomatoes into 6 slices, each ½″ thick. (3) Dip each slice into ¼ cup flour seasoned with ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon coarse pepper. (4) Sauté quickly in 2 tablespoons cooking oil. (5) Arrange ½ cup sliced ripe olives and all but 2 tablespoons from 1 cup minced scallions in the bottom of the pie shell. Add 3 slices Provolone cheese and the tomatoes. (6) Stir 2 slightly beaten eggs and 1 cup grated aged Cheddar cheese into 1 cup heavy cream. (7) Pour into pie. (8) Bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., 40–45 minutes until filling is set. (9) Sprinkle remaining scallion on top. Cool 5 minutes before cutting. Makes 6 servings.

CHICKEN SUCCOTASH—1962. (1) Steam a 4½–5-pound roasting chicken in 6 cups canned chicken broth. Add a few celery leaves and ¼ pound salt pork, diced. When tender, remove and cool. Cover stock and chill. Take chicken meat from skin and bones in generous pieces. Wrap well and chill. (2) Measure 3 cups fat-free broth and place in a large kettle. (3) Bring to a boil and add 4 cups fresh shelled Lima beans or 3 (10-oz.) packages frozen. Cover and cook until almost tender. (4) Add 3 cups fresh corn kernels, chicken meat, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper and a pinch rosemary. (5) Cover and simmer 10–15 minutes. (6) Thicken broth, if you like. Makes 6–8 servings.

More corn and tomato treasures on page 115





COLD, FROSTY DRINKS!

How to put summer in five ice-cold glasses: pour a golden glass of tea that's spiced, then iced; mix a shimmering green Bahamian Lime Cooler; and an Apple Julep, afloat with a scoop of lemon sherbet and an apple slice. Try a classic "shrub," pink with raspberries, and *cold*. Trim a tall glass of Frosted Banana Crush with a stick of pineapple, gay with mint!

SPICED ICED TEA. Pour 4 cups boiling water over 4 tea bags, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 sticks cinnamon, 1 orange slice stuck with 8 cloves, and 5 tablespoons sugar. Cover, chill and strain. Chill. Stir in ¼ cup lemon juice and 3 tablespoons orange juice. Serve over ice cubes, garnish with cinnamon sticks and orange slices stuck with cloves. Makes 1 quart.

BAHAMIAN LIME COOLER. Bruise ¼ cup mint leaves in ⅓ cup lime juice, cover, let stand 2–3 hours. Strain, squeeze mint dry, reserve liquid. Add ½ teaspoon each bitters and noncaloric liquid sweetener. Just before serving add 1 pint chilled lemon-lime or lemon carbonated noncaloric beverage. Add 1 ounce green crème de menthe, if you like. Serve over ice with a slice of lime. Makes two 8-ounce glasses. More drinks on page 115.

NEW from Campbell

Great as a soup! Great as a sauce!

CHEDDAR CHEESE SOUP



It's a great new soup — Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup! It's a great new sauce — an instant, thrifty, creamy cheese sauce! Golden Cheddar cheese gives this new soup tangy, rich flavor. Country cream adds velvety-smooth goodness. It's great for cooking, too — adds party flavor to simple dishes. Buy it . . . try it — today!

Great new all-time family favorite!

SPLIT PEA WITH HAM SOUP



Have a healthy helping of this homey, hearty, wholesome new soup. It's just like Mother made—a smooth purée of green peas plus split peas for extra goodness, delicious pieces of smokehouse ham and ham stock. Split Pea with Ham Soup is seasoned with delicate spices the Campbell way. Buy it . . . try it — today!



New Cooking Secret—Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup!



INSTANT CHEESE SAUCE. Just empty 1 can Campbell's Cheddar Cheese Soup into pan. Gradually blend in ¼ — ⅓ cup milk. Heat slowly; do not boil. Makes about 1½ cups to pour over vegetables, hamburgers, meat loaf, chicken or fish! Thrifty new way to make delicious cheese sauce!



MACARONI AND CHEESE. Cook ¼ cup chopped onion in 1 tbsp. shortening; blend in 1 can Cheese Soup, ½ cup milk. In 1 qt. casserole, mix sauce, 2 cups cooked macaroni. Top with buttered crumbs. Bake at 375° F. 30 min. 4 servings.

Great for Cheese Dishes.

Welsh rabbit, skillet suppers, cheese casseroles, cheese omelets, soufflés — Campbell's new Cheddar Cheese Soup is the easiest shortcut to the best cheese dishes you ever made. Please your family tonight with a cheese dish made the easy, new Cheddar Cheese Soup way!



THE TASTE THAT CAME OVER FROM ITALY

Back in 1904 the original Wish-Bone recipe was brought over to this country. Today Wish-Bone Italian Dressing is made the same old-fashioned way with the same authentic ingredients. Tiny buds of garlic, oregano, peperone rosso—you'll find them all floating in the Wish-Bone flavor line of spices, between the pure golden oil and the vintage vinegar. Put lots of sass in your salads.

THE REAL ITALIAN DRESSING

Wish-Bone

LL THE TEA N CHINA

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

We had finished eating when this fiery-red nvertible slid up and parked on the grade in ont of the house. El really looked good—for r. Usually she wore slacks and old suède ppers to travel in, but this time she had on a eveless dress and white pumps. Mike put arm around her and right then this street- ht came on like some sort of benediction m on high. Oh, I know it was just some- dy's fat thumb down there at City Hall push- a button, but right then with the light ning down through the poplar I thought ere ought to be a choir out there serenading em or something.

"And you remember Emily," mother said Mike.

"How could I forget?" Mike said, winking me.

"Hi," I said. My voice caught and it sounded ittle rusty, so I said it again.

"Let's see your ring," I said. El held out her n with her hand cocked to the left and then s sharp angle up to the elbow the way chil- en draw lightning. "Whe-ew," I said. "And vatch too."

"Mike gave it to me for a wedding present."

"Oh, isn't that lovely," mother said. It was o. Mike had infallible taste, he would never ve bought anything gaudy.

That first night daddy ponied up his Moët Brut Imperial and mother lighted the silver ndelabra and daddy wrapped the cham- gne in a towel. Protocol is protocol. If some- e had just served him a formal dinner and cobalt bomb hit and only he was left, he'd ll use his finger bowl and sign the check, s that scrupulous.

The next morning Dodie arrived before ey were even up. I heard her downstairs ving, "How nice you look, Mrs. Show- fter." Mother always wears little iridescent rrings with her crisp housedresses and ually a raffia belt and she does look good in morning. In the afternoon too. When you mother holding a teacup, say, the cup a reful few inches above the saucer and her ad turned slightly so that that aristocratic nt tendon in her neck shows, there's some- ng fine and—I've always thought, although e never been to England—British about , an unassailable dignity. When she looks e that, it really makes me feel like a jerk. e and Dodie and people like that with the ttonholes of our nylon blouses stretched so ey're undone half the time and the tails pop- g out and our smart amscray talk and all t. It's depressing to think about it.

I felt all of a sudden concerned out of pride t Mike would look good in daylight. Well, ould have saved my worry. When he and came down Dodie really drew breath. ex had these matching Chinese pajamas h embroidered purple lapel dragons you uld just see under their robes.

"I would like to present my brother-in- v," I said regally, "Dodie Gardner, my rrent best friend."

"How do you do," Dodie said. I wished she ln't look so moth-eaten with her middy out.

don't know whether Mike said anything not—I suppose he said hello—but he cer- nly looked repelled. You could tell Dodie ve him the creeps. For one thing, she lked around in back of him to look at the inese characters on his robe and it made n jumpy having her behind him that way. I s really humiliated, especially since I had clared Dodie as my nearest and dearest end. So what I did—I made Dodie pay for ing ratty-looking with those braces and all d for making people nervous. I told her at door that I couldn't possibly write her m paper on Community Life (which I had eady pledged myself to do). She stood there nning her finger along the brass door ocker and looking woebegone. "You'll just ve to learn to stand on your own two feet," aid coldly, à la daddy.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to have ur good husband see you at breakfast with ur hair uncombed," father was saying to when I came back into the room.

"There's a new regime, daddy. I'm a married woman," El said. "Isn't that right, Mike?"

(Daddy and Mike used to make a joke out of the way she was all the time saying that when they were first married: "Isn't it, Mike?" . . . "Didn't we, Mike?" . . . "Weren't we, Mike?" Daddy or Mike would make some simple statement or other when El was out of earshot and then they'd say, mimicking El's tone, "Isn't it, Mike?" It was sort of a private joke between the two of them.)

Mother said, "Now, Guthrie, we won't say any more about it. He doesn't seem ready to send her back."

"Not for all the tea in China," Mike said.

Mike and El had this tiny garage apartment over in Ballard for the first three months of their marriage. At first I felt pretty well shut out, but gradually we got a new equilibrium going and I began to visit with El after school.

"Hey, El," I said, this one particular afternoon, "what's it like to be married to Mike?"

"It's hard to say. Mostly I can't believe it."

"Is he all the time brushing your hair the way Rhett Butler did with Scarlett O'Hara, just sitting on the edge of the bed and brushing and brushing and brushing? And fastening zippers for you and buying you perfume?"

"Some of that, partly it's like that," El said. "He's going to do a whole series of pictures of me with his camera for his office once I've finished with these courses he's got me taking."

"What courses?" I said.

"Oh, there's one on poise and one on makeup and one on the art of conversation and a set of dancing lessons and I don't know what all else."

"Holy dial," I said. "He has his nerve."

"No," El said. "It isn't like that. It's that Mike loves me and he has high standards for his women, they have to be perfect. You'll understand more when you're older and married yourself."

To be perfectly frank with you, I've never gone for this truculent logic that presumes that all it takes to make you think like the speaker is more experience. Even at thirteen, I didn't. "What do you mean, his women?" I said. "You and how many others?"

"I'll show you the pictures of some of Mike's old girl friends; you've never seen anything like it," El said, rummaging around in the hall closet.

"I'm waiting with bated breath," I said, in this very casual voice, "for what you're following in the wake of."

"Now on top," she said, "that's Geneva Atkinson."

Geneva Atkinson had blond hair swirled up on top of her head and a low-cut white blouse tied at the breastbone and white shorts with a dark stripe at the side which formed an L the way she was sitting. She was perched on what looked like an iceberg, the soles of her bare feet flat against the block she was sitting on. El had it from Mike that Geneva was this real impulsive type. "Once she jumped out of a taxi when it was snowing and Mike had to chase her three and a half blocks."

"Why?" I said. (Nobody ever chased me anywhere except once when I left the bread I had just bought on the counter at the supermarket.)

"I don't know why," El said. "Except that she was a very beautiful girl and Mike wouldn't just let her walk out on him that way, from a moving vehicle especially. Now here's Aime. I think you heard us mention her."

Aime was in pink ostrich feathers, her head to one side and the points of her gleaming nails delicately touching. Then El showed me Roz, Mike's flamenco dancer. She had on one of those hip-ruffled deals and a white rose in her black hair and one wisp of hair was blown across her face like smoke. And there was one labeled "The Bear" in a leather-and-bark frame that said "Banff and Lake Louise, 1953." The Bear was in full color—a redhead in an aqua drum majorette's costume and she was standing next to a Mountie who looked as though he was about to eat his chin strap.

"It was a funny thing about The Bear," El said. "She seemed to go kind of off her rocker; she went from being this really warm friendly girl to a sort of spitfire, and once Mike had this terrible time subduing her."

Subduing her from what? I wanted to ask, but I didn't want to sound naïve in case it was obvious from what. So instead I said, "That's quite a little harem there to be first lady of. Was Mike shook up when you ran across the pictures?"

"Shook up?" El said. "Of course not. In an honest marriage there's no need to conceal anything. Mike showed me these of his own volition and we talked everything out. With somebody emotional like Mike it would have been cause for alarm if there hadn't been women in his life before he settled down."

Before I left I asked El for a picture of herself and Mike. I would have been happy for a picture of just him, but I couldn't think how to ask for one. She produced this colored picture that a man at Diamond Lake took of them on their honeymoon. Mike was holding this fish which you saw in silhouette with a lone bewildered eye beamed on Mike. Mike wanted to be this kind of natural sportsman. He always made fun of people who went to those stocked ponds with the suicide trout.

I guess I've looked at that picture a hundred times by now. Mike had an arm sort of sloppily on El's shoulder as though it just happened to fall there and then this fish in the other hand. He had on a greenish sport shirt open at the collar with this small delta of black hair showing and the buckskin shoes he had on when they got back from their honeymoon. El had light brown hair that shaded into bronze where the sun struck it. And at this point she had heavy dark brows which Mike later on had her pluck down to thin lines, and a large well-shaped mouth and big soft brown eyes. Even Mike, who was really a connoisseur, said she had good features. It was just that they needed to be properly accentuated and disciplined, he said. El had on Mike's maroon sweater that was miles too big for her. Mike had this tremendous build. And beautiful dark eyes and hair.

When I got home Mike was there having a cup of tea with mother, which he sometimes did on his way home from Tri-State. It seemed to please them both. Mike was explaining to mother about how El had the zany idea she wanted to take these makeup and conversation courses, to the tune of $200. Mother said that she was afraid El didn't really appreciate the value of money, having never worked herself. And Mike said well, that part really didn't matter, if that was what she wanted, and incidentally please not to say anything to El about it, this was just between the two of them.

It's an odd thing how mixed up people get. El told me how Mike was making her take these courses and now Mike was telling mother how El was spending all this money *to* take them.

Mother said well, he should make perfectly clear to her in the beginning then that if she embarked on this, she would have to finish. Not just drop it like her violin lessons.

El was eleven when she took those violin lessons which followed the elocution lessons which followed the eurythmics. Once she recited a piece for the Rosicrucians' Christmas party over in West Seattle. All the way over to the auditorium in the car El's lips moved silently, and daddy said with a laugh what was she doing, praying? and mother said no, going over her lines, and to leave her alone.

El stood up there on the podium shaking. When she was under the gun that way her voice rose through her pale straight form like coffee up the clear rod of a coffeemaker, surfacing finally with a small wheeze, "*Who dat knockin' at de door, why, Ike Johnson, yes for shore. . . .*" They gave her a book, *Rex and Tilly in the Zodiac*. I still remember the Rosicrucianist-in-chief leaning down to present it: "She looked like a little angel up there with those blond curls, didn't she, folks? Next time we'll have a microphone for you, honey, so everyone can hear all right."

With mother and Mike having this tête-à-tête, I didn't feel much like going in and not being offered to partake of the tea (except for ceremonial occasions, no stimulants until twelfth grade), and so I got out my tennis racket and went out in back to the cement wall by the garage where you can bat balls. Finally when I heard Mike's car backing out of the drive, I went in and asked mother could I please take out Grandma Cox from that frame since no one ever looked at Grandma Cox anymore anyway and put in the picture of Mike and El and mother said, "If they knew then what they know now, Grandma Cox would be alive today." This was mother's way of skirting heresy, not saying directly yes, go ahead and slide out old Granny Cox, which I then proceeded to do, having been tacitly authorized.

ROSES DESERVE YOU

By ELIZABETH McFARLAND

Roses deserve you:
Sweetbriers race
Through brook and bramble;
Ramblers embrace
Pillar or fence rail;
The Moss weaves her lace;
The Damask,
The Bourbon
Breathe attar-of-grace—
The Tea standing tall
In a captive vase,
And the Musk gone wild
In a secret place—
All yearn for,
All earn
The sight of your face.

They had been married about a month when Mike decided it was time to have us over for the Big Deal. I remember a couple of days before, sitting on this stepladder while they planned the menu. While Mike set El straight about the menu, I should say. She was choosing hors d'oeuvres from *The Joy of Cooking* Mrs. Evans had given her for a wedding present. Oysters Rockefeller, mushroom caps stuffed with truffles, all the stuff that daddy ordered when we went to the club. Mike went along with that, I think because he really did have a genuine respect for daddy. But then El said she had decided on a very unusual entree, oxtails with sauce béarnaise, and Mike flipped.

"Served over dog biscuits?" he said. "Well, not on your tintype. We're having steak. Not some frog glop. Steak, Eleanor, got it?"

El looked very miserable. "But Mike," she said, "it's just that I thought we should be a little experimental."

"Look, pet," Mike said in this patient, reasonable voice, "we're going to have steak which I will personally pick out. Top sirloins, and baked potatoes and Caesar salad. Put a period on that, OK?"

"OK, Mike," El said.

"You get a pencil and I'll tell you how to make the marinade for the steak, a private recipe left over from the days when I was a bachelor, so to speak. You start with lots of wine vinegar —— What's that?"

"Oh, it's just an eyebrow pencil," El said nervously, "but they work just as well as the regular ones."

"Yah," Mike said, "that's what Aime used to say when she took baths in milk: it works just as well as water."

I'm ashamed to tell you what popped into my head right then. I could just hear Mike telling El's successor, "You know what that featherbrained wife of mine used to do? She used to write out her grocery lists with eyebrow pencil."

It was a funny thing, but I didn't expect that dinner to be very successful somehow. We all sat self-consciously in a row on the davenport while El served the hors d'oeuvres, pausing by each set of knees as though she wasn't even aware she had ever seen them before, and glancing out through the bedroom toward the little balcony where Mike had the barbecue set up, as though she was waiting for a smoke signal.

"My, aren't we fancy," daddy said. She had oysters Rockefeller and then artichoke leaves with a shrimp and sauce on the meaty end, and cheese puffs. Unfortunately, however, the puffs were burned a little on the bottom—"We charcoal-broiled the cheese puffs," Mike hollered in from the porch—and daddy said no thank you, dear, to El, he really had had a hearty lunch at the club, he said, and now he was saving room for dinner. I ate several, ashes and all, to build character, but I don't think El even noticed, she was so concerned about daddy's reaction to everything.

Eventually Mike lugged the steak in through the bedroom on a plank. "Manning's choice," he said, looking at it like it was Ava Gardner. Meat really fascinated him. He took it right over under daddy's nose, angling the steak on the fulcrum of the barbecue fork. It's funny how everybody wants daddy's approval that way. "We've got some fine marinade in the refrigerator," Mike said, "but thanks to an error on the part of the kitchen staff, the meat never got near it."

"I'm sorry," El said, looking from Mike to daddy. "I guess I kind of forgot."

"Oh, that's too bad," mother said, "but we certainly didn't want you to go to any fuss on our account."

"She didn't," Mike said. "She just kind of forgot to."

Eventually we all sat down at the maple dinette table with our knees bunched together and the baked potatoes had that little earthy taste you get if they haven't been scrubbed with a wire brush the way mother does. Oh, it was hideous, all right. And about that time Mike unfortunately spied this unopened jar of garlic croutons and he made El go and remix the salad. Boy, I hate to think how many times in her checkered career El was sent back to do something over, to Do It Right.

I think Mike felt dinner was kind of humiliating, too, because he began talking big about this house they planned to build someday. "What I'm really after is a place to entertain, twenty, thirty at a time," Mike said. "El, go get the plans."

She came back in a minute looking pleased and handed Mike this rolled-up blueprint. "Damn it," Mike said, "you've got the windshield specifications for the new Valiant. This just isn't your night, is it, honey? . . . We'll get her brought up yet," he said in an aside to father. El didn't say anything, but she started back into the bedroom and mother didn't say anything either, but her mouth was set in a hard pucker. I know for a fact that she didn't like it when Mike said that about bringing up El, as though *she* hadn't already.

"We've always had to keep after El to tidy up," father said.

"I think that's unnecessary, Guthrie," mother said, "a superfluous comment."

And then Mike said truce, truce, and everybody relaxed a little and Mike launched into a discussion with daddy about distortion in glass and Mike said it wasn't the fault of the glass cutters, it was Detroit. Mike really hated Detroit like it was a personal enemy.

I noticed that mother and El were gone and went to look for them. There was only one john so they couldn't both be there, but they were. Mother had El's dress unhooked in back, which meant that she had indigestion again and she was fixing El a bromo and El was holding Nicki. "Drink it right down," mother said, "while it's still fizzing."

"I don't see why he has to be so mean," El said.

"You mustn't take every little thing so seriously," mother said. "There are always adjustments along the way, and Mike, being older and more experienced, just naturally expects a little more of you than the average husband would in the beginning," and then mother made one of those get-out motions at me with her hand over El's shoulder. To hell with them forever. Nobody that evening seemed to consider the fact that I was presumably a guest, too, and entitled to certain courtesies.

After they had been married about six months, El got pregnant. By then they had also bought the house. They found this very good buy over near Fort Lawton, which is about a mile from us, too good to turn down, Mike said. And a banquet-size dining room. Honest. It had been built by a composer who used the dining room for recitals.

We all pitched in and did a lot of work on that house of theirs. Mike built this maple bar with a dry sink and a cobbler's bench and a milk stool and I finished it. And Dodie and I bought them a milk-can lamp with a yarn shade which really looked neat beside the bar.

That summer El, who wasn't supposed to inhale paint fumes, according to mother and Dr. Cott, her O.B., would sit up on the stepladder with Nicki and watch. Either that or she would read to us from her Art of Conversation book. There really were changes in her. Mother kept saying how marriage had made something out of her, which, as I look back on it, was a sort of compliment by retroactive criticism. And daddy said how we all had a lot to be grateful for in Mike.

You know how you accommodate to the group you're with. Well, when Mike was with the folks he was pretty natural and everything, but still he emphasized what would please them. What appealed to mother, oddly enough, was that Mike was a man of the world. I think she thought it gave tone to this new domesticity of his and she began remarking favorably on people like Charlie Chaplin, how nicely he had settled down once he found the right girl, and so on.

El, too, seemed to be sort of drawn along on this wave of accommodation. They gave her pedicures and showed her how to wear velvet bands in her hair down at this place where she took her beauty courses. She was also having her hair tipped. They made it gold on the ends, very slightly and subtly gold, and it really looked neat. The folks were a little staggered at first, but they got used to it in time.

One Saturday Mother and El and I were checking measurements for kitchen curtains. Mike brought daddy into the kitchen to show him where he planned to put the double infrared ovens and El sort of turned to mother and daddy and said, "Mike has to go to Salem on business. Help me persuade him to take me along." I think she thought with all of us there Mike would have to give in, but instead he got this very thoughty looking-for-the-right-answer scowl and then he said slowly that of course from his own selfish point of view he'd like nothing better than to have her right there with him, but he hated to take that responsibility. If anything did happen, he'd never forgive himself. (If anything did happen—El and I practically cut our teeth on that odious phrase.)

The folks naturally sided with Mike in this. Daddy pointed out there would be lots of opportunities for El to travel in the future when she didn't have another life to consider. He did suggest, though, that if possible Mike consider postponing his trip until the baby had arrived, a plan which mother approved. It was just better, she said, for him to stay close until the baby was in the nest. Finally Mike said "Sold," and the folks left telling El that she was a lucky little girl to have a considerate husband like Mike. Since I was staying overnight I began sanding the banisters, which we planned to paint chantilly white.

Well, daddy's car was still backing out of the driveway when Mike jumped El. "I hope you're good and satisfied," he said in this furious tone, "because you've probably finagled Tri-State Auto Glass out of ever having a Southern Oregon branch with that snow job you handed the folks."

"But, Mike, all I wanted was to go with you, that was all, Mike," El said.

Mike just walked away with this disgusted look on his face and began mixing martinis with his glass swizzler. You could really read his mood, the way he went round and round and round. He had this ritual of looking down into this glass thing he made them in as though he was God and he had just created martinis. Yea, martinis created he them and he looked and saw that they were good. I mean it had that feel of majesty about it.

"I'd suggest you watch it, El," Mike said. "You're pushing your luck with this boy."

They didn't speak to each other any more that evening until about nine o'clock Mike said we were all going to a drive-in movie. I guess El wanted to regard this as Mike's way of apologizing, because she agreed right off the bat. We took a six pack of beer and an opener (the folks would have passed out cold if they'd known I drank beer the summer I was fourteen). Usually when the three of us went to movies, I sat on the outside by the door, but on this particular occasion, since they were still not thawed out from their exchange of unpleasantries, I sat in the middle.

So that was the starting lineup when we set out for *The Lovers—Les Amants*. There was this girl, the heroine, who showed up once presumably with just this three-strand pearl choker on. "That's enough to send you crashing through the plaster," Mike said. "Uh-huh," I said. I wasn't sure precisely what to say. I looked over at El to see what she made of the plaster comment, but she was asleep with her head on the back of the seat and her mouth open a crack. I decided that the plaster must have meant that he approved if he wanted to go crashing through it.

Of course all they do in *The Lovers* is they go traipsing through this frondsy meadow and end up in a canoe with no paddles and finally they get in the bathtub together, sloshing around like a couple of dolphins and I thought how if you took baths with someone in real life like that who would be supposed to get the cleanser and scrub out the tub.

Mike opened another beer for me, which I didn't really want. To tell the truth, I didn't really go for beer much at that stage in my development. "There you go, Claribelle," he said. "Beer helps a young girl raise bumps on the log."

"I dislike generalizations about people," I said. Miss Criley, our Community Life teacher, was all the time saying that. And then you know what he did? Mike gave me this real kiss, beer and teeth and everything. That Mike. I didn't exactly know what to say, I mean with three people in the front seat of a convertible, you couldn't have wound up and slapped anybody if you had wanted to. And at that point El came to and began to worry about all those hungry cats that skulk around under the cars eating secondhand popcorn. She didn't see how they kept from getting run over. I didn't either, but truth to tell, I didn't care too much.

I'll never in my life forget the day Marcie was born. June twentieth, which happens to be the baby's birthday, was the beginning of summer school, which I attended my freshman year at Jefferson High. I was home and thinking about how I got my lunch period with the sophomores and juniors instead of the freshmen on account of I requested archery fourth period when the phone rang and it was mother to tell me that she was with El in the hospital. I was to put on the casserole at 350° for half an hour if she wasn't home for dinner and be sure to take it out of the refrigerator for a while first so it wouldn't break, dear.

I gave the casserole a once-over. Texas hash. And then all of a sudden I got kind of scared. I thought for sure El would die and I started crying right into the Texas hash. I decided to go upstairs and pray for El a little. I mean even if I'm not sure about God, I do sincerely believe you can will things certain ways by concentrating. I decided to pray mostly to the Virgin Mary because she was a mother herself and had apparently had some complications during her labor. I got down on my knees and kept repeating, "Mary mother of God, help El, help her not to be scared and don't let the nurses be bad to her like they were when she had her tonsils out." And then I went downstairs and put the casserole in the oven, figuring that enough time had elapsed to temper the casserole.

About five-thirty mother phoned and she sounded really triumphant as though she had brought this thing off herself, instead of El, with me as her manager. It was a girl, seven-two, and Eleanor was fine. I started to bawl—silently, thank God—I couldn't help it, and I couldn't say anything because they think I'm the stoic type and I didn't want to ruin my reputation. "Emily, are you there, dear?" mother kept saying, and finally I said yah I was and that I had just put in the casserole according to spec and mother laughed and said I could come to the hospital that night with daddy and see the baby.

I looked out the window at our street. Someday the kid would play there the way we did. I'd show the kid all the secret places, the best hills for sledding, the appliance place in the village that gave you refrigerator cartons to make into playhouses, all that stuff.

I checked on the baby's horoscope and discovered that she would be decisive and artistic but in need of discipline, especially in the areas of the emotions, else her considerable abilities might be dissipated, and then, since the stores in the Mall were open till nine Thursdays, I went down and bought her a beautiful baby blanket with chintz Humpty-Dumpties, which if she was so artistic she would certainly grow to appreciate, it having cost me $9.98.

"Maybe she can come home wrapped in my blanket," I said to mother, standing there at the glass of the nursery looking in at her. The baby had one hand open on the blanket they had around her, her fingers splayed there like five stubby people.

"Oh, mercy, Emily, she'd get lost in that. El will want something light, a receiving blanket, or maybe that little Flemish shawl I had for her when she was a baby."

That annoyed me and so I asked why the kid looked cross like that. All babies do, I was given to understand, it had nothing to do with their basic dispositions. "I can see Uncle Morris in her," mother said.

"I still can't believe," daddy said, "that they would name the child Marcie. Marcella, perhaps, or Marcia, some Christian name, not a nickname."

When we walked into El's room, she was propped up on pillows in the velveteen bed jacket Mike had brought her, just absolutely radiant. Mike had smuggled in this vacuum jug of martinis and they were giggling and El was having hers from her water glass with the bent straw. Mother even had a sip to be a good kid and Mike produced a paper cup for daddy from somewhere and I had a little from the red cap of the jug.

"Here's to little Miss Michaels," Mike said boastfully. "Down the runway in two hours."

I could see daddy didn't go for that. I mean he thinks babies coast in from heaven in bonnets and bootees doing their bank turns. Daddy just barely knows the facts of life. Mike corrected for daddy's expression and said something about what a fortune this would cost him in lipstick, a girl.

And then something really humiliating happened. This busybody nurse pointed a finger at me and said, "Is she fourteen? We don't permit anyone under fourteen on the floor, you know." And mother assured her yes, I was fourteen. "Two girls in my crowd have already given birth," I said to the nurse with dignity. There was only one, but hyperbole has its place. And mother said well, Fern Shrader, if that was who I was thinking of, shouldn't be considered one of my crowd, and the nurse

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HOPE'S PATTERN

BY IRVING PETITE

There is no way to make you speak,
There are no words to call you back;
You are gone, clean as a flicker's
beak
Or a deer across shale, leaving no
track.

Our lives went separate roads,
but I—
Lean, flesh-enthralled and born to
burn—
Must hearken till the night I die
For the winged sound of your
return.

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LIVE MODERN FOR LESS WITH GAS

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said well, rules were rules and visiting hours were over because they were about to bring the babies in to be nursed. And El said eagerly yes, they didn't permit any outsiders then, just mothers and babies.

As we were leaving, I heard El saying "What did you have?" to the girl in the next bed. Her voice was soft and confident as though they were in a sorority or something, except that El didn't go for sororities, but there she was somehow bedded down in the most powerful sisterhood in the world with its white secrets, damp and mystical. What did you have? How was it? You'll understand once you have a daughter of your own—that was what mother was all the time saying to us.

I kept waking up that night looking at the clock and wondering if El had her baby with her and whether they waked you up or just laid it down in the curve of your arm and then at your leisure you escaped from a holocaust of dream to find it mewing there, waiting for you. You. I kept thinking of El and her dark exclusive joy. Nobody else allowed. She always liked the dark so long as nothing scary happened. As a matter of fact, now that I look back on it those three days may well have been the only period in her life when Marcie was hers and she could do whatever she wanted with her.

The day before El and the baby came home from the hospital, Mike left on this trip to Salem he had been putting off and putting off. So daddy drove El home from the hospital and mother put El down on the chaise with this afghan around her knees, drinking tea and rocking Marcie in the cradle with her slipper. Mother and El would sit there watching Marcie and mother would say mother love is amazing. Well, aunt love isn't so low-grade either, I felt like telling them.

El started out nursing Marcie. Unfortunately in about two weeks the product thinned down to something runny like cold-water starch and El had to switch Marcie to formula.

El was unhappy about the nursing not working out, but at least she heard from Mike nearly every day. He really wrote beautiful letters. They brought tears to mother's eyes when El saw fit to read them aloud. Mother used to talk to daddy about those letters. She just never knew of a husband who was so devoted, she told father, who said well, didn't he always write when he was away, and mother said yes, but not like that, his letters ran more to accommodations and weather and people who sent their regards.

Mike stayed away five weeks in all. At the precise moment that he came back everything was in chaos. Marcie had colic and El hadn't got her lipstick on that day and mother was standing there with two bottles, one milk and one warm water, and all of a sudden there was Mike. "Mike!" I screamed, and mother said, "Bless my soul, just in time, here, papa," and handed him one of the bottles, and El's face lit up like a Christmas tree. He walked over and gave El a kiss on the cheek. "What're you doing with bottles, nature girl?"

"Oh, she had to give up nursing," mother explained. "It was too much for her."

Mike took Marcie. "Too much for her and not enough for my kid," he said. The baby's spine sort of collapsed against his lapels the way he held her, but everyone was scared to say anything, and oddly enough she shut up; I think she was scared too.

There was this silence, and then Mike said there was a hunk of junk for me in the front of his suitcase, why didn't I run down and look? Actually I wasn't sure whether they were trying to get rid of me or whether he suddenly bethought himself of my present.

I rummaged around in his suitcase and then I came on this little pigskin address book, which I thought at first must be my present, but then I opened it up and there were all these names already in it: Janice Trueblood in Portland with two exclamations after the phone number, and Doreen Rasmussen in Salem and Sharon in Corvallis and Karen in Grant's Pass with a picture in a bathing suit—boy, was she stacked! And Aime's number, Temple something, and The Bear's. I replaced the book in this little gathered pocket at the back of the suitcase and piled a million socks on top of it. And then I saw these marimbas in white tissue paper which had to be my present, because I'd been wanting some. I finally decided to go back and give Mike this very cold thank you and he could draw his own conclusions, but when I got back upstairs the door was shut and I could hear these very earnest-sounding voices.

"How do I know you mailed all those letters yourself?" El said. "That you didn't write them first and have somebody mail them for you."

"El, I've already explained to you, I was called to San Francisco suddenly and if you got two letters from two different cities on the same day, then that was the way it was, so help me Pete. Did you go and get the folks all pushed out of shape over this?"

"No," El said. "No, I had too much pride. I want to believe you, God knows; it's just that I don't want you making a joke out of me and everything."

"Well, even if you haven't got ordinary common sense," Mike said, "I missed you so bad it hurt," and with that he flung the door open, almost in my face.

"Thank you very kindly for the marimbas," I said in this really acid voice. "I really appreciate your thinking of me at a time like that,"

WILD STRAWBERRIES

By FRANCES HIGGINSON SAVAGE

Always, when strawberries redden
A northern hill in Maine,
I shall be crouching beside you
In faded gingham again,
Hot sun on my shoulder,
Shiny pail half full,
Heaven yet unbroken,
Earth secure and still,
Taking your love for granted
As earth takes rain and sun,
With juice-stained lips and fingers
And Eden just begun.

which is a line mother uses when she doesn't much care for the present she gets from someone: either that or, "It's the spirit that counts."

"Don't mention it," Mike said, as though my tone had gone right over his head, which really made me wild. He headed down the hall.

"Listen, El," I said, "just in case you're interested, there's this little book with all these addresses of women in the back of Mike's suitcase under a pile of socks, Aime and everybody, the whole works, or maybe you already know all about it."

She just swept past me and out the door. I guess I really shouldn't have thrown it at her like that. But I was good and mad at the time.

Nevertheless, there remained some missing pieces in that puzzle. A three-pipe problem, my dear Watson. I don't mean what Mike was actually doing; there weren't too many unsavory possibilities. But what I wondered was whether Mike, being clever, which he undoubtedly was, whether maybe in sending me to get my present, he considered the possibility that I would find the book and tell El. I mean he used to talk to El about his girl friends, *ipso* presumably *post facto*. I think that he needed her to know to keep her on her toes or something. I just didn't dig it. And also there was the business of El's silently deceiving mother that way instead of talking out the situation. And also when did it first come to her about the postmarks? In the middle of reading to us? Or quietly in bed at night, mulling things over the way she did? Just possibly that was why her milk dried up. I really felt sorry for her about the nursing. I think it really would have meant something to her if she could have brought it off.

All that got through to me at the time was a sort of charged atmosphere. You were never sure just how anything was going to hit Mike. Sometimes he could be so charming you wanted to swoon and then there were other times when you felt as though you were walking on eggs. The other funny thing was that when things were roughest between Mike and El, they were the most solid between Mike and the folks.

The baby was at our house a lot, right from the start. Kind of a family project. I pretended at first to treat her tough. I couldn't sit around the way mother did, stroking the baby's fingers with the joints marked off in coils of fat flesh, and saying look at that rosebud. So I just said to *please* keep the kid out of my property, huh, that was all I asked.

Marcie was really the end. She had dark hair which she got from Mike. And she had these dark slanting eyes, also Mike, and a short stalk of neck, which gave her a look of imperial self-sufficiency, and little hands she kept holding the satin blanket binding with even after she was sound asleep. And if you leaned down and said good night right into her ear, she said good night back, right in her sleep. Once I did it ten times and she answered every time. Good night. Goo' night. Good night. Father caught me and made me stop finally. But that of course was when she was older.

Marcie got so she would hold up the soles of her feet to be kissed when you changed her. "She's nuts, she's crazy," I said once when I had kissed the soles of her feet a million and a half times. "No, she's a punkin," El said, "her's a big fat beautiful punkin," El said. "You didn't see yourself as a baby," mother said. It was a funny thing, but mother and El were like athletes competing sometimes. "Dr. Arthur said he never saw more perfect babies anywhere than you and your sister," mother said. "People used to stop on the street to look at you."

The day before Marcie's christening, when she was nine months old, I took care of her while Mike and daddy were making final arrangements with the minister and mother and El were out buying Marcie's dress. I parked the baby out in her boodle buggy in the backyard under the trees and she watched the leaves like they were alive. You might as well have had a baby doll. El had Marcie in one of those terry-cloth bunny suits and with those brown shoebutton eyes she was the end.

I picked her up. Have you ever put your hand over a kid's heart and it's going a mile a minute? Marcie's was like that. I got this idea Marcie was closer to eternity on one end and she had scraps of a secret maybe, the tail end of a reminiscence that excited her—you know what I mean?

I removed a seed of sleep—hold still—from the corner of Marcie's eye—there—opaque and round like a minnow's egg. She was warm and you could see this blue vein at her temple and she was just beginning to hang on with this crumpled-up fist and even then I could see that no, dolls wouldn't do—not even the best of them, the slick ones with real rooted hair—and I felt this stab of envy directed toward El for having this roly-poly immortality. Every morning you'd get up and it would be there waiting for you to come and get it and with it there you would never exactly be lonely, you could just go and hold it awhile if you felt bad and the world would approve of you.

Actually, now that I look back on it, even then it wasn't that way for El. That night when Mike and El got home El went bounding upstairs to get the baby and Mike said just to take it easy and not go in then because Marcie was a light sleeper. They were funny that way; if one of them was holding her the other one would come up and they would start this trading her back and forth, sort of luring her, but in the end she'd almost always go to Mike, because he had this decisive quality and people just did do what he wanted, even babies.

That night the thought passed through my mind that if she was mine, that baby, I'd take her away for good. I'd take a bus out to South Seattle maybe where there are supposedly cheap duplexes or maybe to one of those tenements around the Great Northern terminal even—Mike would never come there—and I'd just disappear behind one of those doors and bring up my baby the way I wanted to.

The next Easter, just before Marcie was two, mother coughed up one of her work-grimly-till-you-faint dinners. She got up at five because of this theory she has that the bread has to be personally grated for the dressing (other people have ham for Easter, but not us, we have turkey, which is what Granny Cox had and all the Coxes before her). Well, by the time I came downstairs mother's mouth was set in this line of fatigue and she was clunking the silver out of its bath of polish with vicious speed. Of course everything got finished two hours before anybody arrived, which is always the way it is with mother's dinners.

Mike and El and Marcie arrived first. Mother got down by this straw basket and began the business of who do you suppose the Easter bunny left this for, but old Marcie was busy handing El all the stuff she wasn't supposed to touch from the coffee table—a Steuben ashtray and a little figurine the folks got from that Picasso factory outside of Paris. Well, there she was, the baby, getting it all gathered together and giving it to El to put on the mantel. Mike and daddy and I howled, it was so funny, and then Marcie began to laugh because she really felt she had done something terrific.

El didn't laugh though. She thought it was nonsense to be all the time standing over the baby when all you had to do was move things out of reach and Mike said kids should be taught there were things in the world they couldn't touch, though if you ask me that wasn't part of his personal philosophy. Anyway El kept saying that Marcie derived comfort from this personal-contact stuff—you know, climbing all over her and getting in bed with her and that kind of thing—but then Mike would say that Marcie would never go back to sleeping in her own bed and then El would argue that what Marcie needed was a sense of identification. Well, it seems to me that the way people look at kids depends mostly on what they need and not what the kids need, but then again I may just be all wet.

Vesta and Pooh-Bah always send flowers at Easter. This year it was pompons and out-of-season spider chrysanthemums, which were so long that they had to cut the end out of the box. We just call Pooh-Bah that in private. It's a nickname. They are really Orville and Vesta Storgaard, and he's daddy's lawyer.

When the Storgaards showed up in person, it was really stately and all. Vesta wore her latest extant mink stole with her name sewed in the lining and a Rodriguez original suit with a derby hat of the same material that she picked up when they were in Madrid. Pooh-Bah hauled her out of the car by a glove and her perfume drifted in a couple of yards ahead of her. Vesta is one of those tight overwound little women that you have to wait a minute with to see whether anything has broken or whether she'll just start off again.

Vesta said how tired mother looked, and how I had grown just since the last time she had seen me, and how marriage had improved El, how much more chic she was, all of which was unarguable but not precisely welcome. Good old Vesta, she never shuts up. Mike hissed to me that she was as phony as a three-dollar bill, which Pooh-Bah may have heard because he promptly started up this argument with Mike about the necessity of a classical education. "A requisite for gentility," Pooh-Bah said, "it's as simple as that." By dinnertime no one was really speaking and the house had this heavy smell of turkey grease and it was really terribly depressing.

The worst thing of all happened right after dinner. El and I were clearing the table as we were expected to do. Anyway, Marcie started out skating around the kitchen with her foot in mother's two-quart pan and El put her up on this bar stool.

"Eleanor, sugar, it scares me to death to see a little one like that up there," Vesta said.

"I don't believe in projecting fears into children," El said. She'd been reading all these books.

"Get her off there," Mike said.

Well, Marcie wavered, looking from one to the other, and over she went in this terrific

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Modess . . . because

MODESS NAPKINS · FLEXS TAMPONS · MODESS BELTS

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header and nicked her chin on the chrome corner of the breakfast bar. She bit her tongue so her mouth was full of blood and everybody was scared simple. El picked her up and kept just saying "Marcie, Marcie" and Mike snatched her off El's lap and set her up on the table and said yes she'd have to have stitches.

I went with El and Mike to this clinic and the baby was really better than anybody. I started to button her coat and she said, "No, me," she's that independent. Then of course she tried mating button with button instead of putting them through the holes, but you can see the spirit there. She quit crying by the time we'd gone a block and she and I sat in back stuffing this Easter card into the envelope and taking it out again.

"Call yourself a mother," Mike kept saying to El in this nasty tone. "Every time she gets hurt it's for one of your Big Theories." Mike imitated El's tone on the Big Theories. He could really mimic people. He should have been on the stage. "I hope you're satisfied proving your points that way," he said, "just like the time the carriage rolled off the front porch when you had the whole backyard to park it in."

When we came back from the doctor's, El was white and had to lie down in her old room and mother was whacking off some turkey for Vesta to take home and Vesta was saying no, she wouldn't think of it and all the time watching to see how much she was going to get and Mike mixed himself a drink, which he rarely did at the folks'. I decided I'd go into El's room and talk to her for a while.

She was lying on the bed, stroking Nicki, who was balled up beside her. "Listen," I said, "don't feel bad."

"Do they think it was my fault?"

"Oh, it wasn't anybody's fault," I said. "If you're so concerned, why don't you come on down?"

"No," she said.

So I went on down by myself, leaving the door ajar so that Nicki could get out if he wanted to.

You probably think that people who install windshields just install windshields, but it isn't that way at all. It's really a complicated business. I know because that summer I worked for Mike at Tri-State. I made $210 a month dispensing goodwill. That's very necessary. Say a juvenile delinquent or someone throws a rock through your windshield. You call your insurance agent and he says Tri-State Auto Glass Craft will take care of that for you. Well, that little mention of Tri-State earns your agent a 30-to-35-percent kickback from us. I should say that Mike always called it a rebate.

What the folks thought I did was just to deliver memo pads, but there was a lot to it that I didn't bother discussing with them because maybe they would think I was a little young. Mike saw my point: "Let's just call this a private deal between you and me, Claribelle," he said.

Anyway, suppose you're a car dealer. I breeze in and say, "Hi, I'm with Tri-State Auto Glass Craft and I'd like to leave you some fresh pads for your jottings," and then while I'm getting out the pads, I fumble around in this briefcase which is loaded with green trading stamps. Maybe I spill a few and then if you have normal emotions you say something like my, but you do have quite a little mittful of trading stamps there, don't you? And then I reply casually, stuffing them back as if they were a shirttail that just happened to pop out, that yes indeed, Tri-State Auto Glass Craft is very pleased to remember our friends with stamps for the business they send us if they like. You do it that way, so that in case you hit somebody religious or with scruples who objects to the rebating system, fundamental as it is to our economy (God knows, it's only tithing in reverse), then you don't lose their business because unless the customer makes some allusion to the trading stamps then you don't say anything either.

Now occasionally you have a comeuppance anyway. And this one time I had a double comeuppance. It was a gentleman named Mr. Hixon. I went through my stamp routine, but then instead of looking impressed Mr. Hixon said, "Ah, come on, honey, leave us not be chintzy. Green stamps are worth only three percent. No dice. When Tulloss Auto Glass gives me a fifty-percent cash commission on every job, I should spend my life licking stamps; you see what I mean, little one?"

I thought this over for a little while. These days everybody wants cash; it's really appalling what a cash-conscious society we're living in. But in the end I said sure, Mr. Hixon, we'd be delighted, not only would Tri-State be pleased to extend the same courtesy as Tulloss Auto Glass, but we would insist on sending along a merchandise-purchase order made out in favor of Mrs. Hixon too. "Now we're communicating," Mr. Hixon said, and we established that Mrs. Hixon would like her gift certificate from the Bon Marche. I was about to leave when Mr. Hixon said, "What's your hurry, kid? Sit down here on your Uncle Frank's lap, and we'll pass the time of day."

I blushed ninety shades of purple. "No," I said. "No thanks."

"Suit yourself," he said, "but your predecessor had no such inhibitions."

"You mean Gerry?" I said. (Mike fired her for dipping into the petty cash.) "She went to Cleveland High," I said. "I think she was in Pen and Scroll."

"That must have been a great little club they had going out there," Mr. Hixon said. "Look, I can tell you're just a kid. That last little chippy put out for all comers, especially for Tri-State management. That boy Mike's a real pistol, so don't let him fast-talk you."

I was really wild to get out of there. Put out? That was a new one on me.

I know there are women haters in the world. But why do they have to design women's clothes for a living?

CAROL CHANNING

"Listen," I finally said, "Mike happens to be my brother-in-law."

"No kidding," Mr. Hixon said. "I'd still watch out for him, even if he was your brother."

Mike really loved Tri-State. He loved cars too. And he loved Marcie—she was sort of an extension of him—and Martinis and that's about it. He used to take Marcie down to the plant with him Saturdays and she really got a boot out of it, although I must say she spent most of her time squatting in front of the bubble-gum-and-charms machine.

El, on the other hand, never came down there at all after the first few months they were married. In fact, she never really listened when Mike talked about Tri-State, which he loved to do. Even Marcie knew more than El about how you made a living, Mike said. I know that I was completely fascinated by the whole deal he had going there. It made me feel kind of proud to be associated with him, especially after that summer I put in working for him when you saw how people hustled around him. "When I yell 'jump,'" Mike used to say, "my people don't ask reasons. They just say, 'From what bridge?'"

Around Thanksgiving, Mike had to go to San Francisco on a buying trip. To everyone's surprise El, who seemed to have given up arguing with Mike about anything, insisted on going with him and taking Marcie.

"El," Mike said, "you don't seem to understand that this is a business trip. Someday when the kid's older we'll take a family vacation with suitcases strapped to the top of the car, all that jazz."

"It would be just like our honeymoon," El said, "except we could show her all these places where we've been. She'd love the Sea Lion Caves and the Trees of Mystery and the redwoods and everything. Just the three of us, Mike, please?"

"OK, Eleanor," Mike said. "As usual you get your way. But there's one thing we're going to do and that's take Emily here to stay with Marcie."

El looked wistful. "But I thought just our family this time, Mike."

"Family, schmamily," Mike said. "Take it or leave it."

Needless to say, El took it and we all went and it was a terrible fiasco from start to finish. To begin with Mike and El couldn't get together on what they wanted to do. El wanted to browse around in the funny little bookstores and of course Mike wouldn't. El wanted to have drinks in North Beach beatnik places and Mike liked only the glassed-in roof bars—the Top of the Mark and the Sir Francis Drake. El liked these ballad singers with the big sad tendons in their necks going and Mike like monologists. Neither of them ever asked me once what I wanted to do.

For dinner on the first evening we went to Fisherman's Wharf. El didn't touch her lobster. She said she felt nauseous. So we left before dessert with Mike saying why did El come if she intended to ruin the whole deal by getting sick?

The next morning El seemed better and we had brunch at the St. Francis. There were these ladies having raspberries and cream, and little kids in hats, and Mike said why hadn't El brought a hat for Marcie? Why was he the one who always had to think of everything? And El said, "Yes, you think of everything to make me miserable." It had the makings of a real brawl, but the waitress arrived to take our order. El told Mike she wanted French brioche, which made him mad, I could tell, because I don't think he was sure what it was or whether he was saying it right to the waitress.

Well, after breakfast El said she felt bad again and she was going back to the motel. Mike had business to take care of and so I took Marcie and we rode cable cars out to the end of the line and then we got out and helped the men turn them around on the track. We walked until Marcie got blisters on her heels and we had to stop and get those decorated bandage strips she's so crazy about. For lunch we ate a whole package of fortune cookies sitting on a curb along Grant Avenue. Marcie made me read her all her fortunes and I think something must have got stuck that day in the fortune-cookie assembly line because every last one of them said A Dark Stranger Will Enter Your Life.

While we were sitting there a Chinaman asked us to buy this canister of genuine (he called it gen-u-wine) San Francisco fog for thirty-nine cents. "Oh, come on," I said. I hate for people to think I'm gullible or the next thing we might find ourselves on a junk somewhere, the victims of white-slave traffic. Dodie told me this happens all the time around port cities.

"No, I mean it," the man said. "They go out with these cans in the morning and scoop up fog. You can mail it to a friend for four cents if you don't want it for yourself."

"Open one up and show me the fog if it's so gen-u-wine," I said, using his pronunciation to be polite.

"Oh, I'm not allowed to do that," he said. "I could lose my dealership, but you can open it yourself at home."

"OK," I said finally. I was kind of marginally intrigued. "Just to please the baby."

We bought some other stuff too. One of those lotus bowls for El, and cuff links for Mike, and chopsticks, and I bought Marcie a Chinese thinking cap. Made in Japan, can you beat that?

When we got back to the motel I put Marcie down without even taking her socks off. She was totally 100 percent pooped. I decided I'd go give El her lotus bowl. She was lying down with the blinds drawn and slapping against the window. It was awfully dark and gloomy.

"Wake up," I said.

She turned over a little and said, "Where's Marcie?"

"Napping," I said. "We got you a nifty present."

"Thanks," El said, but she didn't seem much interested. I waited for her to start guessing what it was. We always used to play twenty questions with presents, or at least this animal,vegetable or mineral business.

"Do you have flu or something?" I said.

"I guess so," El said, doubling the pillow up behind her head.

She had this guidebook open on the bed. "You shouldn't try to read in that light," I said. Mother was always saying that.

"You know something?" El said. "I might come back sometime and go to all these places, Omar Khayyam's and Alouette and the Algeria."

"I doubt if Mike would go for those," I said, "not in a million years. You know him and foreign food."

"Alone," El said. "I might just come by myself or with Marcie. Without him."

"He'd never let you take Marcie," I said.

Mike banged on the door about six and I ambled out with his cuff links. He was really pleased. "I do declare," he said.

"Try them on," I said, "go ahead." He had terrific wrists and the links looked wonderful, heavy silver dragons oxidized in the curve of the tails.

"Well, *muchas gracias*, Claribelle," he said, and just to be nice he looked over all the other stuff I bought which he wouldn't ordinarily have bothered to do.

"Oh, oh," I said. I started to say the baby must have taken the top off the fog can, but I had a suspicion he'd laugh at me. I closed one eye and looked in. Nothing. Not even damp to the touch.

"Listen," I said. "I know you already have those Jensen cuff links and the Grand Canyon ones and the gold ones the folks gave you for Christmas and the ones with the ruby stones and those in the shape of the Jaguar ——"

"My one vice, Claribelle. They're my reward for not chasing little girls. Get your girdle on. We're going to live it up; Solari's for dinner. Spruce the kid up and come on over in fifteen minutes, OK?"

I saluted, heels together. "OK, sarge." I got Marcie ready except that she was in a pet and wouldn't let me do her hair, which she claims I pull. El was still in the sack when we got there. "I really don't feel like anything," she said. "Bring me back some crackers."

"Suit yourself," Mike said. "At Solari's prices, far be it from me to coax you. But do me a favor and don't complain after this that I never take you anywhere when you spend most of your time in the sack."

There weren't any quarrels at all on the flight back to Seattle for the reason that El had her face buried in a spew cup the whole time. The next morning she was still sick and mother called Dr. Cott, who said for El to come in for a checkup. No, it wasn't a virus, he said; she was pregnant again.

Mike was really elated over the prospect of a son. That's the only possibility Mike or daddy ever admitted for Fetus Michaels No. 2; Edward Hollis Michaels, that was the name they picked. Edward for Mike, Hollis after daddy's middle name. To be known as Holly.

El herself never talked about the new baby at all. I guess she felt that her big job was to hold onto her breakfast. In addition, there was a new and odious complication; namely, Nicki got ringworm and then so did El. She got these red crescents stippled on her arms and in her hair and even her eyebrows and Mike said she would have to have her head shaved like a collaborator.

Of course El didn't have her head shaved, but she had to put fuller's diatomaceous earth on her arms and this smelly astringent shampoo on her scalp. And she had to leave Marcie strictly alone; Mike insisted on that. I mean for weeks El didn't have physical contact with any of the family. Instead she would sit holding Nicki and stroking him for hours at a time.

Around mid-March I came in to find El lying on our nine-foot sofa and her legs resting on the top where heads generally go and mother and daddy there looking worried. "Mike is on the way," mother said. "We're afraid she's losing the baby."

"It's maybe for the best if I miscarry," El said. "It's just not meant to be," she said in this resigned voice. She wouldn't look at any of us, she just kept staring off into space, or maybe she was looking at the Cascades, and saying, "It's all for the best." All the way over to the hospital Mike refused to admit it was going to end badly. He said he just wished he

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

was the one having the baby, he'd see that it stayed put all right, his little son. The thing is, Mike had this terrible determination; he hated weakness, and El gave up too easily.

When they let us back in the room with her he said, "Now, El, you've got to hang on, El. This is Holly, my son that we all want. Just hold on, El. I'll fix it. I'll get that doctor squared away."

Finally Dr. Cott came in and saw that Mike was getting El nervous trying so hard to fire her up to fight. And Dr. Cott said the best thing we could do was go home, all of us, she needed to be quiet.

Outside her room Mike said what time is it? and I told him two-twenty and he said let's me and him take off for the auto show, there were people there he had to see and we couldn't just sit around the lobby going nuts. I sure did want to go, but I wasn't sure whether it was disloyal when El was in the hospital. In the end I went, but I felt a little edgy.

Mike strode around with a cigarette in his mouth, rolling the glass up and down in all the models but he wasn't concentrating. He'd roll down the windows systematically, but he kept up this monologue about the baby. He knew it was a boy, and he meant to have that kid; he'd call in another doctor. The whole AMA if he had to. When he finished the General Motors cars, he told me to go call El's room at the hospital and tell her that if this turned out all right, things would be different.

"What'll I say if she says what things?" I said.

"She won't," he said. "She'll know what things."

As it happened a nurse answered and said in this crisp voice that Mrs. Michaels was asleep and I couldn't think of exactly how best to leave Mike's message so I didn't.

Mike and I went through making notes on all the compacts and then Mike told me to go call again. This time he told me to tell El that he was buying a Mercedes 300-SL with spoke wheels.

"Are you really?" I said. "Straight scoop?"

"I don't lie about anything connected with cars, do I?" Mike said.

This time the voice that answered said, "Just a minute, Miss Showcrafter, the R.N. will speak with you." They transferred the call to the third floor and the R.N. merely said that Mrs. Michaels was out of surgery after a D. and C., having miscarried. I began to cry and Mike grabbed the receiver from me and bellowed that he wanted Dr. Cott. "No, I don't want any fool nurse, I want the doctor, go get the doctor." Mike had this cigarette in his mouth and he kept looking back onto the floor at all these cars revolving around with their parking lights on. Then he said into the mouthpiece, "That's not what I'm asking, I know she'll be fine, I want to know was it a boy? What do you mean you couldn't tell? You saw it, didn't you?" He began to swear and slammed down the receiver. "The king of quacks," he said. "Doesn't know what it was, he says. Well, I know what it was, it was a boy."

"You can have another one, Mike," I said; that was what I heard mother say once to the milkman when his wife lost one. "You can always try again."

"Your sister doesn't know what try means," Mike said. "Now shut up, I'm going to get a drink."

Tears came to my eyes. I didn't see why he had to be nasty to me that way. It wasn't my fault El lost her baby. It got to be six and six-thirty and I couldn't find Mike and I began to be worried about getting back to the hospital. I wandered over to the Jaguar exhibit where they had a real jaguar cub on a leash. I was standing there petting him when Mike came up behind me.

"That cat gives me an idea, Claribelle," he said. "We're going to get rid of our buddy Nicki, and I'm going to be very generous. Rather than me drown him, I'm going to let you find him a home."

"Oh," I said, "El would never go along with getting rid of Nicki. She loves him."

"Look, junior," Mike said. "El's already agreed. We had it out a couple of days ago. Your job is just to place him; you do that and you make *beaucoup* Brownie points with Uncle Mike."

Well, El came home from the hospital. To our house, natch, so mother could spend her time Getting El Built Up. "Where's Nicki?" she said, stepping carefully over that spot in the hall where he often was stretched out.

"Gee, El," I said, "what do you mean? You agreed with Mike that I should find Nicki a new home. Don't you remember?"

El just stood there holding onto the stair-post looking at me. "We found this neat lady over in Montlake who had seven of them and she takes wonderful care of them. They have their own cat door; you know one of those hinged deals ——" She sat on the edge of the bed looking out into the yard below. I thought of how El used to celebrate Nicki's birthday even and I really felt awful. "I guess I should have checked it out with you first, El, and got your point of view straight," I said.

"I don't have a point of view anymore," she said.

I don't know whether it was Nicki's exodus or the miscarriage or what, but El hardly talked to any of us except Marcie for days and she wouldn't say a word to Mike. After a while everyone kind of gave up. Instead mother and daddy and Mike would have these clinical discussions about El as though she weren't there at dinner. Mother would start in on her, that she wasn't eating, she was just picking and that way she would never get any flesh on her bones. And daddy would chime in that it was impossible to tell anything about her the way she slouched over and Mike would say to sit up straight the way Marcie did. And then Mike would shoot his thumb down the baby's vertebrae as though he were doing a run on a xylophone and she'd say "Stopit—stopit" and giggle and I would generally ask to be passed something, the celery or preferably something I wanted, the guava jelly, to distract the whole crew.

We live only to discover beauty. All else is a form of waiting. KAHLIL GIBRAN
SAND AND FOAM—ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC.

When El had been at the house about a week there was this wild tooting in front and mother said, drying her hands on her apron, that it was Mike with the new car, but El wouldn't even so much as go to the window. "It's his car," she said, "the same as it was his baby." The folks were rather embarrassed and they went out to look at it.

Mike's Mercedes; it was a funny thing, but everybody referred to it that way. He loved that car, he really did. "How's your mistress?" I used to say to him. "You've got that on the brain, Claribelle," he'd say, but you could tell it pleased him. Just to show you how crazy he was about that car, he had separate cleaning cloths for summer and winter, and he never let the auto laundry use detergent on it, and he personally polished each spoke once a week.

During this period, mother, of course, looked after not only Marcie but El as well. The more built up mother got El, the more of a triumph it was for her Tender Loving Care, but at the same time it seemed to me that El backslid into feeling incompetent to take care of herself even, which I suppose is some sort of fundamental status symbol: to be able to keep yourself in good running order. She just seemed to sink under all the care and well-intentioned suppression.

After about three weeks daddy saw fit to inquire when El was going home and she said she didn't want to.

"What?" daddy said.

"I don't want to go back," she said, so softly you almost couldn't hear. "I want a divorce." But you *could* really hear because nobody asked her to repeat.

"A divorce is hardly something you *just want*, like a streetcar transfer," father said. Then he started in on a big lecture about the home that Mike had provided for her and how she might not think that the material comforts were important, but that was because she had fortunately never had to live wit them, and how she must face up to her sa responsibilities. El didn't say anything. just sat looking down until Marcie sne into an ashtray and that sort of broke the with everyone looking for the whisk br

Pretty soon after that El did go home, i Mercedes at that.

Two or three days later I heard M voice in the living room, so I naturally dro what I was doing and went on in. "Don't understand me," Mike was saying. "You k how I feel about El."

"Of course we do, Mike," mother said daddy said, "That goes without saying boy."

"Well," Mike said, "I'll just give you broad brush on this evening's particular There's a lot more I could tell you, I won't. Suffice it to say—no more Th on Saturdays for Marcie. El has gone bought tickets for herself and Marcie t next sixteen Saturday concerts for chi down at the Shrine Auditorium. All righ one appreciates music more than me. I say this to you, a father who works like a all week long deserves the company o child on weekends. A few quiet hours t joy her, to be her friend. I appeal to you would appeal to my own parents—whic cidentally I regard you both as being."

I really believe Mike did view mothe daddy something like parents. He marri for her mother, he used to say sometimes mother would say oh now, Mike. But sh very flattered when he paid her attentic his book mother was Best of Breed fo sixty-year-olds, and me, maybe I wo Fun Match for teen-age fillies.

I think daddy was all set to deliver very weighty pronouncement when head bore in at the place where the drapes pa "A taxi," daddy said, looking out.

And then El was there in the hallway Marcie limply asleep over her shoulde knew you'd go here and get them on side," she said, her eyes blazing out a Mother laid aside her embroidery hoop went to her.

"Now, Eleanor, it was perfectly na that Mike should be concerned ——"

"He told me he was going to the villa cigarettes," El said, "but liars lie about e thing. I knew he'd be over here pois your minds against me."

"Now, El, let's look at this whole calmly," Mike said in this extraordi reasonable tone. "We'll go home and some dinner and you'll feel better."

El didn't even look at him, just at m and daddy. "He's stolen everything else baby and my cat and my self-respect now he's taking you too."

"Now, Eleanor," daddy said sternly, " not have you hysterical."

"Daddy is right, dear, you mustn't let self get all worked up," mother said.

"Daddy is right, dear, Mike is right, I've had enough of their rightness," El "Why can't I ever be right? Why can't least leave you out of it?" she went on i choky voice. "Why does he have to tak away too?"

"I'll make some coffee," mother said, will revive everyone. I don't think eithe of you eats right."

"You believe everything he tells you said, looking primarily at father, "you to believe it all."

"Not at all, Eleanor," father said. told you many times before and I tel again that we have always tried to be fai our children. In return I expect adequat dence that you recognize your obligatio your family and to your husband. You a one who makes it sound as though yo something to conceal."

"No," El said, "it's not like that. H about me. The way he presents things me sound wrong all the time."

"El," Mike said, "why don't we both to your father's wisdom in this? Mayb wrong after all in this feeling I have spending a little time with Marcie. It well be that listening to music is better f

CONTINUED ON PA



"Lycra"—Du Pont's new elastic fiber that controls better, weighs less than any other elastic! DU PONT

"Lycra" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its spandex fiber. Du Pont makes the fiber, not the yarn or girdle shown here.

Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

in the long run. Maybe the way I feel is all cockeyed."

Daddy walked over to Mike then and kind of patted his shoulder and said, "Believe me, son, I know how a father feels about his little girl."

At this, El began to bawl, I think probably because of the "son" and also literally speaking she never was daddy's little girl.

Mike went over to El and said in this very kindly tone that she was tired and why didn't they go home, but El said no, she wasn't going with him and if he tried to make her she'd lock herself in the car again, which came as a surprise to all of us and obviously embarrassed Mike. Finally everyone agreed that El would stay for a little while and then daddy would take her home. Mike took off reluctantly—until he got to the car, that is, and then we heard him slam the Mercedes into reverse and back down the driveway in this one unbroken spurt of power. I thought then that maybe El would enlighten us about why she locked herself in the car, but all she kept saying was, "Please, daddy, let me stay home, please."

Father finally said, "Eleanor, you're a grown woman and your place is with your husband in the home he has made for you."

To tell the truth, by that time everyone was pretty well exhausted. Daddy plunked down in his chair with *Fortune* and mother began this thing of diverting El, asking did she think a cable stitch would be all right on Mrs. Evans's Christmas stocking, and had she noticed how well the rhododendron she and Mike had given them was coming along, that sort of thing, until finally right after the eleven-o'clock news, daddy brought the car around and took El and Marcie home.

I went upstairs to bed and presently I heard the car come back and then mother's and daddy's voices downstairs. It made me feel kind of lonely to hear the two of them talking; I mean, if anyone had been courteous enough to ask, I had a few opinions I could have contributed to the discussions.

After this Mike and El went through quite a tranquil period of trying. But it was like that false calm after vomiting: you think for the moment it will never happen again.

I'm going to skip now to the day of the Event, May 26, 1961. On this particular afternoon, El putted up the driveway in the Mercedes. Mike was throwing this really elaborate ball for the independent underwriters at the Olympic, and Marcie was going to spend the night with us.

Out came the baby with this duffel bag slapping against her knees. She salts her stuff away in it. It's really a panic to see what all she crams in, so I started her unpacking right away because it really interested me what she'd think of.

Two balloons; the orange one with a hole in it, which I pointed out in a nice way. Pomade which she got in her stocking last Christmas and which absolutely sends her. One of those packages of jerky– you know, dried beef—with a staple at the top, which I removed because mother heard of a child who swallowed one once opening the package with her teeth and they had to probe for it with a magnet. "Does El know you brought that?" She shook her head, no. Her snippy scissors, a jack and a nine of clubs. "Somebody's going to be mad at you when they go to play bridge next time," I said. "I don't care," she said; "anyway, Mike gave them to me." (She almost always called them by their first names, especially El.) A soap sample, Yosemite Park and Curry Co. Three pieces of string, different lengths; she stuck her head almost all the way in to be sure she had it all. El was waving good-bye to mother in the den, saying she had to rush to the cleaner's.

"Hey, El, wait for me," I yelled. "I've got to get my plaid skirt rehemmed."

"Hurry up, then," she said. "Mike'll have fits if we're late for this thing."

"What're you wearing?" I said.

"My new sweater," El said. "They promised they could get the stain out."

The sweater she was referring to was a gray cashmere with a silver-fox collar and one button at the waist. It was really absolutely elegant. The stain was from the time when Marcie unfortunately reached out to touch the fur with the aftermath of a chocolate bar.

We parked in a green fifteen-minute zone in front of the cleaner's. "The Slattern's there," I said. We've been doing business with the Slattern for about a hundred years. She has dyed red hair and wanders around perpetually with a pin between her teeth and when you come in she ignores you for a while and then she starts in telling you about how someday she'll be worthy grand matron of the Eastern Star and everyone will send her telegrams. The Slattern's grandson, Jimmy Sachs, is Marcie's age. He's around the store half the time.

"If she nails you, I'll toot the horn and you say you have to dash." That was a laugh. El never tooted a horn in her life, she wasn't the type, but never mind.

The Slattern was back there by these racks and racks of things.

"I came for Eleanor's sweater," I said.

She went over the rows and rows and rows of sweaters in bags twice, although she knew perfectly well which was El's. She's so nosy she could put her hands on everyone's clothes instantly if she cared to, but she has this rigamarole.

"Here we are," she said. "Tell Ellie we did the very best we could by her, but there's still a trace right there on the cuff although it looks like they might just have picked up an odd thread when they were looming it, you know what I mean?"

I said yes, I knew just exactly. I decided not to tell El that about the odd thread though. She was so honest she would have come right out with it and Mike would have got mad all over again. I gave her my skirt to fix and left. I planned on wearing that particular one for my blackboard demonstration in senior speech class.

"OK?" El said, swinging the door open for me.

"O.K." I said.

They were doing a lot of building over on Magnolia and the surveyors were out there in the street in fluorescent pink satin shirts swelled by the wind from the bay. I was thinking about them when El slammed on the brakes so fast I hit my head on the dash.

Make the most of yourself, for that is all there is of you. EMERSON

"A dog," she said. She had her hands over her face. I got out with my heart pounding. Some kids were running toward us.

"He's had it," one of the boys said.

"Is it your dog?" I said.

"It looks like Rinty," the kid said. "Doesn't it look like Rinty?"

El was sobbing. "Don't look at it," I said. But she just kept staring as though she were mesmerized.

There was a woman on the scene by this time, sort of directing things. "Don't anybody touch him, he might snap, they're mean when they're hurt."

"He's not hurt, he's stone-cold dead," one of the boys said, a little blond kid.

"She wasn't going fast," I said. El going fast, that was a laugh. A Mercedes that road-tests at 120 and she used to drive it about 20.

"She hit him way back there," the other one said, "and it knocked him all that way, fifty feet"

"Impact," the woman said.

A man in a white pickup truck stopped in the middle of the street coming up from the village. "He's a goner, that one," he said. It takes a man to analyze things. "But he didn't suffer any anyway. That your dog?"

"No," the woman said. "We think it's Rinty. Eddie, call Mrs. Schiffer and see."

"Radiator seems OK," the man said, "but it sure made spaghetti out of that fancy grille of yours."

"Oh," I said, "Mike'll have a coronary."

We both looked where the man was pointing. "See, she's stove in there."

Not only that but the tires were a terrible mess. "Those are special ones," El said, "he paid a hundred each for them."

The man lifted the dog by the four paws—the head banging on the pavement—and carried it over to the curb. "If you want I'll bury it for you," the man said.

"Thanks," I said. "We'd appreciate it. Nobody seems to know who owns it and it wasn't our fault. . . . Come on," I said to El. Finally I had to take her by the hand. "You can leave your name if you want to," I said. We found a pencil in the glove compartment and wrote on the back of a gas credit slip and I gave it to the woman

When we went in the house Mike was dressed and pacing up and down lookin[g] at his watch. He had on a tan vicuña jacket [I] went flying up to him. She must have had [h]is stuff on her from the car because when [he] turned he had this smear on his sleeve.

"We hit a . . . dog," El said in this wail.

"A dog?" Mike said, and looked at [his] sleeve.

"Yah," I said. "It just ran right out [f]rom behind a parked car and ——"

"I get the picture all right," Mike said. "You ran over a mongrel. So what? For [a]ll you ruin my jacket and keep my hundred [o]f customers standing around at the ho[t]?" Mike gave El this hefty shove away from [h]im. She slipped on the braided rug and fell against the spinning wheel. El let out a little [cry]. "Typical," Mike said. "Snivel over a mut[t] but anything involving Tri-State, louse the wo[rks] whenever you can."

"You just watch it," I said to Mike. Sometimes I'm really fairly spunky.

"Keep the kindergarten quiet," he said to me. He was standing over El.

"We hit a dog, that's all," I said. "It wasn't her fault." Then I said exactly the wrong thing to divert him. "It only dented the grill a little," I sort of shrieked.

He wheeled out into the driveway, slamming the door. El got up slowly. "Are you hu[rt]?" I said. She didn't answer. Mike came in carrying the bag with the sweater slumped into [a] corner as if it was cowering.

"Before you put this on," he said to El, "[you] get out there and get that car cleaned, and [I] mean clean, c-l-e-a-n," he spelled it out, [his] eyes narrowed to slits.

"I don't want to go to the hotel," El said. He started walking toward her with his [fists] on his hips. "No," El said; she was backing up, but then she got to the stairs.

He caught her by the wrist. "Get up there and get into your fancy duds," he said. He shoved the sweater at her, at her stomach instead of, and she put her hand there with a cry – although I don't really think he intended to hurt her. He had hold of her wrist, so he couldn't go upstairs. A minute before he wanted her to be cleaning the car. "You know what this costs me, irregardless of the car?" (Irregardless; he sometimes got careless when he was excited.) "Well, I'll tell you, not [that] you care. The independent underwriters' business. That's all. Twenty-five grand a year, that's all. You know how many of your swimmers that would buy, or dogs for that matter? Well, let me clue you ——" but he never [did] because El turned and flew upstairs, me following. "Wait a minute, wait a minute," Mike said. "One more thing, just one more thing, Eleanor," he said in this unbearable sarcastic tone, "and that's Marcie. You're not to take the baby with you in the car. Ever. Little Mother; do you read me, Little Mother?"

El disappeared into her room. "What are you going to do?" I said. "Shall I lock her door?"

"No," she said. "Get dressed, I guess."

"Are you going?"

"I guess," she said. She opened the bag and took out the sweater and removed the cleaner's tag. "Stain still shows," she said.

"Just a little," I said.

She started getting dressed, the white strapless bra and the half slip and the gray chiffon dinner dress and the pumps she got dyed to match, and the sweater and then these layers of makeup, like dripping different colors on a big candle, the cake makeup and the mascara swirled out at the corners and the touch of rouge and the smoked-over-gold eye shadow across the ovals of her lids. "Listen," I said, "you'll knock 'em dead; you look like Anne and The Bear and everybody rolled into one."

El looked into the vanity mirror and shuddered at her reflection. She used to shiver that way when she was introduced to strangers. "You go on home now, Emily," she said. "And don't say anything to the folks."

I didn't much want to leave; I mean, I would have preferred going down those stairs with her for both our sakes. "OK," I said finally.

I deliberately made a racket coming down stairs so I wouldn't take Mike by surprise. "Get in the car," he said. "I'll take you."

"No," I said. "I'd rather walk."



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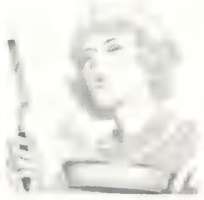
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in," he said in this unbearable
ain.
" I said, "but I'm not fasten-
seat belt."
alf smiled. "Don't get your
up, Claribelle. I pity the poor
o tries to tame you, take it
g daddy here."
pleased me slightly and made
home somewhat less degrad-
ough that was all he said and
down Dravis, which is the
hill in Seattle, like a bat out
The slopes sort of came up to
stomach. And he never even
off the motor at our house.
at you, Emily?" mother said.
ey get off all right?"
," I said, I had tacitly prom-
shut up. And anyway, what
re to say? El unfortunately hit
nd Mike was nasty and they
other fight. But nobody's life
en book. Nobody's. Mike and
right to some privacy, didn't
ly head ached and I went up
oom.
ed around for a while, sham-
my hair. And then I settled
Wilson's 14 Points, which
most likely be on my history
next day. Old Miss Criley had
given it to the morning section
ad it that she asked for only
of 14. I memorized an extra
a cushion just in case. Never
eak by under the wire, daddy
says, and I really needed an A
ry. Father claimed he would
the money for my trip to
only if I got at least three A's
B's.
I finished everything I needed
nd flopped down on the chaise.
hile I just sat looking out into
kyard. I used to think it was
nal—privet hedges, broad and
ike sheep's backs, a dining
and a rock garden—but now
.
tually I began to feel sort of
and contented. I had two al-
ars in the drawer of my desk
homework over and my scalp
nd my glossy travel folders of
spilled out in my lap. It
to me I could sort of go on like
ght that moment forever.

ven to this kind of sentiment,
We used to have these Sun-
ht suppers when El and I were
ather made a fire and we had
ng elegant like shrimp salad
nes which you could hardly
the butter on in the dim light.
uld sit there, the four of us at
able, and mother would light
ndelabra from Damascus that
on the sideboard and daddy
read us literature—*The Mill
Floss*, or *Nicholas Nickleby* or
ing like that—and the little
forks would gleam in the half-
And sometimes it would rain
n I'd get this sense of dazzling
teness. All those poor people
the cold without shrimp salad
It's funny how you have to
contrast to appreciate.
t in to cover Marcie up before
to bed. She was out cold. The
lastic of her summer pajamas
broidered her flesh in this little
ed circlet, and she'd been
g so that the congealed licks of
ay flat on her forehead. "See
orning, kid," I said softly.
what Marcie still says for "in
rning."
was ten o'clock. The next
knew it was 3:42 by the clock
nightstand and the phone was
. I stood there shivering in the
hall while it rang five times
someone answered it. Then
let out a kind of shriek. I had
ful premonition, as Aunt Bea
would say, because mother's not the screamy kind. She's strong really.

"Your sister's house is on fire," father shouted at me. "Get yourself properly dressed."

I couldn't think straight at first. "Are Mike and El OK?" I yelled down the stairwell.

"We don't know yet, it was the next-door neighbor that called."

I had my tweed skirt on and a bra when I thought of something else I had to say. "We can't leave Marcie alone."

"We've talked to Mrs. Evans," father said, averting his eyes. He can't stand for us to run around half dressed. "Mother will stay here till she comes."

At first the Olds wouldn't take hold. Daddy says ever since El rammed into the rear of that Chevy when it was new six years ago Christmas, it hadn't performed right. But finally it caught. My stomach muscles were tense from trying to help it along. I said, "How could their house have caught on fire?"

"There's no point in idle speculation," father said. "We'll just have to wait for the facts." Daddy has this legalistic type of mind.

When we arrived two firemen were just bringing El out on a stretcher. They rushed her over to the ambulance, and immediately went back into the house. Daddy ran over to the attendants to speak to them. There was a hook-and-ladder truck in the driveway playing streams of water into an upstairs window and some people I didn't recognize standing on the edge of the grass.

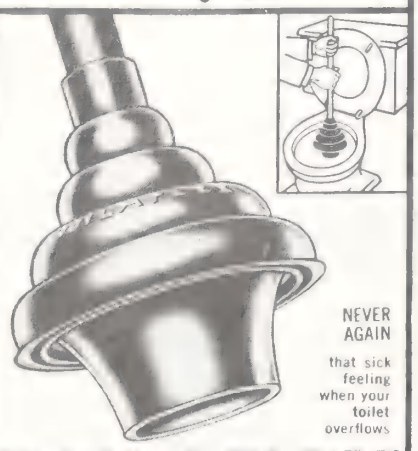


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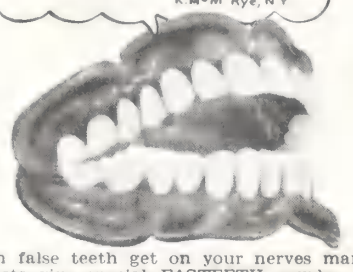
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Daddy came back and spoke to me, using this clear cool tone like an announcer giving the dire plot of an opera. Eleanor would be all right and I was to go with her and he would stay there and see that Mike got the necessary attention. El herself, the attendants said, had called the fire department and the police and the Egglestons on the north, so that they would be able to evacuate the children, but then in the midst of the last call she had apparently been overcome by fumes.

I kept looking at El for burns, but she didn't seem to have any I could see. They had this oxygen going in the ambulance and she was moaning a little. "Listen," I said, "she hates oxygen; I mean it scares her, a mask like that. When she had her tonsils out she was scared to death over the oxygen." They took it off a minute then and she opened her eyes, but I couldn't tell if she knew me or anything. "It's OK, El," I said, "it's OK, try not to worry."

"She'll come out of it OK," the attendant said kindly. "She has a good strong pulse."

They swooped right into Emergency with her. I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do, stay or go, but a nurse motioned me over.

"We'll need some information from you, if you will. Name?"

"Eleanor Lorraine Michaels," I said.

"Do you know her maiden name?"

"Sure," I said. "I'm her sister. Dowling—D-o-w-l-i-n-g."

"Sex? Female. Race? White."

She went on like that answering herself. "One more question, Whom do we list as nearest relative? We'll need both the address and phone."

"Her husband," I said, "the same address." I stopped because the nurse had this funny expression on her face.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I thought since you came in with her —— But I guess you didn't know. The police department radioed in. They weren't able to save the husband."

"Mike?" I screamed. "You mean he died?"

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to come out with it like that, but Mr. Michaels passed in the fire."

It was embarrassing bawling the way I did in the Emergency Room. I put my face against the portable oxygen unit in the corner and it was cold against my forehead and I hung onto the steel runners for support. As soon as she said that I knew the whole thing, not how exactly, but this whole sick unspecified fear in me focused then, no, no, no. The next thing I remember someone was making me stand up, repeating over and over again that they had some tea and a pill for me. But that was the official beginning of everyone being nice to me.

Later in El's room a nurse's aide who was hanging El's dress in the closet even offered me an alcohol rub, but I said no. I didn't want them pawing over me; and besides, El was just sort of dozing and I was afraid she would wake up and I would have to tell her.

After a while a nurse came in and said my father called and said to tell me that he and my mother would be there in an hour and not to make any statements.

"Does he know?" I said. "About Mike?"

"I'm sorry," the nurse said in this strange voice, "but we're not permitted to comment in cases of this nature."

Once she had left I lay down on the other bed. I thought of Mike burned to death. Mike. It couldn't have been the wiring. The place was only eleven years old even though Mike had made it over into a Colonial. And the dog dead there on the pavement. Mike was always so full of life. Thirty-two. No, he'd had a birthday—thirty-three. That was how old Jesus was.

"Emily, Emily," I heard mother's voice saying. I sat bolt upright. There was a hint of daylight in the room. Mother made a lunge for me and we stood there holding each other by the shoulders. Daddy was on the phone. I heard him keep saying, "Vesta, just get him up, get Orville," in this urgent low tone.

El was sitting in the visitor's chair beside the bed. Her eyes were dull like she was only half there and she didn't even act as though she had seen me before.

"Emily, oh Emily, Emily," mother was saying. "She couldn't, she just couldn't." Standing in back of her was a policewoman. And a man with a badge.

"Couldn't what?" I said. "What are they doing here?"

"We'll have the statement typed up for her signature in about twenty minutes," the policewoman said.

Mother took my arm and pushed me into the bathroom, a tan cubicle with an interconnecting door to the next room. "Emily, they've made El say she poured gasoline on the bed, that *she* started the fire."

"Oh," I said, "don't be so crazy; El could never do anything like that. Mother, you know El, how she is with cleaning solvent even, she won't let you use it inside. Let me go talk to her." I turned and ran to El.

El covered her head with her hands and started to sob. I got down on my knees beside her. "Listen, El, don't, El, we'll get it all straightened out, it's all crazy," but she kept shaking her head no. "Sure, we will, they'll send an investigator out and everything like that. It's probably the insurance company, you know how they are about paying if they can possibly find a way out ——"

"Stop it," she said. "Can't you ever leave me alone?"

I stood up feeling dizzy and I had some water out of El's glass with a crooked straw. Trading germs; mother wouldn't care this once. And then I walked out on all of them, El sobbing and daddy just staring at the receiver and mother saying her poor baby over and over again. I walked along the still corridor. Most of the doors were open and you could see slices of white bedspread and knees humped up and these flowers on metal dressers in crinkly white pasteboard containers, and it all seemed terrible to me, like an outpost of the pain inside me. All the thousand things we had

A man's accusations of himself are always believed, his praises never. MONTAIGNE

been protected from suddenly made the innocent sinister, all the other things they hadn't thought to keep from us potentially harmful, in that amalgam of the dark and the unknown.

I turned a corner and by some alchemy on high, out of the night, golden sunlight. I ran out of the hospital and past the woman who was selling crepe-paper poppies for the veterans. No, I said, no.

I found the folks' car, and I got in and sat for a while. Daddy always keeps a spare ignition key under the rubber floor mat and I decided I'd take the car, they'd know I had it, and then Pooh-Bah would take them home or else they could get a cab.

I thought I'd just drive around for a while. I was very careful though. I didn't go much over thirty. El drove that way. I crossed Admiral Way and headed toward Volunteer Park. We used to go there when we were kids. The sun was just coming up. I lay on the grass on my stomach for a while even though it was damp. If ever El did do anything to Mike in an argument it would be to throw a bookend at him or something impulsive like that; she just wouldn't be capable of this other. It was all a lie or a joke or a crazy mix-up. What I couldn't see was why did El say that about my never leaving her alone.

After a while I got back in the car and started home to break the news to Marcie.

Mrs. Evans was on the porch. Right away she came and planted this watery kiss on me. "I heard it all on the six-o'clock news roundup, Emily," she said. "I suppose it came as a terrible surprise to everyone else, but I tell you, Emily, I've had many a horrible rumination over that marriage. I want you to promise to count on me to keep Marcie through the funeral. Unless your mother feels I should go, of course." Which she was obviously aching to do. "And don't you worry your head about food for today. I've got a nice shepherd's pie in the oven for you right now."

"I'll give the folks your message," I said, "and I know mother will call you if there's anything, and meantime we sure do thank you for taking care of Marcie and for the shepherd's pie." *Your own special glutinous shepherd's pie*, I could have said. No wonder shepherds are extinct.

The television was on in Marcie's ro
"Hi," she said without looking up. She
watching Channel 2, the Patti Jean He
Club, and she had her little hands clasp
back of her head trying to waggle it from r
to left in that exercise. "Know someth
Emily?" she said. "Mike has gone to live
the angels."

"Have you had your breakfast?" I s
nonchalant as I could. (When I told my pi
teacher that Granny Cox had died that
what she did, changed the subject.)

"Of course," Marcie said.

"Swell," I said. "Get your sweater.
taking you to school."

"And nothing will hurt Mike, he won't
anything it's just like you're asleep."

"Who told you that?" I said.

"Mrs. Evans. Can I finish watching thi
program?"

"It's late," I said. "Don't you want to be
sun?" She goes to this nursery school—Hap
land, they call it—where they do things
hook on scarves and fling themselves aro
being the elements.

"I was that yesterday," she said.

"OK," I said, "be a storm then. You'd m
a terrific storm."

Actually I suppose I should just have k
her at home with me that day, but I felt I
to have a little peace when I didn't have
keep throwing around cheerful remarks.

At the gate, she handed me her wet g
wrung-out gum and hopped over into
front seat. Even if other people are arc
I'm the one she hands her gum and her ea
off-of apples to. I didn't want to see her g
of a sudden. I mean as long as I could h
onto the familiar routine —— She got
though, and bumped the door shut by fron
into it with her belly. I waited to be sure
could work the latch of the gate all right.
turned and waved to show me she had
which is pretty thoughtful for a four-year-
I didn't know whether to say anything to
teacher or not. I mean here the baby was
an orphan and they always wanted to kn
special things like that, but I couldn't just b
in with something gruesome like that on
those little kids making their paper chains

When I got home, I went to the refrigera
and fished around. I suppose it was insensi
of me, but I was hungry, not having had
dinner the night before. I found this bow
noodles and took that out. I really am a c
noodle aficionado, but this morning the s
stuck in this lump right behind my breastb
in a sort of leaden ball until I bolted dow
glass of milk and then the whole avalan
moved reluctantly downward. When
phone rang, I nearly jumped out of my so

"Emily?" It was Pooh-Bah.

"Yes."

"Emily, will you listen carefully? I hav
been able to get through to your father at
hospital. They're planning to transfer E
the prison hospital and she's in pretty ro
shape. Emotionally, that is. I feel it's essen
that someone from the family should be p
ent, but they won't let your father see
there without me. So please have Guthrie
me without fail as soon as they come in."

"I could come," I said.

"That's thoughtful of you, my dear,
this is a matter for your parents to hand

"OK," I said. "I realize I'm only seventee
It's just that I know all about it; I was dc
there when they were talking about the c
fession."

"Emily," Pooh-Bah said, "here's w
we'll do. If Guthrie hasn't contacted
within the hour, I'll enlist your aid. You kn
where the prison hospital is?"

Mother would have a fit if she knew,
when fifty-five minutes passed and da
hadn't called, I got dressed and took

I stopped at the pharmacy in the villag
get El a candy bar. She was nuts about se
sweet chocolate and I thought just some li
thing like that might please her.

"What're you doing all dressed up?"
voice behind me said. Dodie. "I've been try
to get you all day. Listen, I'm terribly so
about Mike, everyone is, and mother wa
you to know that if there's anything —

I really couldn't think of what to say, s
asked her how the history final was. She s

hat Miss Criley waited ten minutes for me ntil someone came in with the papers.

"The papers?" I said.

"Yah," Dodie said. "The whole thing was this morning's P.I. Even a picture of Marcie."

"What did it say?"

"There's papers outside," Dodie volunteered, "if you want extra copies to save." El was right there on the first page, that rty over-the-shoulder shot Mike took of her hat mother didn't like.

SOCIALITE MATRON SETS HUSBAND AFLAME

The charred remains of Edward J. Michaels, 3, well-to-do owner of Tri-State Auto Glass raft, Inc., were discovered by police early this orning at the family home, 236 Woody Glen rive. Held on suspicion of murder is Michaels's ife, Eleanor Lorraine Michaels, 24. While the ouple's only child, Marcie Christine, 4, slumered innocently at the nearby home of her aternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie . Showcrafter ——

I sat down on one of the stools at the ounter. Dodie ordered us coffee ——

— her mother was under arraignment in a oom at Swedish Hospital, after confessing to preading gasoline on the bed occupied by lichaels and then igniting the bedclothes. lichaels was pronounced dead on arrival at allard Hospital.

"You shouldn't just sit there brooding bout it," Dodie said.

"What did kids say around school?"

"Well," Dodie said thoughtfully, "everybody was just terribly sorry for you."

"Specifically who?"

"Oh, Yolande Erickson and Jessie Platt. nd sixth-period study hall was all talking bout it."

"Who else?" I said.

"Oh, Lisa Ollenbeck said her sister Robin ho was in school the same time as El said he always had a funny faraway look about er and they weren't really surprised at all."

This really shook me up. A funny look about her and they weren't surprised. I felt tears just sitting in my eyes waiting to run down. Mike used to fill martinis to the brim like that so that you'd swear part of the liquid wasn't resting on anything except itself. That's the way the tears felt.

"I circulated a petition for Lisa for class historian," I said, "but it appears as though my judgment was seriously in error. What else did she say?"

"Oh, how Robin said El never really liked people, she never went to the Pantry to eat lunch with the gang or anything."

"That just isn't true in the slightest, her not liking people."

As a matter of fact, El loved the people. At one time she even considered being a Socialist while she was in Criley's class. Old Criley had her reading *The Robber Barons* and everything like that and gave her A's all the time. I mean Jay Gould was the only person in the world El ever hated.

"Listen," I said, "thanks for the coffee, but I've got to get the show on the road."

"Give me a shout if there's anything ——" Dodie said after me.

The first thing I noticed about the ward was that the windows were high up, like bedroom windows in contemporary houses, and they had heavy screens.

"This is your sister's bed," Pooh-Bah said, but no one was there and I had the sudden fear that they had executed El already.

"Where is she?" I said.

"Your sister's in the can," someone in the next bed said. The card taped to the foot of the bed said Edmonia Cortelyou. "Anybody who washes as much as she does must be crazy."

El came out of the washroom walking slowly as though something hurt her. "She says Mike pushed her downstairs," Pooh-Bah said as though he was following my thoughts. "That just might be a fact we can use. A lot will depend on the result of El's interview with the state psychiatrists."

Pooh-Bah looked delicately the other way while El was climbing back into bed. "Here," I said, "here's a little something for you," and I handed her a chocolate bar. "I have one for you if you want," I said to Pooh-Bah. I hoped he wouldn't think it was juvenile to go carting around candy bars on my person. Whatever he thought he declined.

"Now, Eleanor," Pooh-Bah said, "we'll need a list of people for character witnesses, preferably people who have known you since you were a little girl—your minister, people you went to school with, neighbors ——"

El just looked at us dumbly and I felt a terrible surge of panic. She would just never say anything again and they would send her to a green cell like Chessman.

"Has anybody told the baby?" El said in this high thin voice very slightly above a whisper.

"She knows part of it," I said.

"Does she ask for him?"

"Well," I said, "she knows that Mike has . . . gone away." I thought she might resent it if I said to heaven, as though she'd given him a kick upstairs.

"Flowers," this nurse said glumly.

She had this armload of pink stephanosis in green paper with a card pinned to it. "With heavy hearts, Mr. and Mrs. Evans and Frederick," it said. Well, Mrs. Evans knew what she could do with her heavy heart, and Frederick too. He's twenty-five and they still send out these Greetings from the Three of Us deals at Christmas.

"Where did we get the princess?" Edmonia said, squinting at El.

I had a sudden notion that if Mike was only there he could have fixed everything for us. He had that quality—administrative, I guess you'd call it. "Listen," I said to Edmonia, "be nice because these are for you." I took the flowers and handed them to her. "They're from Mrs. Evans," I said.

"Mrs. Evans," she repeated with interest just as though she had lived next to her for twenty years. She took out one of the blooms and put it in her hair and the rest she put in a bunch beside her like a baby. It was really pathetic.

"Emily," El said. "Will you get something for me for mother on Mother's Day?"

"Sure," I said. "Anything special you have in mind?"

"African violets," she said in a whisper. "She wants something she can keep on her dressing table and they're good for that, the half humidity."

"Sure, El, and I'll bring you a card back to sign."

"You could just sign it," she said, "but please don't forget."

Things started happening the next morning. First, one of daddy's bishop buddies came to pay a condolence call. Then the mortuary called. Yes, I said, I'd see to it they got a dark suit for Mike. And a plain tie, I repeated. The man also wanted to know whether they should send the limousine for us or just for "the other side," which struck me as quite a crude way of putting it. "We're all the family there is," I said.

Before I got back to the terrace the phone was ringing again. Pooh-Bah. He told father that he was going to ask for bail for El, but everything considered, he thought it advisable that she not be brought home until the funeral was over with. Moreover, there was good news. The first state psychiatrist had turned in his report, which tended to support a defense for El based on temporary insanity.

In the midst of stacking the plates I remembered El's old *Cherokee*—that's the Jefferson annual—and I thought I'd take it to her and maybe that would stimulate her to think of people for character witnesses even though she never had too many friends.

I looked up El's senior picture just for fun. It wasn't very good. Her hair was bushy the way it was after a washing. She had her head tilted as though her eyes were ducking under her brows purposely and under them incipient dark circles. She had this crooked smile and a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

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recipe: tuna tomato international

Serves 6. For each serving, cut a large, fresh tomato into three sections, horizontally. In a bowl, combine two regular size 6½ oz. cans or one Giant Size 12½ oz. can White Star tuna, 1 cup chopped celery, ½ cup chopped walnuts, ¼ cup sliced stuffed olives, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup sour cream and ¼ teaspoon seasoned salt. Chill. Place portions of the tuna mixture on each layer of tomato, as shown. Over the top, pour a mixture of lemon juice and finely chopped parsley, if you desire, as a garnish. *For more 'round-the-world salad recipes, see the White Star Tuna display at your grocer's.*

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TINUED FROM PAGE 97

r Pan collar and a barrette in the shape of
astic bow. And pearls. All the girls were
posed to wear a good sweater and pearls,
El was set to wear a strand she got from
five-and-ten, but no, mother said don't be
and gave her Granny Cox's with the knots
etween the beads and the diamond clasp. I
the *Cherokee* and left for the hospital.
There's this Sheila Hansen," I said to El.
dn't you know her pretty well?"
Did she write in my annual?"
Well, I don't know," I said. "Not by her
ure anyway. Oh, here we are over by the
oral Club. 'Dear Eleanor: Well, you are
ly one grand girl. When you look at this
e please think of me. Lots of luck and stay
weet as you are. Sheila.'"
rom the next bed Edmonia started singing
ay as sweet as you are" in kind of a whiskey
tralto.
Read some more," El said.
'Here's luck to a grand girl.'" ("Grand"
st have been the word that year.) "'It sure
been fun in Community Life with you.
rren Klingerman.'"
went on reading for an hour or so. The
ginal purpose of finding people was lost,
it seemed to comfort El all the same. After
hile looking made me feel sick somehow,
he coquettish little girls with the shimmery
bobs and the flirty little eyes and the
ery of plucked brows that wiggled over
r foreheads like tadpoles and the round-
ded boys with thick lips and wet-down hair
big ideas. I flipped the pages over to my
th-grade picture, just for the shock to my
em (I was an eighth-grader when El was a
or). "Although our youngest group, the
's went over the top by 120 percent in the
Cross drive held in March ——" I had to
fast because El wanted to hear what
oin Lessing said. Salison, Shelton, Show-
ter, there I was. Knock-kneed; you've
er seen anything so scruffy. I must really
e had a death wish to look that up.
Listen, Emily," El said. "Tell me the truth.
es everyone think I'm insane?"
Well," I said, "insane, that's a pretty
ng word. You've been maybe a little over-
ught, anyone would have been."
Pooh-Bah said it wasn't first-degree,"
said. "That's premeditated and he said it
ldn't be construed as that."
Oh," I said. Premeditation, how long was
? Days? Weeks? Minutes? As long as it
k you to go down to the garage and unlock
trunk—no, first you had to get the keys—
take the can and get the matches, close
er before striking, and go back up—that
g?
Pooh-Bah said this morning that when it
pened—you know, when I did it—I wasn't
ly rational, I mean temporarily I was not
onsible for my actions. Because of his
ting up on me, Pooh-Bah said." El was
ching those windows which seemed so
ll and remote from us. "Do you think I
insane, Emily? Do you think I'm crazy?"
It's a good sign," I said, "to worry about
ng crazy. I read somewhere all the really
e ones do." It was tricky because I could
where it was all headed. If she was ever
zy, when did it stop and why not again?

he day before the funeral Aunt Bea arrived
m New York "as moral support for Rena."
I knew in my heart, I just knew something
wrong," she said. "I told Les something
rong out there or we'd have heard. It just
t like Rena, this silence, I said, and I feel I
e to call to satisfy myself." She kept right
like that clear through dinner. "It was that
never sent her to Sunday school, Rena. I
d to tell Les I felt in my bones it was a
take, of course I didn't want to interfere,
you left the child with nothing to hold on
you know what I mean?"
I was afraid she'd pick up something
re," mother said, looking at her hands in
lap. "The Jarvis boy—you remember
?—got scarlet fever there and it left him
npletely deaf on one side."
They weren't Episcopalians, were they?"
nt Bea had a sinister logic all her own.
tried to make a fast getaway upstairs after
ner, but too late. Aunt Bea accosted me in her Secret Voice, her nosy thumbs gripping my chin. "Emily, it's tearing me to pieces, what this is doing to your mother. It's destroying me to stand by and watch, I don't mind telling you."

"It's not so hot for any of us," I said. I managed to get my chin loose and fled upstairs.

Marcie walked in, looking very sullen. "I want my Mr. Joggi," she said. Mr. Joggi is this ratty item you wind up and it makes its way up walls and across ceilings on these suction feet. "He's at home."

"Home?" I said. "Oh, well, suppose we play mother-may-I instead. Take three giant steps and two baby ones ——"

Marcie began to sniffle, peering at me through the crack between her fingers. "I hate you, Emily," she said. "It's my Mr. Joggi. I want him and also my Donald Duck slippers and my Patti Play Pal."

So off we went to Woody Glen Drive. The mail was there and I opened it. Two condolence cards addressed to El, and then there was this thing Mike sent off to the *Reader's Digest*, with a printed note saying how much they appreciated the submission, which was read most carefully, but owing to the large number received, individual comment was impossible, the Editors. My Most Unforgettable Character—Guthrie H. Showcrafter. Mike was always sending off stuff to the *Digest*, but they never took it. "I have never met a man whom I have greater admiration for than Guthrie Hollis Showcrafter, my father-in-law, who dynamically approaches his many problems. Born on a farm in Dodge Center, Minnesota, in 1903 ——" I thought it might please daddy, and eventually I gave it to him. As a matter of fact, it really did please daddy. He put it away in his sock drawer and twice I caught him reading it, once right before the funeral with these tears streaming down his cheeks. I never knew daddy ever cried and it made me feel funny as though I had done something wrong to give it to him even.

What I really should do, I should go on into Mike's room and get the suit for the mortuary. Marcie had collected her stuff and was out in back in the sandbox Mike had made for her. I looked down to be sure she was occupied because I didn't want her following me. The sand was damp and she was filling up these plastic pails and then dumping them out like molds and patting the chimneys of sand like a child right out of Robert Louis Stevenson.

I went in. The bed was gone, thank God, and all you could tell was that the curtains were singed and this fancy French wallpaper was blackened.

One of the sliding doors to the closet was open and I looked in at all these suits Mike had there. My favorite was the one with the olive stripes on a black ground and the stag-horn buttons. But then that might be too high-style. OK, the black gabardine. I laid it carefully over the back of the leather chair by the desk, and then a white shirt with French cuffs. I slid back the other door to get to the tie rack and selected a subdued green herringbone weave. And then I figured that with French cuffs I'd better send along links. I knew before I even looked that it would be my San Francisco dragons.

I leaned back against the Chippendale highboy. She must have stood right there near where I was, not even debating maybe. I killed a rattlesnake once on a ranch in Nevada, and I didn't bother to debate. I just jumped off the horse I was riding, and hit the snake over and over and over and over, powered by something that seemed to reach back of civilization and God and the centuries and battlefields and caves of human history to some dark, primal violence. But that was only a snake.

I called Marcie and told her we had to go and she said no and I said OK, so long then, and started up the motor and then she came screaming. I know it sounds heartless, but that's what you have to do sometimes. She looked so pitiful—as if I would have gone without her—that I held her for a minute; her little heart was really going. Have you ever loved a kid till it makes you a little sick inside? I think what I felt could have gone osmotically right through her reinforced crawlers and her T shirt and her pores and her pouch of a stomach that you could wiggle around like willy putty. I gave it a squeeze just to prove it was still the same.

Father was afraid that if we sat in the family room at the funeral there might be reporters, so we slipped into the back row instead. Mother was at home with Marcie. The place was jammed. Dodie was there and Mr. and Mrs. Evans and Frederick and Mrs. Ayling, our cleaning lady, and Pooh-Bah and Vesta and some car dealers that I had met once or twice and Mrs. Titus and Warren, poor pimply Warren. I had dreaded seeing them, but now it seemed OK, as though Providence had paid off an old debt. And a lot of people I'd never seen. I tried to remember as many as I could for mother; she always asks when you've been anywhere, "Who was there?" I guess mothers are like that.

I just couldn't believe Mike was there in that gray coffin with the metal trim. It was probably an expensive coffin because father always ordered the best. I couldn't help thinking about the perilous filament that was life, like the little thread that makes light globes work. Everything was so fragile in a way. Why couldn't she just have walked out, left him for someone else or just lived and let live, let the jokes keep running? Why did she have to choose the least fathomable of human crimes, drag an impulse up from a pit as deep as oblivion? Why couldn't she have walked down the street naked if she felt like doing something, or lopped the heads off Mrs. Muncie's dahlias—I did that once—something, a gesture of defiance that would blow over eventually and not go on forever?

The minister came up to the podium and turned on the light and began reading psalms: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

I started to cry. Have you ever cried for the whole world? I always thought at funerals you were supposedly crying for the one there in the casket, but now I know you're crying first for *you* because you know if the one there was to get up he would speak to you. Mike might even say "Hi, Claribelle" before he spoke to anybody else. And he'd make a point of thanking me for all the personal care and effort I'd put in choosing his clothes the way I did.

"Neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come," the minister said.

There was this case I heard once where this woman started breathing just when they were going to embalm her, and I thought maybe Mike was like that and then I really began to concentrate as hard as I could. *Listen, Mike, this is your last chance to get out of there, make some little sign, scratch on the wood or say something, Mike, Mike, MIKE. "Who dat knockin' at de door, why, Mike Johnson, yes for shore." Mike, it would be OK; Mike, you could make jokes about it, just get up, Mike, you know you could joke about how you and Jesus were the only ones ever made the grade, you know how you like being special, Mike. Come on, Mike. Over and out, out of that raunchy old casket. Everyone will be a little amazed, but daddy will pay the minister handsomely for being sort of there on false pretenses. The organist too. How about it, Mike, just some little word ——*

It's funny how with weddings and funerals you just mill around on the steps waiting for the principals to come out. They put him in this blue hearse with spangled white cloth draped at the windows. Mike would really have resented that, a feminine hearse. I mean if there was anything he was, it was masculine.

ODOR

By DANA SARGENT

My eyes can go blind,
but O sweet pears,
I shall lose but the least of the
senses.

My tongue, too, can fail
the cinnamon's quick sting.
Yet what shall I be losing?
Not the scent of my choosing—
not the fragrance of plum.

Yes, and my thumbs can go dumb
to stone feeling,
to no feeling,
yet rose will be there,
sweet to inhale,
myrrhed in the air.

Sound, too, can die—
the bees of bright murmur,
the wings of gold summer
can hush in my sky,
yet what shall I lose?

O, not the richest,
not the fourth of the five,
not the clover's sweet smell,
not this summer alive!

"Now, Emily," Pooh-Bah said from behind this immense desk, "I want you to tell me as much as you can recall about the relationship between Eleanor and your brother-in-law. Or any instances of abuse or threatening language employed by either party."

I looked out the window at the blue-gray buildings. "I don't know where to start exactly," I said.

"Emily, my dear," Pooh-Bah said, "I'm going to ask you now to cast your mind back in time. Did you ever hear your brother-in-law say anything improper to his secretary, say, or anyone around the office, a customer even?"

"Well, I don't know," I said. To Pooh-Bah practically everything Mike said would seem improper. "I'd feel like an awful hypocrite standing up in court and trying to prove he was terrible because he said these things that people thought were funny, which was why he said them, you know."

"Look, Emily, Mike is dead now. You saw him buried yourself, so what we have ahead of us is trying to salvage something for your sister, do you understand? Now let us proceed—I know it may be painful for you—to the happenings on the day of Mike's death. To begin with, as I understand it, Eleanor accidentally and through no fault of her own hit an animal. Pursuant to that episode there ensued a violent quarrel between Mike and El, and he struck your sister; is that correct so far?"

"Yes," I said. "It was a dog, we think his name was Rinty."

"All right. Now with what force would you say he struck her?"

"Well, I don't know," I said. "But she banged herself on the spinning wheel."

"Head injuries," Pooh-Bah said, getting up and pacing back and forth and fitting a fist into his palm. "We'll assume for the moment that your sister may have suffered mental derangement as a result of the blow which Mike gave her."

"OK," I said. I wanted to please him if I could. I mean he was working awfully hard on the case and anyway I had got so I couldn't exactly think clearly any more.

Pooh-Bah said he would try to get the case continued until sometime when Judge Hoyt was on the bench. "Tyler Hoyt and I were cochairmen of the Landon for President Club of Seattle in 1936, although our efforts did not meet with success, as you know from your study of U.S. history. I hope that Judge Hoyt may prove favorably disposed toward Eleanor."

The morning of El's return home we sat in the living room watching every car that turned into Wallace Lane and pretending we weren't. The mountains were beautifully clear today, mother said, you could see the snow. Then around eleven, she panicked and told me to take Marcie over to Mrs. Evans's house. It would be better that way, she said, if El had a chance to sit and relax, get her bearings. "Go and get your car coat, Marcie sweet," mother said. "And Emily, tell Mrs. Evans not to go to any trouble, just a peanut-butter sandwich and milk will be fine for lunch, or whatever she's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101



"exotic"

IS THE WORD FOR ROKA BRAND BLUE CHEESE DRESSING

Who but Kraft could blend such a superlative cheese dressing? Roka Blue Cheese Dressing is laced with the mellow tang of aged blue cheese, and enriched with egg yolks so it flows from the bottle like liquid velvet. A scrumptious pour-on for lettuce and tomatoes, fruit salads, and for hamburgers or baked potatoes, too.

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LIKE THESE ALL-FAMILY FAVORITES, TOO: KRAFT FRENCH, MIRACLE FRENCH KRAFT OIL AND VINEGAR, KRAFT COLESLAW DRESSING

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 99

aving." (Mother gets on these kicks where ie practically tells people Marcie will eat the ottage cheese out of the carton.)

"I can't find my car coat," Marcie hollered, and I looked just everywhere."

"Well, just you keep looking," mother said. hat was what she always told members of the amily who couldn't find things, just to keep oking.

"You help me, Emily," Marcie said, "and 'll give you one of my dried apricots that I ave under my pillow."

I found the baby's car coat eventually, and nen I sort of towed her across the street and ew back to resume my vigil. Two Chevies, Mr. Evans's Hillman sputtering up the hill, a Good Humor truck. And then Pooh-Bah.

"There they are," I shouted.

El got out holding a pink cyclamen plant ith a satin bow. We all stood anxiously in the estibule as though we had come to welcome ne prodigal daughter home. El had this smile nat started and faded and started again, almost like a tic. "Where is she?" El said.

"Marcie?" mother said nervously. "Just cross the street, at the Evanses'."

"I'm going to get her," El said.

"No, dear, you come on in, so people won't tart looking at us, we'll get her later. Come ere and let me look at you, darling."

"I'll get her," I volunteered. But the problem was solved by Marcie's head appearing at ne Evanses' front window, and a moment ater this small projectile hurled herself at El. The cyclamen landed on the flagstone, the pot racked and dirt went flying all over the place. was afraid daddy would say something, but e didn't, and El carried Marcie in and set her own beside the phone stand and got down on er heels, her skirt tucked delicately under her, nd began examining her the way mother used o do with us.

"Your scab came off," she said.

"Uh-huh." Marcie stood there solemn and vaistless. Her figure from chin to crotch made bow.

"And now you have some nice bright new kin there."

"Uh-huh."

El was speaking so softly you could hardly atch it unless you were Marcie and down lose. She just glued herself to Marcie all fternoon, down on the floor of the solarium, nessing with toys and crayons. The folks reated El more or less like a playmate of Marcie's who had come to visit. At that there vas a kind of childlike quality about El. I hink that was part of what Mike wanted to over up with all those courses, make her more ophisticated.

Pooh-Bah dropped over about eight, and ve all sat there in the den having coffee from nother's good flamestone cups. Pooh-Bah vas very jovial. "No more, thank you, Rena. Second cups of coffee are—hah—not my cup f tea. I must make my way toward home, but et me reiterate that I really think we have this one whipped. Tyler Hoyt and I have had several confidential conferences, of which the latest was today, and I know that he is disposed to leniency in this case. I suspect that he nay also have intimated as much to District Attorney Yeakel. In short, the D.A.'s office has withdrawn from the case, there will be no ury trial, and we may confidently expect favorable disposition—perhaps even the most favorable. Now, Eleanor, as for your deportment in the judge's presence, I recommend simple, respectful silence, and if he should ask you anything, prompt, brief replies and a contrite demeanor."

"Well," El said, "I've been thinking, and what I would really rather have is a jury trial." Pooh-Bah dropped his saccharin on the floor. "It isn't that I don't appreciate all that's being done for me, how lucky I am, but I feel that if I could convince a jury, you know, that maybe what I did wasn't right, but it was the only thing I could do ——"

"She doesn't know what she's saying, Orville," father said. "She's been under a terrible strain, as you can appreciate."

"I just want people to understand," El said. "And even if it went the other way with the jury and I had to serve a sentence, then when that was over with I would feel I had somehow paid my debt to society."

I know what she meant. You know you get a spanking and you shed not only your pants but your responsibility for your actions.

Mother started to cry and she reached over and put a hand on El's thigh. "Eleanor," daddy said, "I implore you, be guided in this matter. If not by your mother and myself, then by Orville. Dismiss this absurd whim of yours and be thankful for whatever connections your family and friends may have."

El was looking down into her cup. "But if I could convince a jury, then I would really *feel* acquitted," El said.

"Darling, can't you see that that would be entirely too risky?" mother said. "We can't have you taking any unnecessary chances with your life, you're too precious to us. What we want is your promise to behave tomorrow as Orville suggests. It would make mother and daddy very happy, you can do that much for us under the circumstances."

"Well, I suppose so," El said. (I wish I had a dollar for everything El promised in her time.) "Maybe I could write Judge Hoyt a letter afterward and try to explain."

"Good idea, that's the ticket, El," Pooh-Bah said. "I'll take care of that detail for you. I'll have Mrs. Harrison attend to it."

Pooh-Bah came a little early to see what dress El planned to wear into court. El got out this navy-blue-and-white polka-dot silk suit with large pearl buttons. Didn't she have something plainer than that? he said, and finally he slid the door to her closet back himself and came up with this maroon wool suit with leather buttons.

"Good heavens, how many years have you had that, El?" mother said.

"I can't even remember," El said.

"I got that for you one fall in the Women's Shop at Littler's. It certainly pays to buy good-quality garments," mother said.

"All right," Pooh-Bah said. "And some plain shoes. Black pumps, something like that, you have them?"

Then we were off, father and El in the front seat of Pooh-Bah's Cadillac and mother and me in the back. Daddy's face was set in this straight-ahead silhouette, the way it had been all morning, all his life maybe, I guess I never really noticed before. El sat there with the tips of her fingers on the padded dash in front of her, the way the girls on the Forensic Squad do during rebuttal, rest their fingers hesitantly on the lectern, waiting.

Judge Hoyt looked like a scarecrow version of Pooh-Bah. He beamed at us and rumbled out his opinion.

"The Court has studied psychiatrists' reports and the brief of counsel and the deposition of character witnesses and it is the considered opinion of the Court that inasmuch as Mrs. Eleanor Lorraine Michaels has been adjudged temporarily insane by duly appointed examining psychiatrists and further inasmuch as she was acting in her own self-defense, she did not therefore commit a punishable offense. The Court does therefore dismiss the charges against her. Further, inasmuch as in the opinion of the two examining psychiatrists appointed by the State Mrs. Michaels is now of sound mind, this Court sees no reason why any provisional restriction be placed on her freedom." Judge Hoyt coughed and said, "That's all. You're free, Mrs. Michaels."

Pooh-Bah put his arm around El's shoulders and mother started crying and saying, "My baby, my baby," the way she does when things are either very good or very bad and I flipped my seat back with a loud noise of the spring, I was so excited. "It's over, El," I kept saying, "it's all over." I had that sort of light-headed feeling you get when you overstudy for an easy quiz. It was the shortest, quickest acquittal I'd ever heard of. I wished I had actually timed it so I could have found out for Dodie; maybe it was even *the* fastest one ever on record for King County.

We all stopped for cracked crab at this Dronigen's Restaurant on Elliott Avenue.

"Let's have some champagne," I said, but daddy said instantly that this was not an occasion for celebration, but for giving thanks that we had such stanch family help in crisis, and he seized Pooh-Bah's hand and held it for a minute. "Orville, there are no words to tell you ——"

Even though daddy vetoed the champagne, he let us have a table by the window. In fact, El and I once thought up these sentences to be the mottoes of everybody we knew and daddy's was *A table by the window*, and Pooh-Bah's was *Now we have three alternatives, a, b, and c*, and mother's was *It's the spirit that counts*. And Vesta's was *I must go back and really read that book*.

"Now, Eleanor, it's up to you to make something of your life," father said, "and not just go off in all directions."

El was looking out across the metallic waves at the battleships that were in the cove. "I really wish I could have tried to explain," El said. "I feel people who had faith in me had a right to know."

"Too risky, El," Pooh-Bah said. "If you had failed, the consequences would have been too grave for all of us, and then it would have been too late. Let me recommend the future, not the past, for your undivided concentration."

"The best thing for the baby," daddy said, "would probably be for El to go to Europe with Emily and give the publicity a chance to die down."

"I don't want to go anywhere," El said. "That would be running away."

Mother announced then that this was simply no time for El to attempt any decisions on her own and she and daddy had already determined that we would all go off to the cabin as soon as the hearing was over with, collect our scattered wits and Be a Family Again, and then we would see from there. El just sat there muddling her spoon around in her baked Alaska, submerging the egg white and not saying anything.

As scarce as truth is, the supply has always been in excess of the demand.

JOSH BILLINGS

The cabin is really like a doxology, through endless years the same. It's sealed in its own cycles, the white cottony corner cocoons, the indolent moths drably waiting in the closets for death or woolens, the agates and the half agates on the beach. In the spring the horsetails and the wild crocus and in the fall the leaf mold and the pine cones, and above you this litany of green and the filtered sun. And always the gulls and at night the smell of skunk and salt air.

Daddy got a blazing fire going and we had some nut bread with cream cheese on it, sitting on the bear rug by the fire, and mother said why didn't we girls go see if we could find any wild blackberries.

That afternoon was like holding off the present and returning to some innocently venturesome and idyllic past, all the random exultant searchings of our childhood: the Easter eggs, the pine cones, the trillium, the flat stones to skip. With the sun beating down on my head I had a sense of giddy carefree triumph, but then when our pails were almost full Marcie said she was tired and El started back with her. I stayed for an extra half hour, my hands pricked and mottled with juice stains like birthmarks, and then I went back, too, walking slowly so as not to spill the heaped-up loot.

Then I heard Marcie's voice in the dell, and this dissolve of laughter. El was lying on her back in the hideout and Marcie was standing over her. "Now pretend I just gave you your dinner," Marcie said, "your skinny milk"—that's what she calls skim milk—"and your lamb chop and now you're asleep, OK?"

El said it was, and she gave an artificial snore and then the baby tickled her under the chin with the end curl of an asparagus fern and El reached up and caught her and they rolled over laughing like crazy, this tangle of legs. It's a funny thing, if you have a kid and it's yours, it just wants you, you don't have to be handsome or important or have your hair combed or stockings on, you just have to be there with your own special chemistry, flesh, a touch, a smell.

"Hey, the place is pinched," I said. I lay down beside El. After all, I was the one who originally found that hideout fifty-eleven summers before, wasn't I?

"If the folks do insist on me going to Europe with you," El said, "maybe we could get an apartment over there, in Geneva say, and just stay, it's so beautiful there, just like this. The lakes have swans on them, even some black ones, and these little humped-up bridges and all the little shops with music boxes."

"What would we live on?" I said, glad at least to be included.

"Oh, we could get a job at the embassy or Voice of America."

"Yeah?" I said. It made me feel pretty excited thinking about never coming back. "Who would take care of Marcie while we're at the embassy making money?"

"Oh, there're lots of nannies over there," El said. "Old retainers, things like that. It's traditional."

"Good reliable people?" I said, sounding like mother.

The baby had found a slug and she was tracing its trail of silvery slime. "Where are you going?" El said.

"To get the salt," the baby said, "so we can watch him shrivel up and die." Mike taught her that: they dissolve in salt.

"No," El said.

"Why?" Marcie said.

"Because," El said.

"C'mon," I said, "we better get back." I handed around the pails of berries and we started out again, this time by way of the beach. We passed the cove where we used to roast wieners and the slip where the Randolphs had their skiff moored.

Someone was yoohooing to us from the top of the bank.

"Mother," El said.

"We've been worried to death about you," she shouted.

"Why?" I said, but the wind carried my question out toward the bay and anyway she was making her way down the steps, watching carefully. She had a linen napkin tied around her head for a bandanna and her old suède jacket and a look of nameless dread that weighted her down like stones in a pocket. "Your father's been out looking on the road for the last half hour," she said when she got to the bottom, "and there was no sign of you anywhere." She looked as though she might cry.

"We've been picking berries, see?" I showed her the pails over the crocodile log. We walked along together for a while, the baby stepping on clam holes to make them spout.

Mother stopped once for a semiagate and polished it on her coat. "In fifty years, maybe this will be clear," she said. "But then your father and I won't be around to see it." I think she wanted an invitation to join us on our walk, but at the Randolphs' bulkhead she turned back with the berries. She looked so lonely there, trying for a foothold. I thought of going over to help her, but it would have seemed like going against El somehow.

After supper I got out this basket that we keep the poker chips in, and counted out stacks for everybody. The folks used to play poker with us as a family activity, to be our buddies, and we strove to keep the image they had of us as players intact. They thought, for example, that I always played everything close to the vest, straight draw poker, whereas El was expected to choose the eccentric games—baseball with the one-eyed jacks wild, or gubuno with the deuces wild, things like that.

"Have you contributed to the kitty, dear?" father said.

"Yes," El said. "I think we'll play store, kings with swords wild." Mother and daddy exchanged uneasy smiles. "Do you deal seven for store?"

"Yes, dear," father said, "seven."

Mother kept up a running commentary on people she had seen in the market and things Aunt Bea had done at the house, and we stumbled through several hours. Mother had bumped into Barbara Jo Daugherty, who she had always thought was such a sweet, well-mannered girl, and Barbara Jo said how

happy she would be to see El again if and when El felt like seeing anyone. "You and she always seemed to have so much in common."

"My best friend in the hospital was Edmonia," El said, shuffling the cards. "Edmonia really tried to help me. She told me how the girl in C bed was a hype, but Edmonia said she wouldn't bother me if I left her alone."

Father said, "I'm ashamed of you." His face was flaming. "It appears we did the wrong thing sending you to Cornish Saturdays for elocution lessons, Eleanor, and Mary Anne Wells for ballet, places where we thought you'd meet people from the same social class."

"No, Guthrie, she went to Miss Koehler's for the elocution, Cornish was eurythmics," mother said.

"I didn't understand at first what hype meant," El said, "but it's from hypodermic ——"

"We'll forgo the details, if you don't mind," father said.

Mother was crying, her tears falling silently onto the corduroy card-table cover.

"Eleanor," daddy said, putting his cards down face up, "are you totally oblivious? Can't you see what you're doing to your mother?"

As for myself, I couldn't understand what they were flipping about. It seemed perfectly natural to me for El to want to talk about the people at the hospital. The first year I came home from Camp Sealth, I talked everybody's ear off, I mean the whole experience was so big I had to keep going over it.

Daddy got up and began poking the fire, which really didn't need poking. His shadow on the ceiling was trembling. "Eleanor," he said, "why didn't you just close the door and walk out? Why did you have to do it that way, El?"

El spread her fingers out on the table and looked at them for a while, shaking her head.

"Or why couldn't you just have ground up some aspirin, fifty or a hundred tablets, and put it in a meat loaf or something?" I said.

"Be still, Emily," mother said, "or leave the room this instant." And father absolutely glared at me.

"He was your son," El said, running her nail along the angular features of the jack of diamonds, "the one you never had; even Emily was crazy about him. There wasn't any way to leave unless I left all of you too. As long as Mike was around he would have convinced you I was the one who was wrong."

It was about that time that Marcie started yelling "Daddy, daddy," from up in the loft, and all of us just froze.

"I'll go," I said finally because El was never too good at climbing things—I mean she'd finally get to the top of a slide but then she wouldn't go on down and this traffic jam would build up behind her yelling and shoving. But El was already halfway up. Marcie had had a nightmare and she insisted there was a wolf in the white pitcher. We turned the pitcher upside down and a safety pin and some sand and a rubber band fell out. "See, no wolf," I said. El sat on the bed massaging her little hand. I peered down through the square entrance hole at the upturned heads of the folks. They mount that ladder only once a year, mother holding it steady at the bottom and daddy ascending with difficulty to spray for spiders. It occurred to me that if ever El and Marcie and I wanted to mutiny we could just stay up there forever.

Mother sent me up to the loft the next morning to announce breakfast and I found El and Marcie still sleeping peacefully—a dissolve of slender arms and wordless love. At the foot of the bed was this ancient brown Teddy bear with a seam up his middle and plush paws and no eyes. She didn't even stir except to settle Marcie against her. The sun cut across the bed in striations of warmth and shadow. Marcie used to try to eat sunbeams when she was a baby. She'd creep up on one and reach for it.

I wished I had someone like that of my own. A raccoon even. What I thought was I might try trapping that skunk we smelled the night before. Not hurt it or anything, just train it to sleep on the foot of my bed.

"Are they up?" mother said. Her face was flushed from the heat of the wood stove.

"They're on the way," I said. Sometimes I have a truly noble nature.

After breakfast father, who was looking out over the bay, suddenly turned around and said, "Have you made up your mind yet, El, about what you intend doing? For example, when you plan to go to Europe."

"No," El said. "I don't really want to go just now anyway. I just want everything to settle down again and be with Marcie." El drew her close like an ally.

"Frankly, Eleanor," father said, "it seems far better to us that you be away for a while to attain that perspective you need, that we will all need."

"Yes, dear," mother said. "Daddy has investigated the tour that Emily is planning on and there are five in the group who are beyond college age, so you wouldn't be out of place."

"I might consider going," El said, "if Marcie could come and if we could have her birthday party first. I promised her that."

"As for the birthday party," mother said, "if that's all that's worrying you, dear, I'll be sure and have something, a nice little celebration for Marcie at home, you needn't bother about that."

"No," El said. "You don't understand. We've planned this party, she and I, we've planned the cake and the favors and the napkins ——"

"Well, Rena," daddy said judicially, "I don't see what would be the harm, if Eleanor feels she wants this little occasion for the child. As soon as practical thereafter the girls could leave for Europe."

Dancing is wonderful training for girls; it's the first way you learn to guess what a man is going to do before he does it.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"Am I coming too?" Marcie said.

"Yes, darling," El said.

"Eleanor," daddy said, "your mother and I feel quite sure that at this time you should not even consider undertaking the care of a child."

"But I *am* caring for her now," El said.

Daddy gave a short laugh and said that of course the little things she did for Marcie, combing her hair, that sort of thing, were all fine and doubtless therapeutic, but that the full day-to-day responsibility for her devolved on mother.

El was so eager for that party that she kind of half agreed to leave Marcie behind and go with me to Europe. The next day mother got these invitations at the gift shop in Redondo. El stood there turning them over in her hand: *You'll find below the place and date, so come and help me celebrate.* "We weren't going to get this kind," she said. "We had it planned to get some with Yogi Bear that said It's Party Time." And mother said well, surely no one would pay attention to the invitations anyway, the big question in her mind was whether people were likely to talk, our having a party so soon after El's acquittal.

At the end of the week we prepared to go back in town. The party was scheduled for three-thirty to five on Thursday and then we were leaving by jet for New York Thursday evening.

When we got home from the cabin there was a huge stack of mail, including the R.S.V.P.'s for Marcie's party. Ten invitations, seven acceptances. El was jubilant, and she called right away to this animal-rental place and contracted for the pièce de résistance of the party: a donkey cart and donkey from four to four-thirty.

Nothing would do but we scoot right downtown for Marcie's presents and party decorations. I suggested we start our expedition with parfaits in the tearoom at Fredericks' the way we always did, and El said OK if it didn't take too long. When we were little we always started our Christmas shopping with lunch in Fredericks' tearoom, mother and Granny Cox and El and me. Out-of-season green peas and chicken in a patty shell and a frango for dessert and then a child-sized finger bowl with animals on the paper filler.

After lunch we went and ordered the cake. "Standard decoration?" the bakery woman said.

"I guess so," El said. "We're going to have lots of other fancy stuff."

"You want to get the favors now too?" I said.

"No," El said. "I'm going to make them myself. Let's go look at toys, Em." Em—that was something she hadn't called me since grade school.

We ended up spending fifty bucks on toys. It began with us discussing which of two major toys to get, a Chatty Cathy doll that said eleven phrases when you pulled a loop or a robot commando with a microphone you fed orders into. Finally we got the doll *and* the commando and a nurse's uniform and a Thumbelina doll and Popeye the Weatherman colorforms and a talking book with pictures of animals that "spoke" when you pulled a set of knobs.

"Listen," I said when we were almost home, "let's just call her down to the rec room and give her the stuff now, kind of a prebirthday."

"I'd like to," El said, tempted, "but daddy wouldn't approve; you know how he is."

"Oh, let's do it anyway," I said. "After all, this is extraspecial because we'll be leaving right away for Europe."

"OK," El said and began to giggle.

We set everything up on the tennis table, making last-minute adjustments before we called Marcie in. Boy, were we ever excited. We couldn't make Chatty Cathy stand too well, even with one foot ahead of the other and her arms out for balance, so we leaned her against the net and put a tennis bat in her hand. And we took the lid off the colorforms and propped the box up the way they tilt displays in stores and then El told me to go and find her.

Marcie went for the doll right away.

"Listen," El said, "and she'll talk to you."

I'm sleepy, brush my hair, Chatty Cathy croaked out.

Marcie had this look of perilous rapture.

"Do you like it, darling?" El said.

Marcie peeped up under Cathy's dress to see the pants. *I'm thirsty. Play with me.* Marcie giggled nervously.

"Do you like it, darling?"

Marcie nodded.

The pantry door swung open and there was daddy with a jar of mother's pickled peaches in his hand. "What's all this?"

"Oh, we're just opening some things we might not get around to on her birthday," I said.

"I see," father said. That was all he said, but the mood was sundered somehow.

El grabbed Marcie and went on up to her room and I followed with the robot commando. El was sitting on the floor with Marcie, putting shiny colorform boots on Popeye. "Do you like it, sweetheart?" They didn't pay me any mind.

"I'll just put this here," I said, "the batteries are all in." I doubt if El even told her I paid for part of it. I can see the trouble, I guess. Every minute with Marcie had to mean something.

The next day El asked me to run down for the cake and also for cups and straws and lollipops with faces on them. At Fredericks' they brought out the cake and opened the top of the box so I could see.

There was a fire engine for a decoration. "You'll have to take that off," I said.

"Well, you said standard decorations," the woman said, "and that means either a hook-and-ladder or a pirate's chest."

"Well, I know," I said, "but for certain reasons we can't have a fire truck. Anything else would be OK—cowboys, the treasure chest, anything; can't you just wipe it off with your thumb or something?"

"Oh, no," the woman said, "we're backed up on our special orders as it is, and one of our decorators is down with the flu and we had to pull another one off cakes and put him on cinnamon twists today."

"Listen," I said. "You go ahead and block out the fire truck with roses or something like that and just make the ladder into an Escalator, you know how kids are crazy about Escalators. We'll be happy to pay anything extra."

Finally she agreed. I picked up the cups and straws and lollipops and looked around for other stuff while I waited. I finally found a special close-out on paraffin yakkity-yak teeth and I got a couple of dozen.

When I got home El was sitting there crying and mother was looking worried. It seems El got this obscene letter from somebody in the mail. "Oh, that's nothing," I said. "People are always passing around stuff like that in sixth study."

"Sixth study?" mother said, as though any other study hall would have been OK. Anyway, it wasn't precisely true, it's only magazines they pass around, but I couldn't think what else to say, so I showed them the teeth. I even put in a pair in case they didn't get the picture. "Oh, take those things out," mother said with a shudder, "you'll disfigure your mouth."

The other thing of note in the mail was my graduation present from Aunt Bea. She had already said in a letter that she didn't know whether I'd like it or not, but I ought to, which was another way of alerting everybody to how expensive it was. What it turned out to be was a watch with different colored bands that you can snap onto it and make it look entirely different, depending on your costume. "Well, for once Beatrice came through," mother said. I took it to my room and snapped on all the different combinations.

While I was there studying the situation Dodie came in and flopped down on the chaise and tossed me another package. "Your going-away present, schnook," she said. "Go on and open it." She just loves her presents. You really have to rave over them. I started opening it up.

"A portable clothesline with suction cups. Gee, Dodie," I said, "that's really neat."

"It's elastic and it expands ten and a half feet. Stretch it out all the way."

Nothing would do but we had to hook it onto the wall. Of course the suction cups not only slipped but also left a horrible mark on my wallpaper.

Then everybody started coming in, mother with this little book of daily messages which she made me promise I'd read aloud to El on the boat and some soap and chocolate "for the natives" as though we were going to Borneo. "Oh, mother, really ——" I said.

Daddy came to be sure I had both our passports and our vaccination certificates. And Vesta brought some addresses for us, this man who ran an inn in San Remo and a nice little nun in Naples, people like that. A delegation of girls showed up from Jefferson—Carole Mae Trilby, Lisa Merriweather and Robin Brody—all ostensibly to say good-bye to me, but I think what they were really aching for was a glimpse of El. Eventually they said so long, have fun and don't forget to write, and Dodie sidled out with them (she would really like to be in their crowd).

El got Marcie dressed in her green corduroy jumper and white blouse with the leg-of-mutton sleeves and Mary Janes and she plunked herself on this love seat by the window.

"It's too early to start watching yet," mother said, but El didn't budge.

At ten to three mother came in saying Mrs. Adohr called and said that her husband had to go out of town and in addition to having no way of getting Cindy Lee to the party, she also had this little bit of mucus, of course she wouldn't take a chance on giving it to anyone.

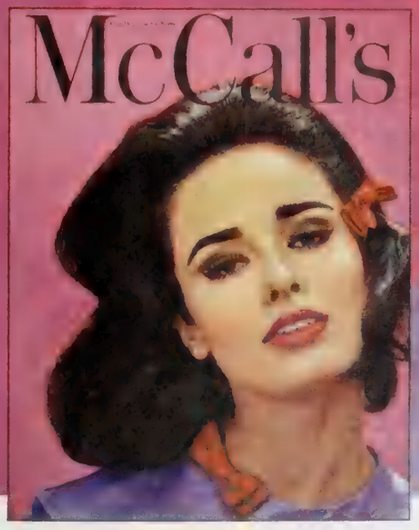
"To tell the truth," El said, "I'm just as glad. Cindy's one of those compulsive hair twirlers. I don't think she'll be missed." And she began to hum that Mikado thing, you know, *I've got a little list, they never will be missed.*

A little later Karen McNamee's mother called and said they had company unexpectedly, but she was sending Marcie's present by with her husband on his way home from work. El smiled and shrugged and said she'd eat Karen's ice cream herself.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104

"Cover Girl is a blessing... a glamorous make-up that's actually good for my skin"

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

At three o'clock sharp up came this station wagon driven by the Slattern. Jimmy Sachs and his grandmother, El hissed from behind the curtain edge. Then she shot out the door, shouting, "Hi, Jimmy Jim. I'll tell Marcie you're here." I could have kissed Jimmy Sachs right then and there. Was I ever glad to see him! He had wave set on his hair and a little white linen suit with short pants and a big long present. He and Marcie started chasing each other around.

"Hello, Ellie, I hope you don't mind me coming informally like this," the Slattern said. She had on one of those *luau* suits, gathered from a yoke at the neck.

"Oh, no; the more, the merrier," I said.

Mother came out of the kitchen a little shyly and said to the Slattern, "We wouldn't ordinarily have thought of having anything like this at this time, but El seemed to take such an interest in the little party that we thought it might do her good."

"Oh, honey, we've known each other long enough," the Slattern said to El. "You know I'm broad-minded."

Daddy was blowing up the donkey balloons and he looked as though the top of his head was coming off.

"You didn't get the ears blown up," Jimmy Sachs said.

"Well, I guess you're right, young man," father said. And then he really looked like his head was going, but all that happened was that the bottom of this donkey got bigger and bigger.

The phone rang. Mrs. Curley, she was calling on behalf of her Buzzy and also for Suebell Pringle's mamma. She was awfully sorry, both the children had been exposed to measles and although they each had got 5cc of gamma globulin, you just never knew with these inoculations even though they cost a fortune. It wouldn't be fair to the other mothers to bring the children, although of course the kids themselves would be heartbroken.

"Those are the ears up there where i dark," Jimmy Sachs said, pointing to the ru ber buds.

"Push some of the air from the bottom there," the Slattern said. "I'm never any goo at things like that; I should talk."

El blew a breath on the window and dre Marcie's name there with her finger. "Hc many more are supposed to come?" she sa in a whisper.

I checked the list. "Six, but some we' heard from and they can't make it. There Einar Peterson, Trixie Eldridge ——"

"Never mind," El said. "I know all tha What time is it?"

"Three-twenty," I said.

At three-forty I followed El out into th hall. She had the list. "I'm going to call th rest of them," she said. "I was a fool not t send a little map with the invitations whe none of them have been here before. Remem ber how daddy's business acquaintances wer always getting lost?"

"I don't know," I said.

"You never know anything," El said. "Don you remember, daddy finally had to meet tha Japanese man in the village and convoy him?

"I guess so," I said.

"I'm going to call Mrs. Mathison. Darlen was the first one the baby asked for." Sh dialed with shaking fingers. "Hello?" th filtered voice on the other end said. "Hello Hello?"

"Mrs. Mathison?" El began. Then sh jabbed her finger on the button that break the connection. "It wouldn't do any good, she said. "Either they come or they don't."

"Don't worry," I said to El. "Pretty soon the man with the donkey will be here, and that'll really go over big."

Daddy appeared in the hall and crooked hi finger at me. "How many were invited in all?" he said. He was holding a donkey balloon by one uninflated ear.

"Ten," I said.

"All right," he said. "There's your mother and I, you and your sister, Jimmy's grandmother—is Mrs. Ayling here today?"

"Yah," I said. "She leaves at five-thirty."

"Go and get her, ask her to join us."

Mrs. Ayling came stumbling down banging the vacuum after her and running the back of her hand over her forehead. She was so flustered that she came to the table with the upholstery-cleaning attachment still in her hand. Daddy pulled out a chair for her, just as though she were Princess Radziwill.

Jimmy was singing Marcie these crazy songs, "Happy birthday to you, you live in a zoo." They'd sing and then they'd die laughing and pulling snappers.

Mary Lynn Johnson's mother called and daddy answered it in the den. "We quite understand your hesitancy," he said in an icy tone and replaced the receiver.

El was standing in the door. "What do you mean, *hesitancy?*"

Daddy looked at Marcie and then back to El and said very gently, "Why, my dear, poor Mrs. Johnson had her license revoked for excessive traffic violations and she's reluctant to drive. Now let's go in and contribute to the success of the party."

Mother and daddy seated themselves, and daddy put on this little paper-cone party hat. They looked like antique children sitting there troubled as though it was their first party and they didn't know what to expect.

El brought in the cake, with the wake of flame from the candles pulling toward her as she carried it. We all started in, "Happy birthday to you, happy birthday, dear Marcie."

We all fished for favors behind the door to the solarium and Marcie baited the hook. Mrs. Ayling got one of those packets of six Japanese paper parasols. She set them up, all of them, open around her, and the Slattern said a rubber cutlass was just what she had always needed in her business, with this big hee-haw of hers.

Everybody carried beans across the living room on a knife blade. That was one of the games El and I always had at our birthday parties. But El couldn't get beyond the first square of parquet. "Boy, is your mamma



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LIQUID SHOE WHITE
FROM JOHNSON'S WAX

naky," Jimmy Sachs said and mother aid, "Well, I think we'll just excuse er today, Jimmy," and El gratefully anded the knife to mother, who was ext in line. She got as far as the hi-fi efore she dropped any.

The bell rang again. It was the man ith the donkey. He had on blue veralls and a cigarette in his hand nd he narrowed his eyes to a squint o escape the smoke. "Two thirty-six Vallace Lane? Donkey and cart, four o four-thirty?"

"Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy, oh boy!" Marcie said.

"Are you the birthday girl, sugar?" he man said. "Why don't we just tart with the birthday girl?"

Marcie rode in the cart and the next me on the donkey's back, fingering is crepe-paper garland. Marcie and immy had nine turns in all, and then he man asked if any of us wanted to vail ourselves. The Slattern said she vas always game. We heard her shout Hallelujah" right in the middle of Vallace Lane, and Mrs. Evans ap-eared in her window archly silhou-tted behind her glass curtains. I rode wice, looking very bored as befitted ny age and station in life, and Mrs. Ayling would have ridden except that he man said she was just a little on he heavy side.

Then El said very quietly, "I'll go ext with Marcie." The sun struck El ull in the face as though nothing was aved out, not pride or humiliation or rivacy. They didn't flinch and they idn't cry, not any of them, they just ept on going. Maybe that was all hat was finally required of you in this fe, compliance. I wished that donkey ould just keep on going with them, own Wallace Lane and out past In-erbay and Sunset Hill and the Gov-rnment Locks. On and on until they ame to a fairy kingdom somewhere, place that would take them in and ouldn't care. The Virgin Mary rode donkey like that and they found a lace finally, didn't they? Maybe here was a special quality about don-eys, they knew instinctively where to ake people.

Blessed are they that when I was in rison they sent me cards. Yah, yah, ut what about when I was out and had party, did you come then? I wished od would strike them all dead, ev-ry one of them—Mary Lynn John-on, and Karen McNamee and Einar eterson, and Darlene Mathison, yes, er first, Marcie's favorite.

And then finally it was over. We all tood there in this long uneasy hori-ontal line watching the station wagon ull out of the driveway with Jimmy achs standing up in the front seat ext to his grandmother, and then we ent inside again.

"Take that foolish hat off your ead, Guthrie," mother said.

When I went in El's room she was acking, shoveling the remains of rawers into her suitcase. "Listen," I aid, "Marcie thought it was terrific. hat's all you care about. Daddy eally saved the day, he was the life of he party." She was wrapping her oothbrush in a washcloth. "Pretty oon we'll be in Geneva and we'll send or her just like you said."

"I don't know what happened to he cap for the toothpaste," El said. Isn't it strange how everything is al-ways lost?"

"Or if you think Geneva is too far here are lots of nice places around ere we could live, the three of us."

"Two of the mothers never did call, lid they?" El said.

The baby came in then. "Mamma," Marcie started, "I had a very special rivilege. I had a lot of grown-ups at ny party because I'm so grown up, grandma told me."

El sat down on the floor and took Marcie in her lap and whispered please to leave them for a little bit. Marcie looked at me and back to El and said, "I'll stay with you if you count to a million for me, El. You promised you would someday and now it's my birthday."

El was at 1853 when mother sent me up to say it was time for cocktails, but El said to tell them she still had something to finish, and so I went back down and had one of those daiquiris daddy had made specially as a going-away celebration. We talked about time zones for a little bit and daddy said it was like El to have left everything to the end and mother sent me up for her again. She and Marcie were lying there on the bed together without any lights on and El was counting, a mindless twilight rush of digits as though if she finally got to a million, which I doubt if she knew her way to anyway, everything would finally be all right. "Is it time?" she said and I said yes it was and mother came in and led Marcie off to bed.

Mother kissed us good-bye in the front hall and said never to forget how much she loved us and to keep our eyes and ears open and remember everything, and daddy picked up the suitcases. As we were backing out of the drive the door opened and the baby ran out onto the porch in the rain with her fingers linked in Chatty Cathy's hair. The lights of the car with the rain imprisoned there burrowed in at her and I don't really think she could see us. Daddy stopped the car sort of automatically to see what she was going to do, but



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she just stood there with her arm thrown up across her forehead to ward off the lights. Mother came and led her gently inside, and the last thing we heard was Chatty Cathy saying, *I love you, brush my hair*, not saying it to anyone, just saying it out into space. I put my hand on El's wrist. It was cold and unresponsive like a doll's. *I love you, brush my hair.* El wouldn't look at me; even if she didn't want an apartment in Geneva with me any more, she could look, couldn't she?

There's a big sign, *Mit der BOAC nach allen Erdteilen . . . Per BOAC Naar de Zes Wereld delen . . .* Fly BOAC to all six continents. That was what one of those neon signs in San Francisco said. We saw it from the roof of that hotel where I had a sip of Mike's stinger. Fly BOAC to all six continents. San Francisco seemed a thousand light-years ago and I didn't really believe then that there were six continents, but I guess BOAC had checked it all out, or their ad agency anyway. Marcie was always asking where the hole goes in socks, and that's kind of how I feel about El and Mike; I mean it wasn't one big piece, it was that something started and got bigger with the daily rubbing and floated away before anybody could see it go.

The last night out, El jumped overboard. They recovered her body about an hour later and someone cabled the folks from the captain's office. Which is why I'm here standing on the flight deck in Rotterdam waiting.

Maybe they didn't tell Marcie right away. Maybe I could still live in Geneva with her, just live out my life as spinster aunt, just keep her there with me and play the music box and take her to look at the swans and count up to a million and stuff like that.

I could just see my father getting up innocently to go to the door when they delivered the cable, thinking it was the boy to collect for the *Times*. Even Dodie would know now. And probably Mrs. Evans. Maybe they would even call Aunt Bea, who would say she just knew, she had a premonition.

Have you ever just wanted your parents? That's what I wanted. People were out there on the field wheeling up the steps. What if they weren't on it? They missed the flight. Or the American Express garbled the message. No, daddy never missed anything. Or the plane ran into a flight of starlings and suddenly burst into flames the way they do sometimes. No, this man got off with two suitcases and shook hands with the stewardess. Father. Daddy.

Mother was in this navy suit, looking down at the steps. She always does. She's afraid she'll fall, she turned her ankle in a movie once. Daddy had his homburg in his hand. He must have snatched it off sort of in homage to Holland or something. They were looking for me. Me.

I couldn't bear the waiting, so I started out on the field. Somebody shouted to me, and I knew the official voices wanted me back of the ropes, but I couldn't help it.

"Here I am," I shouted. I was crying to beat the band. "Here." Then they saw me and we all started running.

A MOTHER'S PLEA FOR PEACE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53

In the beginning, when the raids were still small and I was still a child, we would walk miles just to see a damaged house. We children collected shrapnel fragments and compared them to see who had the biggest or the most. We matched exciting stories of "the night before." Who had been closest to a detonation? Whose windows were broken? Windows, by the way, fall *out* as often as *in*. They are sucked out and shatter a fraction of a second before the bomb hits.

After the major raids began, all this changed. *All* the windows were broken, so we marveled if we saw one which was still intact. We collected no more shrapnel. The streets, or what used to be streets, were littered with it. Instead, we kept our eyes open for duds. Many people who had survived the air raid itself were killed hours, days, even years later by duds, or time bombs which had been "humanely" triggered to go off later.

Leadership during the raids themselves was at once desirable and dangerous. Desirable if it was the result of real thoughtfulness; dangerous because in such unnerving moments I have found people willing to follow even the most panicky leader. A person whose own knees have turned to butter, but who still has enough presence of mind to prevent hysteria, to guide people away from fire and suffocation through dust, smoke, darkness and explosions under the constant whistling of bombs, is certainly welcome, but is a rare, rare individual. The best training in this field is often worthless, while the person of whom it is least expected may rise to great heights, only to wonder afterward how he ever did it. In fact, the trained ones often make great nuisances of themselves. Many of them feel that they must lead at any price, and everyone must obey them.

During the height of fear and danger, when explosion follows explosion, and when each second may be one's last, people may do any of the following—and I think I have done all of them during one air raid or another: tremble, or be literally numb with fear; stare at one's watch, hoping for a few minutes to pass; find reassurance in the proximity of a congenial person; pray, scream or remain perfectly calm as though nothing were happening; even get a conversation going in the total darkness (the electricity is shot, of course, and there is not a candle or battery left in the country), incongruously making lighthearted remarks—this can be done, too, once initiated by a true leader.

During the very worst, class distinctions and individual dislikes are almost forgotten, but this doesn't last long. As the raid subsides, thoughts turn from the present to the immediate future. We are alive. So now what? Who of our family has survived? Is our apartment still there? If it is, is it threatened by fire? How can I save it? How can I save myself if the fires should spread?

And then the reaction to the nervous strain sets in, and one may find that one has gone crazy. One may stand in the street as my father once did, watch his possessions burn, and laugh, laugh, laugh.

All those who have survived are like one family. All the objects that can be retrieved from the fire or dragged out of the rubble, or are found on the street, seemingly belong to everybody. At this stage, this is not necessarily plundering! People who have lost their home move into someone else's house, just anybody's house, without much asking, and the owners don't object.

These moments of solidarity are valuable, but short-lived. Within hours one's reactions are back to normal. Where will I obtain groceries? Is my friend, who lived at the other end of town, still alive? How about my school, my place of work? Since my coat burned at the cleaners, what will I wear? And how can I notify relatives across the country that I am still alive?

After years of air raids, fear, and ruins wherever I looked, my greatest desire was to move to a city untouched by bombs. I was obsessed with longing for a place that was undemolished, that still had streets and intact buildings. I was fortunate to find work in just such a city. Its name was Dresden, one of the most beautiful cities on earth. Here were clean streets, well-kept lawns, buildings with unbroken windows. Sirens often did not wail here for months at a time, because Dresden was so located that no planes on their way to other cities needed to pass over. Though opera performances were forbidden this late in the war,

The hen is an egg's way of producing another egg. SAMUEL BUTLER

one could still go to concerts. One could even take a cruise down the Elbe. Somehow, the war seemed far away.

Here, away from heavy industry, surrounded by art treasures, castles and cathedrals perhaps unsurpassed anywhere in Europe, I felt safe. And so did most other people, as evidenced by the fact that there were no public bomb shelters in Dresden. On this city devoid of military targets, no enemy would waste his bombs! There were only a few signs which read "To the Elbe" and "To the Park," so that in case of fire or danger of suffocation, people would know which way to turn.

The peacetime population of Dresden was about 600,000. Toward the end of the war this figure had probably nearly doubled. For one thing, Dresden, as an undestroyed city, offered shelter to many people who had become homeless. It was the site of innumerable hospitals and sanatoriums and, since nothing could possibly happen to Dresden, camps full of children who had been evacuated from industrial cities. Also, the city was swamped with refugees from those sections of Germany which had already been captured by the Russians. When finally there was nowhere else to go, and the hotels and private homes had filled up, they camped by the thousands on the bare floors of public buildings.

I lived and worked in a suburb six miles from the center of town, halfway between Dresden and Meissen. On the evening of February 13, 1945, twelve weeks before the end of the war, I was downtown, waiting for a streetcar to take me home from night school. Fortunately for me and for everybody else awaiting it, the 9:30 car appeared. If it hadn't, as very often it didn't, I wouldn't be sitting here now.

The warning came when we were only about a mile from where I was rooming. The streetcar stopped at the first sound of a siren, and everybody was supposed either to walk or ask for shelter in a nearby building. I took my time. Why hurry? Nothing had ever happened during the five and a half years of the war. But when I heard an unusually great number of planes above me (to this moment the sound of planes at this particular altitude at night terrifies me) and saw something like fireworks not too far away, I finally ran home as fast as I could.

At the beginning of every major air raid, the first planes to arrive at the scene would place flares, "Christmas trees" as we called them, suspended in the air to outline the area to be attacked. Within this area the bombing would be arbitrary.

Our house was a rather new building, with not much of a basement. We spent a good deal of the next two hours in front of the house. We would race inside when we heard a new wave of planes approaching, but then again, afraid that the house might blow up and bury us, we would run back out.

The ground remained in constant vibration. It was so light outside that at one time we thought somebody had left the porch light burning. But it was only the light of the Christmas trees, the reflection of the huge fire in the city, and what seemed to be a fiery rain coming down from the planes. I don't know how this phenomenon was to be explained, but it looked as if the planes were not only dropping the standard fire bombs, but were also actually pouring out burning masses.

After two hours no more planes could be heard and, since I had to be at work at six in the morning, I went to bed. I had acquired sufficient training in going to sleep even after the most nerve-racking raids.

Never, to my knowledge, had a city been exposed to two major raids in one night. When the sirens howled two hours later I paid no attention to them. There were always some planes around after raids to take pictures of the effects. Besides, the warning systems were usually knocked out of order, and sirens either wouldn't work at all or would carry on for hours. I was about to drop off to sleep again when my landlady shook me. She said only two words: "Christmas trees." I was up and dressed. It was surely a mistake. There couldn't be another raid! Two more hours of continued bombing? But so it was. At four in the morning at last a relative silence set in. At five I got ready to go to work.

Around noon the next day there was another terrifying raid, the third one in twenty-four hours.* I shall never forget it. My place of work was a small plant which manufactured typewriter parts, and its basement offered little protection. I had stepped outside to find out what was going on and saw hundreds of planes approaching in orderly formation.

Planes are not dangerous while they are straight above, but as long as they are approaching—When I heard them come, I hurried inside. How many more seconds were we to live? My knees shook, and I was so scared I felt as if my whole insides had been taken out of me. Some of us screamed when the radio announcer declared, "Planes are approaching the northwest of the city. A major attack will have to be counted on." These hard words meant for each of us, including the announcer, perhaps death, crippling and the destruction of our homes.

Miraculously, our suburb remained untouched. Our stomachs seemed to settle back into their places. Our legs began to support us again. The paralyzing fear was replaced by bewilderment. Had we survived? And for how long?

When I returned home that evening, an endless stream of people, some in torn clothes, some scantily bandaged, all dirty from dust and soot, carrying their children (the ones they had saved) or bundles and baskets, dragged silently through the streets. I was ashamed, even scared, to be cleanly dressed.

I waited three weeks before I decided to walk into town; of course there was no transportation. Perhaps I shouldn't have gone.

The city was absolutely ruined. In other cities, after major raids, you might still find one house here or there. Not so in Dresden. I could not find even the familiar streets. The magnificent silhouette, as painted and photographed so often from the far shores of the Elbe, was a shambles.

Even after three weeks there were still bodies scattered over the streets and piled up on horse-drawn carts. Some were terribly mutilated, torn to bits by explosions, or half burned. I would turn my head in the direction of a certain odor, and there would be lying a head or a hand or a leg. To this day I cannot forget the stench.

There had been the signs pointing to the park and to the Elbe. I had been told by several people that the first two raids had concentrated on the downtown section of the city, and that the third one had concentrated on the park and on the shores of the river to which thousands of people had fled. I walked through the park, and there were the charcoaled bodies still hanging in the charcoaled trees.

A quarter of a million people were estimated killed during that twenty-four-hour period. Actually, we will never know how many died. There was no way to check among such groups as the refugees. It is a miracle that *anybody* survived.

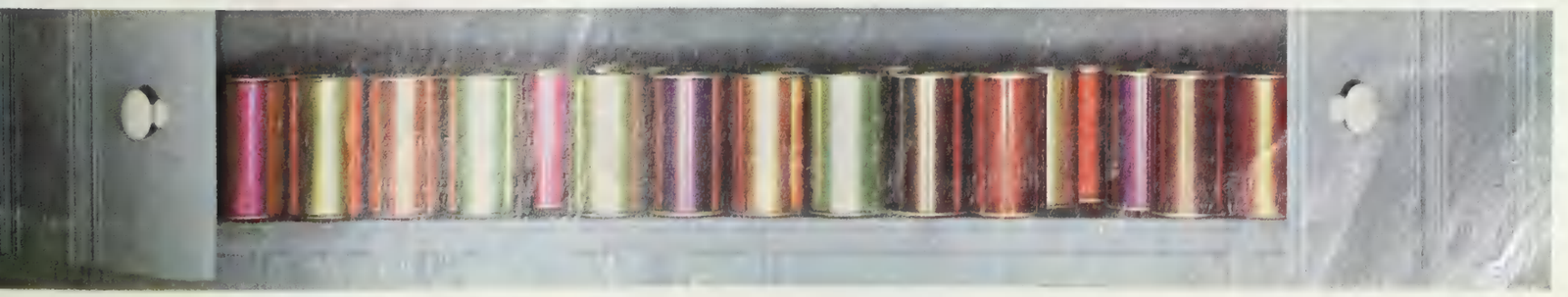
All this has happened nearly twenty years ago, but another fifty may pass and I am not likely to forget one detail. Many people have managed to forget, and perhaps they are more fortunate. I do not dare forget, lest I allow myself again to consider war a "possibility," a "solution," something to be considered the "lesser evil." Lest I fail to make every personal effort to prevent it, to help find a better remedy for the world's ills. Lest I neglect my duty to inform all who can be induced to listen of the horror, the terror of war! END

*From *The Army Air Forces in World War II*, Vol. 3, page 731, University of Chicago Press, 1951: "The Eighth Air Force devoted two days' effort beginning with 14 Feb., 1945, to the central German railway centers which were believed to serve armies opposing the Russians in the east. Three hundred and eleven Fortresses dropped 771 tons on Dresden . . . Dresden, which the heavy bombers had left alone until [now], had received a terrible bombing from the Royal Air Force the previous night. Smoke was still rising to 15,000 feet when the Americans arrived to make their attack. . . . But if casualties were exceptionally high and damage to residential areas great, it was also evident the city's industrial and transportation establishments had been blotted out."



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

"I pity you," Gloria Hilton said to him. "I pity anybody who can't love. They are the most pitiful people there are."

"The more you talk," he said, "the more I'm convinced I'm one of them."

He was the writer, of course. My wife keeps a lot of Hollywood stuff in her head, and she tells me Gloria Hilton was married to a motorcycle policeman, then a sugar millionaire, then somebody who played Tarzan, then her agent—and then the writer. George Murra, the writer, was the one I knew.

"People keep wondering what the matter with the world is," said Gloria. "I know what the matter is. It's simple: most men don't know the meaning of the word 'love.'"

"At least give me credit for trying to find out what it means," said Murra. "For one solid year now I haven't done a single, solitary thing but order a bathtub enclosure and try to find out what love means."

"I suppose you're going to blame me for that too," she said.

"For what?" he said.

"The fact that you haven't written a word since we've been married," she said. "I suppose that's somehow my fault too."

"I hope I'm not that shallow," he said. "I know a plain, ordinary coincidence when I see one. The fights we have all night, the photographers and reporters and so-called friends we have all day—they have nothing to do with the fact that I've dried up."

"You're one of those people who enjoy suffering," she said.

"That's a smart way to be," he said, "believe me."

"I'll tell you frankly," she said, "I'm disappointed in you."

"I knew," he said, "that sooner or later you would come right out and say it."

"I might as well tell you, too," she said, "that I've decided to bring this farce to an end."

"It's nice of you to make me among the first to know," he said. "Shall I notify Louella Parsons, or has that already been taken care of?"

I had the gasket glued onto the bathtub rim, so I was free to close the register. I looked straight down through the grating, and there Gloria Hilton was. She had her hair up in curlers. She didn't have any makeup on. She hadn't even bothered to draw on eyebrows. She had on some kind of slip and a bathrobe that was gaping open. I swear, that woman wasn't any prettier than a used studio couch.

"I don't think you're very funny," she said.

"You knew I was a serious writer when you married me," he said.

She stood up. She spread her arms like she was Moses telling the Jews the Promised Land was right over the next hill. "Go on back to your precious wife and your precious son," she said. "I certainly won't stand in your way."

I closed the register.

Five minutes later Murra came upstairs and told me to clear out. "Miss Hilton wants to use her bathroom," he said. I never saw such a peculiar expression on a man's face. He was all red, and there were tears in his eyes—but there was this crazy laugh tearing him apart, trying to get out.

"I'm not quite finished," I said.

"Miss Hilton is completely finished," he said. "Clear out!"

So I went out to my truck, drove into town and had a cup of coffee. The door for the bathtub enclosure was on a wooden rack on the back of my truck, out in the open—and it certainly attracted a lot of attention.

Most people, when they order an enclosure door, don't want anything on it unless maybe a flamingo or a sea horse. The plant, which is over in Lawrence, Massachusetts, is set up to sandblast a flamingo or a sea horse on a door for only six dollars extra. But Gloria Hilton wanted a big *G*, two feet across—and in the middle of the *G* she wanted a life-size head of herself. And the eyes on the head had to be exactly five feet, two inches above the bottom of the tub, because that's how high her real eyes were when she stood up barefoot in the tub.

They practically went crazy over in Lawrence.

One of the people I was having coffee with was Harry Crocker, the plumber. "I certainly hope you insisted on measuring her yourself," he said, "so the figures would be absolutely accurate."

"Her husband did it," I said.

"Some people have all the luck," he said.

I went to the pay telephone, and I called up Murra's house to see if it would be all right for me to come back and finish up. The line was busy.

When I got back to my coffee, Harry Crocker said to me, "You missed something I don't think anybody's ever liable to see in this town ever again."

"What's that?" I said.

"Gloria Hilton and her maid going through town at two hundred miles an hour," he said.

"Which way were they headed?" I said.

"West," he said.

So I tried to call Murra again. I figured, with Gloria Hilton gone, all the big telephoning would be over. But the telephone went right on being busy for practically an hour. I thought maybe somebody had torn the telephone out by its roots, but the operator said it was in working order.

"Try the number again, then," I told her.

That time I got through.

Murra answered the phone. All I said to him was, "Hello," and he got very excited. He wasn't excited about getting the bathtub enclosure finished. He was excited because he thought I was somebody named John.

"John, John," he said to me, "thank God you called! John, I know what you think of me, and I don't blame you for thinking that—but please listen to what I have to say before you hang up. She's left me, John. That part of my life is over—finished! Now I'm trying to pick up the pieces. John," he said, "in the name of mercy, you've got to come here. Please, John, please, John, please."

"Mr. Murra ——" I said.

"Yes?" he said. From the way his voice went away from the telephone, I guess he thought I'd just walked into the room.

"It's me, Mr. Murra," I said.

"It's who?" he said.

"The bathtub-enclosure man," I said.

"I was expecting a very important long-distance call," he said. "Please get off the wire."

"I beg your pardon," I said. "I just want to know when you want me to finish up there."

"Never!" he said. "Forget it!"

"Mr. Murra," I said, "I can't return that door for credit."

"Send me the bill," he said, "I make you a present of the door."

"Whatever you say," I said. "Now, you've got these two Fleetwood Trip-L-Trak windows too."

"Throw 'em on the dump!" he said.

"Mr. Murra," I said, "I guess you're upset about something ——"

"You're smart!" he said.

"Maybe throwing away that door makes sense," I said, "but storm windows never hurt a soul. Why don't you let me come out and put 'em up? You'll never even know I'm there."

"All right, all right, all right!" he said, and he hung up.

The Fleetwood Trip-L-Trak is our first-line window, so there isn't anything quick and dirty about the way we put them up. We put a gasket up all the way around, just the way we do on a bathtub enclosure. So I had some standing around to do at Murra's house, just waiting for glue to dry. You can actually fill up a room equipped with Fleetwoods with water clear up to the ceiling, and it won't leak—not through the windows, anyway.

While I was waiting on the glue, Murra came out and asked me if I wanted a drink.

"Pardon me?" I said.

"Or maybe bathtub-enclosure men don't drink on duty," he said.

"That's only on television," I said.

So he took me into the kitchen, and he got out a bottle and ice and a couple of glasses.

"This is very nice of you," I said.

"I may not know what love is," he said, "but at least I've never gotten drunk by myself."

"That's what we're going to do?" I said.

"Unless you have some other suggestion," he said.

"I'll have to think a minute," I said.

"That's a mistake," he said. "You miss an awful lot of life that way. That's why you Yankees are so cold," he said. "You think too much. That's why you marry so seldom."

"At least some of that is a plain lack of money," I said.

"No, no," he said. "It goes deeper than that. You people around here don't grasp the thistle firmly." He had to explain that to me, about how a thistle won't prick you if you grab it real hard and fast.

"I don't believe that about thistles," I said.

"Typical New England conservatism," he said.

"I gather you aren't from these parts," I said.

"That happiness is not mine," he said. He told me he was from Los Angeles.

"I guess that's nice too," I said.

"The people are all phonies," he said.

"I wouldn't know about that," I said.

"That's why we took up residence here," he said. "As my wife—my second wife, that is—told all the reporters at our wedding, 'We are getting away from all the phonies. We are going to live where people are really people. We are going to live in New Hampshire. My husband and I are going to find ourselves. He is going to write and write and write. He is going to write the most beautiful scenario anybody in the history of literature has ever written for me.'"

"That's nice," I said.

"You didn't read that in the newspapers or the magazines?" he said.

"No," I said. "I used to go out with a girl who subscribed to *Film Fun*, but that was years ago. I have no idea what happened to her."

Somewhere in the course of this conversation, a fifth of a gallon of Old Hickey's Private Stock Sour Mash Bourbon was evaporating, or was being stolen, or was otherwise disappearing fast.

And I haven't got the conversation set down quite straight, because somewhere in there Murra told me he'd been married when he was only eighteen—and he told me who the John was he'd thought I was on the telephone.

It hurt Murra a lot to talk about John. "John," he said, "is my only child. Fifteen years old." Murra clouded up, pointed southeast. "Only twenty-two miles away—so near and yet so far," he said.

"He didn't stay with his mother in Los Angeles?" I said.

"His home is with her," said Murra, "but he goes to school at Mount Henry." Mount Henry is a very good boys' prep school near here. "One of the reasons I came to New Hampshire was to be close to him." Murra shook his head. "I thought surely he'd get in touch with me sooner or later—return a telephone call, answer a letter."

"But he never did?" I said.

"Never," said Murra. "You know what the last thing was he said to me?"

"Nope," I said.

"When I divorced his mother and married Gloria Hilton, the last thing he said was, 'Father, you're contemptible. I don't want to hear another word from you as long as I live.'"

"That's—that's strong," I said.

"Friend," said Murra hoarsely, "that's *mighty* strong." He bowed his head. "That was the word he used—contemptible. Young as he was, he sure used the right one."

"Did you finally get in touch with him today?" I said.

"I called the headmaster of the school, and I told him there was a terrible family emergency, and he had to make John call me right away," said Murra. "It worked, thank God. And even though I am definitely contemptible he has agreed to come see me tomorrow."

Somewhere else in that conversation Murra told me to look at the statistics sometime. I promised him I would. "Just statistics in general—or some special statistics?" I asked him.

"Statistics on marriage," he said.

"I'm scared to think of what I'm liable to find," I said.

"You look at the statistics," said Murra, "and you'll find out that when people get married when they're only eighteen—the way my first wife and I did—there's a fifty-fifty chance the thing will blow sky-high."

"I was eighteen when I was married," I said.

"You're still with your first wife?" he said.

"Going on twenty years now," I said.

"Don't you ever feel as if you got gypped out of your bachelor days, your playboy days, your days as a great lover?"

"Well," I said, "in New Hampshire those days generally come between the ages of fourteen and seventeen."

"Let me put it to you this way," he said. "Say you'd been married all these years, fighting about the dumb things married people fight about, being broke and worried most of the time ——"

"I'm right with you," I said.

"And say the movies bought a book you'd written, and they hired you to write the screen play, and Gloria Hilton was going to be the star," he said.

"I don't think I can do that," I said.

"All right," he said. "What's the biggest thing that could possibly happen to you in your line of work?"

I had to think a while. "I guess it would be if I sold the Conners Hotel on putting Fleetwoods on every window. That must be five hundred windows or more," I said.

"Good!" he said. "You've just made the sale. You've got real money in your pocket for the first time. You've just had a fight with your wife, and you're thinking mean things about her, feeling sorry for yourself. And the manager of the hotel is Gloria Hilton—Gloria Hilton looking the way she does in the movies."

"I'm listening," I said.

"Say you started putting up those five hundred Fleetwoods," he said, "and say every time you put up another storm window, there was Gloria Hilton smiling at you through the glass, as if you were a god or something."

"Is there anything left to drink in the house?" I said.

"Say that went on for three months," he said. "And every night you went home to your wife, some woman you'd known so long she was practically like a sister, and she would crab about some little thing ——"

"This is a very warm room, even without storm windows," I said.

"Say Gloria Hilton all of a sudden said to you," he said, "'Dare to be happy, my poor darling! Oh, darling, we were *made* for each other! Dare to be happy with me! I go limp when I see you putting up storm windows! I can't stand to see you so unhappy, to know you belong to some other woman, to know how happy I could make you, if only you belonged to me!'"

After that, I remember, Murra and I went outdoors to look for thistles. He was going to show me how to grab thistles without getting

CONTINUED ON PAGE 110

DREAM OF SUMMER

BY ELIZA LOUISA DAWSON

The day is filled with sun on the place;
The children have left snapdragons by the door;
Berries are wet with dew in the thickets,
And the yellow fields wave in the winds.
At night the children come home
Twinkling like sparks in a bright warm fire.

How to create 4 wonderful new Garlic Dressings with this Good Seasons Mix

The Basic Garlic Dressing



A lively blend of herbs and spices discreetly laced with garlic. Takes just seconds to make in the Good Seasons cruet. You simply combine your favorite oil, vinegar and a little water with the Mix. (Easy directions on the Good Seasons envelope.) Do keep an extra cruet handy—this sprightly garlic dressing inspires many wonderful variations.

Garlic Chili-Chive Dressing



Good Seasons Garlic Salad Dressing Mix
Chili sauce or catsup — 1 tablespoon snipped chives

When preparing the basic dressing, substitute chili sauce or catsup for the water. Shake with chives (or minced onions).

Garlic Orange-Mint Dressing



Good Seasons Garlic Salad Dressing Mix
Orange juice — 1 tablespoon chopped fresh mint

Use orange juice in place of the water when preparing the basic dressing. Shake with fresh mint (or 1 teaspoon dried mint leaves). So good on fruit salads.

Garlic Wine Dressing



Good Seasons Garlic Salad Dressing Mix
Your favorite wine — 2 tablespoons Parmesan cheese

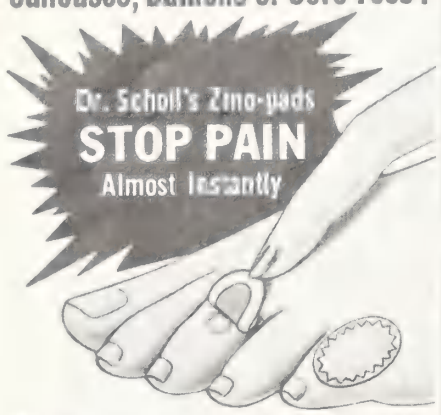
Substitute any wine for the water when you prepare the basic garlic dressing. Inspired optional touch: add Parmesan (or crumbled bleu) cheese to your finished dressing.

Get the Good Seasons cruet, with measures marked, where you buy the 9 mixes: New Parmesan, Italian, Bleu Cheese, Garlic, Cheese-Garlic, Onion, Old Fashion French, Classic and Exotic Herbs.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108

hurt. I don't think we found any. I remember pulling up a lot of plants, and throwing them against the house, and laughing a lot. But I don't think any of the plants were thistles.

Then we lost each other in the great outdoors. I yelled for him for a while, but his answers got fainter and fainter, and I finally went home.

I don't remember what the homecoming was like, but my wife does. She says I spoke to her in a rude and disrespectful manner. I told her that I had sold five hundred Fleetwood windows to the Conners Hotel. I also told her that she should look up the statistics on teen-age marriages sometime.

Then I went upstairs, and I took the door off our bathtub enclosure. I told her Murra and I were trading doors. I got the door off, and then I went to sleep in the tub.

My wife woke me up, and I told her to go away. I told her Gloria Hilton had just bought the Conners Hotel, and I was going to marry her. I tried to tell her something very important about thistles, but I couldn't pronounce thistles, so I went to sleep again.

So my wife poured bubble-bath powder all over me, and she turned on the cold-water faucet of the bathtub, and she went to bed in the guest room.

About three o'clock the next afternoon, I went over to Murra's to finish putting up his windows, and to find out what we'd agreed to do about the bathtub-enclosure door, if anything. I had two doors on the back of my truck—my door with a flamingo and his door with Gloria Hilton.

I started to ring his doorbell, but then I heard somebody knocking on an upstairs window. I looked up and saw Murra standing in the window of Gloria Hilton's bathroom. My ladder was already leaning against the sill of the window, so I went up the ladder and asked Murra what was going on.

He opened the window and he told me to come in. He was very pale and shaky.

"Your boy showed up yet?" I said.

"Yes," he said. "He's downstairs. I picked him up at the bus station an hour ago."

"You two hitting it off all right?" I said.

Murra shook his head. "He's still so *bitter*," he said. "He's only fifteen, but he talks to me as though he were my great-great-grandfather. I came up here for just a minute, and now I haven't got nerve enough to go back down." He took me by the arm. "Listen," he said, "you go down and sort of pave the way."

"If I've got any pavement left in me," I said, "I'd better save it for home." I filled him in on my own situation at home, which was far from ideal.

"Whatever you do," he said, "don't make the same mistake I made. You keep that home of yours together, no matter what. I know it must be lousy from time to time, but, believe me, there are ways of life that are ten thousand times lousier."

"Well," I said, "I thank the good Lord for one thing."

"What's that?" he said.

"Gloria Hilton hasn't come right out and said she loved me yet," I said.

I went downstairs to see Murra's boy.

Young John had on a man's suit. He even had on a vest. He wore big black-rimmed spectacles. He looked like a college professor.

"John," I said, "I'm an old friend of your father's."

"That so?" he said, and he looked me up and down. He wouldn't shake hands.

"You certainly are a mature-looking young man," I said.

"I've *had* to be," he said. "When father walked out on mother and me, that made me head of the family, wouldn't you say?"

"Well now, John," I said, "your father hasn't been too happy, either, you know."

"That certainly is a great disappointment to me," he said. "I thought Gloria Hilton made men as happy as they could possibly be."

"John," I said, "when you get older, you're going to understand a lot of things you don't understand now."

"You must mean nuclear physics," he said. "I can hardly wait." And he turned his back to me, and he looked out the window. "Where's father?" he said.

"Here he is," said Murra from the top of the stairs. "Here the poor fool is." He came creaking down the stairs.

"I think I'd better go back to school, father," said the boy.

"So soon?" said Murra.

"I was told there was an emergency, or I wouldn't have come," said the boy. "There doesn't seem to be any emergency, so I'd like to go back, if you don't mind."

"Don't mind?" said Murra. He held out his arms. "John," he said, "you'll break my heart if you walk out on me now—without ——"

"Without what, father?" said the boy. He was cold as ice.

"Without forgiving me," said Murra.

"Never," said the boy. "I'm sorry—that's one thing I'll never do." He nodded. "Whenever you are ready to go, father," he said, "I'll be waiting in the car."

And he walked out of the house.

Murra sat down in a chair with his head in his hands. "What do I do now?" he said. "Maybe this is the punishment I deserve. I guess what I do is just grit my teeth and take it."

"I can only think of one other thing," I said.

"What's that?" he said.

"Kick him in the pants," I said.

So that's what Murra did.

He went out to the car, looking all gloomy and blue. He told John something was wrong with the front seat, and he made John get out so he could fix it.

Then Murra let the boy have it in the seat of the pants with the side of his foot. I don't think there was any pain connected with it, but it did have a certain amount of loft.

The boy did a kind of polka downhill, toward the shrubbery where his father and I had been looking for thistles the night before. When he got himself stopped and turned around, he was certainly one surprised-looking boy.

"John," Murra said to him, "I'm sorry I did that, but I couldn't think of anything else to do."

For once, the boy didn't have a snappy comeback.

"I have made many serious mistakes in life," said Murra, "but I don't think that one of them. I love you, and I love your moth and I think I'll go on kicking you until you find it in your heart to give me another chanc

The boy still couldn't think of anything say, but I could tell he wasn't interested in ing kicked again.

"Now you come back in the house," s Murra, "and we'll talk this thing over like ilized human beings."

When they got back in the house, Murra the boy to call up his mother in Los Angel

"You tell her we're having a nice time, a I've been terribly unhappy, and I am throu with Gloria Hilton, and I want her to take back on any terms whatsoever," said Mur

The boy told his mother, and she cri and the boy cried, and Murra cried, and cried. And then Murra's first wife told him could come back home any time he wanted t And that was that.

The way we settled the bathtub-enclosu door thing was that I took Murra's door a he took mine. Actually, I was trading a twent two-dollar door for a forty-eight-dollar doo not counting the picture of Gloria Hilton.

My wife was out when I got home. I hu the new door. My boy came up and watch me. He was kind of red-nosed about som thing.

"Where's your mother?" I said to him.

"She went out," he said.

"When she due back?" I said.

"She said maybe she'd never come back said the boy.

I was sick, but I didn't let the boy know "That's one of her jokes," I said. "She sa that all the time."

"I never heard her say it before," he said.

I was really scared when suppertime roll around, and I still didn't have a wife. I tried t be brave. I got supper for the boy and me, an I said, "Well, I guess she's been delayed som where."

"Father ——" said the boy.

"What?" I said.

"What did you do to mother last night?" h said. He took a very high and mighty tone.

"Mind your own business," I said, "o you're liable to get a swift kick in the pants."

That calmed him right down.

My wife came home at ten o'clock, than God.

She was cheerful. She said she'd had a swel time just being alone—shopping alone, eatin in a restaurant alone, going to a movie alone

She gave me a kiss, and she went upstairs.

I heard the shower running, and I all of sudden remembered the picture of Gloria Hil ton on the bathtub-enclosure door. I ran u the stairs to tell her what the picture was doin on the door, to tell her I would have it sand blasted first thing in the morning.

I went into the bathroom.

My wife was standing up, taking a shower

She was just the same height as Gloria Hil ton, so the picture on the door made kind of mask for her.

There was my wife's body with the head o Gloria Hilton on it.

My wife wasn't sore. She laughed. Sh thought it was funny. "Guess who?" she said

THERE'S A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

United States in the last year for which complete figures are available. Long considered one of those childhood miseries to "get early and get it over with," measles should not be lightly regarded: 4410 of its victims died that year. But *this* year some of the best medical news in a decade headlines measles. *Keep in touch with your doctor about the long-awaited vaccine; it should be available soon.* Nationwide tests report it up to 96 percent effective. (Exception: the so-called German measles.) And while you are protecting your child with the new measles vaccine, make sure that he also has the protection of other, older vaccines—POLIO, WHOOPING COUGH, DIPHTHERIA, SMALLPOX, TETANUS. (It is shocking to discover that tetanus, or "lockjaw," still causes 450 needless deaths a year in this country.)

FAMILY HEALTH RECORD . . . Keeping a complete, up-to-date, family health record (in any handy ledger or notebook) will not only tell you exactly when Johnny had his last polio shot and when Susie's next dental checkup is due; it will keep at your fingertips family health facts that could be vitally important to your doctor in diagnosing an illness. It can also save you endless searching for records any time you move to a new neighborhood or your child enters a new school. (Extra copies of birth certificates will be helpful too.) Americans are becoming more and more mobile—an estimated 35,000,000 of us *do* move to new homes each year.

DO YOU KNOW . . .

. . . How to find a doctor in an unfamiliar city or town? Call your county medical society; they will give you a list of names to choose from. And if you want information about a doctor's qualifications, training, and so on, they are prepared to provide it. Another worthwhile fact about your county medical society: in an emergency they will quickly locate a doctor for you.

. . . How to cope with sudden accidents or emergencies at home or while traveling? Twenty-five cents and a request to the National Safety Council, 425 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, will bring you a copy of an excellent booklet, *Family Emergency Almanac*, which tells you how to deal with everything from a bee sting to a highway crash, including how—and whom—to call for help when you need it.

We do not choose to have needless deaths in America, needless suffering, billions of dollars in needless bills. But we could choose *not* to have them.

"Take care, now."

END



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SUMMER DAYS ARE SALAD DAYS!

by Jane Engel

Now's the time to make the most of the cool perfection of summer salads. Dress th up or dress them down. Take advantage of the abundance of the garden. Try your h with all the varied vegetables, fruits and crisp greens, mixing for texture and co Don't overlook the extras; they make all the difference—spicy olives, snappy chee peppery seasonings and herbs. Try some of the delicious prepared salad-dressing mi and bottled low-calorie dressings. Here's *our* salad collection; take it from th

SUMMER SALAD WITH BLUE-CHEESE WATERCRESS DRESSING

- *2 quarts assorted greens (lettuce, romaine, chicory, field salad, etc.)*
- *3 tablespoons vinegar*
- *½ cup salad or olive oil*
- *⅛ teaspoon paprika*
- *¼ teaspoon salt*
- *⅛ teaspoon pepper*
- *6 tablespoons crumbled blue cheese*
- *¼ cup chopped watercress*
- *2 tablespoons chopped parsley*
- *1 cucumber, peeled and thinly sliced*
- *6 radishes, washed and thinly sliced*
- *4 tomatoes, peeled and quartered*

(1) Wash and dry the greens and crisp in the refrigerator (2) Combine in a jar the vinegar, oil, paprika, salt, pepper, blue cheese, watercress and parsley. Shake vigorously. (3) Assemble salad greens in a large bowl with cucumber, radishes and tomatoes. (4) Pour part of dressing over and toss lightly Adjust seasoning and amount of dressing to suit your taste. Makes 8 servings.

VEGETABLE SALAD IN HERB DRESSING

DRESSING:
- *¾ cup salad oil*
- *¼ teaspoon dry mustard*
- *3 tablespoons vinegar*
- *1 teaspoon salt*
- *Dash pepper*
- *3 teaspoons fresh tarragon (or 1 teaspoon dried)*
- *3 teaspoons fresh chervil (or 1 teaspoon dried)*
- *2½ teaspoons fresh basil (or ½ teaspoon dried)*
- *1 tablespoon fresh minced chives*

SALAD:
- *6 cups freshly cooked vegetables (peas, Lima beans, Frenched green beans, diced carrots)*
- *Assorted greens, washed and crisped*
- *4 scallions, sliced*

(1) Pour oil into a jar. (2) Moisten mustard in vinegar; add salt, pepper and herbs. (3) Shake well. (4) Pour dressing over vegetables and mix well. Vegetables should still be slightly warm. (5) Cover and refrigerate for several hours, turning occasionally. (6) To serve, line your salad bowl with greens. Arrange vegetables in middle. Sprinkle scallions over top. Makes 6 servings.

CRAB SALAD REMOULADE

- *4 green peppers*
- *2 hard-cooked eggs*
- *½ teaspoon dry mustard*
- *2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley*
- *1 teaspoon grated onion*
- *2 teaspoons anchovy paste*
- *Few drops Worcestershire sauce*
- *½ cup diced celery*
- *4 stuffed olives, sliced*
- *½–¾ cup mayonnaise*
- *Salt*
- *Pepper*
- *1 pound cooked fresh or canned crab meat*
- *Paprika*
- *Watercress*

(1) Cut about 1″ off the top of the peppers; remove seeds; cut thin slices from bottoms so they will stand. (2) Chill until very crisp in some ice water. (3) Peel and chop the eggs. (4) Mix with the mustard, parsley, onion, anchovy paste, Worcestershire sauce, celery, olives and mayonnaise. (5) Add salt and pepper to taste. (6) Pick over crab meat to remove bony parts. (7) Add dressing and mix. (8) Drain pepper cups and dry well. (9) Fill with salad, sprinkle with paprika and serve on beds of watercress. Makes 4 servings.

COLESLAW WITH GRAPES

- *6 cups shredded white cabbage*
- *¾ cup cooked salad dressing*
- *¾ cup dairy sour cream*
- *1 tablespoon sugar*
- *1 tablespoon vinegar*
- *1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley*
- *1½ cups seedless green grapes*
- *Salt*
- *Pepper*

(1) Crisp the cabbage for about an hour w ice cubes. (2) Mix together the salad dress and sour cream. (3) Stir in the sugar, vine and parsley. (4) Chill well to blend flav (5) To assemble salad, drain cabbage v and pat dry between paper towels. Pour dr ing over cabbage. (6) Add grapes and well. Season to taste with salt and pep Chill again before serving. Makes 8 serv

CURRIED-LAMB SALAD

- *2 cups diced cold roast lamb*
- *¾ cup diced celery*
- *3 hard-cooked eggs, peeled and chopped*
- *½ teaspoon salt*
- *Dash pepper*
- *2–3 tablespoons curry powder*
- *2 tablespoons vineg*
- *1 cup mayonnaise*
- *1 teaspoon grated onion*
- *1 tablespoon chutne chopped (optiona*
- *Lettuce cups*
- *Olives*
- *Tomato wedges*

(1) Mix together the lamb, celery, eggs, s and pepper. (2) Blend curry powder with vinegar. (3) Add to mayonnaise, along w onion and chutney. (4) Combine all ingre ents and mix well; chill for several hours blend flavors. (5) Serve in lettuce cups g nished with olives and tomato wedges. Ma 4 servings.

OLD-FASHIONED DUTCH SALAD

- *6 cups washed and prepared garden or leaf lettuce*
- *2 hard-cooked eggs, peeled and sliced*
- *¼ cup chopped onion*
- *2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley*
- *6 slices bacon, diced*
- *1 tablespoon flour*
- *¾ cup water*
- *½ cup vinegar*
- *1 tablespoon sugar*
- *½ teaspoon salt*
- *2 eggs, slightly beaten*

(1) Assemble greens in salad bowl with slic eggs, onion and parsley. (2) In a small skill fry bacon until crisp. Drain on paper tow and add to salad bowl. (3) Stir flour into bacon drippings and add the water, vineg sugar and salt. (4) Cook until slightly thic ened. (5) Cool about 10 minutes. (6) A gradually to the beaten eggs. Return mixtu to the skillet and heat, stirring, over very l heat. Do not overcook or it will curdle. Pour hot over salad and mix well. Let sta a few minutes to wilt. Makes 4–6 servin

ORANGE SUNSET SALAD

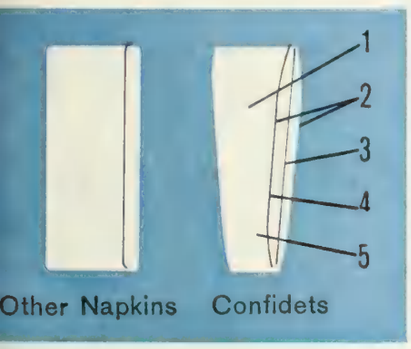
- *1 bunch watercress*
- *2 small heads Boston lettuce*
- *½ head romaine*
- *2 cups orange sections, drained*
- *1 cup diced, peeled pear*
- *2 cups diced cooked chicken*
- *2 tablespoons choppe parsley*
- *½–⅔ cup French dressing*
- *Salt*
- *Pepper*

(1) Wash, drain and tear greens for sala Chill. (2) To assemble salad, place greens bowl with orange, pear, chicken and parsle (3) Add dressing and toss lightly. (4) Season taste with salt and pepper. Makes 4–6 servin

CONTINUE

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CONTINUED

MELON SALAD RING WITH CREAMY FRUIT DRESSING

DRESSING:
- ½ cup nonfat dry milk
- ½ cup chilled pineapple juice
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1½ cups dairy sour cream
- ¾ cup chopped pecans

SALAD:
- Honeydew or cantaloupe melons
- Chicory
- Pineapple chunks
- Strawberries, washed and hulled
- Blueberries

(1) Mix dry milk with pineapple juice. (2) Whip until soft peaks form; add lemon juice and whip until very stiff. (3) Fold in sour cream and nuts. (Makes about 4 cups dressing.) (4) Cut thick slices of melon, and remove rind and seeds. (5) Arrange melon rings on bed of chicory. (6) Fill rings with pineapple chunks, strawberries, blueberries, or any fruit you wish. Pass dressing. Dressing is also delicious with plain crisp salad greens.

DANISH SHRIMP SALAD

- 3 pounds shrimp, shelled and deveined
- 1 tablespoon shrimp spice
- ¾ cup mayonnaise
- ½ cup dairy sour cream
- 2 tablespoons minced onion
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 2–3 tablespoons chopped fresh dill
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 3–4 drops liquid hot pepper seasoning
- Prepared greens (watercress, romaine or Boston lettuce)

(1) Cook the shrimp in water to cover, with the shrimp spice, 5–8 minutes. (2) Cool shrimp in the broth. (3) Mix together mayonnaise, sour cream, onion, lemon juice, dill, salt, pepper and pepper seasoning. (4) Drain shrimp a place in bowl; add dressing and mix we chill several hours. To serve, arrange shrin on bed of greens. Makes 6 servings.

TUNA-VEGETABLE SALAD

- 2 quarts washed and crisped greens (lettuce, chicory, escarole, etc.)
- 4 tomatoes, peeled and quartered
- 8 anchovy fillets, drained and minced
- 2 pitted ripe olives, sliced
- 3 teaspoons finely chopped fresh chives
- 3 teaspoons finely chopped fresh parsley
- 3 teaspoons finely chopped fresh tarragon
- 1 can (7-oz.) white-meat tuna, drained and flaked
- Salt
- Pepper
- ½ cup French dressi
- 1 clove garlic, crush
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, shelled and sliced

(1) In a large salad bowl, toss together t greens, tomatoes, anchovies, olives, herbs a tuna. (2) Season to taste with salt and pepp (3) Add garlic and onion to French dressi and mix well. (4) Pour over salad and to again. (5) Garnish the bowl with egg slice Makes 8 servings.

SALAD PIQUANT

SALAD:
- ½ head escarole
- ½ head bib lettuce
- 2 scallions, sliced
- ½ cup chopped leeks
- ¼ cup chopped parsley
- 1 red pepper, chopped (include seeds)
- ¾ cup julienne strips of cooked ham
- ¾ cup julienne strips of tongue
- ½ cup julienne strips of Swiss cheese
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Fresh-ground pepper to taste

DRESSING:
- ½ cup salad oil
- ⅓ cup red wine vinegar
- ⅓ cup chili sauce
- 1 tablespoon Worces tershire sauce
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- 1 teaspoon crushed coriander seed

(1) Wash, drain and tear greens for sala Chill. (2) Mix together salad oil, vinega chili sauce, Worcestershire sauce, garlic an coriander. (3) Place greens in bowl with sca lions, leeks, parsley, red pepper, ham, tongu and cheese. (4) Add salt and pepper to tast and toss. (5) Add dressing and toss agai Serve immediately. Makes 4–6 servings.

GARDEN SALAD WITH FRENCH-ANCHOVY DRESSING

- 1 bunch romaine
- 1 bunch watercress
- 1 head lettuce
- 8 radishes, thinly sliced
- ½ cup shredded carrot
- 1 cup celery, thinly sliced
- 1 box (1-lb.) cherry tomatoes, halved
- 1 bunch scallions, sliced (some of the green parts too)
- 1 can anchovy fillets, drained and broke into small pieces
- ½ cup French dressin
- 2 teaspoons anchovy paste
- 1 teaspoon chopped parsley
- Salt
- Pepper

(1) Wash, drain and tear greens. Crisp in re frigerator. (2) To assemble salad, place green in large bowl and add radishes, carrot, celery tomatoes, scallions and anchovies. Toss wel (3) Add anchovy paste and parsley to Frenc dressing. Stir or shake well. Pour over salad (4) Toss again. Add salt and pepper to taste Makes 8 servings.

SEASIDE MACARONI SALAD

- 8 ounces elbow macaroni
- 2 cans (6½-oz.) crab meat, drained, boned and flaked
- 2 cups shredded lettuce
- 1 cup mayonnaise
- 2 tablespoons capers
- 2 tablespoons prepared mustard
- 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish
- ¼ cup sliced scallion
- 1 teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- 2 hard-cooked eggs, shelled and cut into wedges

(1) Cook the macaroni according to packag directions. (2) Drain, rinse with cold wate and drain again. (3) Combine macaroni, cra meat, lettuce, mayonnaise, capers, mustard horseradish, scallions, salt and pepper. (4 Toss well and chill. Garnish with the eggs Makes 6 servings.

EN



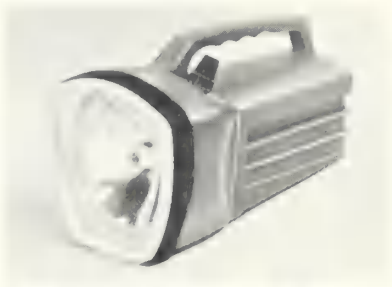
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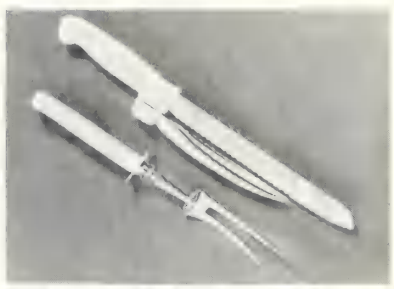


Flatware-Napkin holders

Pine-finish wood pieces for indoor or outdoor use. Flatware holder has 4 bins. Grip-bar napkin holder keeps napkins from blowing away outdoors.

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60 Matching Napkin-Holder $2.00

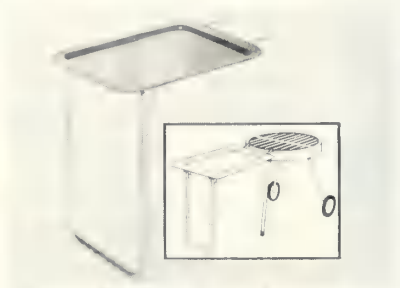


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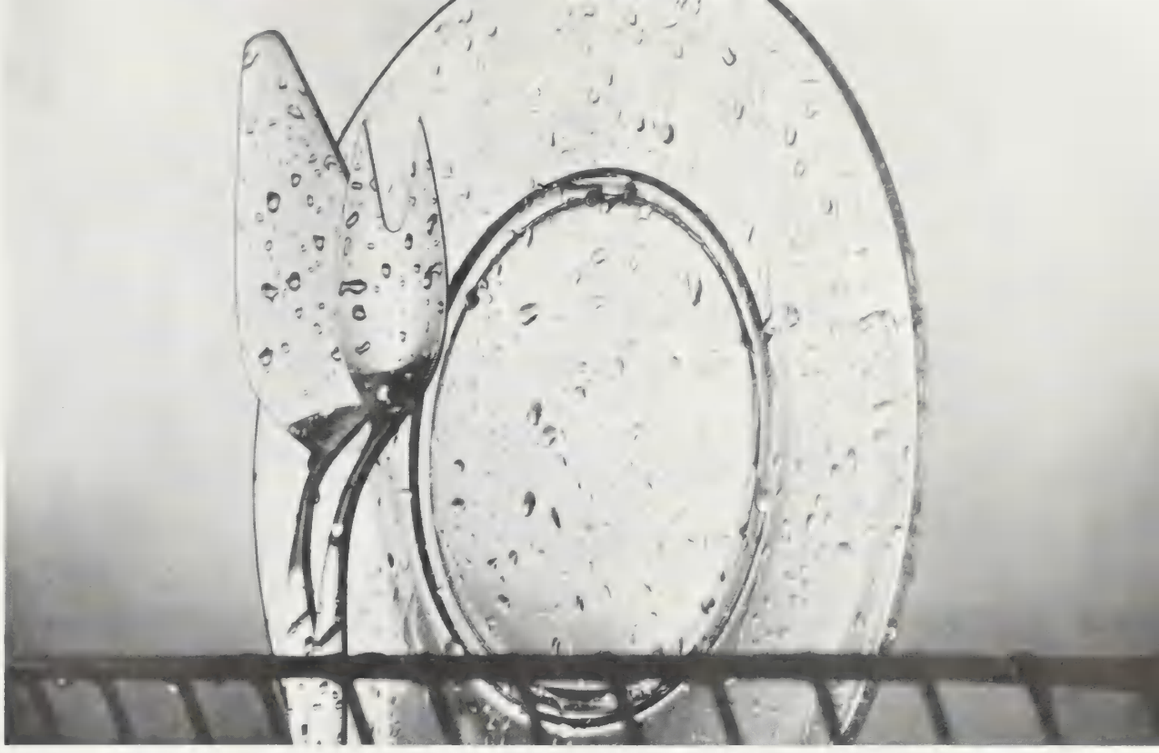
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Cascade eliminates drops that dry into spots!



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Garden-fresh Stokely's Green Beans can be served in many interesting ways. For example...



Green Beans Crunchie

Heat Green Beans in their own liquid. Drain and add 2 tablespoons melted butter and ¼ teaspoon chopped chives. Top with crispy, crumbled bacon. Crunchie and tasty!



Green Bean Salad

Mix Cut Green Beans with French or Russian dressing, add chopped chives, thin cucumber and radish slices. A salad that's cool, nutritious and different.



One of 150 Stokely-Van Camp foods for you to enjoy

RST HEARTBREAK

NTINUED FROM PAGE 70

Lemme see your gun," Steve commanded.
oe gave it to him.
teve clicked it, held it low to his hip,
ed quickly, a swing that was like a snake,
the gun pointed at Joe, and spoke sharply.
oe died right and proper.
le put the look of surprise on his face and
his mouth sag. He reached slowly, pain-
y, for the pit of his stomach. He clawed at
hen slipped sidewise, straight at first, fol-
ed by a limpness that threw his arms out
ve his head on the ground.
teve spoke finally, in a hushed voice.
een," he whispered. "Keen. Boy, you sure
croak."
he first flicker of a wonderful and good
ing began that very moment. When Joe was
the ground and a pebble bit into his shoul-
and he kept his eyes closed.
n his mind was the picture of Steve, whom
d saved. In his ears was the sound of
ve's admiration. He held them both as long
he could.
Then he opened his eyes and jumped up.
reached out a hand for his gun. Steve gave
o him.
oe said, "I collect knights."
Steve laughed. "What kind? Starry?
iny?"
Joe laughed too. "Never mind," he said.
Nobody knew about the knights. Or the
ls. Or the pretend games.
Steve said, "Hey, where you got those
ghts?"
"At home. In my room."
"Well, let's go," Steve prodded. "Only
better go down to Rand's Creek and wash
this mess, or we'll catch it when we get
re."
Joe got on the bike and Steve jumped on the
ndlebars as if it were all settled. He showed
the way to the creek. Joe hadn't been
re, and as far as he knew he wasn't al-
ved.
t was some place, all right. Down a stiff
and hidden and deep enough so that they
uld wade in to their shoulders and swim
ound a little. Steve didn't swim. Joe showed
. Only child or no, his mother saw to it that
had swimming lessons any place they
yed where there was a Y.
After a little they lay on a flat piece of
ound where the sun splattered through the
es and turned them shady and golden.
Joe never was so happy in his life.

That began it, that began the summer when
e was nine. In the morning when he was
ake but with his eyes still closed, still hold-
g the night against his lids, the feeling came.
It fooled him at first, because it was like
ristmas. Then he would remember it was
mmer and that the feeling wasn't a matter of
ason, or getting things. It was a matter of
eve.
Steve would be up and waiting, three blocks
er and two blocks down. Or he would be
tside, swinging on the gate, watching for
e's curtains to go up. Wherever he was,
eir plans were already laid, made in the pur-
e dusk of the night before.

Sometimes they were Huckleberry Finn and
om Sawyer. Those times they packed sand-
ches and went without shoes and took the
ng way over the hill to the creek. For one
hole week, those times, they hammered and
iled in the old shed behind the house, and
me out with a barrel-stave raft, which they
rtaged to the creek and sat on, regally, al-
ough there wasn't enough current to take
em anyplace.
Sometimes they were pirates. They rifled an
d trunk they found in the attic. They tricked
emselves out costumes worthy of Captain
ook. They took turns being Schmee.
Steve was good about taking turns. Joe got
ittle piggish sometimes, wanting to be head
an. But Steve would smile that sudden
range sweet smile, and shake his head, and
e would feel foolish and give in.
They made puppets. They went to the Sat-
day movies and bought hot dogs after. They
ew pictures of swordsmen and knights on
iny afternoons in Joe's kitchen.

They shared a hundred worlds. Joe put him-
self to sleep each night planning the world for
tomorrow. For Steve and himself.

He supposed there were other boys on the
street, at the creek, in the movies, that sum-
mer. He must have heard them and maybe
talked to them once in a while. But they didn't
play with them. They didn't let any of them
into any of the worlds.

"Those jerks," Steve would say scornfully.
"All they want is fighting and football and
yelling around. What do they know about
King Arthur?"

Steve knew about King Arthur. He knew
about a lot of other things Joe hadn't found
out yet, that summer when he was nine. Be-
cause, amazing as it was, Steve was eleven,
close to twelve. Little and thin and white, but
close to twelve.

One time Joe's mother said, "I think I'll
just walk along with you this morning and
call on Steve's mother. You boys are such
great friends, it's only polite to get ac-
quainted."

Joe didn't know why, but he didn't want
her to.

In all their traveling he'd never seen any-
thing like Steve's tumbledown house with
weeds growing all around it. He'd never seen
anything like Steve's mother, with babies of
all sizes seeming to grow around her, quick
with a slap and a yell, but tolerating him as if
one more couldn't possibly matter. Or Steve's
father, always in his undershirt and smelling
funny and howling, "Can't a man get a little
rest, for gawsakes?"

But he didn't know how to say it.

So he walked beside his own neat mother,
her only child who had a big sunny room to
himself and more toys than he knew what to
do with, and he prayed nothing would hap-
pen.

Nothing did happen. Steve's mother sat
with Joe's on the creaking swing on the slant-
ing porch.

"Let's just skunch down here and listen in,"
Steve suggested.

They skunched in the weeds.

Steve's mother said, in her tired voice,
"Them boys is sure set on each other. Steve
ain't had many treats like you folks give
him."

"It's nothing, nothing," Joe's mother said
quickly, embarrassed, Joe could tell.

He listened to her and it was the first time
his mother had come into focus since the day
he met Steve. The day he had a best friend.

The lunches she'd packed for them.

The time she and his father took them into
the city to the circus, and once to the beach.

He thought of how she'd got into the habit
of buying two of everything whenever she
went shopping and brought home presents.

The way she patted Steve's head some-
times, as if she loved him too. Almost as if she
were grateful to him.

Steve's mother talked next. "I do hope and
pray," she said thinly, "your boy never gets
too fancy for Steve. It'd bust Steve wide open.
He never had it so good."

Joe looked toward Steve, skunched there in
the weeds. Blood brothers, friends until death,
he thought. He grinned at Steve. Steve smiled
back, but didn't look Joe quite in the eyes.

His mother said, "I'm glad they're friends
too."

Steve whispered sharply, "Let's get away
from this mush."

They went.

And then it was August without their
knowing it.

Picnics his mother fixed in the big hamper
she'd swiped from his father's store. Once
even, a weekend, when his folks drove over a
hundred miles to a place where they had a big
aquarium, and they rented two rooms. Steve
and Joe had one all to themselves, as if they
were grown up, roommates in college.

All those things.

But the other times too. The way they'd
saunter down Main Street together, looking in
the windows, and pretend to buy whatever
they wanted. The way they coaxed a can of
paint out of Joe's father and painted the
whole inside of the shack, first cutting out two
crooked windows, and got old furniture and
put it there and fixed a sign over the door.

"Pirate's Den," it warned. "Keep Out!!!"

The days stretched, as Joe used to stretch on
the bed. Each one felt long and strong and
ready for any adventure. They tied them-
selves together with star-hung nights of sleep.
There was more to do than even their great
sleepy timeless hours allowed.

And when they had done everything they
could think of, they'd start all over again.

Joe loved the pattern. From puppets to
models to knights, to pirates. To Tom Sawyer,
to King Arthur, to searching for secret gold
by the creek. He never tired of it.

Suddenly, with a shock like thunder rolling
from a clear sky and lightning stabbing from
fluffy clouds, it was over. The Labor Day
parade was over. The flag was run up over the
school.

The summer was gone.

The new clothes were laid out and Joe put
them on slowly. His hands shook. His mouth
was so dry he couldn't eat any breakfast, only
drink the milk.

It had never been easy at school. Practically
always, it seemed, his father had to move in
the middle of the year, after the beginning.

He never got used to walking into a work-
ing classroom with a smiling principal. He al-
ways minded the way everything stopped and
all the eyes switched to him and lay against
him, blue, brown and gray, unfriendly or
waiting to see.

Above all, he never got used to the play-
ground at recess. You couldn't stagger and
fall there. You couldn't tell anybody about
the knights, or the costumes, or pretending, or
pirates. Not on the playground, you couldn't.

Everybody played touchball and knew the
rules. The teacher always pushed Joe into the
middle of it, his being such a big boy for his
age.

But somehow, the kids managed to push
him out again when they chose up sides. That
left Joe with the thin boys, the sickly ones, or
those with glasses or slow thinkers.

So he went off by himself, on the edge of all
the noise, and hit a fencing stance and ran the
robbers through. Pretty soon the bell rang.

Remembering all this while he dressed and
drank his milk put the shakes in his hands and
the dryness in his mouth.

Then he thought of Steve and it was all
right.

This time it was different. This was a school
for always, like the house and his father's
store. Steve was a friend for always, and they'd
walk to school together. Joe would never be
alone on the playground again. Steve knew all
his things, and he'd show him the others. The
touchball and the rules.

Joe kissed his mother and let her smooth his
hair. Then he got on his bike and pedaled fast
to Steve's house.

The ranks of children had thinned in the
weedy yard, pruned by the first day of school.
Joe went up to the porch steps.

"Steve," he called, "let's go."

He stared around, looking it all over, feeling
good about it, the easy way the house leaned,
the familiar little kids on the porch and the
sound of the radio blaring inside. He couldn't
yell for Steve above the noise, he realized. He
went to the screen door.

One of the little ones yelled for him. "Steve,
he's here."

She grinned. She had the echo of Steve's
sweet smile. Joe grinned back.

It was a fine morning. Hot already, and his
mother had put lemonade in his new lunch
box.

From somewhere inside the house he heard
Steve's voice. "Tell him to go along. I'm not
ready."

Joe stood up straight, a funny feeling tick-
ling his back, just thinking of walking in the
school alone.

The little one smiled again. "He's not
ready," she repeated, pushing her nose
against the screen.

"I'll wait," he said.

"He'll wait," she parroted, switching her
head around.

Steve's voice sounded faraway, as if he were
fading. "I said tell him to get going."

Joe wanted to walk away, across the sag-
ging porch and down the steps and on his bike
and away. But he couldn't.

He yelled, "Hey, Steve, I'll wait."

Somebody turned the radio down.

Steve's father cried, "Can't a man sleep,
for gawsakes?"

Joe stood rooted to the spot. He could hear
Steve's mother's voice. He could hear the
sizzing sort of sound of Steve's whisper,
through the other outdoor noises.

He heard feet coming and the tickling feel-
ing in his spine began to go away. But it was
Steve's mother who came to the other side of
the screen.

"You run along, kid."

"We'll be late," he insisted, not thinking,
just hearing the words come out of her mouth.
"We shouldn't be late the first day."

She smoothed back her hair and tightened
her mouth a little. "Well," she snapped,
"then you run along."

"But I don't want ——"

Her face was suddenly annoyed. "Look,"
she said sharply, "I got things to do besides
argue. Steve and Toby, they always go to
school together. They're fifth grade, get it?
Toby's most likely wondering why Steve ain't
stopped by." Her voice softened. "You run
along. Git."

Joe turned on his heel and walked away. He
pushed his bike, suddenly too tired to get up
on it.

He went to school. It was all a blur, a wait-
ing blur until recess. He stood on the edge of
the playground and watched the touchball.

Steve and Toby were in the middle of it,
running and laughing. Steve didn't look Joe's
way. Not once.

After school, Joe went to Rand's Creek and
lay at its edge, just pulling the long thin
grasses. He waited for Steve to come. For a
long time he expected him. Then he got on his
bicycle and raced it, hard, all the way home.
Maybe Steve was waiting for him on the gate.

He wasn't.

Every morning Joe got up with that strange
feeling up his back. He got dressed slowly, so
as to give Steve plenty of time to stop by his
house. He ate as little breakfast as his mother
would allow, and he walked slowly, not taking
the bike because maybe Steve would catch up
with him, to school.

He did what they told him and waited for
recess. But the touchball always made a circle
around Steve that he couldn't break.

Every day after school, for a week or maybe
more, he went to Steve's house. He never
came to the door. Once Joe saw him plainly
inside. Another time, he watched him run
across the back field with Toby when he saw
Joe coming.

He spent most of the afternoons at Rand's
Creek after his checkup. He tried to figure
what he'd done wrong.

He had a strange feeling of guilt inside him.
As if he'd done one of the things his father
told him boys don't do. Or as if he'd talked
some rude nasty way with the words you
weren't supposed to say. To Steve or his
mother or his sisters.

But he couldn't think of anything. He tried,
hard. But he couldn't think of a thing.

It was worst of all going to bed. There
wasn't anything to plan on, falling asleep, ex-
cept maybe tomorrow Steve would come and
be with him and it would be the way it had
been.

But the days moved on, the slow heavy
school days, the endless Saturdays, and he
didn't. He never did.

Then, one day, when Joe walked up the
path, there he was. Not running into the
house. There. He stood with his hands on his
belt, and he looked skinny and white and blue-
eyed—and tough.

"Get off my property," he said loudly.
"Quit bothering me. Quit following me
around. Get off my property, baby, and don't
come back."

"You skunk," Joe yelled, not meaning to,
just finding the words all there, bottled up
from the times he'd come and been pushed
away. "You dirty sneak. Who you think you
are, anyway? The King of Siam?"

Tears were in his eyes and on his cheeks. He
hated them, but, like the words, he couldn't
do a thing about them. He just cried and
yelled. Everything he'd ever heard or been
told not to say.

Steve stood, quiet enough, his fists and head cocked. When Joe had yelled it all, he moved toward him slowly.

"I got a right," he said, and it sounded soft and grown-up after all Joe's noise, "to be friends with anybody I want to. See? If Toby and me hadn't had that fight, you think I'd ever of played with you?" He was close to Joe now and his fists were lifting. "I'm sick of you," he shouted suddenly. "I'm tired of the same old booby pretend games. Sick and tired of you and your kindergarten-baby play."

His eyes were pale blue. Joe couldn't see his friend anywhere on Steve's face. The lump in his throat weighed a ton.

"You wanta make something of it?" Steve asked almost casually.

Joe took a deep breath and stared at him. He could lick him all right, if he put his heart into it. Like Toby had.

Only his heart wasn't in it.

He shook his head. He turned away.

"Dirty sneak," he called over his shoulder. "Yellowbelly baby, baby, baby. Spoiled-cat crybaby," Steve yelled at him. His voice sounded thick and funny.

Joe crawled home. He had his tail between his legs. He was an only, truly an only, for the first time in his life. Alone and lost and desperate.

He went in the back way and up to his room and threw himself on the bed and howled. He didn't care if his mother heard, or the neighbors, or the whole town. Let them think he'd broken a leg. Nothing could shut him up.

Passing time shut him up, of course. When he was quieter he knew that his mother sat beside him, rubbing his back in a way she had.

"I didn't do anything, mom," he said. "What did I do?" he asked. "I hate him, hate him, hate him," he yelled.

She just shook her head, slow, and there were tears running down her cheeks. "I loved him, too, son," she said. "Poor little skinny guy, so sweet and gentle."

"Nuts," Joe cried. "Nuts to him. Dirty sneak."

He lay there, dimly remembering Toby's same phrase, wondering why Toby said it, and maybe it was for the same reason.

His mother began to talk through the funny quiet gasp of his breathing.

"It worried us, son, your father and me. Always together, and you never having a close friend before, and thinking the sun rose and set in him. But you were so happy ——" She stopped. She took his face in both her hands and forced him to look at her. "Never," she said seriously, as if she were talking to another grownup, "never give the entire all of yourself to another person. Save a little, to make your own self happy if he—if he ——" She began to cry.

She cried hard enough that it frightened Joe and he stopped.

That night his father took him for a long walk. They didn't say much of anything. Joe wasn't even very much aware of his father beside him.

They were all the way back home before his father said, out of a clear sky, "He'll come back, lad. He'll come back. That kind always does, I promise you."

Just before they went into the house he added, "You stay away from there, hear? It doesn't pay to humble yourself."

Inside the door he swung Joe around and rubbed his hair roughly. "When he comes back," he said very softly, "don't expect it to be the same. It will never be the same."

The next night when Joe came home from going to the grocery, his father was there and on his mother's lap was a cocker-spaniel puppy. Color of coffee with cream in it. It was an awfully nice puppy and took to Joe right away.

But he wasn't Steve.

It kept Joe busy training him, though.

They did a lot of things together the rest of that year, his folks and Joe. He found out there were other kids on the block too. Most of them were younger than he. But they took to coming around. They liked to play pretend. Western mostly. It wasn't too different from King Arthur and pirates.

But after supper, when the littler ones had been called in, Joe would get on his bicycle and ride around. Boys he knew would holler at him and he'd holler back. But he kept going. To Rand's Creek and down Main Street and up over the hill. He found a path where he could see Steve's house without being seen.

He'd hang one foot over his bike and watch, down below him in the twilight, while Steve and Toby threw a football back and forth. Always throwing a football. Joe didn't know how to throw a football. Not at nine.

He dreamed at night, awake or asleep. It was always summer. Always that summer.

His father was right too.

Steve came back. He rode up one Saturday after Christmas and asked, "You sore?"

Joe shook his head. "I got nothing against you," he said.

It was what his father had told him to say if this happened.

Anyhow, he was ten by then.

"Good." Steve smiled. "Long as you're sorry you dropped me, let's play "

Joe started to open his mouth. He shut it again. "Sure," he agreed. "Sure. Where's Toby?"

Steve snorted. "Toby—that jerk," he exclaimed. "All he thinks about is football. I'm tired of football. Let's get out those knights we used to have fun with."

They did.

Joe's father was right again, though. I wasn't the same.

The other kids still came around. Th smaller ones on the street. The ones wh waved to Joe. The ones from school.

They were there, and Steve didn't like it Anyhow, he looked different to Joe, Steve did It wasn't the same and it didn't last long.

But Joe didn't care. Not in the least.

He was ten. He had the beginnings of a shel he could protect himself with.

And in time he would forget how it felt to be without that shell. How very wonderful it was to have no covering over his heart—no covering at all. END

There's Magic in Mending

By VICTORIA HARRIS

Even poor Humpty-Dumpty might have been put together again with one of the many new glues now available! They will mend a sentimental treasure or restore a favorite tool.

Today's glues are specialists: the new epoxy types that give strong mends resistant to moisture, heat and detergents; milk-white glues (the polyvinyl acetates) set quickly but aren't waterproof. There are even mending products for plastics and fabrics.

A kit of mending essentials is worth considering for convenience, economy and emergencies too!

BASIC RECIPE

1 broken object
1 appropriate adhesive (see the glue clues)
Appliers, clamps, holders and patches

PIECES ALL ACCOUNTED FOR? Before deciding if something is worth mending, fit together the parts. If there's a gap, or if the pieces are shattered to bits, repair work probably isn't worthwhile unless it means enough to you to send it to an expert.

FOR A MORE LASTING UNION: The longer it takes a cement to set, the more important it is to have a holding plan to keep pieces together until the glue gets a grip. We've used rubber bands, fine wire and sticky tape for small objects. A bag of beans or sandbags mold to an object to keep it balanced. Spring clothespins work well for flat pieces. Furniture clamps or soft twine serves for big objects or where pressure is required. Lest the holding arrangement becomes permanent adornment, make sure it and the glue don't touch. For little pieces, slip matchsticks or toothpicks under the holder. For bigger articles you might use pads or paper to protect the clamped areas against friction marks.

BONDS OF VALUE: For a lasting mend, make sure all parts are clean. New cracks seldom need attention; but if it's a second try, remove all traces of former cements.

USUAL PROCEDURE: Use a small spreader (wood skewer, brush, opened-up paper clip or popsicle handle) to coat thinly both edges to be glued. When tacky, press pieces together (here's where the trial fitting helps). If beads of glue squeeze out, clean off at once. For maximum strength, let the mended pieces "cure" the suggested time. Some adhesives set almost at once, others must be left undisturbed as long as two days!

COVER-UP: Cracks or gaps may be filled and colored. Use a glue that will be as inconspicuous as possible. Wood filler, plaster of Paris and clay are useful for decorative objects. Glue lines may be hidden by matching paints.



Everything in this picture has been mended!

GLUE CLUES ON WHAT TO USE FOR WHA Chemists have come up with an array of adhesives, a *which one* to use *when* depends on what material is to treated and how it's to be used. Some of the versatile glu are the epoxy types (the mix-as-you-mend variety becau resin and hardener are separate). These usually need tim to "cure," but their mends are very resistant. The milk white synthetic glues set quickly and adhere to almo anything, but they aren't waterproof. A new cle cement mends most plastics except polyethylene, whic fortunately seldom breaks. For fabrics there are speci glues and press-on patches to save stitching. Below a guides for glues. Before you're caught sticky-fingere read instructions through to the end.

Clear glass calls for a clear glue. The epoxy typ stands dishwasher washing, while household cemen serves for decorative objects.

Opaque glass or china glued with clear or opaqu epoxy can go in the dishwasher. All-purpos white glues serve for decorative items.

Plastic toys and most household items can be mended with a new clear cement made especially for plastics.

Plastic rainwear, garden hose, gloves, garment bags and curtains are mended with a cement made especially for plastics, or a vinyl-glue kit with patches.

Rubber rainwear, garden hose, gloves can be mended with glue containing real rubber in semipaste form. Patches give added strength.

Paper is easily glued with all-purpose glues, rubber cement or pressure-sensitive spray glues, excellent for mounting pictures and clippings.

Metal to metal or metal to wood calls for a strong glue such as epoxy. Where cracks or dents in metal are to be filled, consider an epoxy with a metal filler.

Wood furniture calls for a plastic-resin glue or a synthetic milk-white glue which sets quickly and is strong. One resin glue comes in powder form to be mixed with water as used. This requires pressure by clamps or a rope tourniquet and makes strongest mends when parts fit well.

For outdoor furniture and boats, use a waterproof glue such as the two-part resorcinol glue you mix as you mend.

Fabrics to be washed require a waterproof-fabric glue marked "Can be washed and ironed." Nonwaterproof-fabric glues work fine where washing is not required. Most do not dry-clean well.

Slippery rugs grip floors with a nonskid material painted on the back. The rugs can still be washed or cleaned.

Note: We'll be glad to send a list of various types of glues and cements. Write to the Journal Workshop.



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THE LUSCIOUS TASTES OF SUMMER: FRUITS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

FRENCH FRUIT TART

6 baked individual tart shells
3 tablespoons flour
¼ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
½ teaspoon vanilla
2 egg yolks
¼ cup heavy cream, whipped
3 peaches, peeled, pitted and halved
1 pint strawberries
½ pint blueberries

(1) Mix flour, sugar and salt. Add a little of the milk and stir until smooth. Add remaining milk and vanilla and cook, stirring, in the top of a double boiler until smooth and thickened. (2) Beat egg yolks slightly; add a little of the hot mixture, stirring. Return to double boiler and cook, stirring constantly, until thick. (3) Cool and fold in whipped cream. (4) Put a few spoonfuls of cold custard-cream mixture into each tart shell. Place a peach half, cut side down, in the middle, arrange strawberries and blueberries around. Spoon a little glaze over the top. Keep in a cool place until serving time. Do not refrigerate. Makes 6 servings. *Glaze:* Heat 1 cup water and 2 tablespoons sugar. Add 4 teaspoons cornstarch mixed with 2 tablespoons water and 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Cook and stir until thick and *clear*. Tint pale pink. Cool.

PEACHES ROMANOFF

6 egg yolks
1 cup sugar
1½ cups orange juice, or ¾ cup sherry plus ¾ cup orange juice, if you like
1 cup heavy cream
2½ pounds fresh peaches
Lemon juice
Hulled strawberries or pitted bing cherries, garnish
Confectioners' sugar

(1) Beat egg yolks until frothy. Add sugar and continue beating until light and lemon-colored. Stir in orange juice, or part sherry and orange juice, if you like. (2) Cook in a double boiler over just simmering water, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Cool and chill. (3) Whip cream until thick and shiny. Fold into custard mixture. (4) As near serving time as possible, peel the peaches and dip at once into lemon juice mixed with a little water to prevent discoloring. Slice the peaches fairly thick. Reserve a few extra-pretty slices for garnish. Fold the rest into the custard-cream mixture. (5) Heap in the center of a cold serving dish and garnish with reserved peach slices and strawberries or cherries dipped in confectioners' sugar. Makes 8 servings.

CANTALOUPE MOUSSE

1¼ cups milk
1 cup sugar
1 ripe cantaloupe
⅓ cup lemon juice
Red and yellow food coloring, optional
3 egg whites
1 cup heavy cream
1 ripe honeydew melon
Mint, garnish

(1) Heat milk and sugar until sugar dissolves. Cool. Freeze until mushy. (2) Scoop the pulp from the cantaloupe and buzz in a blender or chop very fine or purée, using the juice. You should have about 2 cups purée. (3) Spoon the partially frozen mixture into a cold bowl and beat until light and fluffy but still thick. Add cantaloupe purée and the lemon juice while beating. This sherbet is pale in color; add a few drops red and yellow food coloring if you like. Blend well. (4) Pour into trays and partially freeze again. (5) Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry. (6) Whip cream and fold into the egg whites. (7) Beat partially frozen mixture just to soften. Carefully fold in the egg-white-cream mixture. (8) Freeze until firm. Serve on honeydew wedges and garnish with mint. Makes 2 quarts mousse, 8 servings.

DEVONSHIRE APRICOTS

1 package (3-oz.) cream cheese
¼ teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice
⅓ cup heavy cream
1½ teaspoons sugar
12 fresh stewed or canned apricots

(1) Soften cream cheese at room temperature. (2) Blend in the lemon rind, lemon juice, cream and sugar. If too thick, thin with a little apricot syrup. (3) Serve 2 or 3 apricots and syrup in sherbet glasses. Spoon some sauce over them. Makes 4 servings.

VEGETABLES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

CHIVE BUTTER FOR CORN

½ cup butter or margarine
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon minced chives

Cream butter or margarine until soft. Stir in salt, pepper and minced chives. Chill and shape as desired. Makes enough to spread 8–10 ears of corn generously.

BARBECUE BUTTER FOR CORN

½ cup softened butter or margarine
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon seasoned pepper
1½ teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
3 dashes liquid hot pepper seasoning
Pinch rosemary

(1) Cream all the ingredients together until the butter or margarine is soft and fluffy. (2) Chill. Serve with hot ears of corn. Makes enough to spread 8–10 ears generously

SOUR-CREAM TOMATOES

8 large ripe tomatoes
¼ cup plus 1 tablespoon flour
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon garlic salt
¼ cup butter or margarine
1 cup light cream
½ teaspoon basil
½ teaspoon paprika
1 cup dairy sour cream

(1) Cut the tomatoes into 1″-thick slices. (2) Dip them on both sides in ¼ cup flour seasoned with 1 teaspoon salt, the pepper and garlic salt. (3) Heat the butter or margarine in a large skillet. Brown the tomato slices quickly on both sides, adding more butter or margarine if necessary. Place on a warm platter. (4) Blend the remaining flour into pan drippings. (5) Add light cream. Cook, stirring, until mixture is thickened. Season with remaining salt, the basil and paprika. (6) Remove from heat and mix in sour cream. Pour over tomatoes and serve at once. Makes 8 servings.

WHIPPED LEMON-HONEY BUTTER

½ cup butter or margarine
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons honey
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper

(1) Whip the butter or margarine until it is soft and creamy. (2) Gradually add the lemon juice, beating until it is absorbed and mixture is fluffy. (3) Slowly add the honey, then the salt and pepper. The mixture will be light in color and very fluffy. Makes 1 cup.

CORN-AND-ONION PIE

1 unbaked 9″ pie shell
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup milk
2 cups fresh corn kernels, drained
2 tablespoons finely diced green pepper
1 teaspoon sugar
¼ cup heavy cream
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons soft bread crumbs
2 eggs, beaten
1 can (3½-oz.) French-fried onion rings crisped in the oven
⅓ cup buttered cracker crumbs

(1) Measure the butter or margarine, milk, corn, green pepper and sugar into a saucepan. Bring to a boil, then simmer for 3–4 minutes. (2) Slowly add the cream, stirring constantly. (3) Mix in the salt, pepper and bread crumbs. (4) Cook until thickened, 4–5 minutes. (5) Cool slightly. Quickly stir in eggs. (6) Pour half of the corn mixture into pie shell, cover with onions, then remaining corn mixture. Top with buttered cracker crumbs. (7) Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., 20–25 minutes, or until



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set and crumbs are browned. (8) Test ilver knife. Let pie cool 5 minutes be- ting. Makes 6 servings.

TOMATOES WITH KED-SALMON-AND-CUCUMBER SALAD

omatoes
d sliced
ed salmon
cucumbers
iry sour
a
oon salt
oon coarse
d pepper
1 tablespoon drained capers
4 scallions, minced (tops too)
1 teaspoon snipped fresh dill or ½ teaspoon dried
3 tablespoons tarragon vinegar

the tomatoes, cut off tops, scoop out and turn upside down on paper towels n. Chill. (2) Cut salmon into ½" . (3) Peel cucumbers, cut into quarters, seeds and cut firm portion into ½" 4) Mix salmon and cucumber with the ng ingredients. (5) Chill for several 6) Fill tomato cups and garnish with al dill. Makes 8 servings.

UMMER CORN AND PEAS

utter or arine
hopped onion
hopped celery
reshly cooked
resh corn ls (6–8 ears)
1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley
½ teaspoon dried summer savory
1 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup dairy sour cream

lt butter or margarine in a skillet. onion and celery and sauté 3–4 min- til just tender. (3) Stir in peas, corn, savory, salt, sugar and pepper. (4) Cook edium heat 4–6 minutes, stirring con- (5) Mix in sour cream and serve at akes 4–6 servings.

DRINKS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

APPLE JULEP

½ cup apple juice, chilled
⅓ cup soda water, chilled
Lemon sherbet
Slice red apple

Combine apple juice and soda in a glass. Add a scoop of lemon sherbet and a slice of red apple. Makes one 8-ounce glass.

RASPBERRY SHRUB

2 pints fresh or 2 (10-oz.) packages frozen raspberries
½ cup white cider vinegar
¾ cup sugar
Soda water, chilled

Mix raspberries and vinegar. Cover, refrigerate overnight. Strain through a fine sieve, press through as much liquid as possible. Add sugar and heat, stirring until sugar dissolves. Chill. Fill each glass ⅓ full with crushed ice, add ⅓ to ½ cup raspberry mixture, top with soda water. Makes four to six 8-ounce glasses. Note: this recipe can be made in larger quantities, bottled and refrigerated for later use.

FROSTED PINEAPPLE-BANANA CRUSH

2 bananas, mashed
1¼ cups orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
2 cups pineapple juice
1 can (1-lb.-4½-oz.) crushed pineapple
Light rum, if you like
6 sticks fresh or canned pineapple, garnish
Mint, garnish

Mix mashed bananas, juices and crushed pineapple. Freeze until mushy. Buzz mixture in a blender until frothy. Strain, pressing through as much juice as possible. Chill thoroughly. Stir before serving and add 1½ ounces light rum for each glass, if you like. Garnish each glass with a pineapple stick and a sprig of mint. This recipe makes six 8-ounce glasses.

HOSTESS MAKES EVERYTHING K EASY

UED FROM PAGE 29

poon steak sauce, ¼ teaspoon salt 1 oon chopped parsley and 2 tablespoons onion. (2) Mix well and chill. (3) Serve asted cold meats. Makes 1 cup

MBER MAYONNAISE: (1) Peel d finely chop 1 large or 2 small cucum- Measure (you need 1 cup) and add with poons minced onion, ¼ teaspoon pow- ill, 1 tablespoon Dijon prepared mus- d 1 tablespoon lemon juice to 1 cup naise. (3) Mix well and chill. (4) Serve illed canned or poached fish. Makes cups.

PERFECTION SAUCE: (1) Com- cup mayonnaise, 1 cup dairy sour nd ½ cup chili sauce. (2) Season with 1 oon herb salad-dressing mix, ½ tea- teak sauce, 1½ teaspoons tarragon vine- lashes liquid hot pepper seasoning, 2 oons minced onion, 1 tablespoon dried flakes and salt to taste. (3) Mix well ll. (4) Serve with hot breaded shrimp ks or flounder fillets. Makes 2 cups

IC-MAYONNAISE SAUCE: (1) egg into a blender container. (2) Add 4 ns garlic salad-dressing mix, 2 table- red wine vinegar and ¼ cup olive or il. (3) Cover and turn motor on low 4) Immediately uncover and pour in more olive or salad oil in a steady Serve with cooked frozen scallops or Makes 1¼ cups.

ner desserts, frosty and festive! Host- ll most like those that are short to make too sweet—sherbets, pies and ices, all ng with fruit. Serve chilled fruits and desserts plain, or add a sauce (we've a iscellany to choose from). PEAR ZE: (1) Drain 1 (1-lb.-13-oz.) can pear (2) Put the fruit into a blender con- nd buzz at medium speed until smooth (You can also press the fruit through a food mill.) (3) Add 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ⅓ cup syrup drained from preserved ginger. (4) Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and pour into a freezing tray. (5) Freeze until mushy. (6) Turn into a cold bowl and beat quickly. (7) Return to tray and freeze until firm. Makes 1 pint

GREENGAGE SHERBET: (1) Heat 1½ cups milk with 1 cup sugar. Stir until sugar is dissolved. (2) Pour into refrigerator tray and freeze until mushy. (3) Meanwhile, drain 2 (1-lb.-1-oz.) cans greengage plums. Remove pits and purée. (4) Spoon the partially frozen milk into a chilled bowl and quickly beat smooth. (5) Stir in plum purée and ¼ cup lemon juice. (6) Pour into two freezing trays and partially freeze again. (7) Spoon into a cold bowl and mix only to soften. (8) Beat 3 egg whites until stiff and whip 1 cup heavy cream. Fold both into sherbet until well blended. Add a few drops of green food coloring if you like. (9) Return to trays and freeze until firm. Makes about 1 quart.

APRICOT-HONEY SAUCE: (1) Drain, then purée the apricots from 1 (1-lb.-14-ounce) can. You should have about 1¼ cups purée. (2) Add ½ cup honey, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and 2 cups dairy sour cream. Keeps several days in refrigerator. Makes about 4 cups. Serve with fresh fruit in season.

FLUFFY MINT SAUCE: (1) Add 2 tablespoons boiling water to ¼ cup mint jelly. (2) Heat and stir until smooth. Cool slightly. (3) Whip ½ cup heavy cream. (4) Add jelly, and 2 tablespoons light rum if you like. Serve over chocolate ice cream. Makes 1 cup.

SATINY MOCHA SAUCE: (1) Put 1 (12-oz.) package semisweet chocolate bits in the blender container with 6 tablespoons steaming-hot strong coffee and 1 teaspoon vanilla. (2) Cover and buzz at medium speed until chocolate is melted and sauce is smooth. Makes 1¼ cups. Wonderful with vanilla ice cream.

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WHY DID THEY STEAL?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73

would do such things. It's a big why. It wasn't for narcotics or anything like that. They had no need for money."

Police confirmed that no narcotics were involved. "These are good, healthy American boys," was the way one officer phrased it. "Why they stole, I don't know."

"It's just their materialistic point of view," said the director of the Youth Counseling Bureau. "One parent I talked to spoke glowingly of having purchased a new car which his son was free to drive, but he didn't know what grades his son was making in school. He could say only that he was 'pretty sure' his boy was doing all right in his studies. As a matter of fact, the boy was a good B student."

The Fair Haven *Press* concluded its account of the arrests with the traditional cliché sentence: "The motive for the burglaries baffled detectives."

When reporters showed the boys the newspapers, they scrambled to read it. "Hey, where's my name?" one of them shouted. "Oh, you're here all right," another replied. "You're on the inside page." Even after a night in jail cells, their arrest seemed a big joke to them. One or two of the boys expressed some concern that they "might be thrown out of school because of this."

As they saw it, their motive was simple: to get money. "We wanted to have better clothes and we needed money for our dates," one of them said. "We also needed money to buy gasoline for our cars." None of them seemed to feel that what they had done was so bad, nor that their punishment would be severe.

Within a matter of hours after the boys had been arrested, nearly all the parents had retained lawyers to represent their sons. Within thirty-six hours, all the youths were free on bail ranging from $2500 to $5500, and both parents and boys thereafter declined to discuss the burglaries with anyone except their attorneys.

Three of the youths were placed by their parents in private hospitals for psychiatric observation. Most of the others, with the permission of court officials, were sent out of town to the homes of relatives or enrolled, under special supervision, in private summer camps. The cases of those under the age of 16 were turned over to the Children's Court; the others were held for disposition by the grand jury. Court action was delayed for months as the boys' lawyers made certain every legal right of their clients was protected.

A spokesman for the prosecution conceded that the county's case against each individual boy was difficult to prove. "As a group, they are morally guilty, but it will be hard to establish which boy stole exactly what from where. In some cases, complainants may not appear. But the fact that some of the cases have gone to the grand jury indicates they will not be treated lightly. Somebody will have to go to jail for this." If the grand jury so decreed, some of the boys would be treated as "youthful offenders" and avoid having their convictions made a matter of official record. Friends of the boys conjectured that most of them would be given suspended sentences and placed on probation. Some of them would be subject to rearrest for burglaries in another county, however.

Generally speaking, officials do not view middle-class and lower-class delinquency with the same degree of alarm. They take a more punitive attitude toward misbehavior of low-status youth than toward the same behavior in higher-status youth. The son of a highly respected family who is caught stealing is often merely reprimanded or taken to his parents by the victim, or even by police. Similar activity by a youth from "across the tracks" would lead to his immediate arrest and classification as a delinquent.

In Fair Haven an aspiring politician and head of the League for Civic Action scheduled a forum on "How Did Our Boys Go Wrong?" to be held in a store-front political clubhouse. He invited 150 neighborhood friends of the boys freed on bail, as well as the boys themselves and their parents, to participate in an "open and frank discussion." He also specifically invited a number of newspaper reporters.

The meeting was sparsely attended; none of the boys or their parents made an appearance and the discussion was directed toward the establishment of a boys' club, which the leader felt was greatly needed in the area. "I don't want any publicity for myself," he said, "but I'm the only one taking a general interest in this situation and I would like to excite some interest in building a fine clubhouse, with all athletic facilities, for our boys in this neighborhood."

Other community spokesmen subsequently supplied a long list of places in Fair Haven where boys could let off steam, including a half dozen playgrounds, ball fields and tennis courts, a swimming pool, and two church-directed community youth centers which held teen-age dances and offered the free use of indoor swimming pools, gymnasiums and an arts-and-crafts shop. "This town is stuffed full of parks," a recreation director pointed out, "and with the wheels and money these boys had they were free to roam the eastern half of the United States—including the Atlantic Ocean and Long Island Sound."

The Star Luncheonette, where the young burglars used to hang out, is under new management these days. A bright, clean little place, wedged between a bowling alley and a barber-shop on a good business street, it appears to be about as sinister as a modern kitchen. The new manager has his theories as to "why the boys did it"—and he is determined the place will not become a kid hangout again.

"It's a shame," he said. "It's just a shame. Those boys had everything—cars, girls, money, everything. Now they're saying they had nothing to do. Why, there's school ground on top of school ground around here, playground after playground, P.A.L., Babe Ruth League, Boy Scouts and I don't know what all. You know what they wanted? They wanted *more*. It takes something to beat the excitement these kids got. They wanted more. Well, they found it, they got more.

"Now their parents are saying, 'What did I do wrong? I gave the boy everything.' That's just it, they gave him everything. You know, my boy tells me that gang was playing poker at twenty-five bucks an ante? Where'd they play? In their homes, in the basement, anybody's place when nobody was home, that's where they played. They were out all hours, the parents didn't know; whiz up here in a red convertible—*woosh!*—off again on two wheels. Where'd they get all that money to buy gas with? Their parents didn't know. Oh, they were wining and dining the girls, all right. You think I wouldn't know, my kid throwing money around like that? Hah! They had everything, but they wanted more. It's a shame. It's just a shame. And now they all have to suffer. Now a kid comes in here I tell him buy what you want and go."

A spokesman for the town parks department said the boys were no heroes to other teen-agers in Fair Haven. "This gang has made it bad for the rest, and they know it. The leaders of our youth council met and discussed the matter. They were disgusted and dismayed with these characters."

Commenting on a newspaper clipping reporting 500 burglaries allegedly committed by the luncheonette crowd, one boy about 15 years old was more revealing. "Bet it wasn't more'n a hundred touches," he muttered. "How much you wanna bet? The way those kids talked all the time, you'd think it was a thousand touches."

"Yeah, those kids bragged about stealing all the time," another youth said. "The way those kids talked, you'd honestly think they were just shooting off their mouths. I never believed half of what they said. I wouldn't believe a lot of it yet if I didn't know it. They used to look down their noses at guys who thought it was wrong to steal. It made me sick."

"They were all good, clean-cut kids," a neighboring proprietor said. "Yes, they always seemed to have money, but I could hardly believe they stole it. I just figured their parents gave it to them."

"We were shocked out of our shoes when we heard about it," said the wife of a nearby pharmacy owner. "Why, A—— worked for us as a delivery boy. He was always courteous and dependable. It's hard to believe he's mix up in this."

"Conscientious, well groomed and attr tive, always courteous and attentive in clas reported the teacher of one of the colle boys. . . . "Why, never any special trouble; three of them will graduate from this hi school next year well up in their class—at lea they will graduate if they don't put them jail," commented a high-school dean of bo

Why did they steal? Ask the question ir thousand different ways and get a thousa different answers. Ask a young attorney a get a thoughtful probing answer:

"Most of these boys we call 'middle-cl delinquents' are from families who no lon follow their religious beliefs, except pr cedurally. They have lost the firm foundati of the Commandments. They have lost th personal grip on all religious ethics and th have not yet developed any humanitarian secular ethics. They're in between. They're i no-man's land and a no-God's land and th children don't know what to believe."

Ask a cab driver and get a superfici cynical answer:

"Hell, man, you've got to steal to bre even these days, don't you know that? Tha how all the big shots get their dough. First th rob the poor and put it in the banks, then th rob the banks. Only they do it legit—tha what makes 'em so great."

A metropolitan newspaper headlined follow-up story on the Fair Haven burglari THRILL MOTIVE SEEN IN CASE OF "REPUTABL BOY THIEVES. Probably the most comm speculation among neighbors in the vicinity the Star Luncheonette is that the boys st "for kicks—what else?" Yet not all the bo who hung out at the Star Luncheonette need the same thrill. Some who had the opportun to join in the thefts did not do so. At least o told his father he was called "chicken" a "yellow" for not taking part, but he refus to go along. "That bunch was getting too wi for me," he said. Of course there were ma like him—most of the rest of the boys town, as a matter of fact.

In the end, to understand why these bo stole would require a complete psychiat study of each individual and his family. Ev then, perhaps no final causes would come light. Individual psychiatric treatment is ava able to but few children or parents, and if pr vention of youth crime is the goal it obvious must be sought in other ways. After the fur in Fair Haven, a rabbi proposed the formati of a Youth Resources Board consisting of rabbi or minister, a psychiatrist, a soci worker, a psychologist and a lawyer who cou be available to any family in the communi having youth problems."

Such a board, in places where it could be s up, would no doubt be helpful to tho families who turned to it, but it has alwa been apparent that the precepts of hone must be taught, directly and by examp within the family itself when the children a very young. Honesty must also be taught the schools, for if good character is not aim of education, none of its other goals c be worth attaining. When home and school a both indifferent, the church or synagog most likely will not have the chance. If a generalization can be made about the ba of young Fair Haven burglars, it is not much that subtle forces conspired to ma them thieves, but that none conspired to ma them honest. Most parents do teach th children honesty; a good many don't try.

When the young Fair Haven burglars we headline news (most of the boys got one- three-year suspended sentences and we placed on probation; two got prison se tences and one was committed to a ment hospital), a reader of a metropolitan new paper wrote to its editor: "If these you thieves get off lightly, other kids will not thi what they did was so bad. The fact is, our you *have* accepted completely our adult standar of behavior. It shall ever be the task of eve generation to punish its children for followi the example of their elders and begetters unless we, the elders, face reality and qu our self-delusion."

This, too, is an oversimplification but it a place to start. E

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FEMININITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

deal of stress. But she must enjoy her work, and avoid all complaining about it; otherwise she puts an unfair burden of guilt on her children. She must also watch fatigue and guard against becoming too indulgent. If she can manage all this, she can bring to her family more than she takes away.

"In fact," she went on to say, "when a discontented woman comes to me, I ask myself, 'What would fulfill this woman?' Most women really prefer to stay home, and are most needed there, but they feel unappreciated. Some complain of feeling dull and listless all the time. Such fatigue is usually emotionally colored. A change of attitude and activity will help this woman toward a more abundant, joyful and satisfying life."

As women enter more and more fields once considered masculine, men are discovering the delights of the kitchen and the nursery after centuries of exclusion. It is somewhat surprising to find that the supermarket and the launderette may be replacing the beer parlor and the pool hall as social centers for men. It is amusing to hear a very masculine, mustached *New York Times* editor boast, "I can fix formula, sterilize bottles, change diapers, run the washer, burp the baby—in fact, do everything for an infant except breast-feed it." And it is obvious that he thoroughly enjoys playing nursemaid.

Believes New York psychiatrist Dr. Janet Rioch, "The man who is sure of himself and at peace with himself will encourage a woman to develop her inner potential. He will help her toward becoming a fuller person without feeling threatened by her activity. A man is just as strong caring for a baby as he is playing football," she adds. "A man can perform any so-called feminine task (as defined in our culture) without danger to his masculinity. But if he *thinks* it demeans or degrades him, then it may cause problems."

Obviously, things are in a state of flux between men and women. Women still want to be attractive to men, but they want to be so on terms of nearer equality. The passive role need no longer mean the inferior role. And men seem to be adjusting to the change.

TV comedienne Carol Burnett says, "I don't think people have changed basically, but with the increase in education they have become less inhibited, their personalities have taken a more prominent form; *greater* understanding between men and women has been the result."

Storm Jamison defined woman's goals in life as "to feel deeply, to enjoy simply, to think freely, to risk life, to be needed." Only one of these goals is new: to think freely. Will man love woman still if she does?

"Each woman creates her own identity which is uniquely hers," says Cyril Ritchard. "This gives her style and makes her memorable to a man. The truly feminine woman is never imitative. Her gift to others is herself."

THE LONELY LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

opposite Leslie in *Petrified Forest*. This time he was delighted to work with me and absolutely charming. It was he who refused to do the picture for Warners if they didn't use Humphrey Bogart in the gangster role he had created on the stage. Leslie had become so warm and chummy that throughout one scene where we lay on the floor, he kept nibbling on my arms.

Petrified Forest made Bogie's career and it didn't hurt mine. It was a beautifully written play. But the annual awards of the Academy helped further. Ruthie, Ham and I attended the dinner. This time I was up against Katharine Hepburn's brilliant *Alice Adams*, by far the best performance of the year.

Victor McLaglen received the award for his remarkable job as *The Informer*. Then the venerable D. W. Griffith, announced the best actress of the year. There was a shout from my table and everyone was kissing me. I made my way to the stage and felt like an utter fool. *It's a consolation prize. I'll never know if I got it through ability or through pity*. This nagged at me. It was true that the honor had been earned. But it had been earned *last* year, for my role in *Bondage*. There was no doubt that Hepburn's performance deserved the award.

Nonetheless, this was it. I had reached the top of the heap and stood holding the statue. I had done it. I had my career and I still had Ham. He was playing and singing at the Roosevelt Grill and the young set was giving him the adulation that he needed and deserved.

Though I tried to keep our standard of living down to a scale more commensurate with his income than with mine, it was difficult. For a working actress, there are expenses that are prerequisite even if she doesn't succumb to the excesses of the Hollywood gang. I certainly could afford anything I wanted—anything but a baby. And I tried to understand this also. I would have understood anything to make that marriage work.

But the battles were becoming epic. Money, per se, meant nothing to Ham; but there are precious few men who can resist box seats at the Coliseum and first-class passage all the way. A man may fight this situation self-righteously; but the daily exigencies of life—the little things that make up a relationship—are so subtle and seductive that he slowly sinks into the habit.

The sharing of wealth is not in itself corrupting. The true rot sets in when a man thinks it is. He stops being a man and his wife stops being a woman. When a woman is independent financially and eclipses her husband professionally, the man suddenly finds it necessary to be a nineteenth-century lord and master. He falls back on symbols that are insupportable to the self-supporting wife.

I should have put my foot down immediately. I exhausted myself instead. The man who waits for his wife to return home from the jungle to cook his dinner and put away his shirts because it's a woman's job is not displaying virility. To live pleasantly and spend his own salary on himself is hardly sharing the responsibilities of a home. But I was becoming used to the role of daddy. Harlow Morrell Davis had shifted the responsibility of the family to me years before.

Daddy had visited California once on business and had dinner with us. He was so brilliant—and so lofty. My husband paled before him. I received a letter later, one of Daddy's typically succinct little notes: "Your husband is an extremely nice young man." How contemptuous he could be. How superior. But Daddy died in 1935.

At the Academy Awards in 1936 I still had regard for my husband. After all, we were not wholly incompatible. A wave of euphoria passed over me. Ham could suddenly strike it big. Certainly the future looked promising for me. All Ruthie's dreams were coming true.

I sought out her face in the crowd at the Academy dinner. She sat, regal and beautiful, between Bobby and Ham. In a sense, it was Ruthie's triumph and I knew it. Mother believed the Hollywood legend. She who had worked for me like a demon—had known no sacrifice great enough—now relaxed into luxury. To Mother, Hollywood was a playground and movie actresses spent their days floating through an atmosphere of Chanel-scented flattery, adoration and glamour. I don't believe that Ruthie ever believed I worked, once I arrived. She had given me this paradise and now we could all enjoy the eternal loaf.

Mother never put her foot down. Mother never took over. But in her appealing, elegantly insinuating way, she always convinced Ham and me that she knew best.

My feeling of debt was so great that I bent over backward to take her side in any crisis. But I observed that Ruthie was slowly—in attitude and demands—maneuvering me as she once did Father. She spent more than I gave her and bewildered me in her apparent indifference to my daily struggle. Nothing I ever did earned her approval. I was always wrong and in need of her advice and direction. That I took it seems incredible now. Certainly my husband was furious.

Only Bobby empathized completely and tried to help me all through the years—in any way she could. She has saved my life a million

ies. About this time Bobby, eager to leave thie and make her own life, married a boy med Robert Pelgram. Ham and I drove em to Tijuana and witnessed the ceremony th great wishes for their happiness.

Now that I had received the Academy ward, I expected the studio to find me a eat script. My hopes were soon shattered My next assignment was the part of a fe- ale lumberjack in *God's Country and the oman*, a script so undistinguished and a part stupid that I flatly refused to play it.

The Warners were convinced that I was sim- y in a tizzy. "She's difficult, but she'll come ound." Mr. Warner informed me that he d just optioned a new novel about the uth, *Gone With the Wind*.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Warner. There's always mething in the future; but I won't have one l continue playing these parts."

Mr. Warner smiled reassuringly. "Just be od girl and everything will work out."

Production on *God's Country and the* [Idiot] *oman* began and I left for Laguna Beach. I as on a one-woman strike. My salary was opped and I was put on a three months' spension as punishment.

My contract had five more years to run and was shocked to discover that these unpaid onths would be added to the tenure of my ntract. It could run twenty years.

Jimmy Cagney, Humphrey Bogart and I— nong us—had about twenty suspensions in r years at Warners. There weren't many hters in Hollywood, and we were punished r our unwillingness to compromise.

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he love of reading enables a man to ex- hange the wearisome hours of life which ome to everyone for hours of delight.

MONTESQUIEU

By terms of my contract, I received an an- al twelve-week layoff, in which time I felt it ould help my career *and* my value as a Bur- nk player if I made a picture for someone se. I was informed by Warners that I could anything I pleased on my vacation *except* ork. They would file suit if I used my unpaid me creatively.

This time we were at an impasse. Word went t that I was dissatisfied with my salary of 000 a week, a fictional figure that was picked t of the air. I announced that I would quit e screen unless my contract was liberalized.

At the height of all this publicity, Ludovico oeplitz, an Anglo-Italian mogul who had pro- uced, among other fine films, Charles aughton's *Henry VIII* and Elisabeth Berg- r's *Catherine the Great*, came to see me. Mr. oeplitz offered me £20,000 each to star in two ctures, one with Douglass Montgomery and igel Bruce, the other with Maurice Chevalier. oth scripts would be subject to my approval. he plan was to shoot the first in Italy, the econd in France.

This seemed to solve all my problems. I gned with Mr. Toeplitz and—in order to void an injunction by Warner Brothers—am and I waited until late one Saturday ght and flew to Vancouver, and then trained cross Canada to Montreal, where we boarded e *Duchess of Bedford* and sailed for England. injunctions could not be served on Sundays.

There was some time before the pictures ere to start and Ham and I were ready for a al honeymoon. Away from Hollywood, I ought we might find ourselves again. We nded in England on our fourth anniversary nd I was ready for a sentimental journey.

We were feeling very gay on our arrival at e Firth of Clyde at Greenock. I was excited a child on this first trip to Europe. I anted to see Wales and look vainly for kiss- g cousins among the legion of Davises. I anted to see everything.

Word reached me that Warners had a mporary injunction prohibiting me from orking anywhere; and I was unimpressed. his was restraint of trade and I would fight it necessary.

We went to Claridge's Hotel in London and et with Mr. Toeplitz and Monty Banks, the director. Ham and I saw the London sights. We visited Brighton and then rented a saloon car and drove through the Lake District, starting from Torquay round the Cornish coast up to Somerset. The color and the kindness of the West Country people caused me to fall in love with Great Britain forever.

When we returned to London we found the papers full of my fight with Warner Brothers. Plans for the film were going full steam ahead. I went to Paris for costume fittings with Schiaparelli, who was doing my wardrobe.

How I adored Paris! I had the most incredible feeling of at-homeness there. The change from Devonshire cream and English beer to the *escargot* and *vin rosé* of France came naturally. I had been eating for five during my stay in England and managed to lose ten pounds through pure exhilaration. It would have been better if I'd gained some reserve flesh. On my return from the Continent I was to need the strength.

It seems that Mr. Warner met with Signor Toeplitz in Venice. They had come to no agreement about my two contracts. Signor Toeplitz claimed that his contract with me was aboveboard. Warners were adamant about the sanctity of my legal obligation. I was righteously appalled at its unholiness.

Mr. Warner engaged Sir Patrick Hastings as the company's barrister; Agatha Christie later used him as her prototype for the lawyer in *Witness for the Prosecution*. It was obvious that the heavy artillery was being brought up.

I needed my own barrister and Signor Toeplitz recommended Sir William Jowitt. Six feet four of vertical England, he was a Spy drawing and a brilliant lawyer. In the custom of his country, he recommended that I immediately give him a $10,000 retainer. I almost died. Despite the Warners' rumors of my immense wealth, I was settling down to a fight and for the first time in years was not receiving an income. Ham and I had blithely traveled around; and Mother and Bobby were living as always. We had expected a montage of triumphs and here I was going to court.

It was at this point that Ham decided to return to New York and look for work. I was absolutely dazed; but he insisted it was the most sensible thing to do. Now I was in a fix—over my head and alone.

I saw Ham off at Southampton and stood, bewildered, on the dock as his ship pulled away. His salary, assuming he was to get work, would be negligible in comparison with the moral support I craved at that moment. I was never so wretched as I was when I crawled back to my cell at the Park Lane.

There is probably nothing so awesome as an English court. There on the highest seat was Mr. Justice Branson, whose divine detachment and arid, dewlapped countenance made me think that E. E. Clive should have been playing him. But this was not a film. This take was for keeps. Sitting in the well of the court with Sir William, I felt Sir Patrick's keen eye beneath his bulging brow. His gaze could turn one to stone or jelly. I fixed him with a glance that was supposed to chill him. He grabbed the neckline of his gown and started speaking. It was clear that I was not fighting just the Warners, but the whole motion-picture industry.

I lost the case. Everyone had warned me not to fight. Well, I paid for it. I lost not only the case, but a fortune in salary. The injunction held good only for Great Britain. There was a possibility that I could work in Italy, but there wasn't an American theater that would release the film. Ham cabled THE CLOCK IN THE STEEPLE STRIKES ONE and it was dated from Whitinsville, Massachusetts. *Why wasn't he in New York? I thought he was looking for work.* I wasn't finished yet. There was so much still to do, but I was alone. I called California to speak to Ruthie. I was so depressed.

"Mother? Mother, come over and stay with me while I fight this out. I'm going to appeal."

"Hang on, Bette darling. I'll be there!"

It seems I did nothing for a few days but bicycle and walk on the beach all bundled up.

On my return from one of my endless besweatered trudges along the surf, I found George Arliss in the lobby waiting for me. Once again he reached out and gave me his

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hand when I needed it. It was the sweetest gesture. He had come all the way from London to offer his condolence and his advice. We had tea and Mr. Arliss chose his words carefully.

"Go back, my dear Bette. You haven't lost as much as you think. Go back gracefully and accept the decision. If in time you feel you're being treated unjustly, put up another fight. I admire your courage in this affair; but now—go back and face them proudly."

That wonderful man. He was more dispassionate than I and quite right, of course. It was eventually my final decision and I cabled Mother to stay in New York just as the wandering Ham was about to see her off. I sailed early in November to face the music.

It is only fair to record that Warners not only greeted me with open arms but graciously relieved me of their share of the damages. I didn't have to pay the king's ransom to Sir Patrick, and Sir William's retainer was shared by my employers, who fulfilled Mr. Arliss's prophecy and bent over backward to be nice. They knew about my domestic situation and the drain it was on my supposed fortune. Their generosity made it a pleasure being a good sport. My defeat was a victory. At last we were seeing eye to eye on my career. I was aching to work and they were eager to encourage me.

Jack Warner now offered me the excellent *Marked Woman* and I settled down to real work. *Marked Woman* was a good picture. Humphrey Bogart, whose star was rising, played the district attorney and Eduardo Cianelli was the white slaver. I persuaded Warners to put Jane Bryan under contract and she played my kid sister in *Marked Woman*.

In the film, Janie is seduced and dies. To avenge her murder, I inform on the racketeer who, as a warning to the other girls, has me beaten and scarred for life. After I had been beaten to a pulp by Mr. Cianelli's henchmen my director, Lloyd Bacon, had me bandaged by the makeup men for the first hospital scene in which Bogie was to visit me. I was to be half dead. I don't think I ever looked so attractive. Lilly Dache herself could have created that creamy puff of gauze at the peak of her inspiration. It was an absolute gem of millinery. After I studied myself in the glass I smiled sweetly and left the studio for lunch. Instead I went to my doctor.

"I have just been beaten up by a gang of thugs, doctor, and my cheek has been carved by a knife. Would you please bandage me?"

When I drove through the studio gates the watchman turned pale and picked up the telephone. Word was passed throughout the lot that production would have to be held up.

"Davis has had a terrible accident!"

They came running from all directions. I quietly walked onto the set and got into the hospital bed. A parent weeps and wails for his missing child, but the safe return is usually greeted by fury. "You mean you're all right and this is your idea of makeup?"

"You believed me, didn't you? So will the public."

And that is the way it was photographed.

Then I was cast for the third time with Leslie Howard in a supposedly high comedy that loosely suggested, in our roles as a tempestuous acting couple, the glorious Lunts. Olivia de Havilland, a favorite of mine as an actress and a person, was my rival in the film. Leslie and I had a romp and I was out of the gutter and in Orry-Kelly's latest gowns.

My latest film, *That Certain Woman*, was not good. It was a remake of Gloria Swanson's *Trespasser*. After all those years I worked with Hank Fonda, whom I hadn't seen since my early theater days. Along with Ian Hunter, we tried; but the picture just didn't make it.

I couldn't afford a setback and pressed for a really fine part. Bette Davis was moving on all cylinders and losing her husband. I didn't want a divorce. I no longer loved Ham—not as I had. I had left home, so to speak, long ago; but I wanted it to be there when I returned.

I was too busy finding a script to preserve the unpreservable. I kept searching.

Owen Davis Sr. and Warners were having some trouble over a property; and when I discovered an old play of his that I adored, an amicable arrangement was made between them. A barter took place and *Jezebel* was prepared for my next vehicle. It was a marvelous character study of an antebellum vixen.

I will be the last to deny that the nationwide search for Scarlett "O'Something" in the now world-famous *Gone With the Wind* infuriated me. It could have been written for me. Warners had dropped its option while I was in London, and David Selznick had bought the story. When I read it and remembered Mr. Warner's promise, I was fit to be tied. It is true that I got my second chance to play Scarlett. When initial plans were in the making, Mr. Selznick asked Warners if they could borrow Bette Davis and Errol Flynn as a package. The thought of Mr. Flynn as Rhett Butler appalled me. I refused. And that was my last chance. George Cukor was the director in the beginning. He still saw me as the girl in *Broadway* and, whatever his ancient grievance, his thumbs were still down. By such intangibles are careers affected.

But as luck would have it, Julie Marsden, the Jezebel in question, was a blood sister of Scarlett's. Willful, perverse and proud, she was every inch the Southern belle. She had the same cast-iron fragility, the same resourcefulness, the same rebellion. Julie was the best part I had had since Mildred.

I had no time to be shocked by the fact that my little white cottage was crumbling. Like a set that is struck after a performance, it seemed like the dream it was—a façade, a temporary scene for pointless arguments.

I couldn't believe this scene was being played by childhood sweethearts. A boy and girl had adored each other, married and never dreamed of such an ending to it all. It made me feel old and weary. The fact that I didn't care anymore, that I was finding other men attractive, was heartbreaking to me. Under the circumstances, having never had any adventures before marriage, this was the logical sequence of events. We finally some months later faced the fact that I had outgrown the whole relationship. I gave Ham permission to divorce me. His grounds were "She reads in bed. She neglected me for her work." In the final analysis, I guess this was the truth.

When my boss, Hal Wallis, announced that he had hired William Wyler to direct *Jezebel*, I was stunned. The little man who had said a long time ago to me, "What do you think about these dames who show their chests and think they can get jobs?" Saying nothing about all this, I asked for an appointment to talk to him. Revenge, they say, is sweet. It has never been thus for me. Mr. Wyler, not remembering the incident, was, to put it mildly, taken aback when I told him my grim little tale of woe. He was genuinely apologetic, saying he had come a long way since those days. I could not help believing he was sincere. With no revenge left in me I started work on *Jezebel*. I became such a champion of his talent—and still am—that one would have thought I was his press agent. It was *he* who helped me realize my full potential as an actress.

The cast included Henry Fonda, George Brent, Donald Crisp, and the inspired Fay Bainter as "Auntie Belle" who understood Julie so well: "She's always meanest when she's loving most."

My first appearance as Julie was in a riding habit. Entering my house, I was to lift my skirt up over my shoulder with my riding crop. It sounds simple. Mr. Wyler asked me to take the riding skirt and the crop home and rehearse with it. The next morning I arrived knowing he was after something special. I made my entrance a dozen times and he wasn't satisfied. He wanted a complete establishment of character with one gesture. I sweat through forty-five takes, and he finally got it the way he wanted. Or at least he said so in his very noncommittal way.

Jezebel was work from the word go! Willie was so thorough and so inventive that we were running behind schedule—Hollywood's biggest bugaboo. Warners, in a fret, decided to take Willie off the picture, since the budget was going out the window. But this man wasn't going to be fired if I had, personally, to burn the place down. I walked up that beaten path to the sanctum sanctorum and announced that I wouldn't finish the film if Mr. Wyler was not allowed to continue.

I was willing to work late each day if necessary to keep Willie on the picture. Warners agreed. I worked until midnight every night and was back on the set early each morning. I earned the Oscar I received for *Jezebel*. The thrill of winning my second Oscar was lessened only by the Academy's failure to give the directorial award to Willie. He made my performance. He made the script. *Jezebel* was a fine picture. It was all Wyler.

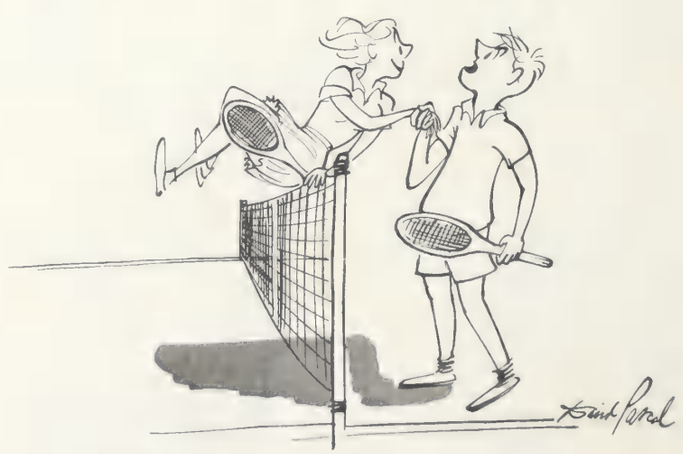
With my two statuettes and my latest box-office receipts, I again met with Mr. Warner. *Jezebel* was a sensation and was bringing in millions. I wanted my share. I got it.

The old, battle-worn document was torn up and I received a new contract. It was not what I had asked for, but it was a definite improvement over the old one.

The full-page ad for the acclaimed *Jezebel* ran side by side in *Motion Picture Daily* with Warner's announcement, BETTE DAVIS SUSPENDED. I'd refused to do a turkey called *Comet Over Broadway*. But then the studio sent me the script of *The Sisters*.

It was another costume picture. Jane Bryan was again one of my sisters. Errol Flynn was cast as my leading man. For this role of a restless, confused newspaperman he was well suited. Handsome, arrogant and utterly enchanting, Errol was something to watch. His arrivals on the set always reminded me of Alfred Lunt's vaudeville turn as an mc in Robert Sherwood's *Idiot's Delight*. Flanked by four to six blondes, arms linked, Errol would strut in at about eleven. One half expected them to go into a routine, which no doubt they did. He was already the stud of the Warner stable and had starred or would co-star with everyone on the lot. There were two notable exceptions. And I was one of them.

Infinitely charming, Errol was possessed of his own demon. His drive was probably enhanced by his hushed but recurrent tuberculosis, which was soon to keep him out of military service. At the time he was unques-



"Congratulations, and our date's off for tonight."

bly the most wholesomely beautiful satyr. fused him utterly. One day he smiled that y smile and looked directly at me.
d love to proposition you, Bette, but fraid you'd laugh at me."
ever miss the rare opportunity to agree a man. "You're so right, Errol."
bit his lip, waved his arm through the nd bowed in mock chivalry like Captain d. He was extremely graceful in retreat. was Olivia de Havilland whom he truly ed. I really believe he was deeply in love her.
ecame involved with an extremely at- ve Hollywood male, one of the wealth- nen in the West—or East, for that matter. him while working. My energies knew ounds and I became more and more in- ed in civic causes, the first of which was Tailwaggers. It was an organization that for abandoned and lost dogs.
ecame president of the group and during enure of office we trained dogs for the . In order to raise money, Bobby helped range a dinner party at the Beverly Hills to which the movie colony responded ously. At one of these affairs I met the eman in question. His influence and co- tion were a great help to me and his in- proved to be directed toward me rather the case at hand.
s important to note here that I had met at ime another man who I now know was nly man in my life. The only man I ever whom I could respect in every way. How- his strength, his brilliance were such that endangered. I was afraid his domination d affect my career. I genuinely fell in love this titan who shattered every precon- d notion, every single dream. He was ble of taking complete charge and I was ied. The relationship was tempestuous to oint of madness and I resisted the loss of overeignty to the end. This was a man would have run my life from sunrise to t. The temptation was enormous.
was true I felt like a woman for the first It was true that cameramen and still ographers at the studio told me that my had changed. "You must be in love, . The camera never lies. You're beauti- It was true all right. All the banalities ne sweetly true. "A simpering, whimper- hild again." That Lorenz Hart! My one- ed mind ruled me! My career—what d happen to it? I ran. The man of my life ed another woman.

ortly after Ham's divorce from me I d work on what turned out to be my ite and the public's favorite part I have layed: Judith Traherne in *Dark Victory*. h Traherne was a very wealthy girl who d by a doctor, whom she falls eventually e with—George Brent—that she is dying rain tumor. Eschewing self-pity, she puts ouse in order and her victory over the is the manner in which she dies.
dith won me another nomination for the emy Award. This time I was pitted st Vivien Leigh's Scarlett O'Hara in *With the Wind*.
eceived countless prizes for *Dark Victory*, ritics' awards all over the country. A poll e press called my performance the most anding of the year; but I knew I would eceive the Oscar. *Gone With the Wind* been released and was the sensation ev- ne knew it would be. A fine motion pic- its performances were outstanding.

as now working on *Juarez;* and the of the Award dinner, I was dead tired. t dawn, I again had to be on the set for up at six. I stayed until two o'clock in norning, at which point everyone was prised" and delighted that *GWTW* ran with almost everything. Robert Donat's Chips won the Oscar for the best acting. best actress was Vivien Leigh.
oined in the applause that she so well de- d. Then I turned, bleary-eyed, to Ruthie aid, "We're going home now."
ot only three hours' sleep that night. But sacrifice went for nil. Nothing stops ywood from talking when it wants to. you see Davis leave in a huff when she " . . . "Davis walked out in a rage!"

In the year 1939 I secured my career and my stardom forever. I made five pictures in twelve months and every one was successful. In quick succession, starting with *The Sisters* and *Dark Victory*, there were *Juarez*, with Paul Muni and Brian Aherne; *The Old Maid*, with Miriam Hopkins; and *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex*, with Errol Flynn. I weighed eighty pounds when I discarded Bess's ruff and hoop for the last time. I was really exhausted. I knew I must take a holiday.

Warners, pleased by the gold coming in from all these pictures, decided to give me a vacation. I think they wanted one themselves. Hurricane Bette herded the people into their theaters and brought showers of green stuff; but she howled and wrought havoc as well. I will never deny that I was, on occasion, insufferably rude and ill mannered in the preservation of my career. I said what was on my mind and it wasn't always printable. Each picture presented a problem or bred one.

Juarez, for instance, was peculiarly constructed. The part of the film in which Brian Aherne and I appeared as Maximilian and Carlotta was shot and assembled before Mr. Muni as Juarez ever stepped before a camera. He saw our part of the picture in the projection room and his wife, Bella, observed that it was a "complete picture without ever seeing Juarez." It was true. Mr. Muni brought with him fifty additional pages of script that he wanted added to his part. He was that powerful and the studio allowed it.

The length of any picture must be limited. When the Juarez part of the film was finished Brian's and my part of the film received the cuts. Although it was a good motion picture, the film, before cutting, was a great one. Mr. Muni's seniority proved our downfall.

Paul was a most attractive man, I thought. There is no question that his technique as an actor was superb. He fought the good fight on his own terms and added greatly to the respectability of Hollywood. Claude Rains, who played Napoleon III in *Juarez*, was also a contributor to the dignity of Hollywood.

Juarez was the first time I had ever met Claude or worked with him. By this time it must be clear that I was hardly a meek and obscure young actress. He scared the life out of me. When he looked at me during our scene as Napoleon would look at Carlotta, with loathing, I thought he, Claude Rains, held loathing of me, Bette Davis, as a performer! We have laughed about it many times since. Claude and I made four pictures together, in the process of which I am proud to say he considered me a friend.

The Old Maid, an adaptation of Zoë Akins's play, based on Edith Wharton's novel, presented an entirely different problem. For the first time since Rochester, I worked with Miriam Hopkins, cast as the sister who brings up my illegitimate baby as her own while I, the Old Maid, am relegated to the role of "Aunt" Charlotte.

Miriam is a perfectly charming woman socially. Working with her is another story. On our first day of shooting she arrived on the set wearing a replica of one of my *Jezebel* costumes. It was obvious she wanted me to blow my stack. I ignored the whole thing. Ensuing events proved she wanted even more to be in my shoes than in my dress.

Miriam used every trick in the book. I became fascinated, watching them appear one by one. A good actress, perfectly suited to the role; it all was a mystery to me. Keeping my temper took its toll. I went home every night and screamed at everybody.

In the first place, she never looked at me. When she was supposed to be listening to me, her eyes would wander off into some world in which she was the sweetest. Her restless little spirit was impatiently awaiting her next line, her golden curls quivering with expectancy.

Miriam was her own worst enemy. I had better things to do than waste my energies on invective and catfights.

When I first met Tallulah Bankhead she said, "So you're the woman who does all my parts on the screen! And I do them so much better." I replied, "I agree with you, Miss Bankhead."

The next film Miriam and I made together was *Old Acquaintance*—we were always old somehow, everything but old friends. Again I played the heroine and Miriam the bitch. Quite a reversal for me—but if you play the heroine, you have to play it. Came the scene in the script when I slap her—that's what the script said. I might add the rafters above the stage were full of excited spectators. It was rather like a prizefight ring below. We rehearsed this scene for hours; not only her eyes were wandering, so was her body—to every corner of the stage.

I finally said, "Miriam! If I have to sit on top of the piano to look into your face for this speech, I will." The slap followed the speech and I had to be near her.

Her look of innocence and seeming lack of comprehension was infuriating—but stand still she did, and take the slap she did. To be sure, her eyes filled with tears of self-pity—but the camera couldn't see it. It was on her back!

Yes, Miriam is a caution; but good actress she is.

Another dream of mine now came true. Mr. Wallis bought the Maxwell Anderson play *Elizabeth and Essex*. I finally was to play Elizabeth—and to me the only fly in the ointment was the casting of Errol Flynn as Essex. He wasn't experienced enough an actor to cope with the complicated blank verse. There was only one Essex I wanted. I fought to get

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him as much as Garbo had fought against him some years before when she insisted on John Gilbert for her *Queen Christina*.

Laurence Olivier was in Hollywood with Miss Leigh. He was working with Willie Wyler in *Wuthering Heights*. He was perfect for the part of Essex. He *was* arrogant, beautiful, virile and talented. In all scenes I dreamed he was playing Essex.

I was secretly a bit tentative about playing Elizabeth at this time. I was only thirty years old. Elizabeth was sixty. I studied the Holbein portrait of her and was not a little amazed at the resemblance between us. My costumes were designed by Orry-Kelly. My first round in my latest match had to do with costumes. It has always been essential that I dress a part authentically, particularly in the case of a historical character. My cry was for the genuine. The director insisted that the hoops and ruffs be scaled down, for fear they would be too much in the camera. Mr. Wallis will discover for the first time, if he reads this, that Orry made two complete sets of costumes for Elizabeth: the first, according to director's order; the second, according to the historical records. I tested in the first wardrobe and played the picture in the second. Tricky is a determined female.

I had never been photographed in color before. My pictures brought the public in without the added expense. Too, I have always thought color robs an emotional story of power, and most of my work was of an emotional nature. History, however, is usually enhanced by color. Particularly Elizabeth: her red hair, her fascinating clothes—everything about her life was colorful.

Elizabeth was my tankard of tea. Charles Laughton visited our set one day. Henry VIII in person.

In my full costume, I swept toward him, swishing my *huge* hoop. "Hi, pop," I shouted irreverently.

"Ah! It's my favorite daughter!"

Marvelous Charles Laughton. I will never forget his Henry. I confessed to him I felt I had a nerve to be trying to play this part.

"Never stop daring to hang yourself, Bette!"

This became, from that day on, a credo of mine. An artist must be willing always to take the big gamble. Without it he can't plunge to the depths; but he can never reach any heights either.

The entire generation of movie people with whom I worked and played yielded a tiny list of artists who had integrity, the will for holy battle and the eventual triumph of major contribution to the medium which stupidly resisted its own enrichment. I can just about name them on two hands. James Cagney, Paul Muni, Spencer Tracy, Charles Laughton, Charles Boyer, John Ford, Irving Thalberg, Heinz Blanke (my producer at Warners), John Huston, Frank Capra and Willie Wyler. The producers with the executive genius to understand the need of hiring good people at any cost were Sam Goldwyn and Harry Cohen. Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan and Olivia de Havilland were fighters for integrity also.

Most of Hollywood's glamour boys spent their lives ensuring their place in the safety of the producers' arms and the hearts of the public. The masculine ego, outsized at birth, takes on gargantuan proportions in the actor. His world is a small one bound on the north by his own Polaris, on the south by his own twinkling toes. His longitude can be measured by the distance between his reach and his grasp. If he likes women at all, he must be careful. He is, in all fairness, a target for every troublemaker. The most harmless flirtation holds the promise of scandal. Most of the men, especially in the 'thirties and 'forties, had strict moral clauses in their contracts, and found it difficult to play around. The amount of money forced out of the town's gentlemen for indiscretions has always been staggering. Whether or not the public would boycott the typical American lad who was simply caught acting like one is neither here nor there. The studio officials sincerely believed they would. Hence the restrictions were great. The Hollywood male had his choice of female limited.

It eventually boiled down to the women in his profession or the local debutantes. Pasadena proved an excellent showcase. There were always countless pretty girls with "nice backgrounds" and low striking power. It always amused me. As far as Hollywood was concerned, a debutante was evidently a girl who owned an evening wrap and knew who her father was. The actor's understandable fears and working hours usually drove the actor to intramural romance. Actors and actresses! All-star casts assembled for no one's benefit. The competition was absurd.

Most of the male stars demanded partners of equal rank. Arrival at a premiere with a beautiful and perfectly groomed Queen of Films was essential to their notion of protocol.

Their values shocked me. Their intellects evaded me. For all their cynicism, expediency and patina, they were the most provincial of Americans. There wasn't a fistful I could even have a conversation with, and with the solitary exception of the powerhouse who would have threatened my career, not one could I look up to in respect. They were on the whole a lot of weak sisters who were attracted to sovereignty and were frightened by it. *O tempora! O mores!* Oh men, oh women. Where have they both gone? It has been said that an actor is something less than a man, an actress more than a woman. It should come out even. It doesn't.

Their vanity is effete, their self-involvement intellectually limiting and their life's work, to the best of them, ignoble. I have never known the great actor who wasn't aware of this and didn't plan eventually to direct or produce. If he has no such dream he is usually bitter, ungratified and eventually alcoholic.

There are and always have been a few whose gift is so great and whose perspective so blessed that their virility is preserved. But the majority of actors strut about like the cocks of the walk they wish they were. I have always found it difficult to find a man attractive when he's wearing curlers in his hair. I have always found it impossible to respect a man when he is patting his throat. I find it impossible to be excited by a man who becomes hysterical because his better profile has been sacrificed to the advantage of a scene. The glamour boys have bored me, and always will.

I was fortunate not to have to work with many. My films—once I reached my peak—brought the public in without a costar.

In *Juarez*, the authenticity of décor and costuming was unarguable. Brian Aherne looked absolutely beautiful in the blond beard that was a replica of the Emperor Maximilian's. He was truly a vision.

I thought I was being flattering. "Brian, you should always wear a beard."

His eyes narrowed and he looked down from his six feet four with naked hatred. "And *you*, Bette, should always wear a black wig!"

No one but an actor could be so absurd. They're almost all of them absurd. A fine actor lay dying at the end of a movie I was in. I knelt at his side, bereaved. I shall never forget the actor's plaintive comment to the director.

"Don't you think Bette is crying a little too much?"

A less heartfelt reaction to his death would actually have weakened his *own* characterization. The death scene is always a giveaway. I was speechless when another actor watched himself expire with a little hand mirror under the sheet of the bed on which he was lying.

The glamour boys do their best to avoid roles that somehow will blur the image they have created in the public mind. It is astonishing. For some, the slightest moral lapse, the faintest suggestion of vulnerability or softness, makes script writers of them all. These are the personalities and not the actors. If they had their way, Hamlet would have made up his mind and Mercutio would simply have told the nurse it was twelve o'clock.

The dullness of these stalwart manikins is almost surpassed by their hypocrisy. Their purity and virility have always been a fiction. Not a real ego among them—but vanity! Vanity! All was vanity.

Robert Montgomery and I made one picture together and it might just as well have been a ballet. An excellent actor who needn have bothered embroiled me in a fascinatin tangle of mechanics.

In motion pictures, a scene is played i medium shot with the two actors working tc gether. After it is photographed, the camera are set up again and the exact scene is re peated at a different vantage point. Obviousl the expressions and gestures must match per fectly, so that the various angles, pieced tc gether, give the impression of peripheral vi sion. This process may be repeated often an always includes extreme close-ups of each ac tor whose intimate, full-screen reaction add greatly to the dynamics of a scene.

Now, each actor plays his original scen separately. By tradition, the female star doe her close-up scene first. It is shot directly o her face while the costar's voice and face ar offstage. When this is completed, the gentle man repeats his performance under the sam conditions. Each must obviously match th original take perfectly so that the director may choose those desired reactions that he wil blend in the final mosaic.

Mr. Montgomery—resenting, I presume my role of a woman in charge as the characte I was playing—purposely added elements tc his close-up performance that did not exist in the original scene. By reacting to things I never did, he invalidated my close-ups, making them worthless. It was upstaging in its most dia bolical form. Needless to say, it was thor oughly unprofessional as well.

I probably had fewer close-ups as a sta than any other actress. I believed that ther were emotions too great not to use full body. believed—as on stage—that one acts with th complete body. One's back can describe an emotion. But this situation was different. The interspersed close-up does add power to a per formance. The audience needs and wants the occasional intimacy.

Mr. Montgomery was ostensibly the great gentleman, and very old-school tie about al these shenanigans. So I observed the ground rules and fought him on his own terms, with overwhelming graciousness. I simply relinquished my right of priority as a female star I let him do his close-ups first. That put an end to that. But what a waste of time all this nonsense was.

The competition with a male star is unbelievable. You are under attack at all times When I made *The Scapegoat* with Alec Guinness, he cut my part into such shreds that my appearance in the final product made no sense at all. This is an actor who plays by himself, unto himself. In this particular picture he played a dual role, so at least he was able to play with himself.

It is foolish of the actress to cling to youth But somehow one laughs less derisively. A man can be attractive at any age without cosmetic aid. A woman—certainly an actress—clings to those things which first made her desirable. It is only when she insists on remaining eighteen that she becomes a bore.

The male star demands children as mates and as costars. They see themselves as permanently appealing and don't think it at all strange that they are making love to their daughters.

I have always felt Hollywood very instrumental in America's being so wildly youth-conscious. We are the laughingstock of Europeans on this score. It does become contagious—this wishing to look years younger. All the pulling and taping and scraping has produced some incredible results.

I tried it two years ago. Perc Westmore, the dean of the Hollywood makeup artists—one of my truly great friends—taped my face. I wanted to see what I would look like. When he was through, I was enchanted—a little expressionless, but smooth as a baby. I was lovely. I rushed home, feeling sure Gary would look at me in amazement and wonder what miracle had happened. Quite the reverse; he looked up from the script he was reading and said, "What happened to you? You look awful." I laughed so hard that the tapes on one side of my face collapsed. Gary then expired with laughter. That was my last attempt to put back the clock.

(To Be Concluded)

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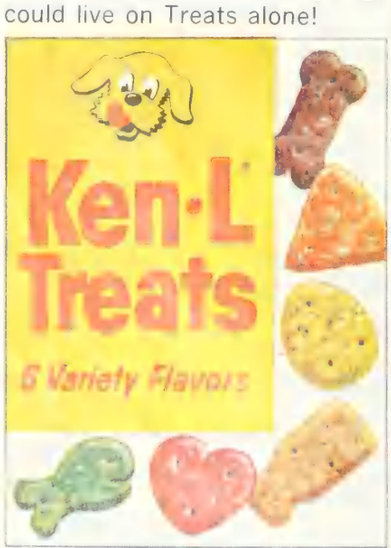

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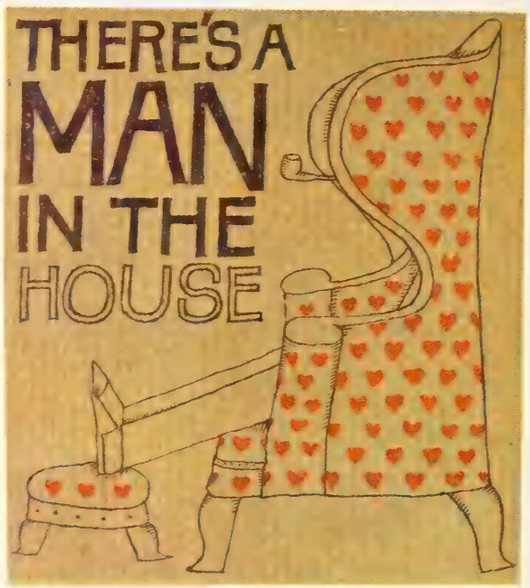
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By HARLAN MILLER

MY FIRST FLAME . . . When I entered 5th grade at Crocker school I was stunned and flustered by Olive Churchill's beauty. Her cute chin, her perfect nose, her rosy complexion, her twinkling friendly eyes! And her figure too, graceful and athletic, with faultless curves I didn't appreciate till later. ▷ I'd never had such a pretty teacher, except perhaps Miss Risser in 2nd grade. By then that was long, long ago, ancient history. I had become reconciled to noble, serious, efficient teachers, no longer nubile, career women who'd taken the teacher's vow. ▷ Why Miss Churchill never married I don't know. I've never dared ask her. Maybe teachers then didn't meet ardent young men. She continued to teach for 40 years, eventually becoming a principal. Maybe she preferred to teach. In those days foolish regulations frowned on married teachers, enforced spinsterhood. ▷ Teachers do marry nowadays, and often continue to teach, or come back to it later. Young men aren't so foolish today as to ignore them for superb brides. They can continue to teach and bring home the lamb chops. More important, they're intuitive and intelligent. ▷ Miss Churchill didn't know she was so pretty. She was a zealous and dedicated teacher. Even when scolding a recalcitrant boy she was winsome. She was strong and amiable and optimistic, and she spread her love and affection freely among 40 boys and girls. ▷ A crucial point in my education was when she taught me to recite Whittier's *Barbara Frietchie*, 60 lines of sheer patriotism. I was at 10 an old-fashioned windy actor. She taught the restrained modern "method," and drilled me how to recite: ▷ "'Shoot, if you must, this old gray head, But spare your country's flag,' she said." She also recited the lines of Stonewall Jackson, stung to pity. ▷ Maybe it was Olive Churchill who made a patriot of me. Her musical "Shoot if you must" rang in my ears during more than 4 years overseas. She and her colleagues were sensible and level-headed; they didn't teach us to be extremists, marginals, ultras, left-wingers or right-wingers. ▷ She lives now in a white cottage full of books and mementos. Each time I've called she's had with her a pair of elderly relatives she was mothering. She hasn't changed drastically; her beauty shows. She couldn't be more than nearing 50, or so she seems to me. ▷ I salute and honor Olive Churchill with affection, admiringly; and with her all teachers like her, long ago or today. ▷ So far as I know she's my only grade-school teacher still alive. I wish more of 'em were, and all of us much younger, and that I could take 'em all to dinner.

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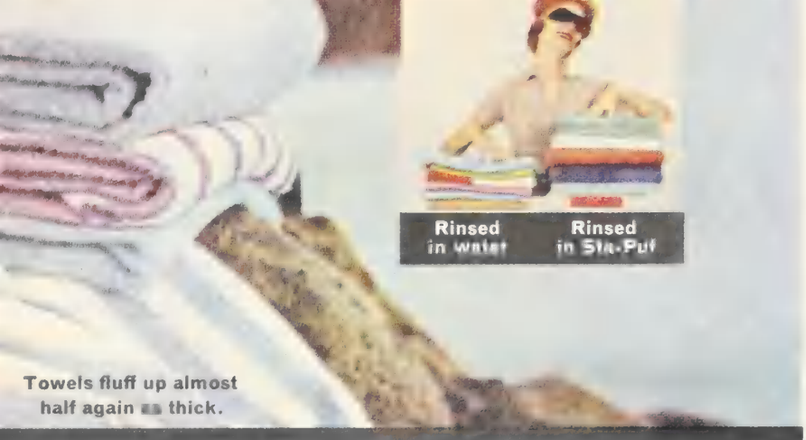
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DOUBLE THE SOFTNESS OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Try Sta-Puf® Fabric Softener Rinse. If not satisfied, return the label to the A. E. Staley Mfg. Co., Decatur, Illinois.



New products this month include some just leaving the laboratories, som on their way to market, others already there.

IF OUR SMILES ARE BRIGHTER, there's a reason. We've been usin a new cordless electric toothbrush equipped with recharging holder and re placeable brushes color-coded for individual family members. The job is fur our teeth never felt cleaner (maybe this is a way to get children to brush thei teeth before dashing off to school). One editor reported to her dentist, brus in hand. He tried it, found its job so superior it might simplify *his* job, c cleanups at least. About $18, less in some areas. By General Electric.

CORDLESS KITCHEN APPLIANCES ARE COMING! Expected thi fall is Sunbeam's battery-run hand mixer which will make a packaged cak and frosting, whip cream, mash 2½ pounds of potatoes with power to spare The unit comes with wall hanger or counter rest which electrically recharge it. No price yet.

HAVE YOU TRIED the new man-made sponges with built-in suds power One for household cleaning costs 59 cents, contains all-purpose detergent tha foams through hours of use. Another, also 59 cents, is for that chore of chores— washing the car. It's good for four washings, will remove road film withou dulling wax finish. A third sponge, 69 cents, is silicone-treated, provides good protection for outdoor furniture, car chrome, even shoes. By Whirlpool.

WHAT-WILL-THEY-THINK-OF-NEXT DEPT. An automatic book mark? There actually *is* one that permits one-hand reading (reading page stays flat), will neither mar nor tear pages, fits all standard hard-cover books. Jayo bookmarks come nickel-plated ($1) or gold-plated, gift-wrapped ($2) from Unique Items, P.O. Box 45-162, Miami, Florida. Attention: students.

MIRACLE FINISHES: Du Pont has developed two new pigmented films which all but make house painting a thing of the past. One, a tough, weather-resistant synthetic rubber called Hypalon, is laminated to standard 4′ x 8′ exterior-grade plywood panels, comes in white, pastel blue, green, yellow and gray (use all of a color or alternate them), smooth or matte finish. Hypalon withstands extremes of heat, humidity, cold and smog, cuts upkeep to a minimum. The second finish, Tedlar, is a versatile weather-and-abrasion-resistant plastic film which can be permanently bonded to almost any kind of building material at the factory. At present, it's available commercially only as a finish for aluminum siding, but look for it to be teamed with wood, plywood, steel, chipboard and asbestos in white, blue, gray, green and beige by the end of 1962. (Look for it on a *Journal*-built house in March, 1963.) Tedlar has a maintenance-free life of 15–30 years. Cost of construction using either finish: comparable to standard materials, painted. And should you tire of the color of your home, you can paint over either finish with high-grade exterior paint.

LEATHER'S MAKING FASHION NEWS THIS FALL, but bigger news still are the fantastic Vy-Paral vinyl leathers in black and brilliant patents, alligator "skins" (black, brown, white and bright shades); suède in an array of earth tones. The "leathers" are cloth-backed, come 54″ wide, are supple and easy to sew. Caution from our Pattern Department: choose simple designs, use a fairly long machine stitch (about 10 to an inch), do not iron. The plastic leathers are all water-repellent, wonderful for raincoats, jackets, skirts. (Look for them to appear in our pattern pages.) These materials aren't sold over the counter yet, but ask about them. Approximate price per yard: suède, $3.95; alligator, $2.95; patent, $2.25.

A HIGH-FASHION LOOK IN COOKWARE? We've just seen it in a bright new collection that's decorative, durable and designed for use. The containers are six: skillets, 8″ and 10″; 2- and 3-quart saucepans; Dutch oven and oval roaster. All are cast aluminum with close-fitting, pimiento-colored covers of porcelain enamel. Knobs and handles are black, easy to grip because they're sculptured to fit the hand. A help to the cook: full-circle pouring lip (no more hit or miss), a catch rim to prevent boil-overs, even heat distribution. Good looking, good cooking, this set. "Symbol" designed by Peter Muller-Munk for Griswold. Priced from about $9.

DO YOU KNOW the new "instant" sauces? French's has put a good variety in lightweight foil envelopes: chili, curry, sour cream, cheese, à la king, light and brown gravy, meat loaf, white and spaghetti sauce mixes. From 19 cents.

FOR BACK-TO-SCHOOLERS: A lightweight plastic 12″ *relief* globe which can be painted with poster colors, quickly washed off. Globe plus stand and full-color world map: $11.95. Creative Playthings, Inc., P.O. Box 1100, Princeton, New Jersey.



Beautyrest...the Happiness Money Can Buy

The meeting will now come to disorder.

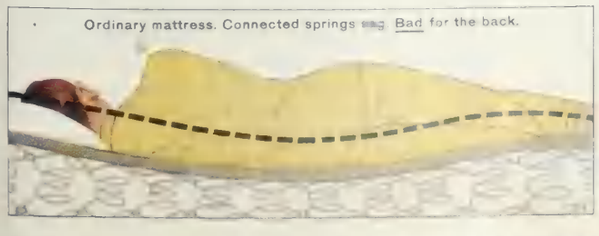
Nobody called this convention, but you know what Sunday mornings are. Instead of that late snooze, you'll get milk-fed kisses and puppy lickings.

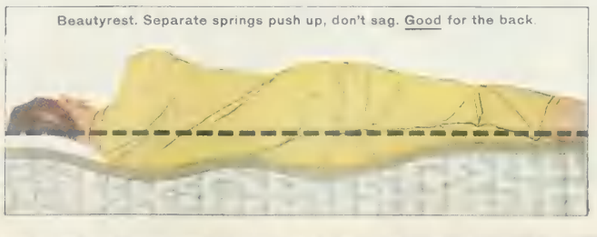
And if you've got a Kingsize Beautyrest® like this, you're lucky they parked the tricycles.

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BEAUTYREST
by SIMMONS



The Hostess Who Makes Everything Look Easy

Dinner for eight? Make it buffet all the way. To set the pace, a done-ahead appetizer of clam-stuffed raw mushrooms, unusual and low-calorie. Then something crisp: strips of celery, carrots and green peppers, sprinkled with seasoned salt. Enter the main course (made the day before the party): a bubbling casserole of lamb and chutney-flavored meatballs, all the better because it brews unattended, making its own wonderful sauce. The perfect dinner partners: buttered noodles with a crunch of water chestnuts, a salad of chilled greens and melon chunks in French dressing. The bread's as easy as popping a package of your favorite brown-and-serve rolls into the oven. Just *the* dessert, a frothy Bavarian cream that's light as a feather, with a refreshing nip of ginger. The beauty of this buffet is that one dinner plate (your largest) will accommodate it all, even the salad, which can join the main course or follow it if you prefer. Always the bane of buffets—that awkward business of plate balancing. Inexpensive, individual stack tables will eliminate it, and add a note of elegance. The buffet table itself requires a bit of careful charting to avoid collisions, confusion, backtracking. Here's a foolproof formula: Place the plates where they will be picked up first, then a logical sequence of food. Napkins and forks can be laid either beside the plates or at the end of the line—wherever there's more room. It's as easy as that. Prepare the meal ahead, then relax. This party can take care of itself.

STUFFED MUSHROOMS

1 pound mushrooms
2 (3-oz.) packages cream cheese
1 can (10½-oz.) minced clams, well drained
1 tablespoon diced pimiento
2 tablespoons minced scallions
¼ teaspoon garlic salt
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper

(1) Ask your grocer to give you mushrooms about the size of a quarter. (2) Early in the morning, remove stems and peel caps. Place on plate and cover with saran and refrigerate. (3) With a fork, mix the cheese until smooth and creamy. (4) Add remaining ingredients and blend well. Chill mixture. (5) Several hours before the party, uncover caps and fill with the stuffing, heaping it a bit. Decorate each with a small sprig of parsley. Re-cover and chill until serving time. Makes 8 servings.

LAMB-MEATBALL CASSEROLE WITH CHUTNEY

4 pounds lean lamb cut into 1½" cubes
½ cup flour
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
6 tablespoons shortening or cooking oil
1 envelope dried onion-soup mix
1 quart water
1 can (10½-oz.) consommé
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon tomato paste
Flour-and-water paste
¼ cup chopped chutney

Meatballs:

2 pounds ground round
1 pound ground chuck
2 sweet Italian sausages
2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cups cubed day-old bread
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
¼ cup chopped chutney
½ cup butter or margarine
¼ cup chopped parsley

(1) Shake the lamb, a little at a time, in a paper bag, with the flour, salt and pepper. (2) Brown the lamb in the shortening or oil in a large kettle or Dutch oven. (3) Add the onion-soup mix, water, consommé, Worcestershire sauce and tomato paste. Mix well. (4) Cover and simmer until lamb is tender, about 1½ hours. (5) In a large bowl, mix together the ground round and chuck, the sausages (removed from their casings) and eggs. (6) Soak the bread for a few minutes in the milk. Squeeze dry and add to meat mixture along with the salt and ¼ cup chutney. (7) Mix well and, using a rounded tablespoon as a measure, shape meat into meatballs. (8) Brown meatballs in butter or margarine in a large skillet. (9) Drain on paper towels. (10) When lamb is tender, remove excess fat, and thicken sauce with a little flour-and-water paste. Stir in ¼ cup chutney. Cook a few minutes more. Remove from heat. (11) Add meatballs to lamb mixture, mixing carefully to prevent breaking meatballs. Cool, cover and refrigerate several hours or overnight. (12) About an hour before dinner, reheat in a large covered casserole, in a moderate oven, 350° F., stirring occasionally. (13) Sprinkle with parsley before serving. Makes 10–12 servings. (This casserole is so good you may have nothing left over; but if you do, you're lucky. Just store in your freezer!)

NOODLES WITH WATER CHESTNUTS

6 cups medium-sized noodles
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup milk
Salt
Pepper
1 can (5-oz.) water chestnuts, coarsely chopped
Toasted, slivered almonds

(1) Cook the noodles in rapidly boiling salted water until almost tender, about 6 minutes. (2) Drain and place in casserole with butter or margarine, milk, salt and pepper, water chestnuts. (3) Mix well, cover and refrigerate several hours or overnight. (4) About 1 hour before serving time, place casserole in a moderate oven, 350° F., and bake until hot, stirring gently from time to time. (5) Before serving, sprinkle top with toasted, slivered almonds. (Thank goodness we can buy these now in cans!) Makes 8 servings.

GINGER BAVARIAN

1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
3 tablespoons cold water
4 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
Pinch salt
⅓ cup light rum
1 cup milk
⅓ cup plus 1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 teaspoon vanilla
¼ cup candied ginger, finely chopped
¾ cup dry skim milk
¾ cup ice-cold water

On the morning of the party, prepare the dessert. (1) Dissolve gelatin in cold water. (2) Beat egg yolks until light. Add sugar, salt and rum and beat a few minutes more. (3) Scald milk in the top of a double boiler. Stir into the egg-yolk mixture, beating constantly with a wire whisk or rotary beater. (4) Pour into top of double boiler and place over simmering water. Cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. (5) Remove from heat, add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Chill mixture until it begins to set. (6) Beat with electric or rotary beater until foamy. Stir in ⅓ cup lemon juice and vanilla and beat a few more minutes. (7) Fold in ginger. (8) Beat dry skim milk with the water and 1 tablespoon lemon juice until it is thick and stands in peaks. Fold carefully into the egg mixture. (9) Spoon the Bavarian into the dish in which it will be served and refrigerate several hours or until serving time. Makes 8 servings. END

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. said Mrs. John Jenkins of Glenview, Illinois, when ne learned about the New Crisco.



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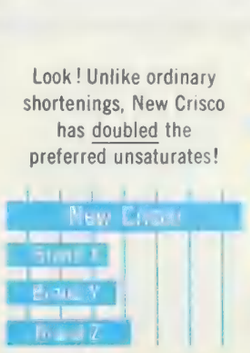
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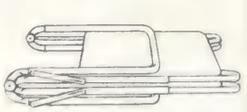
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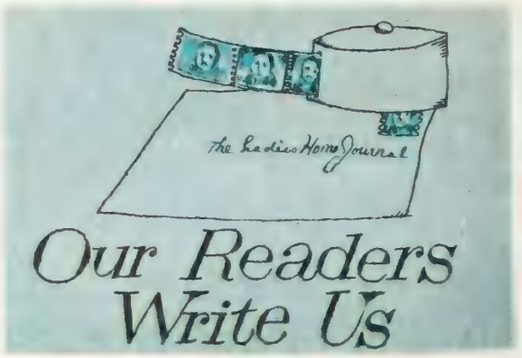


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Our Readers Write Us

UNCOMMON SENSE

We frequently hear of the need for "moral" or "spiritual" strength in the world struggle. What would such strength be?

I think true moral strength would include these elements:

1—Enough faith in ourselves that we do not panic every time an adversary (Khrushchev, for instance) reminds us that we have competition;

2—Ability to see the abiding truths beyond contemporary passions;

3—A willingness to face facts;

4—Insistence that our actions reflect our own best standards rather than being reflexes of our opponents';

5—Determination to distinguish between co-operation and appeasement;

6—Sincere good will toward our adversaries, persistently pressed no matter how bad their behavior is and how firmly we must say "no" to them.

GEORGE G. HILL, *Tampa, Fla.*

MAKING MARRIAGE LESS WORK

How about an article, *just once*, about a wife who is *not* an expert cook, dressmaker, financier, mother and helpmate? A woman who is not *always* lovely, loving, wonderful and charming. Don't you know of any woman who sometimes gets angry with her husband, yells at her children, puts on an uncrisp bathrobe in the morning, stays in bed (horrors) now and then to sleep, wants and *takes* a half a day off without husband or children? Alas, ours is a sometimes confusing and fussing family, but we continue to live together and love one another.

MARTHA ANNE CUMMINS STREET, *Baytown, Tex.*

• *We have done it before and we will do it again.—ED.*

COLLEGE COSTS SOAR

With higher education, as with medical care, you can get the best if you're rich or poor. It's the in-betweens who must settle for second- or third-best or none. Many families have incomes too high to qualify for scholarships based on need, but not high enough to meet the high costs of a college education. My husband and I have a combined income before taxes of $12,000, and are paying $145 per month to cover tuition, board and room for our son. This does not include transportation costs, laundry or spending money for him. Last year we applied for a loan under the National Defense Act, and after laying our souls open to inspection (it felt like applying for relief) we were granted $200.

There are several proposals now before the House Ways and Means Committee to give parents income-tax exemption to cover costs of college tuition. Nothing seems to come of them. Why not?

J. C., *Derby, Conn.*

▪ *Many highly qualified students cannot afford college—to the shame and peril of this nation.—ED.*

HOUSEWORK REAPPRAISED

Phyllis McGinley's *Profession: Housewife* (Summer issue) had a better effect me than a nap, a shopping spree and built-in cleaning woman. Thank you very much! I'm on my way with new ho

GAIL D. STIVERS, *Fremont, Ca*

Phyllis McGinley says my job is a p
fession.
I agree in spirit, but make this confessi
In the years to come—only once or tw
I ask it—
Let me see the bottom of an ironing bask

ROSA LEE THIERS, *Seattle, Wa*

What more can any woman ask than
be needed and loved by those she ador
Phyllis McGinley expresses this so beau
fully in her essay that I'm tucking t
article away for my daughter's readi
when she becomes a wife.

PHYLLIS HERFORD, *New York C*

• *Phyllis McGinley's articles will contin to appear regularly in the Journal. We learning a lot.—ED.*

HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

I just read the letter from the parent the epileptic child. I had a child with "handicap" called mongolism. I was giv similar advice: not to tell anyone. I did r follow this advice. I found people *do* und stand, and if they don't know anythi about the problem they are willing to ha it explained to them.

Keep your chin up and remember so of the most famous people in history w epileptics.

MRS. D. E. KING, *South Bend, Wa*

▪ *Among famous reputed epileptics in h tory: Napoleon Bonaparte, Julius Caes Socrates, Pascal, Mohammed, Swinbur Dostoievsky, Paganini, Van Gogh, Alf Nobel, Lord Byron, Gustav Flaubert, Maupassant; and Alfred, Peter and Al ander, the Greats.—ED.*

TREASURE CHEST

Our firstborn showed little interest "real" toys, even those his parents boug especially for him. I finally hit on an a swer to the useless expense of many to for toddlers. I covered a medium-sized b with brightly patterned adhesive paper. it I put many homemade treasures a assorted junk—ragged undershirt, bits cellophane, bows from packages, plast bottles filled with colored water (after fir placing glue in the cap), a round salt b with the bright label still on and containi some rice grains. Finally, a cheap aluminu percolator with the glass top removed. is surprising the amusement this provid my son. He fills and empties the box a plays with the junk for hours on end.

BARBARA BRACEY, *Geneva, N.*



HOW WILL THEY MEASURE UP AGAINST THE KIDS NEXT DOOR?

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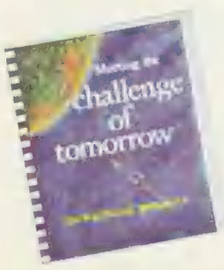
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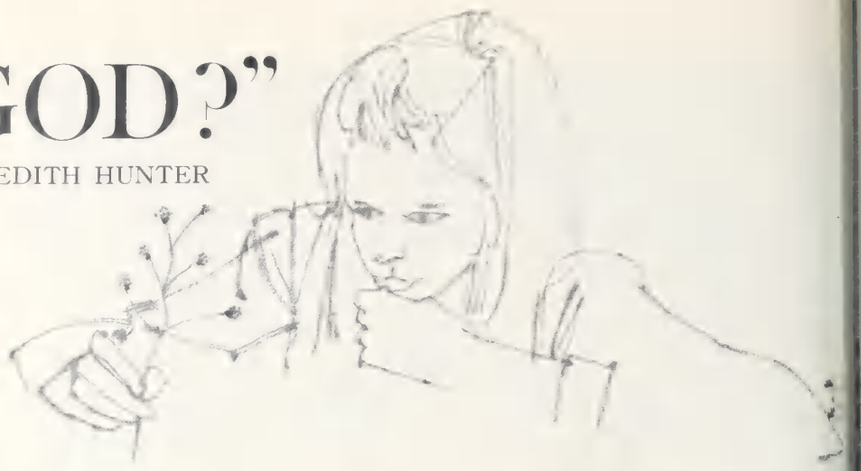
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"WHO MADE GOD?"

BY EDITH HUNTER



"Does God have a face?". "Why can't I see God?" When your child asks questions like these, what do you say?

What are the questions children ask about God? Almost any parent can answer that one! "Who made God?" . . . "Does God have a face?" . . . "Why can't I see God?" But are these really questions about God? Or are they questions about the strange word, "God," which children have been given in answer to earlier questions.

"How did the first man that got made get made?" asked Jimmy. He really wanted to know.

"God made him," answered his friend Tommy.

When Jimmy went home, he asked, "Mother, who made God?"

Jimmy's mother was used to his really tough questions, and usually she rather enjoyed trying to answer them. But this question was different. She didn't feel the usual sense of challenge at the prospect of trying to answer it. Instead she felt a little guilty. She felt there probably was an answer somewhere in a book, or from someone at church. But it wasn't one that she could answer by digging into Jimmy's experience with Him, or even into her own.

Making a quick stab at an answer she said, "Nobody made God, Jimmy. God just always was."

"But mother, I mean at the very beginning, before there was anything ——"

"Why don't you ask daddy that question tonight?"

Jimmy's father didn't fare much better with the question. But were these young parents really being asked a question about God? I don't think so. I believe that many of the questions that appear on the surface to be religious are only questions about theological words.

Such words as *God, heaven, the soul* are given to small children in answer to their very real and searching questions.

But instead of helping explain things to children, these theological words introduce confusing new questions. The children's curiosity is then concentrated on fruitless theological riddles such as "Who made God?" . . . "Why don't people fall out of heaven?" . . . "In what part of the body is the soul?" instead of on their own experience.

Traditional theological words and doctrines are a summing up of a great deal of human experience and human wondering. When given to small children, they often bury the children's fresh experience and insight under the verbal accumulation of the centuries.

Children do ask marvelous religious questions, however. These questions arise as the children suddenly become aware in their own lives of some tiny segment of the mystery and wonder of the human adventure.

I was putting Charles to bed. He was three and a half years old. We had looked at our usual quota of picture books and now the light was out. I was lying down beside him, beginning a story about when I was a little girl. His choice tonight was the classic entitled "The Time I Broke My Arm."

"When I was a little girl," I began, "I had a brother Andrew. This story happened when he was six years old and I was three and a half."

"Just like me," said Charles, delighted. He could tell that this was going to be a mighty relevant story. He knew a lot about people three and a half.

"Yes," I said, "just like you. It was a rainy day and we couldn't play outside. So Andrew and I were playing train in the living room. Andrew was the engineer, I was the fireman ——"

"Mum," said Charles, breaking into the story, "where was I? I mean, when you were a little girl, before I was born. Where *was* I?"

This is one of the wonderful questions that every child asks. It is one that every parent can have the thrill of reflecting on with his child. It is in the truest sense a religious question. It has welled up out of a child's own experience, his confrontation with a basic fact: he was not always here. Where *was* he?

When children ask their first questions, what they need from us are not our mature, generalized concepts that divert and confuse them, but responses that keep their attention focused on their own primary experience. Behind Jimmy's question, "Who made God?" lay his earlier question, "Who made the first man that got made?" Behind this question lay the fascination that all children of all times have had in beginnings. Every culture has had its creation myths. Little Charles put it his way, "Where was I before I was born?" Back, back our searching minds want to carry these questions!

The questions we ask reflect where we are in the process of discovery. Many questions, perhaps all, are unanswerable until we can draw on our own experience for the answers. I believe that this is the kind of *waiting on experience* that we ought to do with the word *God*. If we give the word *God* to small children as an answer to their first searching questions, they must necessarily misunderstand the word. When this happens, they ask the kind of meaningless question that Jimmy asked: "Who made God?"

In every culture—in China, Africa, India, Europe and our own—human beings begin by asking the same basic questions. These are questions about birth, growth, suffering, death; questions about the forces in the world outside of man; questions about meanings. The art, science, religion, philosophy of various cultures are the group answers to these questions. But these are at the peak of the evolution of wonder; they cannot and should not be hurried, either within an individual or within a culture.

I can remember the day when Charles, just two years and two months, asked his first big question in words I could understand. It was late afternoon. I was ironing in a west room upstairs. The sunset was very beautiful and the sky was red and gray and pink. Charles was standing by the window watching the big red ball of the sun sink behind the purple New Hampshire hills. I didn't realize that he was really seeing the sunset.

Suddenly the little figure of a man turned toward me and said, "Where's sun go, mum?"

I thought what a symbol he was, standing there by the window, wondering about the setting sun. Here was something truly universal. Every man born has wondered about it. These wonderings have been a part of all the religions of the world.

A good many questions flashed through my mind. *How can I answer him? How can I make him understand that the apparently stable floor on which he is standing is actually doing the main part of the "going" in a sunset? It took the human race a good many thousands of years to figure this out. I can't rush Charles into understanding it until he's had more experience.*

By the age of three and a half he has pushed on to another puzzling question: "What makes the sun go?" Again I must wait until he has a bit more experience before I can explain the relative motion of the members of our solar system. By the time he is six or seven I shall begin to tell him some of the early myths that men in different cultures worked out to account for both these mysteries. I shall also tell him some of the modern scientists' answers.

I hope that I can succeed in doing this in such a way that he will realize that even the "latest" answers are not final. I am convinced that one of the most important ideas we can suggest to our children is that all answers become inadequate as our vision widens and we become aware of the next questions we must ask.

When do children ask questions about God? Not when they ask theological riddles, but when they ask those questions that show their sudden sensitivity to the mystery and wonder that permeate all that at first glance seems most commonplace.

Charles loves apples. He ate one the other day and finished it so completely that he had little more than a seed to show for it.

"Why don't you plant it?" I suggested. "You can grow an apple tree."

Delighted, he poked a hole in the soil of the potted geranium on the living-room windowsill, and planted his seed. For a few days nothing happened. And then, as he was standing by the window watching his older brothers and sister depart on the school bus, his eyes chanced to light on the geranium pot.

"Come see, come see my apple tree," he shouted in ecstasy.

There, up through the dark earth had come two tiny green leaves reaching up like outstretched arms to greet the happy farmer. Now, just two weeks later, there are six lovely green leaves.

"Were they all in the seed?" asked Charles this morning. "How could they fit?"

"And how could the seed know to make the leaves the shape of apple-tree leaves and not maple leaves?" I asked him back.

"How?" asked Charles.

How?

END



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Would You Marry the Same Person Again?

ANN ROCKWELL

When we asked our readers this question, thousands of letters told us of the delights and despairs of marriage—and the special savor of years.

It was difficult for us to choose a few letters that were more vivid, more convincing than others. In sum, the letters we received were overwhelming evidence of devotion that has grown stronger with years of married life. Three of the happiest letters we received were from wives who had married respectively at 14, 15 and 16. Financial reverses, ill health, tragic losses have augmented rather than diminished the strong ties of affection. Husbands are appreciated for remembering anniversaries, for helping with domestic chores, for personal praise. Wives are forgiven untidy housekeeping because they are fun and dear as people. Over and over again came expressions of amazed gratitude for the "wonderful children" marriage had produced.

But the underlying essence of the letters is the need of the spirit for love and companionship. "He gives meaning to every little task I do; he is my strength when I am in despair." . . . "She makes me feel wise and strong; she laughs at my stories and neither of us ever feels bored." Humility and gratitude for the great gift of love shine like a light from these pages.

LOVABLE PHILANDERER

When I first met him, he was already in love. After seven years of marriage, he still is.

MY HUSBAND IS IN LOVE WITH LIFE. My husband never met *anybody* he didn't like. He loves a baby. A baby anything. He loves sun, sea, sand, the flowers—and the weeds. He loves the grass, also the crabgrass. He can never quite get over the fact that anything as wonderful as being alive happened to him. It is pure joy to live with a man like that.

MY HUSBAND IS IN LOVE WITH THE TRUTH. Once we attended a dance, crowded with young couples like ourselves. We stood at the entrance; and the man of my life remarked casually, "You're the third-prettiest girl here." None of that inane nonsense about my being the most beautiful girl in the world. Once you get over the shock, this honesty makes life delightfully simple. There are no nagging little doubts about what he meant. He meant precisely what he said.

MY HUSBAND IS IN LOVE WITH ME. Last night he sat in the rocker and corrected test papers. I sat in the other chair, reading. At 9:20 my husband looked up. "I love you," he said. "I love you, too," I replied. At 10 o'clock we had tea, and yawned in each other's face.

MRS. MARVIN DAVIS
New Tripoli, Pa.

A BEAR WITH JOIE DE VIVRE

I debated your question while patching the Levis or running the vacuum cleaner, and since I almost never stop doing either, I have a well-rehearsed answer. Unqualifiedly, yes.

My husband forgot to pay the preacher who married us, nearly died of a malaria recurrence on our honeymoon, had to throw the tenants out of our newly bought house when we returned—and that was just the first week.

He informed me that two children were going to be absolutely all he would put up with, so we had three, and after the death of one adopted four more.

He assured me, as he enlisted in the National Guard, that there would never be another war. Korea exploded and he was catapulted into the Army.

He tackled civilian life with the same *joie de vivre*, holding down two and often three jobs at once. Right now he works nights at one job, and days at the small business he's started, fortified by candy bars, soda pop, my precariously typed business letters and a determination to fend off bankruptcy.

When he comes crashing in the door from work like a bear, barking orders at the children and griping at the aroma of cooking turnips even before he's taken time to kiss me, all seven of us in the house and the two dogs and the alligator are glad he's home. So even though he still owes me the two dollars he borrowed for the license, I'd marry him again tomorrow, with or without orange blossoms. I wonder if he'd still be crazy enough to ask me?

MRS. VERNON WALTERS JR.
Rialto, Calif.

DOMESTIC DIPLOMAT

Of course I'd marry the same man again, because we really love each other and believe that God brought us together almost twenty years ago.

But it didn't hurt his cause any when he said:

"Don't cry—look, I'm eating it! It tastes wonderful."

"You're prettier than ever; pregnancy makes you beautiful."

"Sure I'll look at the baby, but first I must hug my wife!"

"She may be my mother, but I told her to stay out of our business."

"If I move the stove over here, it will save you twenty steps getting supper."

"I wish I earned more, but I'm grateful to you for not agitating me to quit farming, and glad you are willing to stay at home and live on what we make."

"Thank you for being so nice to my relatives . . . for a fine son . . . for a good dinner . . . for a beautiful daughter . . . for handing me the paper . . . for washing my jacket . . . for loving me."

MRS. VICTOR B. CARTER
Fairview, Kans.

PERPETUAL TEEN-AGER

No, I would not marry the same woman again. After ten years and three children, my wife still has the boisterous, insecure manner of a young girl. She believes in honesty to the point of telling everyone in the neighborhood exactly what she thinks at all times. This includes details of our family that should be kept private. This tactless honesty has alienated most of our friends.

If you define a good wife in terms of keeping a house orderly and children clean and healthy, then she is a good wife. Unfortunately, our daughters have no example of a mature woman to imitate and our son has missed the guidance he could expect from a mother.

I pity her because I know she is unhappy with neighbors who avoid her and a husband who does not confide in her, but no, I would not choose to marry a perpetual teen-ager again.

Name Withheld

NONALCOHOLIC GLOW

Sometimes when the baby has had me up six times in one night and the weather has been lousy and the bacon grease pops out of the pan to burn my shaking hands and my hair looks like a cotton mattress and I've just seen my neighbor pass by in a new mink stole, I wonder why I married in the first place!

I was going to sit in a garret and drink absinthe. I was going to do a lot of things. But I met Harry. I had finished college and was busily working to save enough money for a wild trip to Europe or India or *somewhere!* Harry was a graduate engineer. I liked him and he liked me.

I wasn't really "ready" for marriage, but I knew that Harry was the ideal man for me. We shared the same background, same religion, same ideas about children, dogs, rare steak and Pogo.

The first years were spent in really getting to know each other. I liked him more and more, but there was none of that mad, passionate "I-can't-live-without-you" feeling for me. When the children started coming—one, two, three—I remember feeling an odd little glow down

CONTINUED ON PAGE 20

ATTENTION GETTER FOR A BUFFET SUPPER. *Remember, Kraft French is the dressing surest to please.* Set out a choice of crisp, salad-y tidbits—finger foods like cauliflowerets, sliced water chestnuts, carrot curls, tomato wedges, radish roses, strips of cucumber. Kraft French is just right for dipping—it *clings*, doesn't separate.

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ATTENTION GETTERS

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Would You Marry the Same Person Again?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

inside of me that I had never really f before. The glow has warmed and comforted me until I have come to real that I feel—for the first time—*love* for the man I married.

Maybe we were just lucky. I do know that when I look over the morni paper into the big brown eyes of the fellow they call daddy around our house would give up garret-sitting any old day to marry him again!

SONIA GALEWS
Beaumont, Tex.

ABSOLUTE MONARCH

My husband is hardly any woman's ideal, for he is forgetful, sometimes the point of thoughtlessness. Marriages might be made in heaven, but th are lived on this earth. When I married Jack, I loved him so much I couldn bear to talk about it. My head was in outer space, but I soon realized that th business of *living* takes up a good portion of the day.

We agree completely and then we disagree violently. Where I worry abo "what people think" he never even considers that; where I see two sides to eve situation, he sees one and that clearly. He makes up his mind while I'm still ge ting the details straight. He doesn't like to hear *any*body gripe, and this can maddening, for I love a good harmless gossip-gripe session. I've never know him to betray a confidence or bear a grudge. When something is wrong doesn't hesitate to say so—loud and long, but never behind anybody's bac

He enjoys the respect of the boys he has coached. In short, he is a man, absolute monarch in our domestic dynasty, and yet he values my role in t family. He has confidence in my judgment and my decisions. By necessity he away a lot, and he relies on me to run the house and rear the children.

The nicest compliment he ever paid me was an indirect one. Last year wh he filled out our income tax he printed in a firm hand in the blank for my occ pation "homemaker." Not that dread word "housewife."

I wouldn't be single again for all the diamonds in Africa, but if God willed and I were single again, yes, oh yes, I'd marry him tonight.

ROBERTA HOWE CAZZELL
Blackwell, Okla.

GOOD TIME vs. GOOD BOOKS

No, I would not marry the same man. We were teen-agers (just eighteen full of joy of being alive, and full of love. Today we are eight years and thr children older. There is very little communication of any kind, few comm interests, and very little understanding. We have matured, but not togethe

I go my way; he goes his. Very often we find the other waiting to "take off when one of us drives the car into the yard. The heartbreaking factor is tha neither of us can or will give up his own way.

As a mature adult, a person is infinitely better equipped to judge a prospe tive mate. Supposing he had chosen a partner eager to join in his enthusiasm f a "good time"? These "good times" mean a different pastime for every night the week, with an almost devil-may-care attitude toward mundane things lik storm windows and leaky faucets. Supposing I had chosen a partner with healthy interest in religion, good music and good books?

For the sake of our children and my husband's position, I will never seek a end to our marriage. But on lonely evenings when I sit listening to good musi reading a book, or delving into some facet of church work, I cannot help bu wonder if? If only I had not married this man, what then? *Name Withhe*

BOY IN MAN'S CLOTHING

No, I wouldn't marry the same man again—and it's a sorrow for me to writ the words. Much has been written about wives who fail to "keep up" with the husbands; what if the shoe is on the other foot?

My husband's like a little boy in a man's clothing. He can't seem to stand o his own two feet. He's made one poor business decision after another, and cor sequently our financial situation has always been shaky. I started working par time a few years ago and he thought then, as now, that the job should be fu time. I don't want it to be—our children mean too much to me (a girl 12½ boy 11). They're fine youngsters—healthy, normal, good students and hav caused no special concern. My husband has had very little to do with the discipline, except to shout when he's angry. We're not truly a family in spiri When we do something together, the affair is one of constant bickering.

My husband's main complaint is that he's neglected—yet he readily admit to coming home to a clean house, hot meals, clean and neat children, his clothe in order. Our sexual life has been satisfactory for the most part to both of us But it's been years since there's been any rapport between the two of us an I'm tired of the continuing search for it—as well as the continual battle of day to-day living with him. I'm ready to give up my marriage—for what? I wonde

Name Withhel

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2



GOOD COFFEE IS LIKE FRIENDSHIP: RICH AND WARM AND STRONG

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ld You Marry the Same Person Again?

NUED FROM PAGE 20

NAGGING—START LOVING

do I feel about my husband? This afternoon Jay transferred the garden
n his hands to his baggy slacks, pulled off his sweat-soaked shirt and
l into a porch chair. That's how our fourteen-year-old daughter and her
ound him moments later.

ddy! Honestly! Do you *have* to sit around looking so sloppy?"

urried to the kitchen. "Sally's home. Maybe you'll want to change," he
ne, and grinned at my slacks, muddy from gardening—mine were baggy
nd behind! (He was concerned not so much with Sally's criticism of him
ng my being seen as a "sloppy" mother.)

usband is big in ways that balance my big faults. He's calm—when I'm
He's confident—when I waver. He's firm with the children—when I'm
tent. (Sally's annoyance with her father passed quickly. He's her fa-
erson.) He has *always* gone with our children to Sunday school—when I
uses to stay home.

s tactful too. I guess he hasn't liked my going around bare-legged. But
r hurt my feelings by reminding me that my legs *look* their forty-plus
nstead, he whistled today when I'd dressed for church. "Sa-ay! Wear
olor stockings all the time—I'd forgotten how pretty your legs are!"

as some little ways I *don't* like: emptying his pocket change on the table-
sing linen hankies, instead of tissues, for everything from shoeshines
ing the lawn mower (I wash the hankies); leaving newspapers on the
om floor (really, only a hurricane could scatter them as effectively).
se? I seem to have worked off my steam and because I want to *stay*
to my husband, I'm going to stop nagging. Thank you for asking
I feel about my choice of a husband.

KATHLEEN GRIER
Cincinnati, Ohio

'S INSIDE

February it will be twenty years since we said our marriage vows in the
st parsonage in my hometown. The dress I wore was a simple number
down for winter clearance and he wore his Navy uniform. About all
essed was love and our youth and a lot of hopes. The war year 1943
reary one for young lovers' dreams.

y had no close family. Actually with our marriage vows he got me and
ly. A lesser man would have considered this a poor bargain. My father
sabled veteran of World War I. Mother had a breakdown a few years
r marriage. There were two younger sisters and a brother to raise.

lness of body does not tell the story of my husband. He is a big man
ll that is good and gentle, with a great compassion for his fellowman,
died in his wonderful being.

how financial prosperity has eluded us. We have little of material value.
on has been blessed with four children and somehow we never feel as
ve really are. Day-to-day living is always a heavy load, but we still have
er and we still have love. My last conscious thought each night is to
od for sending such a man my way.

ETHEL B. CARPENTER
Greenville, N. C.

LE DARE

uld not dare marry my husband again. Few couples face greater odds
did. We had known each other only three months. We were from differ-
s of the country. We had no funds and he was out of a job. Tempera-
y we were opposites. He was reserved, slow and deliberate in making
forming judgments, spending money and communicating. I was gre-
and impulsive in voicing opinions and spending money. He was an
-bedder and, worse still, an early riser, while I was the hamster type:
nd munching at night, asleep days. I couldn't cook my own Northern
t alone his Southern delights—Brunswick stew and sweet-potato pone.
ere blindly, miraculously, enchantingly in *love!* Impractical as it sounds,
hough. Twenty-nine years later I feel I was *born* married to this incom-
man. No fairy godmother waved a magic wand over us. Not by a long
y impulsiveness and his reserve were an explosive combination. Coun-
uld have helped us, but we had only ourselves and our love for each
the impetus to survive.

we did—beautifully, satisfyingly! My husband has given me stature as
and that delicious assurance of being an attractive woman. Of course I
hoose him again! A million times over. But I would be scared to death
y him today. Who dares depend on love alone to make marriage work?

MRS. JAMES K. MCNEILL
Elgin, Ill.



New Rubbermaid Stove 'n Counter Mats
... heat-proof and handsome PAT. PEND.

Exclusive aluminum top resists heat from hottest pots, pans. Rubber bottom protects stove and countertops. Mat won't slip, slide or scratch. Raised side rims trap spill-overs. Sparkling colors to blend with any kitchen decor. Sizes from $2.49 to $3.98 wherever housewares are sold.



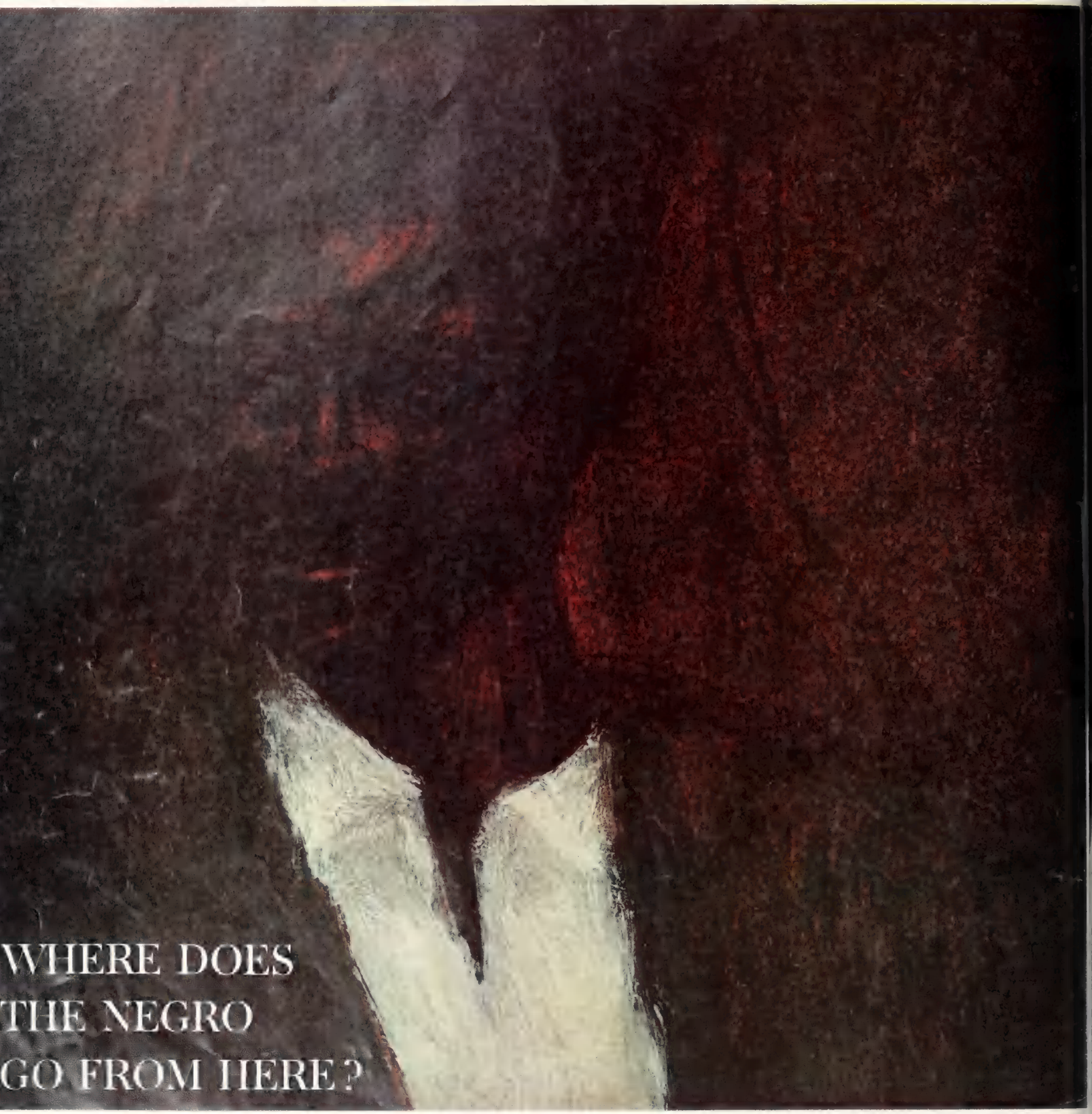
Stove 'n Counter Mats also ideal on built-in counters, tables, for heat-proof protection while working with hot foods, utensils.



Rubbermaid Table 'n Counter Mats, versatile miniatures for use under hot casseroles, grills, coffee makers. Set of two, $2.79.

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WHERE DOES THE NEGRO GO FROM HERE?

T IS THE MOST URGENT ISSUE OF OUR DESPERATE AGE . . . "

BY GLENN WHITE

The personal report of a JOURNAL *editor on hanging attitudes toward race in the U.S. today.*

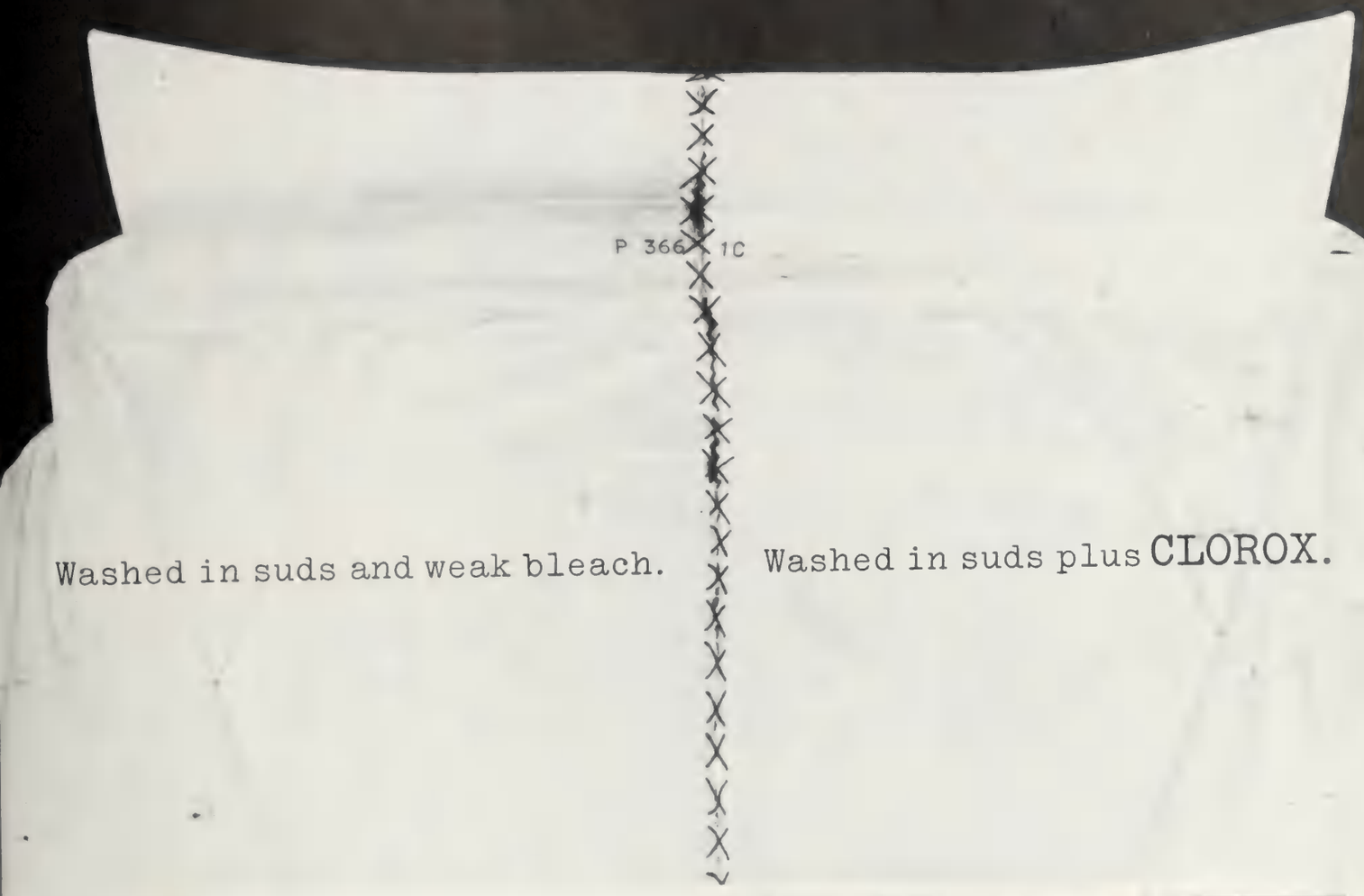
At a metropolitan airport, a woman—no onger young but not old, or so the story goes—ook her seat in the first-class section of a trans-ontinental jetliner. Almost immediately she vas distracted by the presence of a Negro entleman who paused in the aisle beside her. or a heart-sinking moment she thought he was oing to sit next to her, but he took a seat across he aisle, next to a white man, and soon the two nen were deeply engrossed in conversation. The oman tried not to listen, but she could not void noticing the Negro's precise Harvard ac-ent. The two continued their animated chatter throughout the takeoff. When the "No Smoking" sign flicked off, both lighted cigarettes, the Negro using a fancy silver cigarette holder. The woman loathed cigarette smoke, and now the men's voices seemed louder, carrying in snatches above the continual sigh of jet engines. Suddenly the Negro gave a deep, rich laugh, flashing a gold-capped tooth. Just as suddenly the woman gave way to an impulse deep within her. She leaned across the vacant seat beside her and whispered hoarsely, "Nigger! Nigger!" The Negro gentleman jerked upright, strained against his seat belt and looked wildly around him. "Where?" he demanded. "*Where?*"

Where, where *is* the American Negro today? The big news, it seems to me, is that he is almost everywhere. He is in the parlor chairs of super-jets and trains. He is in the laboratory and the university. He is a top executive in business. He is in the uniform of an officer in the nation's military forces. He is in the United Nations and in high political office. He heads important Federal agencies. Soon, it is expected, a Negro will take a place in the President's Cabinet. In almost every city in the United States, in the South as well as the North, Negroes are serving with whites on commissions and committees, public and private, civic and social, where ten years ago, or even five years ago, no Negroes would have been found.

For several years, during many thousands of miles of travel for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 2

Split-shirt test shows why your suds need the added cleaning power of CLOROX®



Washed in suds and weak bleach.

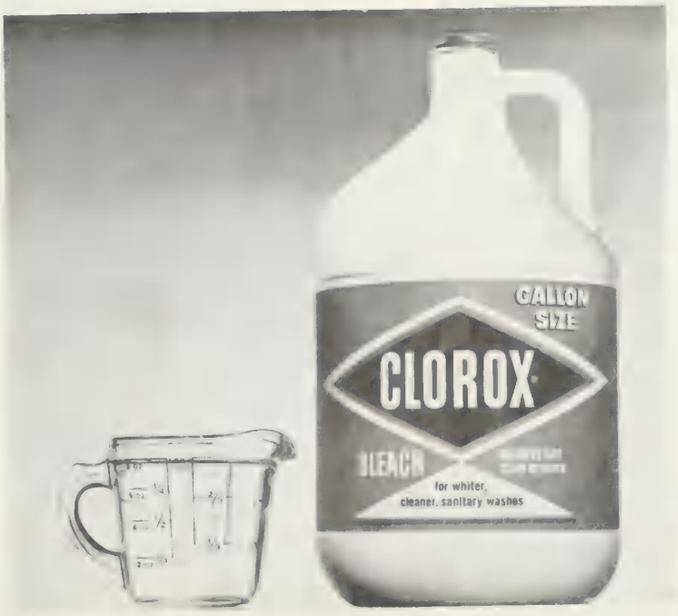
Washed in suds plus CLOROX.

You can see the difference!

The shirt above was normally worn and washed several times. After the last wearing, it was cut in two. Half was laundered with detergent and a weak bleach, the other half with the same detergent . . . plus Clorox bleach.

The results demonstrate why you should launder with Clorox every time: the added cleaning power of Clorox gets out dirt that suds and weak bleach leave in. You'll find that your whole family wash, from shirts to bed sheets, comes out cleaner with Clorox

CLOROX gets out dirt weak bleaches leave in



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WHERE DOES THE NEGRO GO FROM HERE?

continued from page 24

the *Journal*, I have observed and discussed this change with a wide variety of people. This is my personal report to *Journal* readers. I cannot begin to summarize the mass of facts and statistics available on this subject; but it is my view that a great social change has already taken place in this country—a change that is difficult to recognize because it is so vast and so close.

Two years ago Harold C. Fleming, liberal Southerner and, at that time, executive director of the Southern Regional Council, stated: "Americans a hundred years hence may well look back on race changes of our day as a major social revolution. While many will wonder what all the fuss was about, the more thoughtful will marvel that it was accomplished as rapidly and peacefully as it was. In any case, without minimizing the harsh costs of these changes, we can appreciate the value of what is being won by and for Americans."

Mr. Fleming's prophecy may be idealistic, but the "realist" who doubts the inevitable rise of the Negro in the United States should study the latest population reports. There are nearly 19,000,000 Negroes living in this nation, and only a bare majority of them now live in the South. (The South's share of the total nonwhite population dropped from 64 percent to 56 percent between 1950 and 1960.) The concentration of Negro population is in the large Northern cities, New York City having the largest. In terms of proportion Washington, D.C., has the largest Negro population, with 53.9 percent of the city's total. Negroes now account for nearly 18 percent of the population of voting age in the 25 largest cities in the United States—and this percentage will, of course, rapidly increase.

Discrimination against a person because of the shade of his skin exists, to a degree, everywhere in the world. It persists even among American Negroes, who generally favor those among them with lighter complexions—this, some explain, is because they live in a "white man's world" and accept his standards. Racial discrimination is at its worst in South Africa. Col. Laurens van der Post, in his book, *The Dark Eye in Africa*, suggests the great depths and range of the problem. "Let us make no mistake about it; this is a world issue," he warns. "It is the most urgent issue of our desperate age and it needs a dedicated attention to its origins in the invisible soil of our inmost selves if it is not to end in world disaster."

The violence and conflict are easy to see and report, but what is going on in "our inmost selves"?

Changing U.S. Attitudes

In Daytona Beach, Florida, I talked to Rhodes Thompson Jr., popular young minister of the First Christian Church. He had no doubt that many members of his congregation agonized to reconcile the principles of Christian brotherhood with the custom of church segregation. After an all-day meeting of United Church Women, one member came to him and said, "Reverend, you should have told me there would be a Negro at that meeting. Had I known, I would not have attended. When I saw she was there, I wanted to turn and run, but I decided I would stay through the luncheon. To dine socially with a Negro! Well, I did it—and then after lunch we went upstairs for the service in the sanctuary. Do you know it was just my luck to file into a pew following that Negro woman? And I had to *sit* beside her all during worship! I can't tell you how I felt—*completely* uncomfortable." The woman paused and glared sternly at her young pastor, who said nothing. Then, with a quick, strange change of countenance, she added, "But, reverend, *next* time I don't think it will be so hard."

This is change where change counts—"in the invisible soil of our inmost selves."

Unquestionably, one of the most significant changes in race relations in the last decade has been the integration of all U.S. military forces. This has had far-reaching consequences, some just beginning to be felt in civilian relationships. Although the groundwork had been laid for many years, the actual desegregation of the services was amazingly rapid and virtually without serious incident. Military installations in the heart of the deep South are now completely desegregated. It is possible for similar swift transformations in the *practice* of race relations to occur in civilian life. They *are* occurring—in civil rights, housing, employment and education—but change in the basic attitudes of people comes much more slowly. Except in the armed forces, change does not occur by decree or command.

In matters of race, even paradise may have its problems. As Marc Connelly had the dark-skinned "Lawd" say in his play, *The Green Pastures*, "Even bein' God ain't no bed of roses."

The 1961 Report of the Commission on Race and Housing, an independent citizens' group financed by the Fund for the Republic, carefully examines the nature of prejudice and discrimination as they relate to housing. "It is misleading," the report concludes, "to conceive of discrimination merely as a result and prejudice solely as a cause. The two are related in the form of a vicious circle, and each is both cause and effect.

Pick your friends for their faults. In all human personalities there has to be a margin for error. Pick those faults which you can endure and understand, and maybe help, those weaknesses with which you are prepared to cope. Your friends' virtues will take care of themselves, but you will have to take care of their faults.

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Prejudice leads to discrimination, but discrimination generates and sustains prejudice."

And what can be done? The Report of the Commission says that discrimination, as overt behavior, can be brought under direct restraints, such as new laws or court action and the enforcement of existing laws, but prejudices, being subjective feelings, cannot be touched directly although they are shaped and changed by environment. In subdued understatement, the report makes its chief point: "A lessening of discrimination, by changing the conditions under which race attitudes are formed, may lead to a lessening of prejudice."

When the first Negro family moved into Levittown, Pennsylvania, it was world news that they were unfavorably received by a number of the white people living there. A half dozen Negro families are living in Pennsylvania's Levittown today and it is not news because there is no conflict. Largely through the efforts of the American Friends Service Committee, the mammoth Levittown development in New Jersey has quietly absorbed a large number of Negro families.

The way was prepared by substituting facts for fears. After a series of human-relations workshops for community leaders, the minority families moved in without discourtesy or disturbance. They have since been invited to participate in churches, in clubs, in the PTA and in neighborhood associations. They are, in fact, adding new interest to suburban life.

This is not by any means a trend as yet, but it is working well in some areas where special attention has been given to human equations. The great bulk of urban Negroes live in residentially segregated areas—generally in the very poorest in the city. The concentration of the Negro population in city slums has made the plight of the impoverished Negro more visible. He was just as poor on the farm in the South, but he was out of sight. In the great generalization that sticks in the minds of most people, Negroes are associated with slums and undesirable living conditions, rarely with clean and decent housing, which the majority of Negroes have sufficient income to purchase—if it were available to them and they chose to do so. The change in the Negro's attitude—a growing belief in his own worth—may be the most important change of all.

"You Can't Live on Nothing"

Of the four crucial areas—civil rights, housing, employment and education—perhaps the one most important to the pride of a man is his job. The male Negro in the United States at the lower income levels has lived in a matriarchy. His wife has always been more certain of steady work than he. This is changing, and with it the whole structure of the male ego and the Negro family. At last the Negro is achieving the right to compete for any job, usually by law, but sometimes also by sheer economic pressure—or even a change of heart.

In Miami, Dan Lang, director of the Urban League, said to me, "The white man's image of the Negro is changing. Many of them have sincerely believed the Negro was wholly satisfied with his lot. Most of them never talked to Negroes other than yardmen, maids or cooks. Now new lines of communications are being formed—thin and sparse, but new. New elements of Negro leadership are arising. Student demonstrations, Negro and white, have given a new visibility to the Negro's true desires. Five years ago I would not have believed possible what is happening now: executives of white firms come to me and ask for help in recruiting qualified Negroes for good jobs!"

These are the words of Joseph Henry, sexton of the Unitarian Church of Germantown, Pennsylvania: "Sure, there's been a big change and a change for the better, in the last ten years. You just go down and count the colored faces working in City Hall. Sure, we've got a long way to go. Sometimes when I'm riding on the subway I'd like to sink through the floor when I see how some young Negroes behave. Of course I know the whites, they do it too, but it's different when it's your own people. They've got to learn what's right. I think the greatest hurt I ever had was when I was in the Navy and stationed at Norfolk. At movies shown on the base all the Negroes sat in a group in front. They just did. That's all over and done with now in the military. I was ashamed for my white friends then. I never thought of being ashamed of my own people."

When I visited Tougaloo Christian College near Jackson, Mississippi, I asked the senior boy who drove me back to town what he wanted most in life. "What I want most is a job," he said. "You can't live on nothing."

In Marietta, Georgia, they say that as a catalyst for social change nothing beats a defense contract. A one-billion-dollar Air Force contract awarded to the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation there has increased the hiring of Negroes, not only in that town but in other Southern industries; it has improved educational opportunities for Negroes throughout the South. Large industries with large Government contracts are making a big difference in race relations in Miami, Savannah, Norfolk, New Orleans, Atlanta and in other cities.

Meditation in Mississippi

In Hattiesburg, Mississippi, I visited the mother of a close friend—surely one of the dearest mothers in the state of Mississippi. "Well, if you want to know what I think about race relations, I'll tell you what I think," she said—"and I only think at night, when I wake up and can't get back to sleep. I *love* the colored people—why, I think of them as my own children—but I just don't feel there should ever be any *social* integration." When I suggested that the signs I saw on public places in the South should then be changed to read "White" and "Children," she laughed and said, "Oh, the signs! Well, we'll just take down all the signs. We'll take them all down."

The "White" and "Colored" signs are still prominent in Mississippi, but there are also new signs. Interstate buses carry signs saying, *Seating on this vehicle is without regard to race, creed, color or national origin by order of the Interstate Commerce Commission.* The most important sign of changing times may be that dear and decent people think about racial problems on wakeful nights.

In Jackson, Mississippi, I talked to bright-eyed, cheery Mrs. Martin Harvey, Columbia University graduate, Mississippi-born, as was her father, of a family of independent merchant Negroes. It was she who started Womanpower Unlimited, an organization which first met to assist the Freedom Riders. While the Freedom Riders were in jail they could be visited only by lawyers or clergymen, and she helped in "smuggling" clothes and other supplies to them. "An underground," she said, with delight, "just like France, just like Holland!" One white wholesale merchant asked her assistant if it was for the Freedom Riders she was buying certain garments. She hesitated, for the activity was semisecret, but admitted that it was. "More power to you," he said. "I'll give you an additional discount."

Mrs. Harvey said she herself had never suffered any severe personal indignities in Mississippi, but that she knew many others who had. "I have always traveled by auto and have never even ridden on a segregated bus," she said. "Now I'd like to try it, just once, before they desegregate them all."

She doesn't plan to leave her native state. "Oh, it's fun to go east and see some plays or the opera—often to sit in some discriminatory place—and some of my friends have far better jobs there than they could have in the South. But I'm going to stay in Jackson and help. Things are so bad here, there's no place to go but up. Many Northern cities, with so many poor Negroes moving to them straight from the Mississippi Delta with no stops in between, have no place to go but down. Once we get this thing straightened out, the South is going to be the best place for Negroes to live."

A great many whites in Mississippi—no one knows how many—are far from content with either the political or the social *status quo*. "I'm grieved by the action of Mississippi state officials," one prominent educator told me. "Please don't mention my name."

The "silent moderates" in Jackson are faced with real pressure, economic and social, if they speak out. If they do, they jeopardize not only their own positions but also the jobs of men they employ—men who might not share their views. A white contractor who fired his best Negro bricklayer at the request of the White Citizens' Council (because he attended an N.A.A.C.P. meeting) hired him back in three weeks. "I've had about enough of those fellows," he said. "I need good men. You work for me eight hours a day. What you do on your own time is your business."

H. Power Hearn, a semiretired businessman, is among those not afraid to speak out in Jackson. A lifelong citizen, son of a Mississippi-born Confederate veteran, he said, "Mississippi cannot remain an island from the rest of the United States. I have always favored giving the Negroes equal opportunity. My views are pretty well known here, and I am not harassed. I've been here too long for those who know me to doubt my motives. Things may get worse before they get any better, but this can't go on. Look at Memphis. Even Memphis!"

Early this year the Mississippi House of Representatives urged its citizens by formal resolution to boycott Memphis because ten department and drug stores there had desegregated their lunch counters. The resolution was carried by a vote of 79 to 15. Representative James Walker, of Quitman County, introduced the resolution. "If Memphis can't accept our customs, let's quit patronizing the stores there," he said. "There's no use doing business with our enemies."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 29

NEW RECIPE IDEA!



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Cut 4 hamburger buns in 3 horizontal slices. Mix one 9¼-ounce can of White Star tuna, 1 tbsp. chopped onion, ¼ cup chopped celery, 1 tsp. lemon juice and 2 tbsps. mayonnaise. Cover middle bun slices with tuna. Mix 2 tbsps. each mayonnaise and catsup. Spread on bottom bun slices; top with sweet pickle slices. Make double deckers. Wrap in Reynolds Wrap Heavy Duty Foil. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) 15 minutes. Serve hot.



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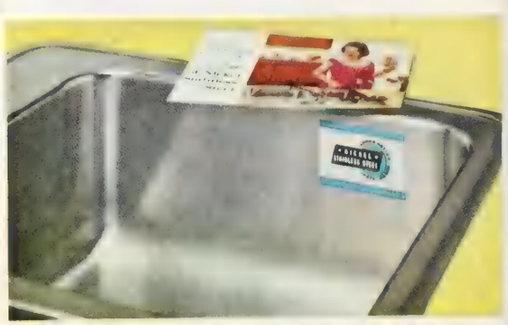
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WHERE DOES THE NEGRO GO FROM HERE?

continued from page 26

Not long ago a prominent member of the hite Citizens' Council discovered that Ne- oes were attending white Catholic churches Jackson. He tipped the mayor off and sug- sted he look into the matter.

The mayor did phone Bishop Brunini, irdy and indefatigable servant of his urch. Yes, he admitted, some Negroes in ckson did attend mass with whites. "Well, w long has *this* been going on?" the mayor ked sharply.

"Oh, about sixty or seventy years," the hop informed him.

Mrs. Wallis Schutt, a member of the ad- ory board of the American Civil Liberties ion in Jackson, explained, "Part of the uble—a little part of it—is that the South- n idea of 'social' is different from the rthern. Church, school and social life are intertwined in the South. If we accept a rson as a friend under one condition, we d to accept him under all conditions— oleheartedly. That's the Southern way. d most of us know no other."

And Gladly Teach . . .

In the South, conversation often and sily turns to the matter of the Negro; in e North, where for most people Negroes e easier to ignore, there is less talk, less ncern, but it is increasing—forced by e sheer numbers of Negroes in the North, nothing more. Whether Negroes are ig- red, or loved and hated simultaneously, sically their lot in the United States is ich the same in both the North and the uth.

In the after-school quiet of a fine new gro high school in Mississippi, the schol- y principal conversed with me in calmly eerful tones. "I can't speak for Negroes as group," he said. "Nobody can. But, gener- y speaking, it seems to me the white South- ner sees integration primarily as a social ationship. I, and most of the Negroes I ow, see it primarily as an opportunity for rsonal status and economic advancement. e are really not much interested in min- ng socially with whites.

"Then, too, there has been a realization ong many Southern whites that at least me Negroes have high ability and can do cellent work of many kinds. Unfortunately, s realization is often accompanied by in- eased resentment—partly because the ite man knows he may have to compete th the Negro economically on equal terms. e may have to compete with the Negro for atus! Many moderate whites who believe equal rights don't speak up for fear of be- g ostracized. They're vulnerable too.

"It's pretty hard for the average South- ner to accept the notion that a Negro *can* ature. They want to keep them children. ey call Negro men 'boy' for that reason. If Negro wears a coat and tie, he's a preacher. cause I wear this jacket and tie, some- nes people call me 'preacher.' I tell them *n* not looking for status!"

From his home in Croton-on-Hudson, ul Zuber, the Negro attorney who has oneered in Northern school integration, re- rted he believes the center of the entire hool segregation battle is shifting to the rth. "The South has now arrived at the ate where integration is recognized by w," he said. "Unless we fight in the North, e South is merely going to adopt the meth- s used by the North to perpetuate segre- tion."

School integration is being pushed most gorously today in the North. More Negro ildren attend what are in fact segregated hools in the major cities of the North than tend officially segregated schools in urban eas of the South. The number of all-Negro hools is far larger now than it was before e Supreme Court decision on the illegality of school segregation in 1954. Eight years after the Supreme Court decision, less than 8 percent of the Negro children in the South are in schools with white children.

An old gentleman in Gadsden, Alabama, said to me, "The Communists and the politicians are trying to get the nigger vote—that's what they're doing. They don't care nothing about the niggers. You can lead somebody, but you can't drive 'em. Nigras aren't the same as other people—they have very loose morals. We can't let our people go to school with people like that. If our schools were fully integrated, more than half the enrollment in many schools would be colored. We're not antagonistic toward the nigras—it's just that it takes more than a hundred years to civilize a man. They're not educated."

"The American Negro Should be Proud"

It is easy to show the Negro a victim of injustices and to disclose the white man's guilt, but seldom does anyone suggest there is a great deal of opportunity, or, at least, "nondiscrimination" for Negroes in the United States. Here is a statement by Zenobio Montalvo, a Negro acquaintance of mine in Philadelphia. Mr. Montalvo is a Cuban by birth and a naturalized citizen of the United States by proud choice.

"When I first came to this country I was surprised to hear so much from other Negroes about the lack of opportunity, about discrimination and prejudice," Mr. Montalvo recently wrote to me. "I sincerely believed they were exaggerating their complaints. I told them so, not to start an argument but to make them feel better. They said I still believed in fairy tales and ought to face reality. While I was trying to see the good, they were looking for the worst. They found it.

"I never paid much attention to race before I came to this country. It is not a topic of everyday conversation in Cuba; not because a Negro is pleased with everything, but because so many persons of other races are in the same condition as he. In Cuba, no Negro can possibly blame racial prejudice for his poverty.

"It is true that the rights of some Negroes in the United States are violated, and their persons and property viciously attacked, by some white persons. It is also true that the persons and property of many decent white people are almost daily under assault by criminals, and large numbers of these are Negroes. But it is very important to make it clear that the essential battle is not Negroes versus white people. It is the eternal fight of all decent people who want to make this world a better place for all to live. Negroes blame prejudice for their failure, and the successful ones move to the other side of town—to escape from the others!

"The American Negro should be proud. I want my children to be proud American Negroes. When the American Negro feels proud of his race and his citizenship and can raise his head and say, 'I am a Negro!' then it will be easier to find solutions to racial problems in the United States."

In the border state of Maryland, Dr. Houston R. Jackson, Negro superintendent of the Baltimore schools, offered a summary of what it might be one day everywhere in the United States. "The last ten years have wrought beautiful changes in race relations," he said. "The spirit of the Negro pupils is better; they are not so tense or so worried about not being able to do this or to go there. Even if they remain in Negro schools as a matter of convenience, they have more motivation, brighter aspirations, and the competition for grades is keener.

"The hopeful aspect for those who have been in education for a long time is that the community itself, slowly but surely, is changing. Though the changes are too slow for some, we can see it. The future is far brighter for Negro children, and the most heartening aspect is that so many of them know it. We can see the change in their approach to schoolwork, and that, after all, is what the Supreme Court decision was all about."

END



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WASHINGTON

The health of our children may be a problem for the present, but it is also a key to the future. Great civilizations and their leaders can rise and continue to flourish only if the children of those countries grow up with strong bodies.

We are truly blessed in the United States with our capacity to feed our own children well—and to have enough left over to give to others. In a world of machines and weapons, of space ships and scientific marvels, the gift of plain ordinary food for a hungry child is perhaps the greatest humanizer of all.

Jacqueline Kennedy

WHERE HUNGER IS CHILDHOOD'S COMPANION

No one can estimate the multitude of youngsters in the world whose lives have been choked off by malnutrition or starvation; nor can one grasp the enormous loss of human energy and creativity resulting from lack of proper food. Hunger not only warps and weakens the body, it dulls the mind and depresses the spirit. The boundless energy, the joyful self-confidence, the keen curiosity of normal childhood are replaced with listlessness, depression and anxiety. Malnutrition is Public Enemy No. 1 for the children of the world.

Who can tell the number of Edisons, Pasteurs, Rembrandts, Bolivars and Ghandis who never developed because of the insidious blight of hunger?

Though hunger is no respecter of age, it does its greatest damage to children. In many less-developed societies, the mother will give extra portions of food to the father under the mistaken impression that the man working in the field or village needs more food than the children. Actually, it is the child who has special needs for food to withstand disease and to foster body growth.

The U.S. Food for Peace Program, an effort to use our farm surpluses to feed the hungry overseas, can provide the basic channel for the kind of child-feeding program that is needed. Already the United States is providing school lunches for more than 34,000,000 children abroad. American wheat, flour, cornmeal, rice, powdered milk, edible oils—these and other Government-owned commodities are reaching the schoolchildren of 80 countries and territories.

In some cases, school-feeding programs have been established by direct grants of U.S. food to foreign governments. In other cases, private voluntary agencies such as CARE, Church World Service, Catholic Relief Services, Jewish Distribution Committee and Lutheran World Relief manage school-feeding programs with food contributed from our Government stocks.

UNICEF has concentrated its energies brilliantly on providing milk for the pre-school-age child

In addition to the 34,000,000 schoolchildren being served by U.S. overseas lunch programs, another 35,000,000 people in family units are being fed by U.S. voluntary agencies.

These programs reach only a fraction of the world's hungry children, but they have had spectacular results.

We have watched our own remarkable school lunches in the United States literally transform the lives of children and communities. The American school-lunch plan has given our youth better health, more creative minds and bodies, and better nutritional habits. The children in turn have helped their parents to become more nutrition-conscious.

How much more striking are the results in those countries where hunger is the constant companion of the child.

During the summer of 1961, the government of Madras signed a Food for Peace school-lunch agreement that is now reaching over 1,000,000 children. In remarks inaugurating the program, Ambassador John Kenneth Galbraith observed, "It is good that we have light in our lamps. It is even better that we have light in our children's eyes."

In February I had the privilege of visiting the schools of Madras. There I saw cornmeal from Iowa and Illinois, wheat flour from the Dakotas and Kansas, milk powder from Wisconsin and Minnesota, rice from Arkansas and Louisiana being eaten by happy, vigorous, growing children. I saw the dollars and the dedicated representatives of CARE combine with the resources, the labor and the affection of the people of Madras to make the program work effectively.

A few days before, we had seen in Hong Kong the results of the imagination and dedication of an American priest, Monsignor Romaniello. The monsignor, a fervent champion of Food for Peace, and especially school lunches, learned that milk powder, flour and cornmeal are not appreciated or properly used by the Chinese. This concern led to the invention of Monsignor Romaniello's now-famous noodle machine. This simple device mixes flour, cornmeal and milk with water, presses it into sheets and then cuts it into noodles. Hungry Chinese boys and girls know what to do with the tasty results. The noodle machine is now being used not only by Catholic Relief Services, which Monsignor Romaniello directs in Hong Kong, but also by Lutheran World Relief, CARE, Church World Service and other U.S. voluntary agencies.

No one on our Food for Peace tour will ever forget the ancient boat floating in Hong Kong harbor that was "school" for 250 Chinese children. This structure, in the midst of thousands of floating-boat houses, is the Oriental Boat Mission School. Each day it is supplied with large kettles of hot food prepared on shore by the Mennonite Central Committee kitchen. On the wall of the floating school is a large poster, the kind we saw around the world, which told the children that the food was a gift of the people of the United States.

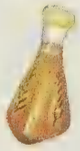
Our nation can undertake no higher task than to use our agricultural abundance to provide a nutritious lunch for the hungry children of the world. This opportunity is open only to the United States. Though other countries and United Nations agencies can assist, we are the only nation blessed with sufficient food reserves to develop such a program on a broad scale.

We watched children in the classrooms of Hong Kong, India, Egypt and Tunisia bow their heads in thanks for United States-assisted school lunches. We saw the smiles on their faces when they ate. We can look forward to no more inspired goal than the day when children around the world can have food in their stomachs, hope in their hearts and "light in their eyes." END

by George McGovern,
U.S. Food For Peace Director*

Mr. McGovern recently resigned his position as Special Assistant to the President to become a candidate for the U.S. Senate from South Dakota. —ED.

How to create 4 new French Dressings with this Good Seasons Mix



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Honey-Celery Seed Dressing

Good Seasons Old Fashion French Salad Dressing Mix
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1 teaspoon celery seeds

When preparing the basic dressing, substitute honey for the water. Just before final shaking, add celery seeds.



Wine and Parsley French Dressing

Good Seasons Old Fashion French Salad Dressing Mix
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2 tablespoons chopped parsley

Use dry wine in place of the water when preparing the basic dressing. Add parsley before final shaking. New and good on your favorite luncheon salads.



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Good Seasons Old Fashion French Salad Dressing Mix
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Mayonnaise or sour cream

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TELL ME, DOCTOR

BY GOODRICH C. SCHAUFFLER, M.D.

"Doctor, I've always wanted to try natural childbirth. But my last baby had to be delivered by Cesarean section and I've heard that 'once a Cesarean, always a Cesarean.' Is that true?"

The doctor studied his new patient's face thoughtfully as she spoke. Doris Brandon was an attractive, vital young woman and her eager expression underscored the hope in her question. He glanced down at the information sheet Mary Ann had brought him.

"I see that this is your third baby, Mrs. Brandon, and that the Cesarean delivery of your second was necessary because of an emergency—placenta previa, to be exact. How was your recovery from the operation?"

She assured him that it had been both rapid and uneventful.

"And your first baby—the one before the Cesarean baby—was that an uncomplicated pregnancy, with normal labor and delivery?"

She nodded. "And a healthy eight-pound daughter. I lived in another city then, where the hospital and the doctors were extra busy. They had their regular delivery-room routine and they didn't encourage patients to ask for special methods or treatment. But I had wanted so much to see my baby born, to be a conscious, meaningful part of her first few minutes of life." Doris Brandon paused, then went on with genuine feeling. "Afterward, I felt as if I had been deprived of a great experience, maybe even robbed of my birthright." She stopped again and smiled a rueful little smile as if embarrassed at revealing how much this meant to her. "You'll think I'm foolish, Doctor."

The doctor answered her smile. "No," he said. "These days a great many mothers feel as you feel about natural childbirth. And there is no doubt that for women who are physically and psychologically suited to it, the method has many advantages for both mother and baby."

"Then it isn't true that 'once a Cesarean, always a Cesarean'?" Doris asked hopefully.

"The general trend toward spontaneous delivery and the excellent condition in which most women now come through Cesarean delivery have combined to challenge that old dictum more and more," the doctor said slowly. "Many obstetricians now allow at least a trial labor if the circumstances are favorable and all proper precautions are taken."

"Can you explain what circumstances and precautions?"

"Well, for example, in your case we already know that certain circumstances could be called favorable," the doctor pointed out. "You have had one normal delivery—I am very cautious about going ahead with vaginal delivery of a post-Cesarean patient when she has not had a previous baby by normal delivery. The trail hasn't been blazed, you see, the road has not been tried.

"The Cesarean delivery of your second baby was dictated by a temporary problem—hemorrhage due to placenta previa—and not by any permanent inadequacy of the birth canal. That is an important factor. Also, you have had only one previous Cesarean. I would not attempt a vaginal delivery on a patient who has had more than one, though some doctors do. Nor do I feel that such trial labor should ever be attempted except in a well-equipped hospital organized to meet all possible emergencies. Despite reassuring advances, there is still considerable danger of a ruptured uterus in labor following Cesarean section—it occurs in an average of two-point-one percent of such labor. Although statistics are improving, until recently there has been a ten-percent mortality following rupture. And in such cases the hazards for the baby are even greater than for the mother." The doctor paused. "I am being honest with you, Mrs. Brandon, because I feel that you should have the facts, before you decide whether or not you want to try a natural delivery with this baby."

Doris nodded soberly. "I understand," she said. "If it is possible for me to have the baby naturally, that is what I want."

"I think a careful examination will give us all the other facts we need to make a decision about that," the doctor told her.

Examination found Doris Brandon to be in excellent physical condition. The Cesarean scar appeared to have healed properly, with no sign of postoperative infection.

"And here is another indication of the favorable circumstances we were talking about," the doctor said approvingly. "You had the new lower transverse incision. Incidence of rupture of the uterus has dropped markedly since we began using it. The old-fashioned high classical incision was very much more dangerous in this respect."

Back in the doctor's office, Doris repeated her question eagerly, "Can I have my baby naturally this time? Will you promise?"

The doctor hesitated. "*Promise* is too big a word, Doris," he said gravely. "I don't expect problems in your case, but unforeseeable emergencies sometimes arise. When they do, a doctor must be free to use his own best judgment to protect his patient. But I will say this: *barring complications*, we can give natural delivery a trial if that is what you want."

Doris Brandon's pregnancy was normal throughout. The doctor checked her every two weeks until the thirty-sixth week. For the last weeks of her pregnancy he asked her to come in every three or four days. He was particularly interested in the type of early contractions and in the baby's heart tones. Three days before the baby was due, Doris entered the hospital.

"A precautionary measure," the doctor had explained when he suggested it earlier. "I'd like to have you where I can watch you—and your baby—closely these last few days. Some of the larger hospitals where they are delivering an increasing proportion of post-Cesarean patients by the birth canal ask them to come in ten days ahead of time." (He did not stress the reason for this—the danger of a ruptured uterus occurring simply from overdistention, even before labor began.) "But things have gone so well in your case that I don't think that length of time is necessary."

"Couldn't labor be induced, to avoid such a long hospital stay?" Doris asked curiously.

"I think it is best not to stimulate or induce labor in cases like yours," the doctor explained. "In almost any dosage, pituitary can cause unpredictable contractions. We don't want any unusual strain on that old Cesarean scar if we can avoid it."

Doris Brandon's labor began on the morning of the third day. When the doctor saw her she was calm and confident. Later, as labor progressed, she was grateful for his presence, reassured by his frequent, careful examinations and by his continuous checking of the baby's heart tones.

"No sign of trouble at all," he said approvingly. "You've done two thirds of your work already. At this point your discomfort is probably at its peak. The last part of your complete dilation won't be any harder, and it shouldn't take long now."

"I'm fine," Doris told him sturdily. "I won't say there isn't any pain, but what there is is bearable because of the good feeling that I'm really helping my baby to be born."

Calling in a competent young resident to stay with Doris, the doctor left to make necessary hospital rounds. "But I'll be available in minutes if you need me," he assured her.

Only a few minutes later, in another patient's room, the doctor had a phone call from the young resident. Doris had just suffered two unusually sharp "different" pains in the bladder area. Everything else was all right. There was no bleeding, no sign of shock, nothing but the quick, sharp pains that had come and gone. The doctor phoned urgent orders to the delivery room.

"Get ready for a forceps assist at once. Alert the Cesarean team for a possible emergency. This might turn out to be a ruptured uterus."

Five minutes later, in his operating outfit, the doctor stepped into the labor room and examined Doris to confirm her readiness for delivery and to check the baby's heart tones again. "Any more of those unusual pains?" he asked.

Still completely self-controlled, she seemed more excited and interested than distressed. "No," she said. "But they were hard stabbing pains, not like ordinary contractions."

He patted her shoulder. "Don't think there's anything wrong with taking a few whiffs of gas if you need them. And it won't be long now. We're going to have your baby just as soon as my assistant and I can get scrubbed."

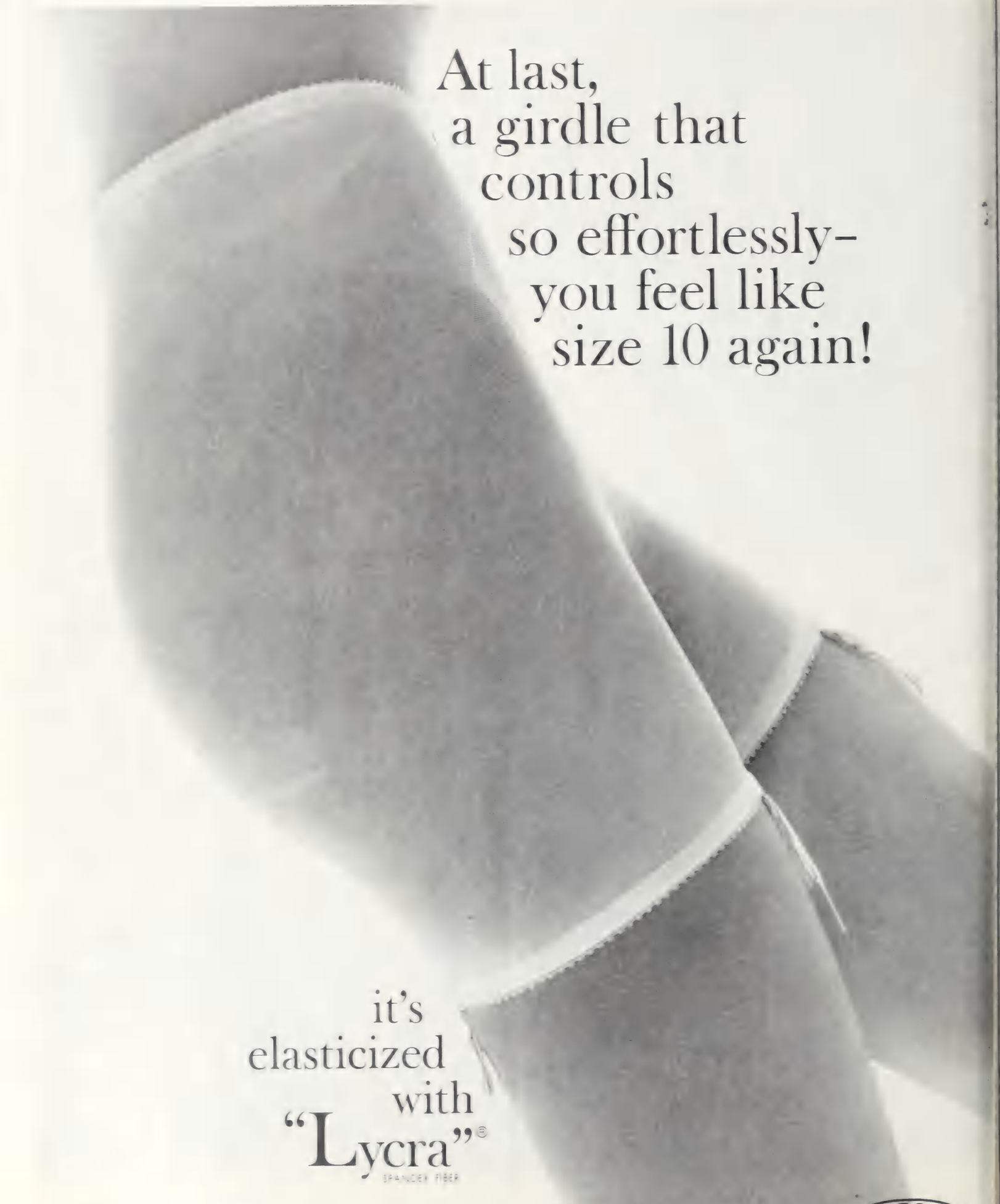
On his way to the scrub room the doctor stopped to speak to the nursing supervisor. "We probably won't need to do a Cesarean section, Mrs. Brandon is about ready to deliver. But keep the team alert and make sure to have at least two units of blood available in case we need it."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35



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ELL ME, OCTOR

TINUED FROM PAGE 32

s he scrubbed, the doctor thought ut those hard, sharp, "different" s his patient had had. They might ignificant. They were a little like sort of thing that happens with ending rupture of an old Cesarean

ut he didn't think that was the here. There had been good progress, ervix was so dilated and the baby's so low that he was not too worried. there was no use in tempting fate a long and tedious second stage of r. Doris Brandon's baby should be ered as quickly and gently as ible.

the delivery room, vaginal exam- on of his patient told him that the ieum was still quite resistant. More ne pressure would be necessary to mplish delivery. It would be best o an episiotomy, he decided.

etermined to fulfill her desire for a pletely natural childbirth, Doris still not asking for anesthesia. The or spoke to her softly, explaining he had to do.

'm going to give you a strictly nal anesthetic, a pudendal block," aid. "I want to relax the tissues to ease the passage of the baby's . Then I'm going to have to make le incision—another reason for the k."

'here isn't anything wrong with the , is there?" Doris asked quickly, her first sign of alarm.

Everything seems fine," he reassured "We just want to get a look at him oon as possible. And here I will e you a promise. Doris. We won't you of your conscious part in the ."

he regional anesthesia was complete The doctor made a small, neat ion and applied smooth, nontrau- c forceps to ease the baby's progress to lend control in case there were dangerously hard contractions. He d out a healthy, husky, squalling . Gently he wiped its face and body held it up for his patient to see.

Here's your baby, Doris," he told new mother. "A fine boy. In a few utes we'll let you hold him so you count his fingers and toes." Her was radiant.

e doctor's assistant was clamping dressing the umbilical cord. "We'll asy on the oxytocic in this case," doctor told him quietly. Oxytocic tes strong contractions, helps push n the placenta. But even with the delivered he wanted no more con- tions here than necessary. And an st natural birth like Doris's didn't ire oxytocic drugs as often as did ns under anesthesia.

he placenta appeared quickly and e was no unusual bleeding. The or made a careful high examination he uterus. He could feel the old scar there was no sign of rupture. The area was normal. Those hard, sharp pains had not been the danger signal they might have been.

To his patient he said, "You gave us a scare with those pains, Doris, I can tell you that now. We were a little afraid of a rupture. But I figured that it was probably just the stretching of some adhesions between the Cesarean scar and the bladder, and it looks as if I was right. Even if it had been a rupture, we were all prepared, and the baby was ready to be delivered. So we've been very fortunate, and you've been very brave. You deserve a fine baby like this. Now we'll let you hold him for a minute before they take him to the nursery."

That evening when the doctor visited his patient she was in the midst of a hearty dinner. She was sitting up straight, looking healthy, happy and—as he promptly told her—unusually pink and pretty.

"The more I see of you natural-childbirthers," he said only half jokingly, "the better I like the method. You're one of my prize patients."

"It wasn't entirely natural childbirth, though, was it?" Doris asked. "You did give me a local anesthetic. And you did use forceps."

The doctor nodded. "Right then it was my business to eliminate all possible cause of unnecessary strain on those uterine muscles. As I told you, by using that local anesthetic we relaxed your tissues considerably and the baby was able to pass more easily. The small incision I made was to ease the lower passage. The forceps were strictly for control."

His patient looked neither angry nor disappointed.

"I didn't intend to tax you with a broken promise, Doctor." She smiled. "My husband and I talked it over this afternoon. I understand why you did those things. And my husband says that all you 'robbed' me of was unnecessary pain and the possible tragedy of a ruptured uterus. We are both very grateful to you, Doctor."

"Well, the gratitude goes both ways," muttered the doctor. "We wouldn't have done half so well if you hadn't been such a cooperative patient." END

ONCE TO MY SOUL

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Once to my soul I brought the splendid dust
Of victory. . . . But wistfully she said,
"O Lover, even now the moth and rust
Consume your gifts. Immortal things I need
That for eternity we may be strong:
Give me a dream, a sacrifice, a song."

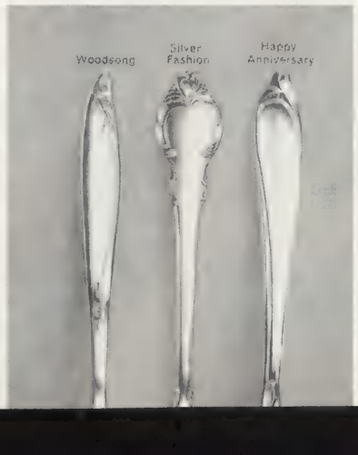


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"I wasn't going to make the same mistakes with B. D. that Ruthie made with me."

BETTE DAVIS

THE LONELY LIFE

an autobiography

"I know now that my marriages—all four of them—were a farce. Each was different and yet all of them were the same."

SYNOPSIS OF PARTS I AND II: *When Bette Davis won her first Oscar, for* Dangerous, *she sought out her mother's face. "All Ruthie's dreams were coming true. She sat, regal and beautiful, between my sister Bobby and Ham [the childhood sweetheart Bette married when she reached Hollywood].*

"In a sense it was Ruthie's triumph and I knew it. She who had worked for me like a demon—had known no sacrifice great enough—now relaxed in luxury.

"Though I tried to keep our standard of living down to a scale more commensurate with Ham's income than with mine, it was difficult. Our battles were becoming epic. I had no time to be shocked by the fact that my little white cottage was crumbling. When I gave Ham permission to divorce me his grounds were, 'She reads in bed. She neglected me for her work.' In the final analysis, I guess this was the truth.

"Shortly after our divorce I started work on what turned out to be my favorite part: Judith Traherne in Dark Victory. *That year I secured my career and my stardom forever. I made five pictures in twelve months and every one was successful. But I weighed only eighty pounds when I finished* Elizabeth and Essex. *Warners, pleased by the gold coming in from all these pictures, decided to give me a vacation. I think they wanted one themselves. Hurricane Bette herded the people into their theaters and brought showers of green stuff, but she howled and wrought havoc as well."*

CONCLUSION . . . I was worn out, almost at the breaking point. I faced east and made my hegira home to my beloved New England—to Lowell, Newton, Boston, Cushing. I appeared like a ghost in all my old haunts—Ogunquit, Peterborough, Ocean Park. Nothing had changed and everything was different. I was now more tired than ever.

I traveled through New England and ended up at Peckett's Inn on Sugar Hill in New Hampshire. I needed a longer rest than I'd thought; and the studio was eager for me to regain my strength.

At this point they would have done anything for me. Awards were flowing in from everywhere. It was difficult for me to reconcile my present mood with the honors I was receiving from countries in both hemispheres.

The motion-picture industry was built on the theory that one made cheap little pictures and great big profits. I saw no reason why a good product couldn't also make money; and besides, I never could reconcile myself to the fact that I was in a business at all. For a very long period I brought more people into theaters than all the sexpots put together.

Hal Wallis actually looked me in the eye one day and said, "Personally, I can't stand the kind of picture you make, but as long as you sell them, we'll make them."

That was the head of production of Warner Brothers Studio! Hal Wallis! Who, among, other talents, decreed milady's fashions. He adored the fedoras his wife, Louise Fazenda, wore and I kept finding them topping all Orry-Kelly's wardrobes. I subscribed to *Vogue* in Hal Wallis's name. The first of each month *Vogue* would arrive in Hal's mail. I hoped he would study the current trend in hats! I think he forgave me eventually.

I almost missed the daily madness as I vacationed on Sugar Hill. Almost! It was such beautiful country and I had met someone who did nothing to hasten my return. Arthur Farnsworth was the assistant manager of Peckett's Inn. He was definitely suited to this job with his charm and his breeding. The Farnsworths were an old coast family.

I so adored Sugar Hill that I bought 150 acres of dreamy, rolling land there. Sugar Hill would be the place I would return to when exhausted from Hollywood. Here I felt happy, for the first time in years. New Hampshire and Farney were a tonic for me.

I kept extending this vacation, hating to leave. My sister Bobby gave birth to a baby girl and I lived on the phone until I knew all was well, but I never forgave myself for not going to California to be with her. Shortly after the birth of her daughter, Bobby had another breakdown. Her husband, Bob Pelgram, and her baby, Fay, stayed with me at Riverbottom, my California home, until Bobby was well again.

Farney drove to California that year to see me, remained a few weeks and then returned to his job at Peckett's. I started working on *All This and Heaven Too.*

I had Charles Boyer as my costar and Anatole Litvak again as director. Boyer was a joy to work with. Intelligent and professional to the core—a truly fine actor! Tola planned every move beforehand and the camera was his god. I thought of Willie Wyler, who would get an inspiration and, on being informed that the camera was already in position, would shout, "To hell with the camera. It's the slave, not me!" Tola had it all on paper. His method of directing was never to my taste. There was not the spontaneity or flexibility I found in Wyler.

Warners gave *All This and Heaven Too* a lavish premiere at the Carthay Circle Theater.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

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BETTE DAVIS THE LONELY LIFE

continued from page 36

There's no question that the Hollywood premiere, so often satirized, is an exciting affair. If you are in the picture being premiered, it is difficult not to feel like a queen. Certainly it wasn't difficult for Ruthie to be the dowager empress. We giggled quietly at the change that had come over our lives since our arrival in Hollywood seven years before. No more of the indignities of impoverished anonymity. On the other hand, I felt I was the same person I had always been. Success didn't mean that I had to lease Xanadu or entertain like William Randolph Hearst. I found the pomp and circumstance of some of my colleagues unsuitable.

Hollywood's social whirl is—for the most part—pretentious and politic. There were a few who gathered fascinating people together at a well-appointed board. Certainly Basil Rathbone's wife, Ouida, was a magnificent hostess, as was Joseph Cotten's wife, Lenore. The David Selznicks and the Jules Steins also entertained brilliantly. But most of Hollywood who decorated their homes like Scottish shooting boxes and sent the ladies off to the powder room while the gentlemen stayed at the table sipping brandy didn't know a credenza from an arpeggio.

And who wanted to be shipped off with the ladies anyway? I would have smoked a cigar to remain. A woman's world is not my cup of tea! That's why I've always needed a man around the house.

A small dinner party, sitting around and exchanging ideas, is my most fun socially. During all the Hollywood years I lived very casually. I was too busy working to have much time for the social whirl.

Of course I lived well and had servants, but this did not mean I didn't always contribute to the running of the house myself. I remember being seen by fans putting out my garbage cans in Laguna Beach one day—and being asked by one of them if Bette Davis was inside the house.

My houses were no more impressive then hundreds in the East. And always they were English or Colonial. Always it was as much like New England as possible—four-posters, Toby mugs, fireplaces. San Simeon might have been a palace, but there was no soap in the bathroom when I dined there once.

That summer I returned to Sugar Hill and started building the house at Butternut which was to be my favorite home for many years. Farney came to California that next fall.

I was not violently in love with Farney. I loved his loving me, and our mutual love of the New England way of life was the tie that finally bound. He respected my career and was as removed from the theater as anyone could be. He was companionable, attractive and a divine host. Besides which he was the most beautifully mannered man I've ever known.

Ruthie was cool about our eventual plans to marry. Still it was difficult to voice any criticism of the Farnsworths in general or Farney in particular. He would someday inherit money—he was from a good family. I think Ruthie found it hard not to like him.

Farney and I were married New Year's Eve of 1941 at Justin Dart's ranch in Rimrock, Arizona. Jane Bryan was now Mrs. Justin Dart. She had given up her career for marriage. I was still certain that I could have both.

Farney was a tremendous contributor to our home. His graciousness and energy, his omnipresence were all a delight. Farney had been a flier for many years. His knowledge of aviation won him a job with Minneapolis Honeywell Co., which had just invented a defroster for the wings of planes.

I was now on my first loan-out si *Bondage*. The same Sam Goldwyn w ten years before, had wailed at the si of my test and refused to hire me at $ a week now paid me $385,000 to sta Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes*. Warner, on my steely request, gave Warners' share of the deal. Gregg Tol was the cameraman and Mr. Wyler again my director.

We fought bitterly. I had been for to see Tallulah Bankhead's performan I had not wanted to. A great admire hers, I wanted in no way to be influen by her work. It was Willie's intention t I give a different interpretation o part. I insisted that Tallulah had pla it the only way it could be played.

The filming was torture, the film smashing success both critically and p ularly. But Willie and I never work together again. It is too bad.

Farney and I returned to Butternut vacation and work on our house. This w going to be my romantic dream of drea the little white cottage with woods a lawns and a barn and flowers everywhe Ruthie planted birch trees, rosebush and every variety of flower. It had all t peace of the English country homes I h adored. I was again safely ensconced i picture-book life of respectable marria

Bobby was getting a divorce. The Da girls were never happy at the same ti



"Farney was from New England. I loved his loving me, but there was no magic.

By virtue of her relationship to m Bobby had many of the same problem my success was attracting. It was true form that, in order to get her divorce a have custody of her daughter, she ha to give up her engagement ring and the automobile.

All contract players had a twelve-we layoff each year without salary. I receive my notice of layoff at the completion *In This Our Life*. I had promised t publicity department that I would ha stills taken, do interviews, and so o when I finished the picture. Early o morning I arrived at the makeup depar ment to get ready to be photographed. burst Bernie Williams, the publicity ma in charge of our film, saying, "Take yo makeup off. Go home—quickly." In a swer to my amazed look he told me I wa on layoff, and the studio would have t pay me an extra day's salary if I did th work scheduled.

Charging the studio for this one da would never have occurred to me. Pub licizing a film was always as important t me as making the film itself. Like an professional, I knew I had to finish th job at hand. *Get her off the lot! How dar Mr. Warner think I would pressure ther into one day's salary?*

Through my makeup, I saw my crim son face. I whirled in the makeup chai and discovered that sheer frenzy ha transported me to Mr. Warner's office. had left a wake of secretaries and flyin papers.

"How *dare* you," I shouted. "How dar you order me off the lot! You should hav known I had made dates to do publicit work for the film. You should know I' keep those dates—pay or no pay. Nov

getting off the lot and it is just pos-
that I may *never* come back!"
eft for a holiday in Mexico a week
and refused every communication
Warners for months. As far as I was
erned, I was through. I had indeed
ny temper! I had been insulted and
to feel cheap.
e "Fourth Warner Brother" returned
tually to a contract tripling the
nt of the old one. That is what one
pay cost them. I received the con-
I had been working for all these
. Three pictures annually and a
n's ransom for each.

e were deep in war now and, as part
e Stars Over America campaign, I
out on a bond-selling tour for the
rnment. My territory was Missouri
Oklahoma and I think I was in every
and cranny of these two states. I
delighted by the people I met and
eautiful rolling farmland.
ief Jasper Sauntresh made me an
rary Indian chief. In Oklahoma I am
ally known as Princess Laughing
. A portrait of me as Jezebel was
for a quarter of a million dollars'
n of bonds at Douglas Aircraft. In
a my autograph brought $50,000.
old $2,000,000 worth of bonds in two
When I returned to Hollywood John
eld and I founded the Hollywood
een for servicemen.
w York's Stage Door Canteen under
Cowl's supervision was serving a
purpose and we hoped to do the
. We started searching for commit-
and for the right people to head
. Jules Stein—the head of the Music
oration of America—was a legend. I
l him to head our financial commit-
The initial capital for opening the
en was from a combination premiere
Columbia Pictures film and a party at
s afterward. We charged $25 a cou-
We made $5000 that night. The
ing we rented for our canteen was
n shape by volunteer help from all
uilds and unions of Hollywood who
represented on our board of directors.
its president, I found the work ex-
ating and rewarding. The whole idea
e canteen was to give the men re-
ion and the chance to meet and be
d by the stars of Hollywood and not
charged one cent. I will always be
ful for the loyalty of those who out-
the first flush of publicity and
ty and continued to work with us.
me, like Dietrich, not only contrib-
glamour but backbreaking labor in
itchen. John Ford's wife, Mary, ran
kitchen. Chef Milani planned the
not a mean task when one is feeding
sands. The entertainment was all
atary. We had a name orchestra
night. I know of at least two mar-
s made at the canteen. Hedy Lamarr
John Loder met while waiting on
, and Betty Grable, then the GIs'
girl, danced with one of the boys
night and later met the orchestra
r. Twenty years later she is still Mrs.
y James.

inah Shore, Frank Loesser, Arthur
Schwartz were all particularly giving.
Frank Sinatra was the end of gen-
y. Christmas Eve was always a dif-
night. Patriotism or no, this is a
y night and we always worked with
leton crew with a paucity of enter-
nent. I will never forget Bing Crosby
his four boys coming one Christmas
and singing carols to the boys for
s. There wasn't a dry eye in the place.
other film was made by Warners at
time, *Thank Your Lucky Stars*. I did
g in this, "They're Either Too Young
o Old." I also, as part of the song, did
itterbug with a boy who knew *how*
tterbug. He was so nervous about
ng me. I finally said, "Forget who I
nd go to it." The boy took me lit-
y. I just put myself in his hands and
g through the air was I. The $50,000
I received for the picture went to the canteen.

During the second year of the Hollywood Canteen Farney died—very suddenly. He fell on Hollywood Boulevard and lived—but never regained consciousness—only 24 hours. That morning he had been forgetful, disorganized as he went off to work. I joked about the possibility that he'd spiked his orange juice. We'd laughed about it.

An autopsy revealed a blood clot. Farney had fallen down the stairs at Butternut the previous summer. We thought nothing of it at the time, as he was not injured. It was unbelievable that he was gone—just like that. It was my first real experience with death.

Farney and I had a good life together. We made few demands on each other and still he was always there. He filled the house with his sweetness and consideration for me. Now I was alone again. I will always miss him.

I went back to work to try to forget. I was thirty-five and a widow. I not only continued making films—I also worked day and night at the canteen. These activities got me through the rough days, weeks and months after Farney's death.

In these years I made many enemies. I was a legendary terror. When I was my most unhappy I lashed out rather than whined. I was hated, envied and feared and I was more vulnerable than anyone would care to believe. It wasn't difficult to discover that when people disliked me they really detested me.

I prefer to believe that on the set during *Skeffington*, my eyewash was filled with acetin by mistake. Acetin is a corrosive liquid that dissolves adhesives. It almost dissolved my eyes. I screamed in agony. Perc Westmore washed them out with castor oil. The series of accidents at



"Sherry was a painter. He made up his mind to marry me the moment he saw me."

work is too long for me to recount. I have played with danger all my life—and it, in turn, has flirted with me. My *luck* has always saved me from the elemental; *Ruthie* from the *attacks* of people.

Yes! I was thirty-five and Ruthie's possession still. I was at the zenith of my career and "earning more than the President of the United States," as the old chestnut went. I was supporting four households, since mother and Bobby could never live together—something they discovered only when I could afford otherwise. And there was little Fay, whom I adored. My work went well and there was Butternut, an exquisite tombstone to my romantic dream.

I went with Ruthie to a cocktail party in Laguna Beach. The moment I arrived, a man brought me a drink and never left my side.

Recently discharged from the Navy hospital at San Diego, William Grant Sherry was a painter, also a licensed physiotherapist. He was living in Laguna very near mother's house. I think now



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BETTE DAVIS THE LONELY LIFE

continued

that no one ever paid court with the singularity of purpose that Sherry displayed.

Ruthie mistrusted him. She so continually criticized him, she drove me right into his arms. The more Ruthie went on, the more I saw of Sherry. I know now that he had made up his mind to marry me the moment he set eyes on me—perhaps before. I really believe I couldn't have avoided becoming his wife.

This is it, I thought. *He's a worker. He'll become a fine painter and he worships me. It doesn't matter that he has no money. Sherry is an artist. These middle-class concepts mean as little to him as to me. What drive the man has!*

Ruthie never gave up. When she met Sherry's mother, who ran an elevator in a hotel in San Diego, she was aghast. Sherry's father had been a head carpenter with the Theatre Guild. He was dead. I respected Mrs. Sherry for not sitting back and letting her son support her.

Ruthie had met a man named Robert Palmer at Smoke Tree Ranch in Palm Springs. A month before Sherry and I were married Ruthie became Mrs. Palmer. Sherry and I became man and wife in the beautiful chapel at the Mission Inn in Riverside, California.

We drove to Mexico on our honeymoon. En route my husband threw me out of the car for some forgotten reason. This was only the beginning. Our first night in Mexico he threw a steamer trunk clear across the hotel room. I never seemed to bring out the best in men.

I cannot say that Sherry and I did not have a stimulating relationship. He matched me in temperament all the way. Though industrious and pitiably contrite after his outbursts, Sherry's dedication as an artist fell far short of mine and his frustrations had a frenzy that terrorized me. I was still a working actress first and now planning to produce my own picture. Work came first and then —— But we all are possessed in our own ways. I was possessed with my career. Sherry was possessed with me.

I was a general in my field and, doubtless, I pulled rank at home. Sherry wrought a great change in my life, however. He forbade Ruthie's arbitrary presence in the house. He convinced me that I was sufficiently grown up to run my own life. Her distrust and disapproval of Sherry now became loathing. Having been independent for so long, mother could not adjust to being a wife. She divorced Robert Palmer. It was easier for me to see her mistakes than my own.

In the flush of the first year of my marriage to Sherry, I encouraged Bobby to see more of a man we met at Laguna, David Berry. I wanted Bobby to share the wonders of love. Her health had improved enormously and she, too, was outgrowing Ruthie's influence.

Like all happy brides, I had thrown my bouquet to my sister. Now Sherry and I were a foursome with David Berry and Bobby Davis. David was in love with Bobby and she, in no time, with him. They were married and the Davis girls were, absurdly, Mrs. Sherry and Mrs. Berry! There was rhyme if not reason to both our marriages.

My first attempt at movie production was my last. I had a contract to produce five films for Warners and I discovered that I was no more allowed to be a real producer than the man in the moon. As star in the dual role in *A Stolen Life* I simply meddled as usual. If that was producing, I had been a mogul for years.

Next I made a picture called *Deception*. It was during the shooting of this film I found out I was pregnant. Sherry was sure it would be a boy. As for me, I hoped for a girl.

In the last month of my pregnancy Dr. Carroll decided a Cesarean section was necessary. I chose the day in case it was a girl. May Day—a fun birthday for a girl.

Barbara Davis Sherry was born on May 1, 1947, at the Community Hospital, Santa Ana, California, a few weeks after my thirty-ninth birthday. The doctor informed me later that this was it. No more children.

Coming out of the ether I heard myself saying, "Poor Sherry. You married an old woman and I gave you a daughter—not a son."

But B.D. was a seductress from the beginning and her father forgave her. And for the first time in my life I became a willing slave to another human being.

The night before leaving for the hospital we discussed names—*if* it was a girl. "She has to have 'Davis' somewhere," Ruthie insisted.

Bobby, with tears in her eyes, asked if I would name a girl after her. "I think Barbara would be the perfect name. Barbara Davis Sherry." And so it was.

The first months of a child are spectacularly exciting. Jack Warner sent the baby three exquisite pearls on a gold chain—the start of a necklace he would complete, one pearl a year. The studio seemed in another world and I was satisfied to remain in Laguna, which was suddenly dead center of the universe. I had bought so many enchanting tiny clothes for the baby. Dr. Carroll roared with laughter when he saw them.

"I hate to disillusion you, Bette, but she'll be wearing only diapers and nightshirts for quite a while."

I told him I was going to dress her up just for us. And I did. What a vision she was—already golden from the sun which I exposed her to when she was eight days old. I wanted her on friendly terms with all the elements, healthy, strong, unsheltered. Sherry started her on gymnastics before she could walk. Fatherhood was good for Sherry. He worshiped B.D. and all was well for a while.



CULVER

In All This and Heaven Too, *Bette found Charles Boyer was "a joy to work with."*

I had no desire to give up my career, but somehow it didn't matter as much. My life seemed full without it. I wondered what would have happened had Ham and I had children. I might have given up my work. I couldn't have things halfway. I had had my Matterhorn, now I was satisfied to be nestled in my little chalet.

I took my time returning to work. I had been off the screen for one year before I made *Winter Meeting*. The director, Bretaigne Windust, had the idea that he would introduce a brand-new Bette Davis. He would have been smarter to leave the old one alone. It was a dreary film and hardly a triumphant return. Next I made a comedy called *June Bride* with Robert Montgomery. I had fun, as I seldom got a chance at a good comedy.

It was one of Mr. Warner's irritations that I never called him anything but *Mr.* Warner. My stormy visits to his office were a nuisance to him. As a further annoyance, I always wore sunglasses so he could not look into my eyes.

Actually weary of the whole business, I made, as it turned out, my last trip to his office to beg him not to make me play Rosa Moline in *Beyond the Forest*. Rosa was a version of Emma Bovary. I was not young enough to play her. I also w not weak enough. *Bette Davis as a twel o'clock girl in a nine-o'clock town!* That how it was advertised.

This "twelve-o'clock girl" asked for h release during this film. My "brother let me go. I never heard from them aga B.D. was two years old and I had alrea added two pearls to the necklace mys I finished *every* job the Warners ever ga me. A Warner Brothers contract play was to make a sound track for *Beyond Forest*—the line "I can't stand it h anymore" were the last words spoken me on the Warner lot. They certainly the nail on the head!

Curtis Bernhardt and I started worki together on a film entitled *Story of a vorce*. It was released by Howard Hug as *Payment on Demand*. In the meantir my story of a divorce turned into j that. *Payment on Demand* is how, in long run, I got mine. Alimony fro woman to a man was a new one to me. this time I wanted out—and money m it possible. I had the custody of B Sherry soon afterward married B.I nursegirl.

During the filming of *Payment on mand*, Darryl Zanuck said he wo send me a script if I would promise read it right away.

When I finished reading *All About* I was on cloud nine. That night I Joseph Mankiewicz to discuss wardr He told me that Margo Channing was kind of dame who would treat her n coat like a poncho! I asked who w play Bill Sampson. He said he wa Gary Merrill.

On what strange circumstances whole lives changed.

On the first day of shooting, as C and I rehearsed our first scene toget I took a cigarette and waited for Sampson to light it. He went on with lines. When I realized he was ignoring gesture, I asked if he were going to my cigarette.

He looked me squarely in the eye said, "I don't think Bill Sampson w light Margo's cigarettes."

I looked at him for a minute. *Of c Bill Sampson wouldn't.* "You're right, Mr. Merrill. Of course he would

I wondered at the time if that was Merrill speaking to Bette Davis—t tablish who was boss—or if it was opinion of what the character would I'm not sure to this day.

Our scenes went well together. By time we played out our story and actress had retired to be the little wo I had fused the two men comple Margo Channing and Bill Sampson perfectly matched. They were the pe couple.

I sensed in Gary my last chance a and marriage. I wanted these as de ately as ever.

When I accepted Gary's propos made it contingent on our adopting children. He was only too eager knew Gary was a strong personali was no longer afraid of competition; was no reason to be. Suddenly I interested in *his* career. I was gr tired of mine.

We were married in Juarez, Mexi July 28, 1950. B.D. spent half o honeymoon with us—Gary's idea thoughtful one. She joined us at Hood Island, in Maine. Mother and had honeymooned at nearby Squir land.

Gary was under contract to Twe Century-Fox. After our honeymo was sent to the Virgin Islands to a film about frogmen—costarring Dana Andrews and Richard Wid B.D. and I saw him off on the plan then returned to Westport for a few We had called a doctor while in telling him of our interest in adopti Westport I was told our next chil been born—and would I come to th pital's nursing home the next day a



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BETTE DAVIS THE LONELY LIFE

continued

her? When Gary called that evening I told him we had a daughter and to think about a name. Gary suggested Margo—of course, how perfect. We spelled our Margot with a *t*.

The legal papers were drawn and I took Margot home to B.D. When I walked into the house I told her to close her eyes, I had a present for her. Her eyes, when she opened them, had all the wonders of the universe. She had a sister. Now the three Merrills awaited daddy's return.

We found a house near the one Gary had at Malibu. This would be Gary's and my first home and I wanted it to be to his liking.

The great day came. Daddy was coming home. How excited B.D. was. She loved him so. We went to the airport and practically broke our necks looking for the first sight of the plane. He arrived—so relieved to be back with B.D. and Margot and me—and did love his new house.

The walls that night rang with love, laughter and a closeness of two people who had each found what they had always looked for. I had such respect for Gary and was so proud to be his wife. The next few months were the happiest we ever had. Storm signals every now and then—but soon forgotten in the over-all compatibility. He loved Margot. He took care of her often—diapers and all.

Six months later we were asked to do a film in England. On our arrival there Gary got his first taste of what it was like to be married to me. The English press was vile, as is usually the case to actors from Hollywood. Next day one of the headlines referred to Gary Merrill as "Mr. Davis."

Gary skipped it with great grace. Underneath he must have hated it. He did not blame me, however. The press also referred to me as a middle-aged matron plus a description of our *twenty* trunks. Oh, Hollywood, how can one escape the tradition?

It is very different making a film in England. There is a great contrast in technical equipment, wardrobe and all the amenities. Plus the lack of comforts the American actor has grown accustomed to.

We sailed for home the second of July. I found a house in the old part of Hollywood. Into our lives then came Michael—five days old. Michael was born January 5, 1954. He was a blond bomber at birth and has stayed so ever since. Now we were five. We lived through an earthquake in this house, I might add. There were a few inside the house as well.

All was not going so well. Gary would often leave us for parts unknown. I worried about him. But, like the bad penny, he always came home. Merrill is like my father, cynical, bright, negative and earthbound. Our personality differences were getting in the way of our happiness together. My enthusiasm, belief in people were annoying to him. I was *not* Margo Channing and he was not Bill Sampson. He is the eternal collegiate. He adores rushing about—no strings, no ties. But ties and responsibilities he had assumed: three small children and a wife. I knew this was my only true marriage. I had no intention of its falling apart.

Out of the blue, I got an offer to do a musical in New York—a revue called *Two's Company*. I felt, if we got out of Hollywood, our personal situation might change. Mike was six months, Margot eighteen months and B.D. five by now. I agreed to do the show. We packed enough of our belongings to make the penthouse we had rented on Beekman Place look like home. We loved being on the East River. The children were thrilled with the boats that went back and forth all day.

The night we opened I received the traditional telegram from Ruthie: "Don't forget, darling—I'm in the front row." It was a frightening opening, as it turned out. I had been up all the night before, rehearsing, and had gone through the complete show that afternoon. I was exhausted. I blacked out during my first number on stage.

As I came to I only knew I had to finish the show somehow and say something to the audience to break the tension. As they raised the curtain, I came on saying, "Well, you can't say I didn't fall for you." The audience roared and we went on with the show.

I was not well when we returned to New York. I simply put this down to exhaustion. I lived on Dexedrine and shots during the run. Puzzled by my permanent exhaustion, I went to many doctors that winter. All agreed I couldn't have been healthier.

It had never occurred to anyone to examine me from the neck up. One Saturday before the matinee my face on one side was swollen beyond recognition. Between shows I went to a dentist. He gave me poultices to get me through the show and said he would have Dr. Stanley Behrman look at me the next day. After Dr. Behrman examined me he said he wanted me to come immediately to the hospital.

"But I can't. I'm doing the Actors' Benefit show tomorrow night!"

"Miss Davis, for this particular actor's benefit, I wish you'd come now. I've got to extract this tooth."

I promised him I would come to the hospital the minute the curtain came down after the benefit performance.

That was my last performance of *Two's Company*. I did not know it at the time. Bobby and I left the theater and took a taxi to the New York Hospital. After the usual X rays, the tooth was extracted and I was given a hospital room for the night.

Next morning Dr. Behrman told me I would not be leaving the hospital. I had osteomyelitis of the jaw and he would operate in a week. I had never even heard of such a disease.

Stanley Behrman's brilliance as a surgeon and his compassion as a human being have put me in his debt forever. It was a long and difficult operation. After I left the hospital Walter Winchell informed me and the rest of the nation that "Bette Davis has been operated on for cancer of the jaw."

Gary was determined that an important retraction of Mr. Winchell's story be written—not just an apology in his column. Gary called Dorothy Schiff, publisher of the New York *Post*, who had a story written that was the truth. We were always grateful to her. It helped—



CULVER

"*In* Mr. Skeffington *I was supposed to be a raving beauty. This was a problem.*"

but no retraction completely does it; the rumors still existed.

There I was in the hospital for six weeks, out of the show, three children with the mumps they'd caught from the cook—all in all a dire period in my life. Recovering from this operation was a long haul, two years before I really felt myself again.

We all had bandaged jaws at home except Merrill, who wanted to break Winchell's. We were quite a sight when Anna Magnani, with interpreter and agent, came to the apartment to visit me. I couldn't have been more thrilled. From the first minute it was as if we'd known each other for years. As vivid as her beautiful country, as explosive as a happy child, her eyes have known the tragic. But now she was radiating excitement. "For Bette Davis—I wear my diamonds!"

Their sparkle was second to hers. Through her interpreter we discussed acting, the world in general and children. Her son is an invalid for whom she has always slaved and searched for a cure. B.D. was sitting beside me on the bed, her eyes glued to Anna. She had never heard Italian spoken before.

When Anna left she embraced me and said "*A rivederci*, Bette." Little B.D. called down the stairs to her "*A rivederci*, Anna."

"*A rivederci, piccolina!*" she called back.

Gary wiped his brow and fell into a chair. "The two of you! There was enough electricity in this room to light all of New York City."

When I was well enough we drove to Homewood Inn in Yarmouth, Maine. Shades of Ruthie! We arrived there in April and stayed until September. One day we drove down a lane lined with apple trees and turned a corner and there was a house—beside the sea—that we fell in love with. It was obviously occupied, so we backed up hurriedly, so as not to be thought trespassers. We never stopped dreaming of this house! One day a real-estate man called to say he had a house to show us. To our amazement and delight it was the same house!

We rented it for a year with an option to buy and called our house "Witch Way" because we didn't know which way we were going and a witch lived there—guess who?

Its kitchen was my new amphitheater; and I never wanted to get off the stage!

For three years I was solely a wife and mother, and Gary fell out of love with me. This was certainly a switch. My crime had usually been the fact that I was always working. Why couldn't I be just a wife?

"I don't want you in the kitchen all the time. How can you keep your sanity working around the house fourteen hours a day? You're not Mrs. Craig; you're Bette Davis."

I rather thought I was Mrs. Merrill. I was being what I had for so long wanted to be. There were schedules for the children to keep and schedules to be skipped if I thought it right. Margot's temper tantrums and curious lethargy demanded constant attention. And B.D.! I was not going to make the same mistakes with her that mother had made with me. Here we were again. A spirited girl, quick, efficient, and a potential manager. All valuable assets if kept under control.

Margot's behavior finally so alarmed Gary and me that we decided to take her to New York for a thorough examination. What we had vaguely suspected became a reality. She was a retarded child. There would have been no way of knowing this when she was born.

It was a bitter blow and an enormous heartbreak to Gary and me. We were advised to send her away to school. It was not fair to her to have to compete with normal children, and not fair to normal children to have to cope daily with a child who would often be violent in her frustrations to keep up with her brother and sister.

Although I understand the parents who share this problem, I cannot forgive sentimentalization over the decision to send such a child away to a school if it can be afforded financially.

Margot, dressed in a sailor suit and hat, looking like the doll she is, left our home at three years of age, eight years ago. Gary took her to Geneva, New York, to the Lochland School. She has been a happy girl there under the guidance of its headmistress, Miss Florence Stewart. She loves her Christmas and summer holidays with us. With a sense of our loss, we send her back to Lochland each [illegible]. But we know it is the way it has to [illegible].

In 1955, Twentieth Century-Fox a[illegible] me to play Elizabeth in *The Virgin Q*[illegible]. It had been three years since I'd be[illegible] front of a camera. I was sure of not[illegible]. Least of all myself. The first day fo[illegible] was a nightmare.

After the first take was printed [illegible] laxed. I really think that this Eliza[illegible] was finer than my first.

One day during the filming, Gary[illegible] Mike appeared on the set. They had f[illegible] out from Maine to surprise me. It [illegible] wonderment to me that Mike even r[illegible] nized me. It also was the first time h[illegible] ever been on a motion-picture set.

We were rehearsing a scene in [illegible] Elizabeth was giving Raleigh wha[illegible] Michael asked his father, "Why is mo[illegible] mad at that man instead of you?" M[illegible] ael had reason to make this remark.



"*Gary Merrill was bright but cynica[illegible] different personalities were bound to cl*[illegible]

marriage had deteriorated into roun[illegible] of the main event. I had hopes that [illegible] my return to acting, things wou[illegible] once more as they had been.

Shortly after, B.D. and I return[illegible] Maine. Summers there are, of c[illegible] paradise. I was treasuring every mo[illegible] as I was returning to California i[illegible] fall to make a picture—*Storm Ce*[illegible] about a librarian who refused to l[illegible] book.

The film was not a success at th[illegible] office—not because of its subject m[illegible] in my opinion. I never felt it turne[illegible] to be a good picture. The family j[illegible] me in California in November, as [illegible] staying on to make another picture[illegible] *Catered Affair*.

We rented Fay Bainter's house at[illegible] ibu. During our stay there Gary [illegible] realized an ambition: we bought a [illegible] cedes S.L.90—black, red leather i[illegible] When the picture was finished, Ga[illegible] sisted I take a holiday with hin[illegible] chartered a schooner for two wee[illegible] Florida and off we drove in our h[illegible] new car.

I hated leaving the children, but [illegible] Gary and I had not been together [illegible] for a long time. This might cemen[illegible] very tenuous relations. A month [illegible] later we arrived in Maine, further [illegible] than ever.

Stubbornly refusing to settle for [illegible] vorce, I suggested we move to[illegible] fornia, since it was increasingly [illegible] that Gary had to be so often away [illegible] his children. We closed Witch Wa[illegible] rented a California house.

Gary was employed solidly that[illegible] I was again able to be the wif[illegible] mother—the kitchen my domain. Ir[illegible] that year Norman Corwin appro[illegible] Gary and me to do an evening o[illegible] *World of Carl Sandburg*. After we [illegible] negotiating, the contracts were s[illegible] Gary was most enthusiastic abou[illegible] project.

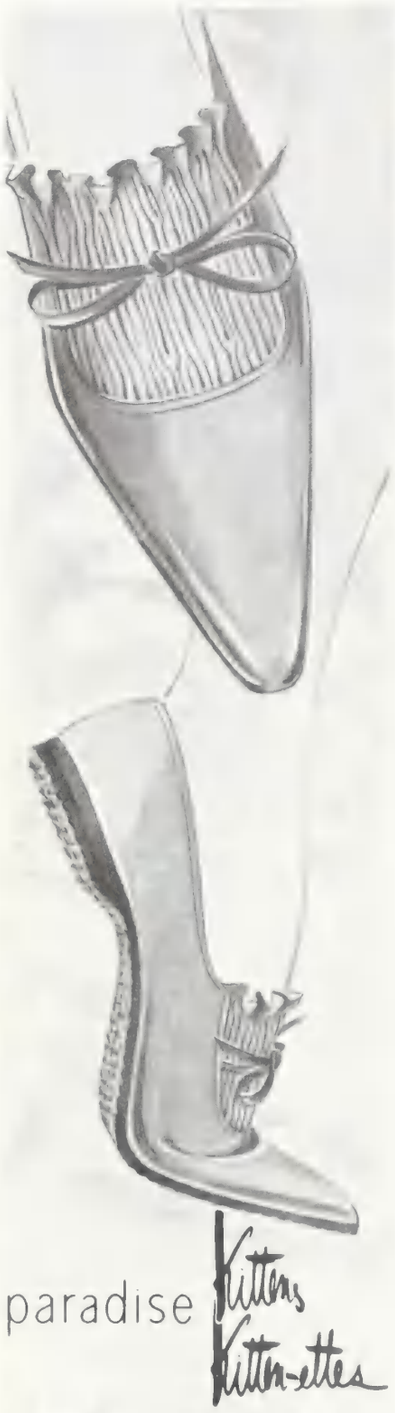
This was the tenth year of my ma[illegible] to Gary. He now had me under co[illegible] both ways, as a wife and as a c[illegible] Would this cement our waning mar[illegible] Quite the reverse—security was a[illegible]



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BETTE DAVIS THE LONELY LIFE

continued

bad medicine for him. By the time we started rehearsals for the Sandburg show, Gary and I were living apart. It did not make the tour easier—but a contract is a contract and there was no out.

B.D. and Michael went that winter to the Chadwick School in Rolling Hills, California. Bobby lived close by, and this relieved my mind enormously. How I always hated to leave my children. They have been my life from the day they were born. I, probably wrongly, felt only I could bring them up. My children will tell you I haven't made it easy. I believe that if home is not sometimes a jungle, they will eventually be unfit for the outside world. The outside world is a jungle! Gary always called me the "seven-ball juggler." He claimed I could study my lines, polish the silver, prepare dinner, and still discover in a rage that Michael had been wearing gym pants without knees when he had assured me that he didn't need new ones. Mike's devastating little blond face may enchant me, and it does, but evading the issue is not for Mother Merrill. Younger than B.D. and a boy, he had reactions that were completely different.

I said to Mike one day, "A great part of your life will be spent with women. Learn to cope now. You live in a household of strong women. Speak up—or you won't be heard!" At ten he speaks up loud and clear.

B.D. is now fifteen and is an adult emotionally. She is still living off President Kennedy's observation, when I introduced them, that she looked nineteen. Brimming over with joy and enthusiasm and a love for horses that is now centered in her very own mare, Stoneybrook, she is trustworthy and responsible. She is a young woman of whom I am proud.

I knew little of Carl Sandburg's work at the time we signed the contract. I haven't words enough for this fabulous eighty-four-year-old genius.

His words, "Let a joy kill you . . . keep away from the little deaths ——" I realized suddenly that had always been my failing or my salvation.

We opened *The World of Carl Sandburg* at the little theater at Bowdoin College in Brunswick, Maine. The notices we received that night were glowing, and were repeated in every city, town and hamlet we played on the one-night-stand tour.

Our opening night in Hollywood was the peak of our tour and our trial by fire. It was a much more lethal audience for Gary and me than any New York opening.

Hollywood perversely wants you to fail. Plus, for Bette Davis, the seven-ball juggler, who once ran the town, the sound of steel hitting the block would be the sweetest. I was finally just where they wanted me—in a professional valley, vulnerable. "Everybody"—but "everybody"—was there. I was terrified, but confident our show was a good one—the chips would have to fall where they may.

Ruthie was in the audience—her ritual telegram tacked up in my dressing room: "Remember, darling—I'm in the front row."

I was thrilled by the deafening applause that greeted my entrance. However, it was the closing applause that would tell the tale. Would it be as deafening? It was! We were booked in the theater for a week—we stayed four!

After the Hollywood engagement, we went to San Francisco. It was the end of the tour. It was also the end of the Merrills as husband and wife. The last explosion could have been heard round the world.

I am sure I have been uncompromising, peppery, untractable, monomaniacal, tactless, volatile and ofttimes disagreeable. I stand accused of it all. But at forty I allowed the female to take over. It was too late. I admit that Gary broke my heart. He killed the dream forever.

The World of Carl Sandburg opened in New York the next October with Leif Ericson taking over for Gary. We lasted only four weeks. It was a bitter blow.

The children and I stayed on in New York. B.D. was in the hands of an excellent tutor and a good riding academy. Mike went to the Allen-Stevenson School. I spent the winter writing this book and hoping to find a play or a picture I wanted to do.

In March I went to Hollywood to costar with Glenn Ford in a remake of *Lady for a Day*, a Damon Runyan story. Before I left for the coast I was signed to play Maxine Faulk in the new Tennessee Williams play, *Night of the Iguana*.

While I was touring in Florida with *The World of Carl Sandburg* Mr. Williams talked to me about his new play. Violla Rubber, our mutual friend and associate producer of the play, suggested that I play Maxine Faulk. It was certainly the tertiary part but, as I have said many times, I would rather have the third part in a Tennessee Williams play than a lead in an ordinary play.

I went off to Hollywood with the Williams deal set. Ruthie had been very ill since Christmas. Bobby was taking care of her. I saw her in Laguna as often as I could. Mother always planned everything. Her latest plan was to die. She was seventy-six and that bursting heart was exhausted.

One morning she simply went to sleep. Mother was gone. Bobby and I felt like orphans. Her vitality, her joy were gone forever; her protection and her dependency, her wisdom. On her tombstone is written, "Ruthie. You will always be in the front row."

I know now that my marriages—all of them—were a farce. Each was different and all were the same.



FRIEDMAN-ABELES

In 1962 Bette returned to the stage in Tennessee Williams's Night of the Iguana.

Most men came to me with muscles flexed. It is a role as popular as Hamlet and just as rarely well played. All my marriages were charades. And I was equally responsible. The role of little woman was just as synthetic for me. But I always fell in love.

I needed taming and I always looked for a Petruchio. But I never let one take me on. I made it difficult all right. But so did Kate. Yes, I confess I found one man in my life. But he never tamed me because I ran like a bat out of hell.

In all my marriages there was no equality in incomes. This never bothered me until the inequality was taken for granted. I was old-fashioned enough to believe that a mate shared everything. What was mine was his. But I discovered that when a husband made $100 a week, he never so much as offered to pay the gas and electric bills. He simply bought himself som more clothes.

The high-powered male wants peac when he gets home. The man of actio wants a place to lick his wounds, a tend mate to soothe his fevers. Classically, th man is the soldier, the woman his nurs But there are high-powered females toda who need the same solace after dark. wife spends her days in the same aren fighting just as hard. She is strung to h highest pitch when she returns home. B if she reasonably expects the same co sideration, she becomes a monster.

It has been my experience that or cannot depend on human relations f lasting reward. It is only work that tru satisfies. I think I've known this all m life. No one could ever share my driv or my vision. No one has ever understoo the sweetness of my joy at the end of good day's work. I guess I threw ever thing else down the drain.

But they all settled, my husbands, an enjoyed the fruit while they tried to c down the tree. Every last one of the resented his position, without trying change it. A better way to say it: respon sibility always shifted to me.

Why did they always stay to the bitt end? Why didn't they leave as they often threatened to? I suppose, like chi dren, they were afraid to leave home.

If I ever hear that marriage ceremon again I will scream with laughter and will wear black! No more long-term co tracts. I am free and we all know wh solitude that brings. But I have alwa been alone, really. I should have know enough to travel light, because no o could really come with me on my trip. fought this knowledge for years and no I face it squarely.

My children are the dividends I mirac lously earned with all my wildcat scheme But how strange that the circle has con full round. I am exactly where moth was at the beginning: alone with my ch dren—alone against the world. But have had my fulfillment in my caree Ruthie never did—either in love or wor She sacrificed everything for me.

"I don't like it that you're going to alone in the house, mommy. Who's goi to be with you when B.D. and I are aw at school?" Ten-year-old Mike. I felt n face begin to crumble.

And that's exactly why I sent him to school. I do not intend to use my ch dren as crutches. I want them bound no one, not even me. *And I am all rig* I keep saying. *I'll be fine!* I keep sayi over and over!

The Williams play was my first witho Ruthie. There are going to be so ma firsts this year.

Our out-of-town tryout of *Igua* opened in Rochester. Rochester! A flo of memories carried me from my dressi room to that stage opening night. Cul and *Broadway*, Ruthie, the beginning, t prelude to all this. How ironic that should return to Rochester. I recalled t train trip with the cast—my first sepa tion from her.

"Remember, darling. Study the part Pearl . . . she's going to have an acciden I stood waiting for the curtain to go u All the old nerves were there. Then felt my spine stiffen.

Western Union never sent it; but was telegraphed all the same. one can ever convince me it wasn't:

"Remember, darling—I'm in the fr row."

Mother was there. I saw her, back Cushing when I graduated, smiling ga in that old flowered hat that was s posed to hide her developer-poisoned fa I saw her sitting there, spunky a proud. I could never let her down. cue came. "Curtain up, light the ligh we've got nothing to hit but the height I made my entrance. Maxine Faulk sa

"Shannon! Hi, baby—I've been expe ing you here."

Everything did come up roses.



and they all need good, nutritious food, including the proper amount of vitamins!

It's easy to believe Mother's carefully planned meals supply enough vitamins. But it's not necessarily so. Vitamins can be lost in cooking, storing, in many ways. And boys will be boys—at *any* age. (Girls, too.) Dad's hit-and-run lunch and the youngsters' snack and pop routine can often interfere with good eating habits. In fact, faulty nutrition is the major cause of vitamin shortage.

We can't avoid the fact that vitamin shortage can happen to anyone at any age. But, you can prevent vitamin shortage and protect vitamin health by supplementing your meals with ONE-A-DAY (Brand) Multiple Vitamins. A single ONE-A-DAY tablet daily supplies all the vitamins you normally need to take. But, be *sure* you get ONE-A-DAY® (Brand) Multiple Vitamins.



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MILES PRODUCTS

FALL FASHION BULLETIN

The tape-measure waist is back—in many versions. Yet you are still in fashion wearing sweater dresses, tube dresses, and overblouses with no apparent waistline. Even nipped waists should show a great deal of ease above and below. If your waist is cinched, your bodice should billow. Never tuck it tautly into your belt, or look poured in from collar to hem. The greatest degree of change will be found in details. Skirts are a good illustration. Their length remains the same, just brimming the kneecap, but their style is more important. The ordinary pencil skirt is disappearing. It is replaced by a softer, more luxurious one. This applies especially to suit skirts. Those appearing straight will instead have soft gathers on top or will flare gently. In the extreme, they will pleat or gather all around, using a surprising amount of fabric. This fall you might be tempted to buy a suit because of the wonderful extra uses its skirt will give you. Look for generous details in these skirts like invisible, comfortable side pockets and more important waistbands.



Sleeves are changing. We will see less and less of the same old three-quarter sleeve—abruptly chopped. They are longer and narrower. If they are designed full under the arm, as are many jersey dresses, sleeves will taper firmly toward the wrist. With this in mind, start a fresh collection of wrist-length gloves. Buy them in everything from bright-colored jerseys to washable white kid. If you happen to live in the city, start thinking about pigskin-colored gloves to wear with black as a change from black or white.



Jackets are longer by two or three inches. They will belt, not belt, have fitted fronts, straight backs, or fall almost completely straight. There are several new trends here: 1—the more classic riding-habit cut which, especially over a fuller skirt, is a beautiful look; 2—the belted jacket, loose above and full below; 3—the jacket with the high muffled neckline.

There never was such a year for accessory excitement, and probably the biggest news is the wide belt. You can even find it measuring fourteen inches up and down! Do not let these new widths frighten you. They can do wonders in whittling inches—or looking as if they do. Even more important, no fashion was ever more appealing to a man than the old-fashioned waist. You will find all sorts of important belts for day in soft glove-like leathers, suèdes, and man-made and true furs. Some have bold buckles. Others, made of dress fabric, wrap high or low and tie where you wish. These are particularly wonderful for dinner dresses in bright-colored silks.

This year shirts will be an important accessory. They are taking on a dressed-up look. For instance, you can now wear a shirt to lunch with a wide belt, important skirt and a stole and be completely correct. Start with two in white, wearing one for day, the other for evening, with a wide bright sash and dinner skirt (see sketch). Add a pretty flowered one to wear with a neutral tweed. It will give a lift to your wardrobe as quickly as a new dress would, especially when it adds to the evening side of your closet. Have some fun here, too, with color and fabric mixtures. For instance, a famous sportswear designer this fall showed pale cotton-gingham shirts with bulky tweed skirts, matching stoles and wide belts. For example, yellow gingham with gray flannel; pink gingham with black-and-white tweed. It is a look which is a delicious surprise.



Another wonderful accessory is the stole or the triangle. We have always had these for evening, but for day they will become a tremendous hit. The reason is, first, practical. Autumn days can be very warm and the only necessary covering is for the shoulders—especially over sleeveless dresses, now an all-year uniform. The second reason is the fun they can be. Why not start a collection or a wardrobe of them? You could buy one in a brilliant tartan plaid. Wear it over gray flannel, red jersey or black. Buy another in a bold black-and-white plaid. Wear it over beige twill, yellow jersey, even at night over red velveteen. Shirts and skirts will take on great importance if you add a stole. Either you buy one that matches the skirt (you will find many skirts including them this fall) or buy one that picks up a color in the skirt or deliberately contrasts. For example, a black-and-brown tweed skirt, cream shirt and black tweed stole. Or a bright red fleece skirt, black belt, white shirt and a bold black-and-white-plaid stole. Do not be afraid to wear these wool stoles in the evening. In fact, buy a bright red fleece, or a black one, with this in mind. They are particularly wonderful with long dinner skirts. Plan to wear them on into winter, too, over your coats. And you can be just as courageous here in color and contrast. We know one smart traveler who took three stoles to Europe and only one coat. She even used one of them for everything from a bed jacket to a blanket!



With the shirt revival going on, head looks are changing. A softness there, too, is taking over. A big bouffant coif would look dreadful with these gentle fashions. Hair ribbons and bows look prettier than ever. Wear them every which way, even at the nape of your neck. We would not be at all surprised to see the mantilla take over for evening, thanks probably to a certain pretty young Washington, D.C., resident. Let us hope so, as surely there never was a more feminine fashion.



Fur trimming will be more important than ever. Those muffled jacket collars we spoke of earlier will be used with fur—very high and wide, covering all but your eyes. If you buy a separate fur piece to go over a suit or coat neckline, try wearing it like this.



As collars, cuffs and even hems will have wide bands of fur, the fashion for high boots in even fine weather has been introduced. It has been called everything from the Mata Hari Look, the Russian Winter Look, to the Anna Karenina Look. Whatever the look, it is young and romantic, and particularly charming when worn with a muff. You will find these boots in everything from shiny black rubber to curly lamb. Some will have little heels, some flat; almost all will be knee-high. Shoes in general will change little from the stacked-heel pump which is still growing in popularity. We are definitely moving away from high needle heels and needle-pointed toes. The heels are lower, of course, because skirts are short. The more rounded toe should be welcome news.

As for hats: if you feel a bow is not enough, you will find berets in all shapes. Big ones which look like artist berets, others so small we nicknamed them hot-cake berets. Wear them—the hot-cakes, that is—perched just over one eye; wear the larger ones on the side, on the back or just on the top, depending on your coif. The Breton rage is dwindling, but the back-of-the-head hat fashion is not. It is too easy on your hair style to abandon. Turn to page 66 for more Fall Fashions.



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*surface blemishes

DO YOUR CHILDREN WORRY ABOUT WAR?

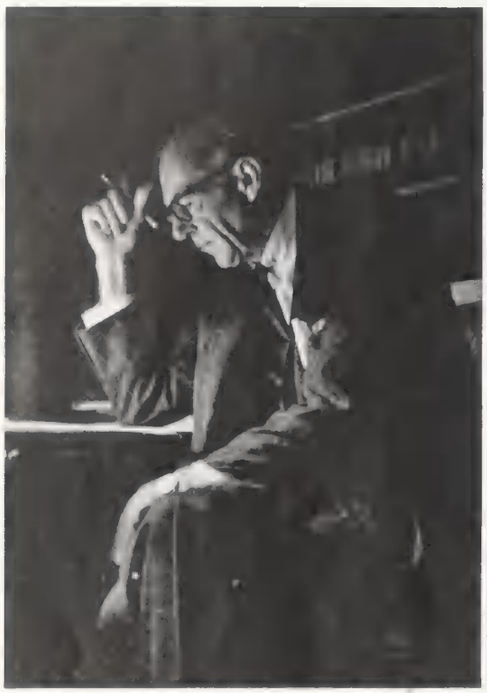
BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

What can parents do to keep their children from becoming more and more anxious as the cold war persists? Here is part of a letter a mother wrote me which is unusually vivid because it shows how a young child visualizes world problems:

"I wish that you would give mothers your thinking on this problem. It seems almost fantastic to relate how my little four-year-old is reacting with the same fears as her older sister. Some time ago she told us most matter-of-factly that, 'The bomb would kill daddy, mommy and everybody, and then God would have to make new people.' Yesterday she told me, and I had to write it down to believe it, 'God and President Kennedy take care of the whole world. Especially God because He's up in the sky anyway. God shoots the bad bombs with His magic gun, and President Kennedy shoots the bad bombs with his real gun. So we won't have to have any bombs to make people die.' Her five-year-old friend told her not to eat the snow 'because there is a piece of the bomb in it.'"

I admire the spirit of this child. She has great concern about the possible destruction of everyone she loves—that's why she's talking about it—but she remains calm and she clings to what hope she can find for the future. Like other very young children, she naturally puts her trust in certain important individuals she knows about, rather than in impersonal organizations, which are hard for her to imagine. In a sense she's probably right, even though she doesn't yet understand the methods that God uses and the methods that a President uses. And there is an altruistic love of all mankind in her last sentence. Her friend's remark, by contrast, expresses only worry.

The question of how to keep children from becoming unduly anxious used to be debated a lot when the United States first entered World War II. The experiences of that war gave some of the answers. When it was a matter of actual bombing, as in London, the children who remained with their parents proved to be much less emotionally disturbed than those who were sent out of town. (There was the story of the small child who was playing happily and noisily near her family in a shelter and whose mother said crossly, "Sit still now and listen to the bombing!") The children in America who worried excessively about the war were, in general, those who had had other phobias before, and those who had unusually anxious parents. There have, of course, always been things in the news for fearful children to become obsessed with, like polio, kidnapers, killings. And all children, being dependent in every respect on their parents, have always mirrored their parents' moods to a greater or lesser degree. So a basic question is: How can parents cope with their own anxieties in times like these?



HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON

"Parents cannot reassure their children about the cold war as long as they themselves feel uncertain and helpless. Children have always mirrored their parents' moods to a greater or lesser degree. The basic question today is: how can adults cope with their own anxieties in times like these?"

We are apt to assume that the normal state of affairs for the world and for people is to be free from anxiety. Or at least we have always been saying that it wasn't so bad before the Russians had the bomb, or before the war, or before the long depression. The more you think of it, especially when you consider the less fortunate parts of the world, the more you realize that a large part of the human race has regularly had to exist face to face with danger—either from enemies, epidemics, famine, occupational hazards, economic depression or natural disasters. Even in our own favored land a majority of children in colonial times were destined to die of disease before they had a chance to grow up. In some regions there was the threat of Indians. Nowadays automobiles kill 30,000 of us yearly, an appalling slaughter. Yet relatively few people are chronically anxious about the everyday dangers. This is partly because they grow accustomed to them, often without justification. More importantly, human beings are relieved of much of their worry if they feel they have taken what steps are possible to protect themselves—whether it's getting inoculations or installing seat belts or forming a volunteer fire department.

The mechanism of anxiety is given to us, as it is to all animals, to make us use our wits to analyze where the danger lies and then to overcome it. The body is charged with excess energy and determination. A young man chased by a bull can run faster than he ever could in a track meet. There was the mother, you may remember, who raised the automobile which was pinning her child down, though she crushed her own vertebrae in the effort. The timid boy cornered by bullies can fight like a wildcat. When anxiety leads to effective action, the emotions eventually return to normal. But when a person sees no way to flee or to fight or to take constructive action, he stews in his own fear, or he finds an unrealistic method for denying the danger.

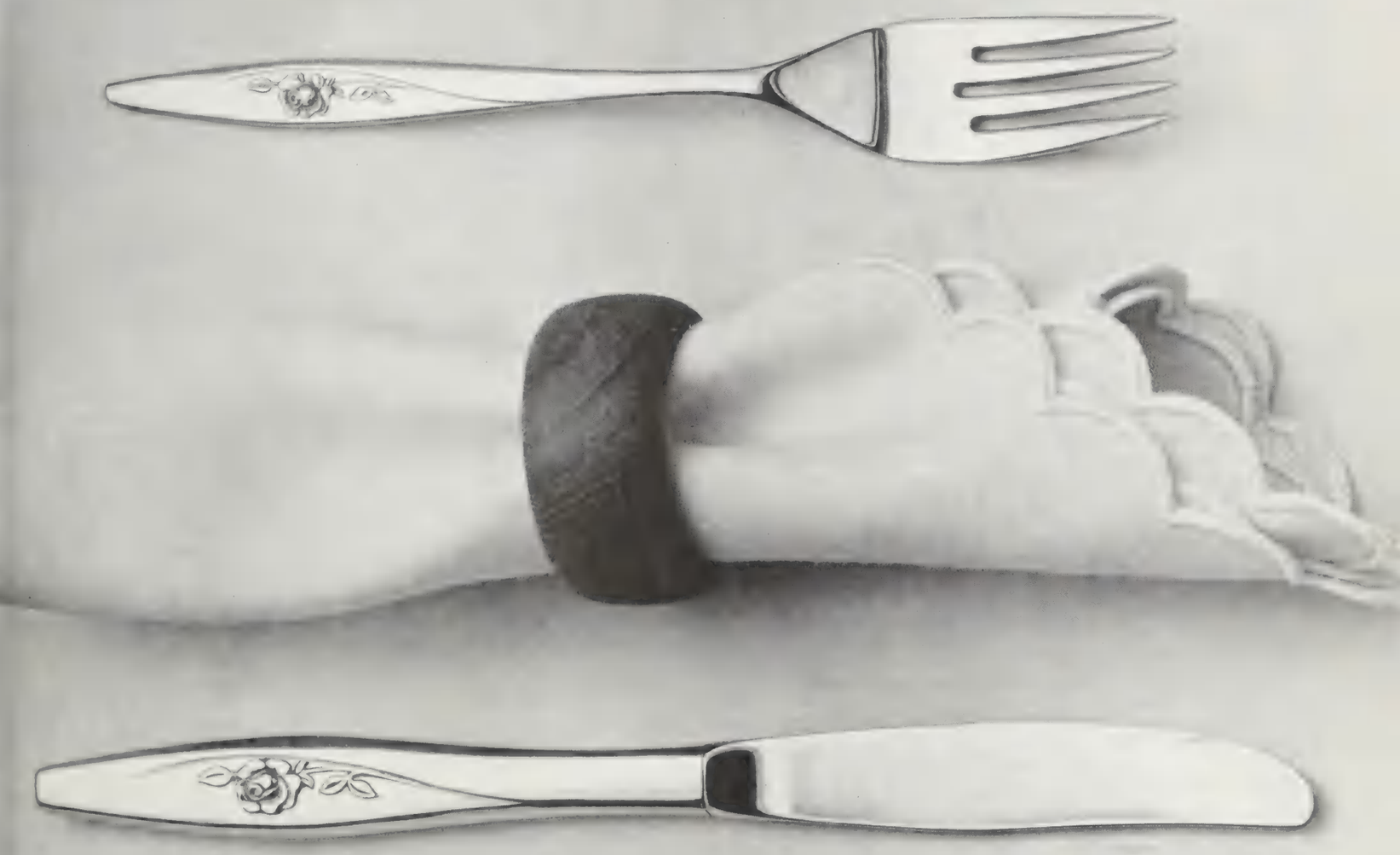
What action can individuals take to meet the threat of nuclear extinction?

I've read articles recently about the knowledge and lack of knowledge of the worth of fallout shelters. It is evident that only a limited proportion of the deaths would be prevented, and that shelters will be too expensive for most families to build privately. There is a little more point to community shelters, but the building of these would compete for public funds which could be used for other purposes that surely will benefit children. The issue will probably be decided in each community, which is as it should be. The debate that has been stirred up will at least make people more aware of what they face and of the primary and overwhelming importance of striving for a secure world. The issue of shelters seems to me quite secondary and defeatist by comparison.

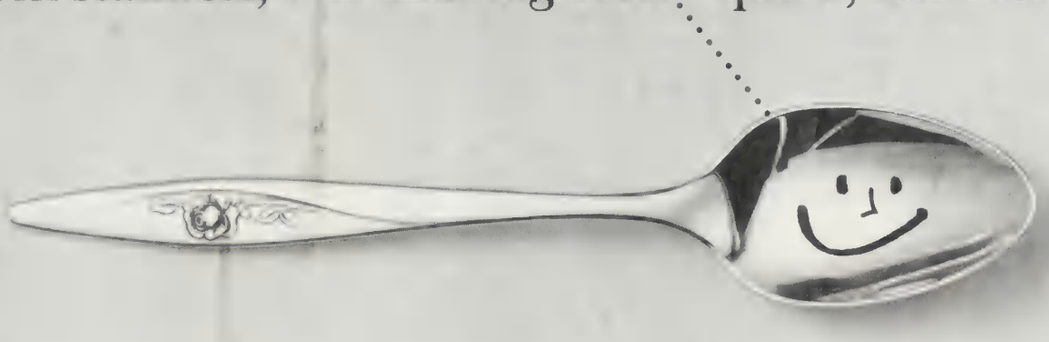
The real question about death is not whether it will occur, but for what reason. All of us have to die in the end. To worry about death without coming to any positive action only turns living into an anticipation of death.

On the other hand, we scorn the individuals, and the nations, who are so stupid that they do not see danger coming, or who are so soft that they can't arouse themselves, or who surrender because they are afraid to fight. Man gains dignity—in his own eyes and in the eyes of mankind—when he lives his life according to principles. If he dies young in the cause of his ideal, his life and his death are both inspiring. Consider the life and death of Christ. Some causes, such as the founding of empires, seemed noble at the time, but they proved curses in the end. So the highest destiny for man is to live or to die for principles that will be respected not only now but centuries

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50



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DOCTOR SPOCK TALKS WITH MOTHERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

hence. He need not doubt his own beliefs just because they are unpopular today. At times of fateful crisis we should only feel sorry for those who have no aspirations—aside from a concern for their own safety—or who are too timid to take any action to support them.

We see a variety of reactions to our nation's danger today. The right-wing groups have visualized the peril as primarily due to widespread Red collaboration among Americans and have recommended impeaching high Government officials. Some legislators and citizens demand that we ignore the cautions of our allies and the opinions of the neutral nations and act as belligerently as is necessary in such situations as Berlin and Cuba to make our enemies back down. Others see this as the surest way to isolate ourselves from all our friends and court disaster. There are the pacifists who sincerely believe that unilateral disarmament is the best way to reassure and to set the example for our enemies, and that if this fails it would still be better to be Red than dead. Between these groups there are many Americans who don't know what to believe and many others who manage not to think about these crucial problems at all.

What causes a sense of anxious helplessness in many people who do have a real concern and an opinion is the assumption that there is nothing effective they can do. What influence does one citizen among 180,000,000 have, they say—not as a question but as a gloomy answer. This attitude expresses a fundamental skepticism about democracy. Worse still, it expresses a sickness of the spirit, a resignation to pessimism. Actually it's quite unrealistic too. The course of action in any nation—even in a democracy—is influenced tremendously by the small minority of the population who have the gumption to express their convictions and to join in groups to arouse others with similar views. If only one in a hundred of the readers of one magazine such as this were to write a note to the President on any issue, it would add up to an overwhelming torrent of mail that could not fail to impress him and the country generally. Think of that small band of dedicated mothers who recently traveled to Washington and paraded in the rain in favor of continued suspension of nuclear testing. The President saw them and most of the newspaper readers of the United States saw a picture of the demonstration.

Some people who would like to register their opinions are stopped, I imagine, by bashfulness. Yet a letter to the President or to one's senators and representative doesn't have to be formal or long. Its informality and sincerity are what make it impressive. Organized groups have their full-time lobbies. Citizens have to speak for themselves. Parents have to speak for themselves and their children. A factor that should spur parents with moderate views to speak up is to remember that those with aggressive views have no hesitation in voicing them. The most important point to realize is that the crucial decisions in foreign and military policy—about Berlin and other areas of conflict, armament, nuclear testing—have to be made initially by the President alone, though he must have the support of Congress. He has the advice of military and atomic and intelligence experts. But most of these specialists will be primarily and rightly concerned with how to achieve and maintain a superior strength, rather than with the larger question of whether that alone will secure peace in the long run. If a President wishes to steer a moderate course he needs the backing of a majority of the population and of Congress, since there will always be vigorous opponents of such a course who will call it appeasement.

As you have suspected, my own views are moderate. I would rather be dead than submit to a police state, and I think that the stands we took in Korea and Berlin were necessary to convince the Communists that we were prepared to fight. On the other hand, I think it is extremely important—for our own good—to remember that part of the hostility of the Russian and Chinese regimes is based on fear, since we have been almost continually hostile to both of them since their respective revolutions and now have them surrounded with our bomber bases, military allies and nuclear submarines. If we forget this fear, we misinterpret some of their motives, overfrighten ourselves about their intentions (which are aggressive enough in any case) and fail to see opportunities for agreement that would be mutually advantageous.

The Russians have at times shown signs of genuinely wanting disarmament and test agreements (quite apart from their propaganda proposals). But from our point of view they have always demanded too much and conceded too little. We have always demanded so much inspection that the Russians, with their suspiciousness, believe we are only interested in spying. A nuclear physicist has recently pointed out that several times in the past ten years we might have secured a test-ban agreement that in retrospect would have been very favorable to us, but our fear that the Soviets might benefit made us pass up the opportunities. Our fear that they might be able to conceal nuclear tests unless there were many detection stations all over Russia was proved greatly exaggerated during their recent series of tests when we, from outside their country, detected them easily. So each side, in refusing to take the smaller risks, increases the great risk. If progress toward real security is to be made, one side at least has to show more self-assurance. Though we cannot let down our guard, I do think that, since we are stronger in most respects and a little less suspicious, we should not be afraid to take the lead. Fortunately most Americans agree that we should continue to negotiate and to search for possible areas of agreement, no matter how often we're disappointed.

To many Americans besides myself it seems self-defeating to resume nuclear testing if, as experts say, we are still ahead of the Russians. For it will surely provoke more Russian tests, further dishearten the world, including our own people, make more certain the entrance of China and other nations (that will be even more difficult to deal with) into the nuclear race, increase the problem of finding the eventual way to control and decrease armaments. This is the kind of situation in which I think it is particularly appropriate for people with moderate views to write to the President, expressing their hope that, to show America's desire for peace and concern for all people, it will be possible for us to refrain from testing, so long as our power of deterrence is not impaired.

But it appears to me that there are further opportunities of a more positive kind that we could be taking to convince the Russian and Chinese people and governments that we are truly unaggressive in our intentions. Suspicion between nations, as between individuals, thrives on distance and threats, decreases on contact.

Our partially open channels of communication with the Russian people, our cultural and scientific exchanges, have helped to keep them basically friendly toward us, admiring of our technical skills and material advantages, despite their government's efforts to instill fear of our intentions and scorn for our system. Our Administration appears cautious about visits between high-level officials until agreements are in sight, presumably for fear of giving the impression—to the Russian government, to some of our allies, to certain of our own citizens and politicians—of possible appeasement. To me it would seem there was every advantage to regular visits back and forth—even of the President and the Premier—not with any obligation to find a quick agreement but to become better acquainted with members of the opposing government and people, their views, fears, hopes. The good will and sincerity of our President would make a profound impression on the Russian people and he would find opportunities to say at least some things to them directly.

Khrushchev himself admitted recently, in so many words, that his nation has inferiority feelings and wants to be treated as an equal. I think it would greatly impress all Russians if we could honor their astronauts, scientists, musicians, dancers who have made contributions we respect, with such recognition as official receptions, awards. In ways like these hearts are warmed, even in high officials.

You may think I have gone all around the lot in answer to a mother's question. I've been saying that parents can't reassure their children about the cold war as long as they themselves feel uncertain and helpless. They need to inform themselves on the issues, test alternative views against their own philosophy of life, come to their own conclusions. Then they should put their convictions into action in the ways available in a democracy—voting, writing to the President, senators and representative as often as they feel concern over any issue, joining groups to advance their cause. I've discussed some of my own convictions because that's the only way I can feel I'm doing my part.

I'll add a few specific suggestions about how I think we can help our children to take the cold war in their stride, as we do with all the other dangers and worries they face. We can refrain from talking in a pessimistic or alarmist manner, and from exaggerating the ferociousness of our enemies. We can point out with cheerful confidence all that our Government and the United Nations are doing to avoid war and what we as citizens are doing to influence the course of action. We can say with a grin, "We're all alive, aren't we?" And if our children press the question of what happens if attack comes, we should be able to show some of the serenity and courage that the early Christians, pioneers and good soldiers have always demonstrated when they were sure that their cause was right.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—ED.

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REXALL RO-BALL DEODORANT. . . . **69¢**
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OURNAL NOW



girl Ina Balke finds red underskirt (Metro- Museum says it's not original equipment).

erybody knows what a Scotch warrior wore nder his kilts, but how many people know knight of old wore under his suit of armor? e right! Not ...any people. To this short list ie name of INA BALKE, this month's cover hose eyes were lovely and large enough for a o drown in even before she found out. "*C'est sible!*" she exclaimed. (The jousting suit, ut jouster, was a part of the props for n Editor NORA O'LEARY's *Prize Plaids ke* on page 74. Pictures were taken at Dick's , an old monument to old money, opposite Point on the Hudson River in Garrison, New Ina, a top model in France, Germany, nd the U.S., sets some sort of *Journal* record. ing the cover, her countenance appears times in this issue. Can you find them all?

ke a good look at the clever montage illus- ating our *Fall Fashion Bulletin* (page 46). *Journal* editors have borrowed the trade- of ALFRED HITCHCOCK, who appears ntarily as a character in every movie he s. (He is *not* a *Journal* editor.) That's on Editor CATHY DI MONTEZEMOLO's nt wraith you see in the old-fashioned hand ; pinned to the bulletin board is a photo of Director TOM HECK; JIM ABEL (the tache of the Art Department) appears in an nting, and JEANLOUP SIEFF, the photog- , has his passport picture also pinned on ard. Egocentrics all! Nice ones.

No less a learned authority than Professor GUNNAR MYRDAL agrees with Associate Editor GLENN WHITE's informal, personal observations on the present status of Negroes in the United States (*Where Does the Negro Go From Here?* page 24). In a recent speech at Howard University, Professor Myrdal said that in historical perspective the rapidity of progress made by the Negro in the U.S. is "astonishing." White and Negro people were increasingly mingling in work and pleasure, he said, and all were discovering that "they are the same sort of people with the same cultural moorings, the same likes and dislikes, and the same aspirations and ambitions for themselves and for America." Professor Myrdal, Swedish economist and international civil servant, wrote—with others—what is generally accepted as the most authoritative study of the Negro problem: *An American Dilemma*, published in 1944 after six years of research. If his—and Mr. White's—glasses now are slightly rose-tinted, maybe that's the kind to wear.

Item in the news: MARGARET HICKEY, the *Journal*'s Public Affairs Editor, has been named Chairman of the Committee on Federal Employment Policies and Practices of President Kennedy's National Commission on the Status of Women. She is the only representative of a magazine on the President's commission. The purpose of the commission, in the President's words: "To set forth before the world the story of women's progress, to review their accomplishments, and to acknowledge frankly the further steps which must be taken."



Mary Stewart, spinner of tales, spun "The Moon Spinners."

Fiction Editor JEAN FREEMAN thinks MARY STEWART looks exactly like the heroine in her romantic suspense novel, *The Moon Spinners* (page 54). Mrs. Stewart (her husband is Regius Professor of Geology at Edinburgh University) published her first novel, called *Madam, Will You Talk?* in 1956, and has since talked her way, charmingly and thrillingly, through six more, of which the *Journal* has published three.

Decorating Editor CYNTHIA KELLOGG put in twenty strenuous days of commuting between New York and Philadelphia to scout and photograph *The New Philadelphia Story* (page 56). She reports, "I used to limp off the train in quiet, old New York utterly exhausted by jumping, new Philadelphia. I wasn't actually dead—just almost." The assignment had other hazards. Philadelphians stuffed her with every sort of edible, from bourbon balls (a specialty of a University Museum official) to Italian dinners (a favorite of a National Park Service historian-architect) and she gained five pounds. Once she was very nearly knocked unconscious by a Jefferson door—a door that has a window above it. To exit, you open the door and duck under the window. Cynthia forgot to duck.



DI PIETRO

Editor Curtiss Anderson chats with Journal guests before convening first Workshop conference on food.

This month the *Journal* is presenting the beginning of the results of a Workshop conference with outstanding leaders in the food industry (see Food Editor NANCY WOOD's *Check-Out Feast from the Supermarket, Eating for Health and Beauty* on pages 80 to 83, also the statements by JACQUELINE KENNEDY and GEORGE McGOVERN on page 30). Food is a delight. It is also a problem—tragic for those nations which have too little, perplexing (and costly) for the United States, which has an abundance. Coincidentally, the Fifth International Food Congress and Exhibition is also being held this month (September 8–16) at the New York Coliseum. At the Workshop conference, HANS J. WOLFLISBERG, president of the Nestlé Company and general chairman of the congress, stated its theme: *To show the world at large how . . . under the system of free enterprise and free competition, and through the teamwork of all segments of the industry from farm to table . . . the most basic need of humanity—FOOD—can be brought to the people efficiently, conveniently and abundantly . . . at a cost which represents a constantly decreasing percentage of total income . . .*

The *Journal* salutes the farmers, food processors and distributors who have made food production in the United States one of the most amazing success stories in the history of the world. It plans to explore further aspects of this happy story, as well as the tragedies of food shortage, in future issues. (A transcript of the proceedings of the Journal Workshop Food Conference may be had by writing to *Journal Now* and asking for it.)

...AND THEN

YEARS AGO The first policewoman erica appeared on New York City streets in mber, 1912, the U.S. Department of Agri- e was fifty years old, and parcel-post service . *Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland* was a hit l, and after a fast game of tennis young girls patted their complexions with table cream and rose water to prevent tanning.

Remarks a mother in a new *Journal* feature, *How Other Folks Live*, "We manage our money so successfully that we have $80 left every month for food, clothing, repairs, amusements, doctors, etc., for a family of six."

"A woman to clean and sweep the whole house gets $1 a day and a hearty meal at noon."

"Eczema has no apparent cause in some cases; however, it is not a sign of 'bad blood' as is often thought."

"Average yearly incomes in 1912: college professors, $1300; city ministers, $1092; steel workers, $630; country ministers, $573; and public-school teachers, $507."

"Some children are very fond of adobe sandwiches: two crackers are buttered and one is sprinkled with brown sugar, and the other with finely shaved chocolate."

When a young mother-to-be with no money wrote to the *Journal* for help in 1912, the magazine arranged free nursing and hospital care, and found a job for her husband. "She had a splendid girl—surely a *Journal* baby!" Editor Bok said.

The Moon Spinners

By MARY STEWART

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What began as a carefree holiday for Nicola ended in flight and fear. Yet she knew that she must help Mark escape from the terror that stalked him through the Greek hills—at whatever cost to herself

ILLUSTRATED BY BERNIE FUCHS



art 1 of 2 The car from Heraklion set me down where the track for Agios Georgios leaves the road. I got , adjusted on my shoulder the big bag of embroidered canvas that duty as a haversack, then turned to thank the American couple the lift they had so kindly given me.

Mrs. Studebaker peered rather anxiously out the car window. "Are sure that you're all right, my dear?" she asked me. "I don't like ting you down like this, in the middle of nowhere. You're sure that s is the right place?"

"It's all right," I said, laughing. "According to your driver—and the p—the village is about three quarters of a mile away, down this ck. Once round that cliff down there, I'll probably be able to see it."

"I surely hope so." Mr. Studebaker had got out of the car when I did, and was now supervising the driver as he lifted my one small case from the boot.

I had made the Studebakers' acquaintance at my hotel only the evening before, and as soon as they heard that I was making for the southern coast of Crete nothing would content them but that I should join them for part of their hired tour of the island. Now, it seemed, nothing would please them better than for me to abandon my foolish project of visiting this village in the middle of nowhere, and go with them for the rest of their trip.

"I don't like it." Mr. Studebaker was anxiously regarding the stony little track which wound gently downhill from CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



"He's looking only for me," said Mark, with angry patience. "You'll be quite safe in the cave."

THE NEW PHILADELPHIA STORY

by
CYNTHIA KELLOGG
WITH MURIAL HANNA REDNER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
ERNST BEADLE

Philadelphia glows today with flowers, fresh paint and tender loving care. Her stoops are scrubbed, her windows glisten, her backyards bloom. The fireplaces in the Colonial living rooms burn once more and the chandeliers in the nineteenth-century parlors blaze again. All day long hammers tell of other houses being rescued from a shabby senility. Families are moving back to the city to convert derelict buildings into comfortable homes. These public-spirited householders are contributing to an urban-renewal program that is saving a city that belongs to all Americans. But they are interested in more than remodeling old houses. They love life in the city. Some of the many different reasons that people enjoy an urban life are given here in our seven case histories, which illustrate also a variety of methods for renewing an old house no matter where it may be located.

Family sentiment is the reason why Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lees Eastwick ught a house in Philadelphia. Built in 1771, the house was purchased in 1778 by an ancestor of Mrs. Eastwick, lliam Wister, and remained in her family until 1853. It had fallen on unhappy days as a inese laundry when architect bert T. Trump discovered it. Philadelphians call this kind of early home a ather, Son and Holy Ghost" house because it has only three rooms. But it is an ideal size for Mr. Eastwick, an industrialist, and his wife to use for overnight visits in the city from their country home. Mr. Trump restored it to its original eighteenth-century grace and Mrs. Eastwick lovingly furnished it in the style of the period.



Authentic restoration is the way the Eastwicks renewed their old house. The fireplace wall has been copied from an original in the bedroom above, since old insurance records stated that the walls matched. The Delft tile matches fragments of fireplace tile found in the house. The wing chair is a copy, but all the other furnishings are antique.



Peter's, where Washington worshiped. ...s directly back of the Eastwicks' house.



"Philadelphia is reminiscent of an era when Americans took the time to enjoy living," Paul Silverman, a young designer says of his decision to settle in the city. Handsome old houses, charming alleys and small gardens remind him of cities that he loved in Europe. He established himself in an apartment in one of the old town houses that are too large today for just one family. He used large-scale, modern furniture to counteract the overwhelming, period effect of mahogany walls and raftered ceiling. The connecting links between new furniture and old background are the rich textures of leather, glass, silk and velvet, which might have been used originally in the room.

A contrasting style in furniture can dramatize a period background. This turn-of-the-century apartment, once the dining room in an old town house, is arranged as a one-room home, with the velvet sofa doubling as a bed, the rosewood dining table as a desk. A number of black two-drawer chests with their legs removed are lined up under the windows to provide extra seating as well as storage. The alcove at the far end, with its tall windows and mosaic floor, is a natural haven for plants. Rusts and beiges, keyed to the dominating red-brown mahogany, create a serene, "no-color" atmosphere needed in a one-room home.



Vast rooms in a majestic 1869 town house, remodeled about 1900, make apartments today



The Sterns' 1870 house, spruced up with gray paint and white trim, has a brand-new future.

THE NEW PHILADELPHIA STORY

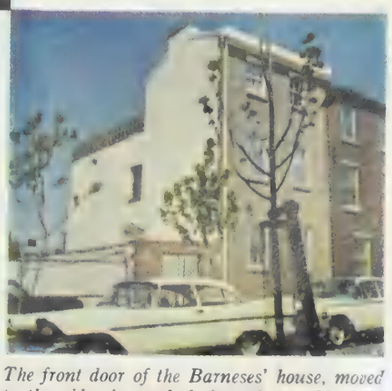
"Privacy without pressure" is why Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Stern prefer to live in the city. Mrs. Stern feels that if her family moved to the suburbs it would have to conform to the way the neighbors live. "But in the city you are accepted as an individual—no one asks about your background." Also, city life is less boring—"the women all do something." Mrs. Stern is an artist-designer, her husband is the administrator of a local hospital. The city is a great place to raise youngsters, too, she believes. "There are five families with children in our block for Melissa to play with, so I don't have to cart her miles away." Since a former owner had modernized the kitchen and other antiquated features of the house, all Mrs. Stern had to do was update the decorating scheme. She simply used lots of bright paint, a wonderful way to "fill up" the giant-size rooms in old houses. Then she mixed old and new furnishings to create an informal, personal atmosphere.

A citrus color scheme modernizes the background of the parlor floor in the Sterns' old town house. Mrs. Stern repeated the yellow of one living-room wall and the orange of one wall in the dining room, beyond, in a fringed patterned "carpet" that she painted, freehand, on the stairs. She used a fast-drying, durable paint called "Jet-Dry." The old kitchen wall cabinet, set on the floor, is topped with white glass. The lamp base is an old toy.



The budget was a major factor in Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barnes's choice of a city home. They wanted as much space as they could get for their money; and, also, a house that would have resale value. First they looked in the country, "but nothing pleased us." Then they found a three-story house for $5000 on a neglected street that seemed bound to be rehabilitated in the city's urban-renewal program. By investing their own labor, it cost only $11,000 to remodel the house, which was built about 1870. In just two years, doing almost all the work, the Barneses have accomplished their renewal project. They replaced floors, replastered walls, built the kitchen and the bathroom, helped rebuild the front and side walls. Today, with the improvement of other houses in the area, prices have doubled on the unimproved ones. The city house has given the Barneses other bonuses: savings on rent for a separate studio for Mr. Barnes (it is now in the basement) and the convenience of city life, "most important when we both work."

he space and charm of a country bedroom were achieved first by removing a wall that divided the room from a smaller one. Then Mr. Barnes ced the fireplace wall with pine paneling, stained dark, and installed ceiling beams, made of pine boards stained to match. The country merican furnishings harmonize with this rustic background, while Mr. Barnes's paintings and bust of his wife add modern decorative notes.



The front door of the Barneses' house, moved to the side, is reached through an old alley.

"The reason we live in the city is because I can get home from work at five-five," young Theodore T. Newbold says. He loathes commuting to e suburbs and now walks just four blocks to work in his family's metals concern. City life is no sacrifice for Mrs. Newbold—"I enjoy its bustle." And, she says roudly, "We are able to have a one-of-a-kind house." In contrast to her parents' home (a new house in traditional style, shown below), she and her husband live in a house built in Society Hill in 1778 and enlarged in 1830. To comply with a National Park Service regulation on historic houses in ciety Hill, the Newbolds had to restore the house façade to its original state. Inside, they were allowed to make architectural changes. ey furnished the house with heirlooms and their wn collection of Oriental art.





The Newbolds' restored house rubs shoulders with a store, a typical rehabilitation sight.

Furnishings can be dramatized by simplifying the background. Pale walls play up the furniture carved by Mr. Newbold's grandfather. Storage units around the windows make showcases for art.

Politically speaking, we had to live in Philadelphia," s. Richardson Dilworth says. er husband has held several city posts, including that of mayor for two terms, and is ay a candidate for governor. "You must reside in e county to run for office," Mrs. Dilworth explains. appily, she and her husband love the city. As mayor, Mr. Dilworth did much to preserve Philadelphia's historic areas. But when it came to an old house or himself, he was less lucky than his son-in-law and ughter, whose historic home shown above. The Dilworths bought a pair of Colonial uses that were condemned, so they tore them down and built anew. To harmonize ith the city's old buildings, architect Edwin Brumbaugh designed the house in aditional style. Mrs. Dilworth decorated with English and merican furnishings, passed down through her family.





1957 house, replacing two old ones, conforms with traditional Philadelphia architecture.

Family possessions induce a warm feeling of the past in the Dilworths' new library. A favorite painting and a Franklin stove from a former home were built into the fireplace wall. Books, deep furniture, faded chintzes and bright pillows create the comfortable look that is always good decorating.

THE NEW PHILADELPHIA STORY



Dyson house is in one of Philadelphia's many alleys that have been rescued from the slums.

The excitement of the city lured archaeologist Robert H. Dyson into buying a small 1860 house in one of Philadelphia's enchanting mewslike streets. Part of the excitement in Philadelphia is, of course, the city's vast urban-renewal project. "Living here now makes it seem as if you are part of something wonderful." As more and more people move back to the city, there is excitement of one sort or another as the number of activities for city folk grows. In addition to Philadelphia's plays, concerts and museums, there is an increasing number of amateur projects, such as singing societies, little-theater groups, classes at the museums. Mr. Dyson's house is a small one, possibly built for the "young marrieds" of the day. When he found it, five years ago, the street was a slum, with such features as outhouses in the gardens. He bought it for $5000. Today, after modernization, it is worth many times more. And the block that was an eyesore is a charming addition to a beautiful city.

Tiny rooms and inadequate storage space are drawbacks in any small house. But such solutions as this study in Mr. Dyson's home can be practical and decorative. He bought an old secretary for $10 from the Salvation Army, refinished it and flanked it with bookcases. A modern ceiling fixture pulls down to illuminate the writing area. The Persian rug and Venetian-glass bottles are souvenirs of his archaeological trips to Iran.

How America Lives:

Can a man afford to be a teacher?

"The only thing a teacher teaches is himself," says Jeffery Kirk, of Green Lane, Penna. But how could he find out how to do this—on $2500 a year?

It was a lovely Sunday last June when seventeen youngsters came to a reunion picnic on an old farm in Green Lane, Pennsylvania. Most of them were fourteen years old. All of them were handsome, alert and bubbling with joy.

Much of their alertness and a great deal of their joy were due to their host, Jeffery Kirk, a man who knows each boy and girl as well as anyone except a parent could know them. For six years he had been their teacher at Kimberton Farms School in nearby Phoenixville, moving up with them from third grade through eighth grade, when they graduated from the small private school and moved out into the world of other schools, other teachers.

It is unlikely that in their first year away many of them encountered any other teachers like Jeffery Kirk. He is, in a word, unique. He is a man who memorizes poetry while driving (a new line glanced at with each red light). He runs a mile a day, and once competed in the Olympics. A peaceful man, he is angered by injustice, prejudice, stupidity and cruelty (especially toward animals). He is capable of exclaiming rashly, "I am happy only when I am teaching or reading!" and then admitting a few minutes later that he is also happy when talking to his wife Elsie, playing with their three adopted half-Asian children, walking, running, climbing rocks, and rescuing turtles from destruction on the highways. He believes that "the only thing a teacher teaches is himself." At thirty-eight he is now trying through formalized studies to find out how he managed to do this (with evident success) during those six years at Kimberton Farms.

In groups of threes or fours the children arrived for the picnic in parent-chauffeured cars, and sped across the lawn, bursting with news for their onetime teacher.

"Hey, Mr. Kirk! I got an A in algebra this year!"

"Mr. Kirk, ninth grade is so easy it's *boring*!"

"Mr. Kirk, was it really *true* about Bill Wade?"

"True?" asked Jeffery Kirk, with a quizzical grin. "Well, anyway, Bill Wade was *real*."

"Aren't they the same?" asked the questioner.

"You figure it out," answered Mr. Kirk. "And if you kids will start ahead, I'll meet you at the swimming hole and show you where Bill Wade's cave was."

The boys and girls disappeared at a fast trot down a green country lane. Under a pine tree, a thin boy of thirteen watched them go, but seemed uncertain whether or not to follow. "Wait up, Jay," called Jeffery as he started into the house. "I'm going to get Leila, and then I'll race you down to the swimming hole." Jay, whom the Kirks had adopted some sixteen months before, was only now beginning to relax into the security of the first real home he has ever known.

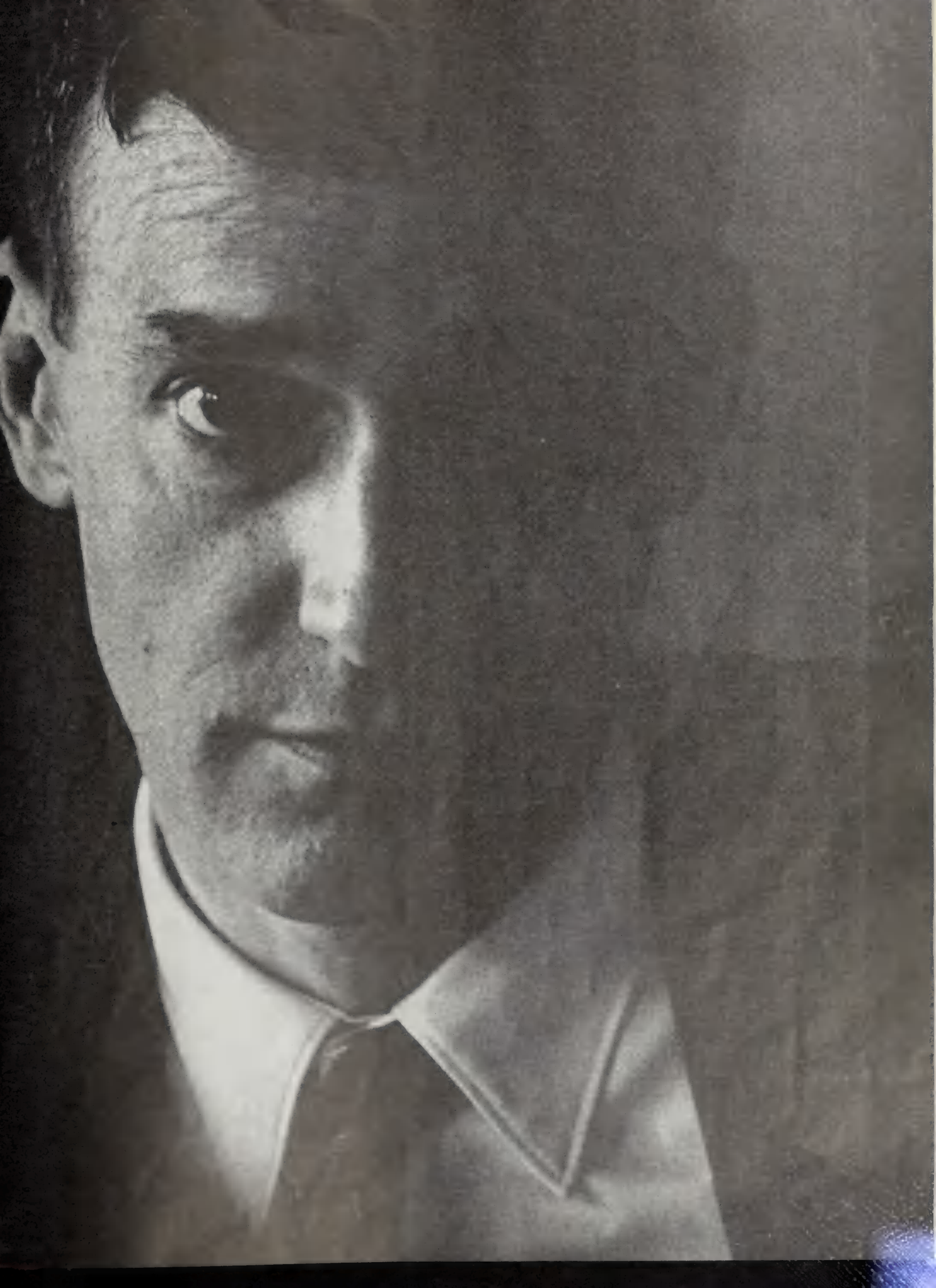
In the kitchen Jeff's blond wife Elsie was busily concocting potato salad for the picnic. Elsie, a vigorous woman with firm ideas for mothering the world as well as particular children, laughs when she is asked whether she misses the acting career she gave up when she married Jeffery. "It was fun, but this life is *more* fun," she insists.

At a kitchen counter Mrs. Stephen Horos, Elsie's widowed mother, was slicing ham and sneaking occasional scraps to Tasha, an eleven-year-old great Dane that seems to occupy at least one quarter of every room she enters. Mrs. Horos, a self-sufficient, non-interfering type of mother (who came from Russia as a young girl), lives with the Kirks and contributes greatly to the home atmosphere of quiet stability.

Jeff found Leila in an upstairs bedroom feeding Priscilla, a baby bird that had been found wounded on

by Margaret Parton

photographs by Jay Maisel





he lawn and was now being nursed to ealth and adulthood in a peach basket. The Kirks have had Leila since she was ve months old, and in speech and beavior she is a sparkly and bright Amerian child. But her eyes are the luminous ark eyes of East India, and her hair is he straight and silky black of Asia. Her lder sister, Sandra, who was away today at her job with a riding stable, is qually pretty—and she can sing too.

"Hey, dad! I'm going ahead!" Jay houted from below. And in a few mintes Jeffery followed, with Leila riding is shoulders, grasping at green branches nd calling to the birds. Jeff turned own a grassy shortcut and explained hat he knew every rock and rill of the arm because his father had owned it efore him and he had spent summers ere as a boy. Twelve years ago he had ought seventy acres from his mother at uch a "ridiculously low" price that he eels obligated not to sell even an acre f it because his sister or one of his two rothers might want some of it someday.

Jeffery Kirk grew up with his sister nd brothers in Swarthmore, Pennsylania, where he went to the public high chool. He was attending the University f Pennsylvania in Philadelphia when he as drafted in 1944 and sent to India s a medical assistant with the U.S. rmy. This Indian experience was to ave a profound effect on his thinking, nd he and Elsie have been trying for any years to find a way of going back.

After the war Jeffery returned to the niversity of Pennsylvania, majoring in hilosophy. At the same time he also arred on the university's track team, n activity which led to his being picked r the United States Olympic team in 948. He spent that summer and fall ompeting (happily but not very successfully) in the Olympics and later orking at an international work camp Germany.

By December, 1948, Jeff was back in ennsylvania and preparing for his final emester at the university. And that onth he first discovered the charms of blond young actress at Hedgerow heater, in Moylan, where he often ook other girls on dates.

Elsie Winocour (her mother remarried fter the death of Elsie's father several ears ago) grew up in Lansdowne, ennsylvania, where her parents operted a bakery. After high school she ttended a business school and went to ork as a receptionist at the University f Pennsylvania. But her real love was he theater, and for eight years at night nd on weekends she attended dramatic ork school at Hedgerow Theater, then nder the direction of the brilliant Jasr Deeter. By December, 1948, when he first met

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101

I do crazy things in the classroom," Jeff says. I'm a ham. But the kids love it, and they learn."

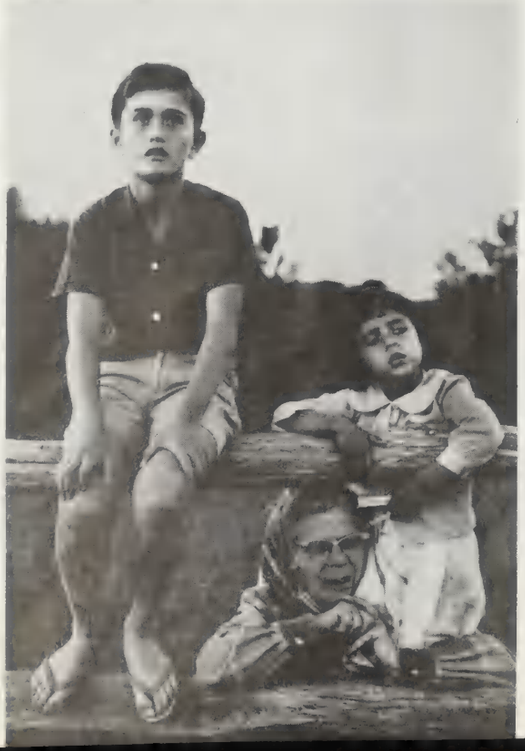
Elsie's mother adores, spoils and scolds all three children, bird-watches with Jay and Leila.



On the Kirk farm there are always frogs, turtles, minnows, deer and birds. Who needs organization sports?



Daisies are for counting petals, buttercups are to see if you like butter. And Leila is for sheer delight.





Leila sometimes thinks her father is a tree; has special trick for climbing and descending; is always ready to be carried.



Outside "Bill Wade's Cave" Jeff tells his former class about the robber whose adventures were the basis of their arithmetic lessons.



Jeff once ran in Olympics, still runs a mile a day. Leila pads along, but Jay is beginning to show that he may be great runner.



SMOKED PINK AND POWDERED GRAY! We have pinned on the Journal's first September Bulletin clothes which combine two of the softest colors we have ever seen. Try them just once and discover, as we did, that they are the most becoming complexion colors ever. Left, a fitted coat with a storybook air about it. Of mixed pink and gray wool tweed, it has a nipped waist, and collar and cuffs of gray opossum fur. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. The matching fur muff by Winter. Right, a three-piece suit of silver-gray tweed with a rippling skirt. The frosted pink silk shirt is a boon



any wardrobe. By Murray Nieman for Couture Petites in petite sizes.
ove, in misty-pink silk crepe, a dinner dress for any season of the year.
e bodice, a series of soft folds, and over her shoulders a triangle of match-
crepe bound with smoked blue fox. By Donald Brooks for Townley.
FRANCISCO. DRESS: HENRI BENDEL, N.Y.C.; BURDINE'S, MIAMI; I. MAGNIN, ALL STORES.

By CATHERINE DI MONTEZEMOLO
FASHION EDITOR

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEANLOUP SIEFF



THE DEFINED WAIST: This fall some of the most captivating new fashions will have a defined waistline—not necessarily a tight waist, but definitely a marked one. Here are four examples. Left, for late day in black silk jersey with long tight sleeves and a waist crossed and wrapped high with tiny folds. One of those rare dresses with no age, no season, and no evident price tag attached. By Geoffrey Beane for Teal Traina. Above, a dress for every day with a tall loose waistline that is marked like an exclamation point with the cutting of stripes—pale gray, black and white on wool jersey. A dress which would be wonderful under a bright-colored coat, like lemon yellow, or a brilliant pink, by Donald Brooks for Townley.



ove, a three-piece look bound to take over, especially for the young. combines three strong new fashions: the wide belt, the shirt-and-skirt ival, the important stole—in a bold black-and-white wool glen plaid. e stole is deeply hemmed with tassels of wool fringe. The long-sleeved rt is of silk linen. All three by Ellen Brooke of Sportswear Couture.

Right, the newest version of a belted suit—loose above and full below. A very romantic look, in fact, with black mink fur tucked into the neck-line, and long tight sleeves. The skirt fullness starts at the hips for easy wearing. The suit is in a nubby red-and-black wool tweed bound at the edges with bands of black wool braid. By David Kidd for Arthur Jablow.



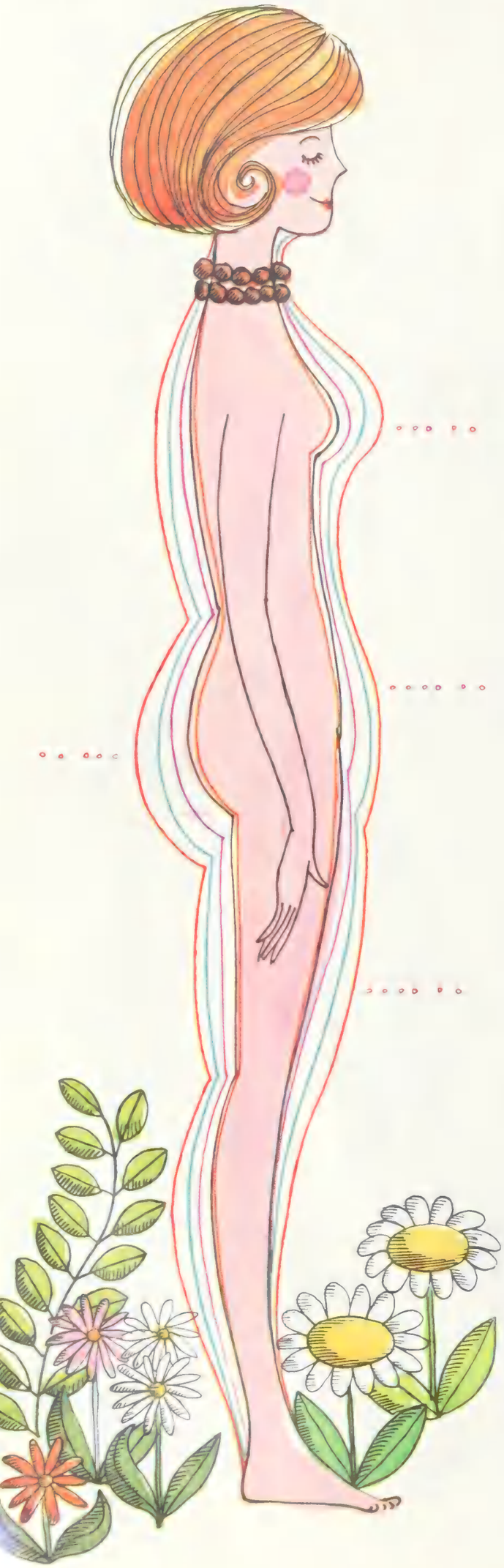
HOW TO DRESS WELL ON PRACTICALLY NOTHING: Here is a wardrobe planned with an eye on price. Mostly in two pieces, it combines black and white, sparked with blue, and endless switch-about possibilities—total cost, all parts, approximately $125. One gently flared tweed skirt (about $17) in black-and-white herringbone has three alternate tops. Upper left, a schoolgirl shirt of faded blue-and-white striped cotton (about $7). Upper right, an overblouse (about $8) and triangle stole (about $4) matching the skirt. Below, a sleeveless shell of black wool knit (about $6).

ALL AT B. ALTMAN, N.Y.C.; THE HIGBEE CO., CLEVELAND; JOHN WANAMAKER, WESTCHESTER AND PHILADELPHIA; THE J. L. HUDSON CO., DETROIT; BULLOCKS, LOS ANGELES.



per left, a V-neck sweater jacket of banana-color wool knit piped with order of black (about $15). It is worn here over the same black knit l sweater opposite and tucked in the flared skirt. Right, a one-piece ss for day or late day. In the same black-and-white wool tweed, it has a collar of black wool fringe (about $17). Below, in a brilliant sapphire-blue wool tweed, the coat to go over everything. Lean in cut, it is slightly fitted in front, straight in back, with inky soutache buttons (about $55). All clothes except the coat by Jean Essig of Majestic, the coat by Lassie Jr.

The Shape-up



Our immodest friend, Eve left and right, is standing by to help you decide whether your figure or new fall clothes are in for some extensive alterations. Her own tidy pink silhouette measures 31–24–33, which the Bureau of Standards declares a perfect Size 12.* In outline around her we've inked in a figure-warning system to show you what happens where you let the basically good lines of your body slip away. Waistlines expand and move upward, causing you to be short-waisted. Hips spread and slide pounds off onto the thighs and legs, and even a larger bust measurement can be the result of new inches spacing themselves across your back. Since it takes only an excess pound or two spread over a soft-muscle area to blur a pretty curve, such fallouts can and do happen to the best of shapes. And when it comes time to zip those new zippers, these same areas will mark the spots where alterations will have to be made in your clothes.

If some of these distortions show up in your mirror, then join us in Operation Shape-up. With these exercises you can bolster the resistance of soft



Lie face down, arms and legs straight and flat. Simultaneously raise and swing back your left leg and right arm—return to floor. Reverse, repeat 5 times.

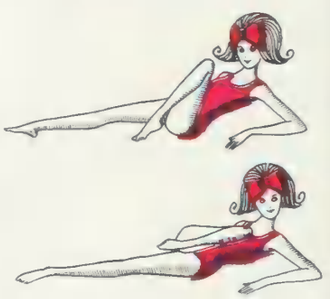


Sit on the floor and lean back, supporting yourself with your arms. Keep legs straight. Raise and separate legs (as here), keeping your knees straight and toes pointed out. Bring legs together, lower to the floor and repeat 5 times.

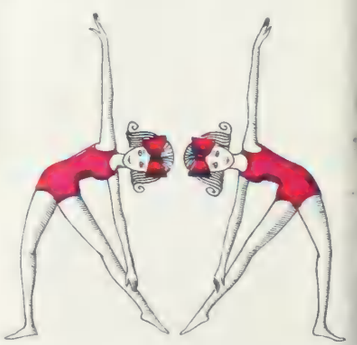


Stand on your toes with your legs together. Raise your arms like wings and then, using them to maintain your balance, make double circles as you bend. Circle once again as you rise to the original position. You must be sure to keep your back straight and stay on your tiptoes when you squat. 8 times.

Sit, resting on arms and elbows; lean backward. Set your balance with the leg that is on the floor and then draw the knee of other leg up to meet opposite shoulder. Exhale as you contract your abdominal muscles during the swing-over. Reverse, repeat 12 times.



This season fashion calls for a close fit in even the most casual clothes. Belts cinch tight to betray ample waist measurements and overpadded rib cages. Stand, legs apart, arms in horizontal position. Flex right leg and, bending over



left side, reach for left foot with left hand. (Don't twist at the waist.) Reverse position and repeat 12 times.

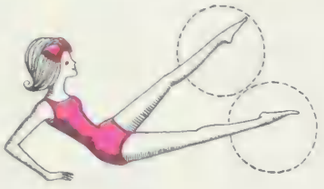
*To compare your own measurements to the norms set up by the Bureau of Standards check any pattern catalog—these measurements are used to set all pattern sizes.

by Bruce Clarke (beauty editor)

uscles to weight gathering and actually help send fat pads on their way. keep the record straight, enter your own measurements on the dotted es (left) and include your weight and the date. (You'll want to check and ange them every two weeks.) Using Eve as a model, pencil in the areas ere you particularly want to see some changes made in your figure. Be termined to stick to your exercise routine. If you find that an early-morning ercise session doesn't fit into your schedule, then reschedule it for a pre-dtime hour. Exercising done then is both relaxing and conducive to sleep. ll else fails, seek sanctuary in the bathroom and exercise while your tub is ng. The bath mat will serve to separate you from the cold floor, and the rm bath that follows will relieve stiffness and strains. If extra pounds are mpounding your figure problem, you'll also need to count your calories refully or follow a specific diet. Your doctor can probably suggest one for u, or you can send 10 cents to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Jour-l, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa., for our Energy Diet, No. 2968.

eel, keep knees together, legs apart, ns straight and horizontal; lean back, nging your right arm and hand back-rd to touch left foot. Reverse. Touch hand to right foot. Repeat 12 times.





In a sitting position, legs straight in front of you, lean back, resting on your arms, elbows bent, palms flat. Raise and describe wide circles with your legs—clockwise, then counterclockwise—8 times each, keeping your heels in and your toes out.

on the floor, legs straight and apart, nds clasped lightly behind your neck. ncentrate on keeping your elbows ck (on a parallel with your ears). Bend d swing to touch your head to your



Sit, leaning backward to rest on your arms, hands flat behind you. Bend your legs and keep your heels close to the buttocks. Raise both legs as high as possible and straighten. Return to jackknife position and repeat 20 times.



Lie on your side, the under leg bent. Rest on one elbow and arm for balance. Keep



ht knee. Resume upright position then d touch your left knee. Repeat 8 times. ercises planned for the legs provide a rkout for the stomach muscles too. is exercise is particularly good for the gs from the ankle up and especially od for trimming flabby inner thigh uscles.

the upper leg straight, toe pointed, and with it make circles swooping close to the floor. Repeat with other leg. 20 times.





is beautiful bias-cut mohair dress takes
l advantage of the plaid fabric. This de-
gn is best suited to a soft fabric that
apes well. The waistline is held in with an
astic casing. Accent provided by a green
lt and beret. Vogue Design No. 5682.

mohair floor-length skirt is a charming
t home" fashion. Ours, a fluff of pri-
ary colors. There are unpressed pleats
om the waistline and side pockets. Vogue
esign No. 5631. Her yellow wool-and-cot-
n shirt with French cuffs is Design No.
213. We have added a mohair stole (an
tra half yard of fabric full width and
ged on three sides with yellow fringe).

plaid cape is an effective, practical fash-
n. It goes easily over a suit and a plaid
es happily over any number of colors.
e top cape is wrist length and the neck-
e ties with a bias-cut self cord. Vogue
esign No. 5674. Use a bright lining.





JEANLOUP



MAKE IT PLAID

by Nora O'Leary
PATTERN EDITOR

Never have plaids been so beautiful . . . never have they been more imaginative in color, or better designed to brighten the spirit. There are weightless fluffy mohairs, pure-silk shirtings, traditional dress-weight tartans and wonderfully scaled plaid coatings. Timeless and ageless, these new plaids are used in unexpected and delightful ways. The bias-cut dress, like ours in the upper left-hand corner, gains an exciting new look in a plaid mohair. Used in a cape coat, plaid achieves much of the dash of a French gendarme's uniform; in a long mohair skirt it makes one of the loveliest "at home" fashions. This season's subtle color combinations suggest matching a coating or lining with the predominant plain shade from such palettes as turquoise, avocado and white or gray, yellow, red and white. Used alone, or accented, September plaids are magnificent. Since many of them are imported, the stock in stores will vary. However, if you don't see these identical plaids, you will find a very representative collection in similar weights and designs.

A bold plaid makes a superb ensemble. The yellow deep-pile fabric (acetate and cotton with the look of sheepskin) makes a warm-looking, effective accent on the coat. The dress is a simple sleeveless sheath. Both, Vogue Design No. 5669.

This bright rainbow plaid is silk shirting and can even be washed. The simple shirtwaist dress shown here has long sleeves, a triangular scarf and brass buttons. Vogue Design No. 5662. Her coat is a deep-textured wool. Vogue Design No. 5672.

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES, PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 103.

Their fate was to travel like the wind—from the marble temples of Greece to the blazing sands of Arabia, from Taj Mahal to high Himalayas. For behind them always fell the phantom hoofbeats of memory.

SORROW RIDES A FAST HORSE

BY DOROTHY GILMAN BUTTERS

ILLUSTRATED BY MIA CARPENTER

When my mother died everyone in Green Valley said what a selfless and patient woman she had been, and how wonderfully she had managed to raise two sons alone. "A modest, uncomplaining woman," the minister said at her funeral. "A woman who was born in this town and who died in this town and never went beyond it, but cultivated wisdom in her own small garden."

When he said this my brother Rufus nudged me and smiled. People forget, of course—and anyway, the minister had lived in Green Valley for only twelve years, so he couldn't have known. Certainly mother would never have told him about what Rufus and I tacitly referred to as That Year; when it was over, mother never talked of it with us or anyone. I don't think she was ashamed or sorry so much as embarrassed about it because she could not explain her actions even to herself. Only once did she even admit that it had taken place, and I can imagine the effort this cost her. It happened when I was in the ninth grade at Green Valley School and Miss Larkin showed us a film slide of the Taj Mahal. She made a few remarks about it, saying she was sorry she could not show us a picture of the interior, but that no photographs of it had as yet been allowed.

I raised my hand and told her that inside it was glittering and white, with words from the Koran carved on the walls, and flower designs, and colored stones set into the marble.

"And from what book did you get that, John?"

"I didn't get it from a book," I told her. "I've been there. I've seen the Taj Mahal."

After school Miss Larkin took me aside and told me sternly that I must not tell lies like that; I had done it only to gain attention, but people would like me much better if I told the truth. "Now I want you to admit that you've never visited the Taj Mahal."

"But I have," I protested.

She rapped my knuckles and said I would have to stay after school every day until I confessed to the class that I had never seen the Taj Mahal and had not been telling the truth. I almost lost my paper route from being punished and that was how mother learned about it. The next day she walked into Miss Larkin's room looking pale and nervous. Standing just inside the door she said stiffly, "Miss Larkin, John was not lying; he has seen the Taj Mahal," and without another word she walked out of the room.

Since that day two wars ago the boys and men of Green Valley have seen quite a few exotic corners of the earth, but when I was a child no one in Green Valley traveled abroad. There was neither the time nor the money for such frivolity. The town was—and still is—farmland with only a few stores, two churches and one school. My father taught in that school until one day he was reading lines from Kubla Khan to his class and reached the words *"Down to a sunless sea"* and crumpled suddenly to the floor. Three hours later he died of a cerebral hemorrhage.

My brother Rufus was seven and I was nine. It's difficult to realize that my mother was only thirty-one. She didn't cry when they told her; she stiffened as if she had been hit, her chin went up and her eyes glittered strangely. The first thing she did when everyone had gone was to go into the kitchen and begin scrubbing the floor. Even after the relatives arrived nobody could make her stop working; our Aunt Agatha said she was like a woman possessed.

After the funeral we were glad to go back to school because it seemed to us we had lost mother, too; when we spoke to her she looked at us blankly, as if she'd forgotten who we were. She was still that way when the insurance man arrived. He spent an hour in the study with mother and when he left she looked chilled.

"What's that pink paper you've got?" Rufus asked.

"It's a check," mother said, staring down at it contemptuously. "A check for fifteen thousand dollars. When I think of what it could have bought us—the things we could have done together ——" For one moment I thought she was going to cry and then her face froze and she walked back into the kitchen. But the check must have put the idea into her mind; here was all this money, so utterly meaningless to her now that she wanted only to destroy it, and if not to destroy at least abuse it. And besides, she had cleaned the house from attic to cellar and there was nothing left to clean.

Two weeks later Rufus and I came home from school to find mother standing in the hall with three suitcases on the floor. She was dressed in her good black coat and the plain blue dress that she wore to Sunday school. In those days her brown hair was parted in the center and pulled into a tight bun at her neck, but little tendrils always succeeded in escaping to soften her small, delicate-boned face. "You won't be going to school tomorrow," she told us. "We're going away."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87



It's big for its size...

A Journal kitchen you can copy



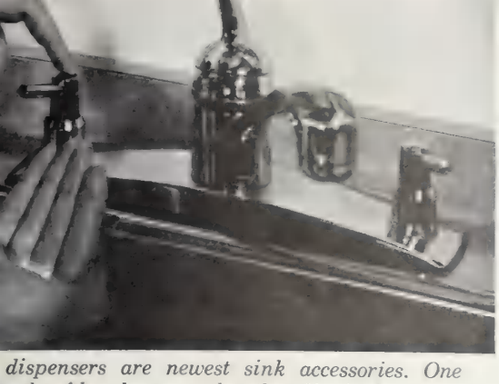
Here's a recipe for a small kitchen that acts big: line work areas in spacesaving L (only 20′ needed). Note counters separating appliances, refrigerator with roll-out freezer, double-decked ovens with cooktop in between (both 30″ wide), quick-to-clean vinyl floor in mosaiclike design.



Opposite refrigerator wall is a laundry center just 54″ wide with sink-washer combination and a dryer.



The stainless sink lifts for loading the washer (it copes with large loads). Wood cabinets matching those in the kitchen include a hamper and a cleaning closet.



dispensers are newest sink accessories. One pply of hand cream; the other, liquid detergent.



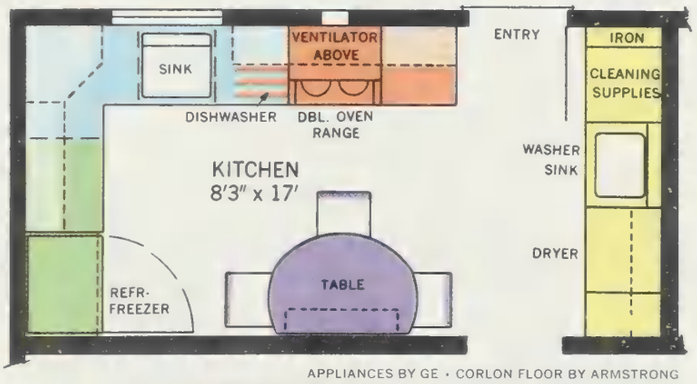
ighted cooktop, a full oven; above, smaller one isserie. Roll-out hood adds to "built-in" look.

ar over half a million homemakers will move anking-new kitchens, many "the latest word," be disappointed come cooking and cleanup here's a difference between having all the con- es, and convenience itself. The usual alibi tchens fall short: "It's all the space there is!" for a kitchen that's too small is like buying a t's too small. Neither can be made right. But et to see a frustrating kitchen that can't be nore efficient at the building stage. A budget cramp your kitchen—or its style. The *Journal* ingenious new spacesaving appliances this —like the two-oven range that's just 30″ wide, er/laundry-tub combination that does two jobs spot. The kitchen we show is a guide for plan- uilders, house hunters checking ready-built s. It's a minimum kitchen that will do max- work on a three-meals-a-day schedule. Many itchens can grow, not like Topsy, but thought- dding more elbowroom, greater flexibility of to accommodate large families with social es. For the smallest good workable kitchen, we is plan as proof of what can be done, also a ed guide for making every inch of it work hard.

OUR FOUR-POINT PLAN FOR A COMPACT KITCHEN

- Give each appliance an adjoining counter—at least 2′ beside the refrigerator, the cooking area, each sink side. If there's a separate wall oven, it needs at least 15″. Lengthen one counter to 42″ for a mixing center. Our color-keyed plan shows counter-appliance arrangements that work hard, save space.
- Place work centers (our plan's color blocks) so sink separates refrigerator and cooktop, preferably in triangular arrangement. The smoothest plan: an L on two adjacent walls (20′ of wall space will do it). If you can't plan an unbroken L, group sink and refrigerator centers. Counters aligned on opposite walls need a 4′ aisle. Never isolate appliances.
- Plan storage space at each main center: cabinets under the counter for large utensils, packages; at least 6½′ of wall cupboards above (store items where they are used). In addition, don't forget dishes (you'll need at least 2′ for service for 4); cleaning supplies and staples; small appliances, trays, timers, wastebasket, food wraps, towels. They all need cupboard room, too, though not necessarily at the work centers.
- Separate cooking and extracurricular kitchen activities. Our laundry and eating areas, for example, are well out of the way of the cook—each with its own ample storage room.

By MARGARET DAVIDSON
Home Management Editor



APPLIANCES BY GE · CORLON FLOOR BY ARMSTRONG
INTERIOR DESIGN BY VIRGINIA WHITMORE KELLY · PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST SILVA



Colored shelves organize toaster, telephone, cookbook collection, napkins, condiments. Clock's petals are cut from a colored place mat.

CHECK-OUT FEAST FROM THE SUPERMARKET

Sumptuous food has become a joy and an adventure—
and as easy to prepare
as it is varied and available.

By NANCY CRAWFORD WOOD,
FOOD EDITOR
and JEAN ANDERSON
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN SOMOROFF



One of the biggest revolutions going is in the neighborhood grocery. Its shelves are bursting with excitement. You'll discover delicacies once reserved for kings' feasts: caviar; pink chunks of Alaskan king crab frozen in a wine sauce; lobsters; poultry by bird or by part; vegetable blends like garden peas, pimiento and celery; packaged puddings to whip into frothy soufflés. There's a splendid selection of soups which double as sauces. And look what's happened to rice! Buy it brown, white, wild (or wild and white mixed), long- or short-cooking, with built-in curry and Creole flavors. Today's market averages 6000 items, half of which didn't exist fifteen years ago. Potatoes, once bought by the pound, now appear in more than 25 forms. It's difficult to find food that has not been washed, trimmed, measured, cooked, canned, frozen or dried. Feasts once requiring days and dollars to prepare come quickly, economically to the table. Creativity doesn't end with the package—but most of the chore of cooking does! You can serve dinner almost as quick as a cash register click. Our recipes show how.

WILD-RICE-STUFFED CHICKEN: (1) Sauté giblets of a 4–5-pound roasting chicken in a little butter or margarine. Chop. (2) Cook a 6-ounce box white-wild rice mix, add giblets and ½ cup chopped walnuts. (3) Salt, pepper chicken cavities; stuff. (4) Truss, salt and pepper, rub with softened butter or margarine. (5) Roast uncovered at 350° F. 25 minutes per pound until tender and golden. Baste often with drippings and Madeira. Garnish: cling-peach halves filled with currant jelly, preserved kumquats, parsley or rose-geranium leaves. Serves 4–6.

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EATING FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY



No *one* food is fattening. It's the combination that counts. You *can* have your cake and diet too—with our snowy angel cake sliced and slathered with fruit and cream (about 100 calories per serving and so satisfying to every sweet tooth). There are two other desserts too—not to be dreamed of, but devoured—plus a trio of meaty main dishes. There's Chinese chicken with lots of white meat (more slimming than the dark), mushrooms, tomatoes, snow peas; curried veal Bombay with red and green peppers; an absolutely opulent shrimp-and-saffron-rice salad (how thinning most seafood is!). We've added a hearty dieter's antipasto, party-sized, with bologna or prosciutto rolls, deviled eggs, marinated baby beets, artichoke hearts and cucumbers (low-calorie dressing makes the difference), cherry tomatoes and a crunch of raw carrots and cauliflowerets. Seven recipes are illustrated in the photograph above—in all, we give nine of the *Journal*'s favorite ways to lose weight. If the best way to diet is just to go ahead and do it, can there be a lovelier way than this? Eating the best food, and hearty helpings of it, to slim down? Impossible? Try it for yourself and see! We're sure that you'll be very pleasantly surprised.



CREAMY ANGEL CAKE (about 106 calories per serving). (1) Mix 3 cups drained canned low-calorie fruit cocktail with 2 cups low-calorie dessert topping made with skim milk. (2) Cut an angel-food cake into three layers. (3) Put two thirds of the mixture between layers and assemble. Top with remaining mixture. Makes 16 servings.

PINEAPPLE-STRAWBERRY PARFAIT (about 92 calories per serving). (1) Heat ½ cup water, 1 cup unsweetened pineapple juice and 1 envelope unflavored gelatin; add a little to 1 beaten egg yolk, mix and return to pan. Heat, stirring, for 4–5 minutes. Do not boil. (2) Add ½ cup chopped unsweetened canned pineapple. Cool until thick and syrupy. (3) Prepare 2 envelopes low-calorie strawberry-flavored gelatin. (4) Chill until a spoonful mounds. (5) Beat until very frothy. (6) Layer mixtures alternately into 4 parfait glasses. Chill until firm. Spoon on topping, serve at once. *Topping:* (1) Sprinkle 3 tablespoons nonfat dry milk over 3 tablespoons ice water. (2) Beat to soft peaks. (3) Add 2 teaspoons lemon juice and ¼ teaspoon liquid noncaloric sweetener. (4) Beat to firm peaks. Makes 4 servings.

continued on page 89

"PROFESSION: HOUSEWIFE"

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY

THE MYTH OF GRANDMOTHER'S COOKING

Miss McGinley agrees that today's housewife and cook has riches to draw on that grandmother never dreamed of.

One of the American legends which take longest to die is the story of grandmother's prowess at the stove. (If you are young enough, perhaps it is great-grandmother you boast about.) Aproned, rosy, floured to the elbow, that gifted figure haunts the folkways of memory, serving up prodigious meals beside which our poor modern efforts seem meager and uninspired.

Ah, we sigh, her apple dumplings! Her fried chicken! Her popovers and gingerbread and rice fritters! Oh, the cool, mysterious cellars from which she fetched up the pickles, the jellies, the mincemeat, the preserved fruit, all done by her own hands, and all ambrosia!

Like most myths, the tale possesses just a faint core of validity. That grandmother often had talent, I admit. That she set as good a table as we do now, I stoutly deny. My contention is that any housewife today, provided she is not lazy, illiterate, or unconquerably indifferent to the pleasures of the palate, can contrive better dishes than grandmother ever imagined.

The revelation dawned on me some twenty years ago when, not a grandmother (mine had died when I was six) but a favorite great-aunt came to pay me a visit. Great-Aunt Johanna was an elderly widow who had recently sold her house and was preparing to move west to be near her married son. I urged her to stay with me and my family for a few months first, to recover from the wrench of leaving home. The welcome I gave her was real and warm. Not only did I feel a close affection for her, but I knew her notable reputation in the kitchen and had, as a child, enjoyed her famous table. I planned to be her apprentice.

And what did I discover? That kind, good, clever Great-Aunt Johanna cooked no better than I, the novice—that I had, in fact, outgrown her. What I remembered about the feasts she had once served me was like one's recollection of great houses visited at eight or nine. Seen through the disenchanted eyes of the grown-up, they always shrink in size and grandeur. Just so had Aunt Johanna's genius diminished to ordinary proportions. Her meals were ample enough, far more ample than we were accustomed to. She could concoct a smooth boiled dressing for fruit salads, roast a holiday goose, bake delicious if somewhat yeasty Parker House rolls. At Christmastime (while the house fogged with steam and I wore out my hands helping her cut up suet and currants) she made dozens of plum puddings for us and her friends, and those had the true flavor. But for day-in, day-out culinary expression I, like most of my contemporaries, had the edge on Johanna.

She overboiled the asparagus, ruined the spinach by dousing it in half a saucepan of water, broiled the lamb chops—when she did not insist on frying them—to a state of dark-brown inanity. To her, a sauce meant something invariably made with milk in which she was likely to envelop young peas, or a heavily floured lemon custard for desserts. She had never heard of a *roux*, and to her the idea of "reducing" a gravy instead of thickening it was heresy. She despised garlic, merely giving a ladylike sniff of disbelief when I quoted to her the immortal words of the French chef, Marcel Boulestin, "It is not really an exaggeration to say that peace and happiness begin, geographically, where garlic is used in cooking."

A stew, to Aunt Johanna, was Monday washday fare, not a party dish. And when she condescended to make one, she put the meat into water instead of stock and boiled it to rags. Wine was something called Port which gentlemen drank after dinner. Or it was something else called Sherry which you offered to guests on special occasions, accompanied by tiny sweet wafers. To pour half a bottle of Burgundy over a casserole of beef seemed to her the height of frivolity. My prodigal use of shallots, of rosemary and basil, of leeks and sweet butter, appalled her just as her cooked-to-death young cabbage (in our opinion a food for gourmets when properly simmered without water and seasoned with caraway seeds) discouraged *me*. As for pastry, her cakes turned out no better than mine, her piecrust was less consistently successful.

It was while she was making a pie, in fact, that enlightenment arrived and I realized why the dear woman, once so enthroned in my heart as Empress of the Kitchen, now seemed outdated and deposed.

She stood at the table, crumbling the shortening and the flour together haphazardly in a bowl, kneading all together with her capable fingers.

"Wouldn't you rather use a pastry cutter?" I inquired. "It's there in the left-hand drawer."

"A pastry cutter!" She looked as startled as if I had suggested that she add a touch of arsenic to the dough. "What in the world's that?"

When I showed her the little tool, explaining that with it one need not touch a warm hand to the mixture, she shook her head in pity at my foolishness. "Child," she said, "you have your ways, I have mine. I've been making pastry for fifty years and why would I need a gadget like that? I can see and I can feel and that's enough."

We had, indeed, our private ways. Great-Aunt Johanna belonged to an era with different standards, inflexible techniques. Her cooking had been a craft, never a science. Natively she was probably more accomplished, certainly a good deal more industrious than I. But the American table has improved since she was a young housewife.

To begin with, we are all less provincial today in our tastes. Great-Aunt Johanna, our grandmothers and great-grandmothers did certain regional dishes superbly well. If they lived in New England, they were learned in the mysteries of fish chowder and blueberry pie. If the South was their milieu, they were adepts at hot biscuits and baked ham. Each environment had its specialty; even the pioneers of the Western prairies knew how to fry a rainbow trout or roast a quail to perfection.

But we are the inheritors of a larger legacy. We have learned from the French, the Germans, the Scandinavians, the Slavs, the Chinese. We know herbs, understand the uses of wine, are accustomed to foreign cheeses. Italians have taught us how to cook vegetables—how, for instance, to cut green beans into two long strips, drop them into the minimum of furiously boiling water and bring them in fifteen minutes to a texture that is neither underdone nor flabby but crisply delectable. The Swedes have given us their smorgasbord. The French have tutored us in fifty different arts. From them we have learned about sauces and *pot-au-feu* and puff pastes; that roast lamb should be pink in the center and that mushrooms should remain unpeeled. In restaurants or on our travels we have eaten borsch and scallopine and *torte* and *pashka* and crab-meat *chasseur*, and can now whip them up ourselves. We have ceased to be a provincial nation and have both adopted and adapted the cuisines of twenty countries. The simplest cookbook now lists dozens of alien recipes which grandmother's tome ignored.

In addition to being more knowing about food, we have also at hand a vaster variety. Grandmother had her summer fruits, her home-grown vegetables, her rows of kitchen-canned delicacies stowed away in Mason jars. But where she could keep only carrots and turnips and potatoes or possibly cabbages fresh in her cellar, we, for twelve months, see the markets tempting us with the loot of the continent. We get strawberries in February, asparagus in March, peas in April, oranges all the year around; can buy at any time broccoli, dill in the leaf, lettuce green and firm, ripe tomatoes, mushrooms, artichokes—usually at no greater price CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

© 1952 by Phyllis McGinley. The Ladies' Home Journal has purchased magazine rights to Phyllis McGinley's new book-in-progress: "Profession: Housewife." Chapters will appear regularly in the Journal prior to book publication by the Macmillan Co.







CREAMED EGGS. In saucepan, blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup (or Cream of Chicken Soup), ⅓ to ½ cup milk. Add 4 hard-cooked eggs (sliced), 1 tbsp. chopped parsley, dash pepper. Heat, stirring now and then. Serve on toasted English muffins or toast. 4 delicious servings. *Look for other quick'n easy recipes on every can of Campbell's Soup.*





CREAMED MEATBALLS. Blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup, ½ cup water. Mix ¼ cup soup mixture, 1 lb. ground beef, ¼ cup bread crumbs, 2 tbsp. minced onion, 1 tbsp. minced parsley, 1 slightly beaten egg. Make 16 meatballs; brown in shortening in skillet; pour off fat. Add rest of soup. Cover; simmer about 15 min.; stir often. 4 servings.

Cream it in soup– M'm! M'm! Good! Quick 'n easy with *Campbell's Soup*



CREAMED TUNA. In saucepan, combine 1 can Campbell's Cream of Vegetable Soup (or Cream of Celery Soup), ⅓ to ½ cup milk; add 7-oz. can tuna (drained and flaked), ½ cup cooked peas. Heat, stirring now and then. Serve on toast or rice. 4 servings. Campbell's cream soups make failure-proof cream sauces for all your creamed dishes...quickly, easily!

CREAMED CHICKEN. In saucepan, cook ¼ cup chopped onion, 2 tbsp. chopped green pepper in 2 tbsp. shortening till tender. Stir in 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup (or Cream of Mushroom Soup), ⅓ to ½ cup milk; add 1 cup cubed cooked chicken, 2 tbsp. diced pimiento, dash pepper. Heat; stir. Serve in patty shells or on toast. 4 servings.



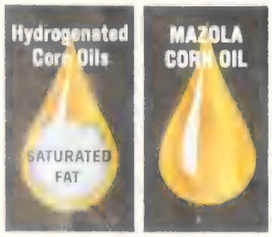






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ORROW RIDES FAST HORSE

NTINUED FROM PAGE 76

When will we be back?" I asked.
he gave me that impatient blind glance
I was growing accustomed to now. "I
't know when we'll be back," she said in a
e that meant she didn't care when we came
k. "We're going around the world."
I can't go around the world tomorrow," I
her. "I've got an arithmetic exam."
I'm sorry," she said politely, "but we are
ing in one hour and we are going around
world."

was late October when we landed in Eng-
l, and in London we settled into a hotel
n and mother made arrangements for two
ks of sight-seeing. After we'd watched the
nging of the guard at the palace Rufus and
cided England might be fun, but after four
s of London mother decided we must go
Wales. A week later we were in Holland
soon after that we left for Austria. I re-
nber that we spent Christmas in Paris,
we had no sooner visited the Eiffel Tower
the Bastille than mother announced that
nust pack our bags again. That was the way
as all through the winter and spring—we
ked and unpacked our bags through
n, Portugal and Morocco. We were like
flitting nervously from flower to flower:
week riding a camel in Morocco, the next
k a rented bicycle in Italy. Rome held us
fly, but mother found Naples too beautiful
so we did not even unpack our bags there
left immediately for Florence. Then we
ed to Greece, Rufus and I picking up for-
words like crumbs begged from shop-
pers, concierges, sailors and chamber-
ds. We behaved very badly as well, I re-
nber, and despaired when mother did not
ce. We were alone, really alone, for the
time in our young and sheltered lives and
esented being shut out of mother's life. But
ne manner of children everywhere, I sup-
e some kind of adjustment took place in us.
as to me that Rufus looked for comfort,
I to him; and if we hated mother's indif-
nce we also took advantage of it, eating
ets when we chose and going to bed when
pleased and saying "No" to her in half a
en languages.

July we came to Baghdad, a city of
ses the color of yellow sand, and of blazing
and minarets puncturing the sky with
r polished gold domes. The streets were
ow and dim, overflowing with dust, sheep
people, the men with tender dark eyes,
women soft and mysterious behind veils.
he *suqs* Rufus and I ate yogurt with our
ers from earthenware pots, we drank
rly strong coffee and sat cross-legged for
rs watching men work gold or silver into
ree or hammer out huge jugs of copper.
did not go back to our hotel except at
t. There were other Americans in that
l because the first oil well had been
ught in only a few years earlier, but we
ned these men; they talked only of geo-
cal surveys and gushers and pipelines.

o one had questioned mother until we
ched Baghdad, when an English colonel
pped one night beside our table in the
ng room. It was Rufus's eighth birthday
we were attempting some kind of celebra-
. The colonel told mother that Rufus re-
ded him of his grandson, and after a few
utes he sat down and asked us where we
e going. Mother explained that we were on
way to India to see the Taj Mahal and to
nd a week in Kashmir. But first, she added,
were going across the mountains to Tehran
then to Meshed to see the place where
un al-Rashid, the caliph of the *Arabian*
hts, was buried.
he colonel's jaw dropped. "Across the
untains! What on earth can you be think-
of? This isn't England, you know."
I didn't think it was," mother told him
asperity.
You're in Asia now. Those mountains are
of smugglers and thieves—not safe at all.
hinkable. I can't imagine who planned
r itinerary."

"My husband did," said mother in an even voice. "Some years ago."

The colonel snorted. "Well, you can't just look at a map and go the shortest way in these countries. If you won't listen to me I'll go to your consul first thing in the morning and tell him what you're up to. He'll stop you."

But of course by the next day we were gone. Mother had already visited the consulates and she had had the foresight to acquire a visa for Persia and a man to drive us across the border and over the mountains. In those days the idea of a woman traveling alone in Asia with two children was so unthinkable that it must never have occurred to anyone—except the colonel—to ask her questions. I think the authorities, most of whom spoke little or no English, assumed mother was traveling with one child and a husband, and mother did not discourage them. Certainly she did not look like an adventuress and she met no one wise enough to see her ruthlessness. They did not know that mother was courting self-destruction. As for endangering the lives of two children, no appeal in that direction could have touched her because she was, as Aunt Agatha said, a woman possessed. We scarcely existed for her then.

Our driver was an Afghan named Mohammed Aslam and there was so much affection in his first glance at us that we stopped acting like spoiled and precocious children. As mother handed him our three suitcases she inquired—dutifully and with not much interest—if there really were thieves in the mountains ahead.

Aslam gave her a gay smile accompanied by a shrug. "A few, perhaps. The people are poor, poorer than anybody else in that country. But in my good car, we go fast."

We looked at his car, a patched and ancient Ford truck. "She goes," he told us proudly, patting its fender. And indeed she did go; and did not break down until we needed her most.

A child does not remember the same things an adult remembers. You may take a child to the Louvre, and he will remember the guard who picked his nose, or the organ grinder on the street outside, or the chocolate treat on the way home. Only the adults remember the *Mona Lisa*. For us this journey into Persia was Aslam, dust, heat, and picnics eaten beside the truck. In this queer, convulsed corner of the world even mother seemed more cheerful, as if its bleakness matched hers. We slept for two nights on rugs beside the car with a canvas stretched from the truck to a pole. No one passed us along the way; we might have been the only four people in the world. At dawn we would eat *mast*, a kind of curds dried into a hard white ball, and mother and Aslam would drink *chai* while we had milk from a goatskin kept cool in a bucket of water. Then we would be off, climbing slowly toward the mountain range before us. It was barren, desolate country covered not with scrub but with thistles, as tall as a man and bearing blossoms the size of an apple. The truck gave out when we had reached what seemed like the top of the world. It simply stopped. We piled out, trying not to look into the canyon below, and waited while Aslam cheerfully peered under and into the engine. At last he shook his head. "No *benzine*."

"You're out of gas?"

"*Bali*." He led us to the rear and showed us the gas tank, which had a hole in it the size of a twenty-five-cent piece.

Mother appeared unconcerned; she asked Aslam what he proposed to do next. He replied—still very cheerfully—that we must not worry, he would get us to Hamadan, *inshallah*. I did not remind mother that *inshallah* meant if God wills it. He asked for money, which mother trustingly gave him, and said he would be back in a few hours with donkeys. Five hours later, when we were nearly prostrate from the heat, he did indeed return, from heaven knows where, leading four emaciated donkeys. He had bought them in a Lur village some miles away and he said he would return them when he came back for his truck. The donkeys, Aslam told me, were for my *mader*, my *barader* and me; upon the fourth he would pile our baggage and food and water while he himself would walk. Although we protested at this he was very insistent, saying that he could walk faster than any of us. I did not realize until later that he was afraid. It did not occur to us that in these mountains a man with enough money to buy donkeys draws attention to himself.

We made poor time, but we traveled until long past sunset. The border was far behind us now. Another day's traveling, Aslam said, and we would reach Kermanshah, where he could purchase *benzine* and—he hoped—the means to repair his tank. In the meantime we would stop here—we had reached a plateau rimmed with jagged rocks—and cook a little rice and spread our rugs. He began to make a small fire, leaning over it, blowing on it and crooning to it. Mother sat slumped on her donkey, too tired to dismount, while Rufus and I stood beside ours wondering how to tether them.

It was several moments before we realized we were not alone.

There were six of them, and they had stepped out of the darkness like wraiths. The poverty of them, and the desolateness of our surroundings, made my heart jump in a sickening fashion. They were bearded, fierce and ragged. They wore loose, pantaloonlike black trousers, but neither sashes nor shirts. Only three of them owned turbans. They looked so terribly poor—and so fierce—that I suddenly realized how wealthy we must look to them with our rugs and our donkeys.

"Who are they?" asked mother with a faint look of surprise.

Aslam stood up cautiously and spoke to them. The tallest of the six men—heavily bearded and wearing a turban so that only his eyes and the sharpness of his cheekbones showed—replied at some length. When he had finished speaking he laughed and showed Aslam the heavy stick he carried in one hand.

"Who are they?" repeated mother, still not afraid.

Aslam looked a little sick. "Bandits."

"Then give them food," mother said impatiently.

Aslam said uneasily, "They do not want food."

"Then give them what money we have."

Still Aslam hesitated.

"Well?" asked mother curtly. "What is it they want?"

Keeping his eyes on the ground, Aslam said, "They want you and the children as well as the food and money. I have told them you are American, but they do not know what American is."

Mother frowned. "They intend to *capture* us?"

Aslam gave her a fleeting look of surprise. "They have already captured us."

"But what on earth do they want us for?"

Aslam's eyes returned to the ground. He said nothing, which was thoughtful of him, for none of the possibilities would have pleased us. The leader of the bandits stepped forward and made a gesture to mother to get down from her donkey. She stared at him unbelievingly and then she turned to look at the five other men and at Rufus and me. Her gaze moved from us to the deep night sky and then to the jagged black rocks and I saw a shudder run through her as if she were shaking herself out of a deep trance. The blind look had gone from her eyes. I realized that at last she was clearly seeing us and her surroundings. Such a look of horror crossed her face that I thought she was going to scream.

"Please," Aslam begged in a low voice. "There is no hope just now. Wait. Do nothing to resist. These men are dangerous."

Mother seemed dazed. "Not resist? Aslam, they must not capture us!"

Aslam said sadly, "It must be your *qismat*—your fate—to stop here."

Mother gave a bitter, half-strangled laugh. Her cheeks were flushed and her hair undone; she looked wild and strange. "My *qismat?*" she said harshly. "Tell this man I must travel like the wind—that is my *qismat*. Tell him," she went on fiercely, "that Sorrow rides behind me on a fast horse—if he listens closely he may hear the hoofbeats. Tell him that if he captures me he will capture Sorrow as well—because where I go Sorrow follows and where I stop Sorrow will stop."

Where did she find those words? I don't know. My mother had never spoken in that manner before and I never heard her speak that way again. Aslam obediently translated her words for the bandit chief and I saw him narrow his eyes. I wondered if instead of capturing us they might kill us then and there. The bandits began to speak among themselves and to gesticulate, one of them pointing in the direction from which we had come, and another giving us an angry, accusing glance. After interminable moments the bandit chief turned to mother and spoke.

Aslam said breathlessly, "He says it has been a hard year, with many people dead in their village. Sheep have sickened and died. He says they do not wish for more Sorrow. If Sorrow follows behind you then you must leave these mountains at once. You must not stop even to sleep."

Mother closed her eyes. She looked suddenly drained.

"He and his men will guide us out of the mountains to speed us on our way."

Mother opened her eyes and said with dignity, "Tell him that we are ready to go."

The bandits were as good as their word. All night we rode behind them and when dawn came we were only an hour from Kermanshah. We dismounted and the bandits took the donkeys from us, as well as our food and money, but left us our baggage. As they turned to go the bandit chief walked up to mother and gave her a hard, searching glance. Aslam, translating his words, said, "He wants you to know that his wife died last month and a son last year. He is well acquainted with Sorrow. He has taken your food and money, but he gives you the gift of a copper water jug. Which he probably captured from somebody else," Aslam added dryly. "He says to you '*Istali mashi*,' which means 'May you never be tired.' In return you must say to him '*Kwar mashi*,' which means 'May you never be poor.'"

There were tears in mother's eyes. "*Kwar mashi*," she replied to the bandit chief.

We stood and watched them ride away on our donkeys and then mother said quietly, "I think it is time we began making arrangements to go home now."

We had left Green Valley in October and we returned in October and when we entered our front yard mother looked at the sagging front steps and said in a matter-of-fact voice, "You and I will have to mend those tomorrow, John." She took off her black coat and hung it in the hall closet and said to Rufus, "You're beginning to look like your father, Rufus." Then she went upstairs to unpack our suitcases, still only three in number because mother had not brought home any Persian rugs or Haviland china or any of the souvenirs that tourists collect; there was only the copper jug which she wrapped and put away in a chest. To the neighbors she said, "We did a little traveling, here and there." And in the spring she went to work in the public library and never, never did she talk to us of That Year so that after a while it seemed to Rufus and me like a dream that we happened to dream at the same time.

After the funeral Rufus and I came back to the empty house and rebuilt the fire on the kitchen hearth and made coffee. When it had been poured we sat quietly for a few minutes, neither of us speaking, and then Rufus got up and went to the chest in the living room and brought back a bulky package of flannel and newspaper. He unwrapped the copper jug.

"'A quiet, uneventful life,'" I quoted dryly.

Rufus nodded. "She would have agreed with the minister, you know."

"It was insane, every moment of it," I said. "We were fortunate to escape with our lives."

Rufus smiled. "There is a proverb that says to nearly lose your life is to find it. Of course it was madness, all of it. And yet ——"

"Yes?" I said curiously, for it had been a long time since we had talked of this.

He said softly, "We learned from her how perverse, how unpredictable, how astonishing and how courageous a human being can be."

I lifted my cup. "To our legacy, then," I said, smiling at him. "*Istali mashi*."

"*Kwar mashi*," he replied, and we drank to That Year.

END



HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

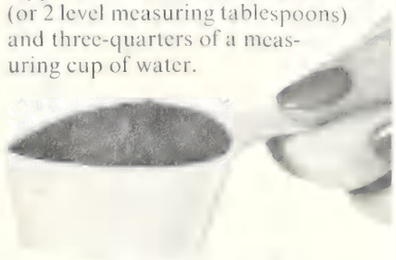
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

When you buy coffee:

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

When you measure coffee:

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

THE MYTH OF GRANDMOTHER'S COOKING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

than we pay in their local season. Refrigeration and the airplane have changed our eating habits. Even quick-freezing, which the dedicated cook affects to despise, has added a new dimension to our tables. Frozen peas, for example, are not fresh peas. But when cooked without water in a covered iron skillet, packed below and above with leaf lettuce, flavored with butter, pressed garlic, onion juice and rosemary, they are still an epicurean dish and certainly superior to the coleslaw and pickled beets which grandmother depended on to give a bit of spice and color to dinner on a winter evening. Frozen chives may not own quite the tang of those grown in one's own border. But I keep a package of them in my freezer, handy for year-around flavor, and find them a blessing.

On our shelves sit the rows of concentrated beef or chicken broth which forms so satisfactory a stock for casseroles, stews, sauces. Homemade stock is maybe better, but even grandmother did not have it constantly at hand. We have discovered wild rice and water chestnuts, fennel and saffron and sour cream. Lemons are always with us. All our eggs are fresh. Nor is the cost of such titbits prohibitive for the ordinary family.

I came across a curious bit of information the other day which made the cost of living in this mid-century seem less cruel than I had supposed. I was leafing through the 1903 edition of the standard household dictionary of that period, *The Boston Cook Book*, edited at the time by Mary J. Lincoln.

"Never buy eggs," Mrs. Lincoln warned her pupils, "about the freshness of which you have any doubt, *not even in winter*. One can easily judge which is the better economy: to pay thirty cents a dozen and find none of them full and fresh and perhaps half of them really rotten; or to pay fifty cents and obtain them . . . sound and good."

"But fifty cents!" I thought in awe. "And that in a time when a dollar a day was good wages for a workingman and one could rent an excellent house for twenty-five or thirty!"

As I write this in late spring of '62, the current price of eggs in New York City ranges from forty-nine cents a dozen at the chain stores for small eggs to seventy-eight for what are called the jumbo size. (I never buy jumbo eggs. They sound like something laid by the great auk.) Considering the extravagance of their price in 1903, I realized that another fiction had been exploded. It is a myth that grandmother had in her larder a wealth of eggs and cream and butter and sweet milk. Grandmother had to use such luxuries much more sparingly than we if she was to keep within a moderate budget.

Nor could she trust her staples. They did not come mass-produced as they do today. Baking powder before 1900 often arrived in the kitchen in small cakes and had to be crumbled before being measured or used. Flour varied in quality, and a young cook was forced to shop about among various brands before she could find the kind she could rely on; and then she had to buy it, usually, in hundred-pound barrels. Cake flour was unknown. Vanilla was usually displayed in the stick. The coffee arrived unground and sometimes unroasted. Our age sometimes seems to me, remembering turn-of-the-century inconveniences, like something dreamed up by Jules Verne.

Far more important than the richness and variety of our foodstuffs, or than an increase in our living standards and our knowledge of the world beyond these American shores, is the effect on modern cooking of our modern tools.

Great-Aunt Johanna, who visited me twenty years ago, has since departed for a more flowery country where she is now probably sugaring nectar-flavored puddings for the cherubim. Her reign in the kitchen began, then, in the latter part of the last century when life, if statelier, was by today's standards almost completely lacking in domestic automation. Remember, there were no motorcars then, no airplanes. The vacuum sweeper had not yet displaced the broom. And in tune with the times was Great-Aunt Johanna's stove. It was fueled by neither electricity nor gas, but by simple wood or coal. There it loomed in her kitchen, a vast black range which one shook sternly down at night and shook firmly up again in the morning.

There were no dials to twist, no controls to hold the heat steady at 400° for, say, baked potatoes, or a gentle 325° for something made with eggs. It *could* be controlled by a talented commander, but at great cost in watchfulness and patience. One tested the oven's temperature by hand. Even my mother, I recall, before she baked a cake always made first what she called a "try cake"—a sample of batter baked ahead of time to determine if all was well with mixture and oven. As a child I thought it a pleasant way she had of giving me a mid-morning treat, for the try cake was usually mine to enjoy. Now I realize it was a holdover from the era of the coal stove. No wonder that, with so inconstant a kiln at her service, the woman who could bring out of it a feather-light soufflé or an imperturbable spongecake held a high place in the neighborhood regard.

Some tools were, of course, available. The egg whisk had recently given place to the rotary beater. There were refrigerators of a sort for which one bought ice by the pound in summertime. There were molds and patented gelatins and—something now hard to come by—short, two-tined turning forks and commodious soup ladles. But most of our equipment was still undreamed of. Grandmother toasted her bread over the open flame of a stove or a grate. There were no measuring tools such as we know, and one had to depend on ordinary kitchen cups and spoons. I quote from Mrs. Lincoln's instructions on how to measure half a cupful of any liquid:

"Half a cupful," she said impressively, "is *not* half the distance from the bottom to the rim. Most cups are smaller at the bottom, for which allowance must be made. Take two cups of the same size and shape, fill one with water, then pour the water, without spilling, into the other cup until it stands at the same level in both cups."

My head swims, reading her. The cook forced to waste her hours measuring in such fashion every time she wanted to contrive a dessert would have accomplished little in a morning. She *had* to learn to measure by eye and ear and sixth sense. If she was gifted by nature, she learned to do it well. If she owned no aptitude, she remained forever inadequate.

Meat thermometers did not exist, nor did meters for gauging the temperature of icings and custards. When grandmother frosted a cake she had to test the doneness of the sugar mixture by dropping a sample of it into cold water, where it either did or did not "form a ball." "Hard crack" and "soft crack" were familiar terms. Ordinary also was the sentence "Take a pinch of salt," or the phrase "butter the size of an egg." Butter like ours, which comes wrapped in paper on which each tablespoon's worth is written out in bold, black type, would have sent grandmother into unbelieving rapture. She was simply not used to such work-saving luxuries.

Mrs. Lincoln's recipe for snow pudding delights me by its abrupt and humane statement concerning how long to beat the eggs-and-gelatin. "Beat until stiff enough to hold its shape," she advises, "or as long as your strength will allow."

Without electric beaters, blenders or skillets; lacking our serene and obedient ovens, our automatic broilers, bakers, presses, ice crackers, waffle irons, freezers; unaware that there could exist such things as measuring cups, precise spoons and quarter spoons, or even our laboratory-tested recipes, the miracle is not that grandmother's cooking fell behind ours, but that she cooked as well as she did.

I am reminded of my own advantages whenever I make something which sounds complicated, like cream puffs or hollandaise sauce or a nut roll. Nut roll was the dessert on which Great-Aunt Johanna literally based her reputation. I remember as a child how we looked forward to being given a taste of it once or twice a year after a party. It was never a very large taste, for the nut roll had to stretch—it was a delicacy requiring too much labor and exactitude to be wasted on children. It is ironic that I can now make it in not much more than half an hour and without fear of failure—simply by virtue of the tools I own.

The recipe calls for 6 eggs, with the yolks and whites beaten separately; for ¾ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, a few grains of salt, and 1½ cups pulverized walnut meats (or pecans or hazelnuts, the last being my preference). One must also have on hand 1½ cups heavy cream, and vanilla or rum for flavoring it.

Think of the labor involved in preparing those ingredients in 1900! Aunt Johanna had first to shell the nuts, then chop them with a knife and afterward crush them underneath a rolling pin. The eggs she had to beat by hand. She had no waxed paper with which to line the pan, as I do; and her oven could not be accurately set at 325°—or the 300° I sometimes use. When the roll was baked, she had still to beat up the cream and sugar with which to fill it. All told, it was a morning's work.

But I buy the nuts already shelled, pop them into my blender, and out they come, ready to substitute for flour in the cake. My eggs go into the mixer, the whites first, then the yolks; are deftly blended with the sugar, and in a matter of minutes they emerge, frothy or creamy as required, without my having done more than attach the cord and press a button. The oven takes care of the baking so long as I set it correctly and watch the clock. Again, when I am ready to roll the pastry, I whip the cream in the beater which arranged my eggs. I scarcely deserve credit for my own success.

Which brings me back to the core of my argument: that among people who are not actually poor, there is no excuse these days for setting a bad table; only ignorance or sloth could account for so egregious a feat. Ignorance and sloth, of course, abound always. There are no doubt families from Maine to Arizona who still thrive on greasy meat, overcooked vegetables, cast-iron pastries. But for the housewife whose heart is warm and whose palate is educated, the door to high cuisine swings wide open. The bride of three months ought to be able without agony to broil a chicken, stir a gravy which is lump-free and nicely browned, bring asparagus to the table with its head intact, toss a salad, and design a chocolate sauce for the ice cream.

The dinner, in fact, might well be tastier than grandmother's, with one important and pitiful exception: the ice cream. A three-month bride will have no apologies for it, since she has never known anything better. Gelatin and milk, frozen to the consistency and flavor of cement, is to her an edible treat.

But I remember something a world removed from it, something so delicious that the mouth waters and the heart constricts to think of it. Grandmother made it on summer Sundays with the help of the entire family. Into it went real cream, rich as Paul Getty, heavy as a bad conscience; eggs, sugar, fresh fruit. The custard, cooled, filled a gallon container equipped with dasher, lid, and a handle with which to agitate the mixture into glorious stiffness. That, again, fitted into a wooden bucket loaded with ice and rock salt. It was the whole duty (and pleasure) of children to turn the handle until strength could do no more. Round and round it went on thousands of shady back porches, the sound of its Sabbath whirring as universal as the preacher's sermon and far more seductive. When young arms failed, grandfather took over for the final revolutions.

Then the top was unscrewed, the dasher lifted out, dripping with honeydew—with something creamy, luscious, caloric and superb—and handed to the underage laborers to lick clean. The family finished the gallon for midday dinner.

Remembering what ice cream can be, I realize there is something, after all, to the myth I have been at such pains to demolish. Until America's first, greatest contribution to gastronomic delights comes into its own again and the freezer turns once more across the nation, grandmother's title will not really fall.

ECK-OUT FEAST OM THE SUPERMARKET

TINUED FROM PAGE 81

STRAWBERRY-MARBLED SOUFFLÉ

gth (22") of minum foil, 12" le
s milk
kage (3⅝-oz.) illa pudding and filling
elopes unflavored latin
6 tablespoons strawberry-flavored drink mix
1 package (10-oz.) frozen strawberries, thawed
3 egg whites
½ cup heavy cream, whipped
Extra whipped cream for decoration

old the length of foil in half lengthwise, around the outside of a 5-cup soufflé dish at a collar 3" high stands above the brim; n with cellophane tape. (2) Mix 2 cups the vanilla-pudding mix and 1 envelope n. Heat to bubbling, stirring constantly. Cool, chill until a spoonful mounds. eanwhile heat remaining 2 cups milk and n with the strawberry-flavored drink mix gelatin dissolves. (5) Remove from heat tir in half the strawberries; cover and re- ate remaining berries for decorating. ool, chill until a spoonful mounds. (7) Beat gg whites until soft peaks form. Fold half he strawberry mixture; the rest into the la mixture with the whipped cream. poon pink and yellow mixtures alter- y into the soufflé dish, then cut through ixtures several times with a spoon or la swirling to create a marbleized effect. overnight. Carefully remove foil collar e serving. Decorate with reserved straw- s and cream dessert topping, if you wish. s 6–8 servings.

CHICKEN-LIVER PÂTÉ EN GELÉE

und chicken livers
espoons butter
d-cooked eggs
espoons chopped sley
spoon salt
pepper
espoon cognac
2 (3-oz.) packages cream cheese, softened
GARNISH:
Parsley or tarragon sprigs
Truffle or radish slices
Canned madrilène

auté chicken livers in butter until del- y browned. (2) Using an electric blender e finest blade of a food chopper, blend and hard-cooked eggs until smooth. ork chopped parsley, salt, pepper and c well into cream cheese. (4) Combine mixtures and beat until smooth. (5) Pack serving bowl or crock. Cover and chill. you like, decorate top with parsley or gon sprigs, truffle or radish slices, and ith a thin coating of madrilène to which e extra gelatin has been added. Chill well. rve with crackers, melbas or hot toast les. Makes 1½ cups *pâté*.

QUICK POT-DE-CRÈME

nd semisweet colate chips s milk
6 egg yolks
½ teaspoon vanilla

eat chocolate chips and milk slowly over water, stirring constantly, until all the late is melted. (2) Beat yolks until foamy lowly add chocolate mixture, stirring (3) Flavor with vanilla. (4) Pour into e-crème cups and chill until firm. Makes servings.

EASY ORANGE CRISPS

all-purpose okie mix
ge juice
Grated rind of 1 orange
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

ake up cookie mix according to package ions, substituting orange juice for the l called for and adding orange rind and eg. (2) Bake as directed. Makes about 3 cookies.

LOBSTER THERMIDOR

2 (1½-lb.) lobsters, boiled and split lengthwise
½ cup sliced mushrooms
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ teaspoon paprika
5 tablespoons chicken stock
½ cup sherry or 3 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons flour
2 egg yolks
2 cups light cream
Grated Cheddar cheese

(1) Remove lobster meat from shells and cut into bite-sized pieces. Clean the shells and wash well. (2) Simmer lobster meat and mushrooms in the butter or margarine. (3) Add paprika, chicken stock, lemon juice or sherry, and cook 2 minutes. (4) Sprinkle with flour and mix lightly. (5) Beat yolks with cream and stir into lobster mixture. Cook gently until thickened. Don't boil! Add salt and pepper to taste. (6) Put mixture into the half shells, packing well. Sprinkle with grated cheese. (7) Brown under broiler. Makes 4 servings.

BROCCOLI DIJONNAISE

2 (10-oz.) boxes frozen broccoli spears or 1½ pounds fresh broccoli, washed and trimmed

SAUCE DIJONNAISE:
1 cup prepared hollandaise sauce (homemade or bought) or 1 cup mayonnaise
4 teaspoons dijon-style prepared mustard
2 teaspoons lemon juice (optional)

(1) Cook frozen broccoli according to package directions, or cook fresh broccoli in boiling salted water until just tender. (2) Meanwhile, heat the hollandaise or mayonnaise and mustard in the top of a double boiler (add the lemon juice if using mayonnaise). Stir frequently while heating. (3) Drain the broccoli, transfer to a serving dish and pour the sauce over to coat broccoli evenly, or pass in a sauceboat. Makes 6 servings.

"ANGELS ON HORSEBACK"
(A Gourmet Luncheon Dish)

6 slices bread, toasted, or toasted English muffins
Butter
6–12 slices Canadian bacon, grilled
6 eggs, poached
1 (11-oz.) can condensed Cheddar-cheese soup
2 tablespoons milk (optional)

(1) Spread the toast with butter. (2) Top each slice with 1 or 2 slices Canadian bacon and then the poached eggs. (3) Gently heat the soup with the milk to make a creamy sauce. (4) Spoon over eggs. Makes about 1½ cups sauce—6 servings.

EATING FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83

TANGERINE SNOW
(about 65 calories each serving)

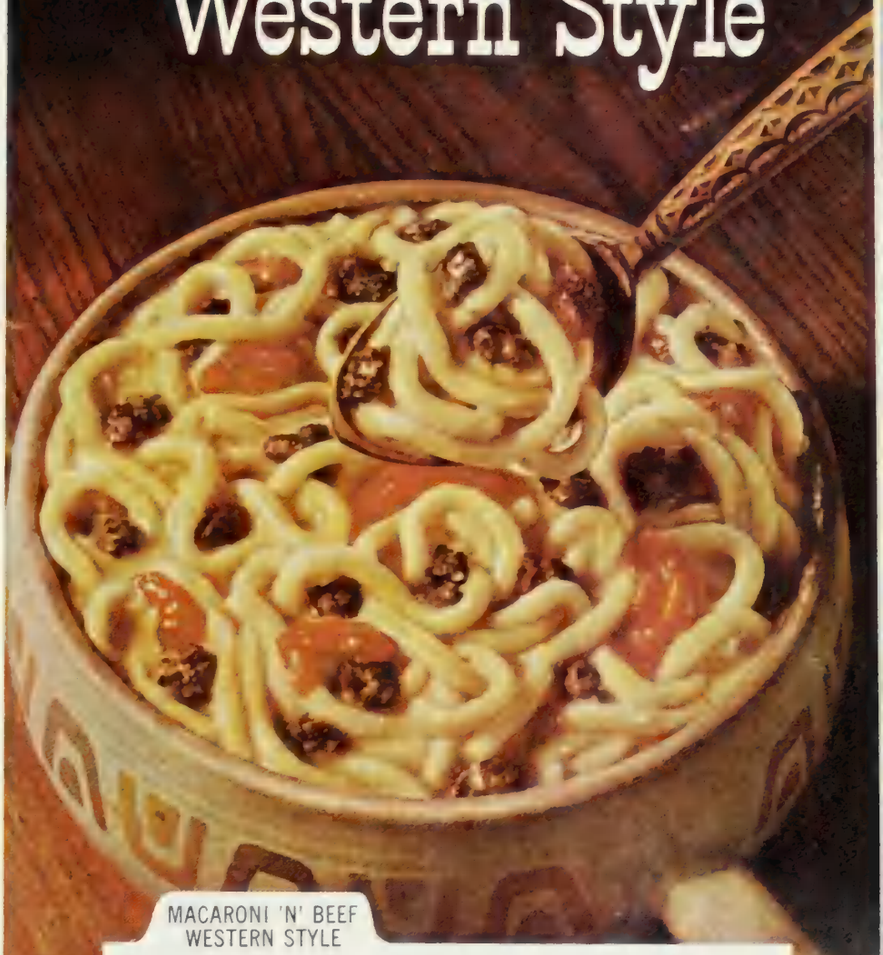
1½ cups unsweetened tangerine juice
½ cup unsweetened orange juice
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
¼–½ teaspoon liquid noncaloric sweetener
2 egg whites
Low-calorie canned or fresh fruit (optional)

(1) Mix tangerine and orange juices. Add gelatin and heat until dissolved. (2) Stir in liquid noncaloric sweetener. (3) Chill until thick and syrupy. (4) Beat until frothy. (5) Chill again until a spoonful mounds. (6) Beat egg whites until they form soft peaks. Fold thoroughly into tangerine mixture. Turn into a 1-quart mold. (7) Chill until firm. Unmold and, if you like, decorate with a selection of low-calorie canned or fresh fruit. (This will increase the calorie count slightly.) Makes 4 servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 91

NEW RECIPE IDEA

Macaroni 'n' Beef Western Style



MACARONI 'N' BEEF WESTERN STYLE

Easy, one-dish dinner with robust, beefy flavor

The smooth golden cheese sauce in FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni is given a hearty Western-type flavor by adding ground beef and plump tomatoes. Here's a robust dish that is just the thing for man-sized appetites and takes just minutes to make.

1 pound ground beef
½ cup chopped onion
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon basil
2 cans Franco-American Macaroni
1 can (1 pound) tomatoes, drained



In skillet, cook beef, onion, salt, pepper, and basil until meat is brown and onion is tender; stir to separate meat particles. Add macaroni and tomatoes. Heat, stirring now and then. 4 to 6 servings.

FRANCO-AMERICAN MACARONI WITH CHEESE SAUCE

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OF Campbell SOUP COMPANY

Accent on VALUE

NEW FROM GENERAL ELECTRIC

88% MORE ROOM INSIDE...



yet takes no more kitchen space



Old G. E. 10-cu.-ft. Model (1948-52)



New G. E. 18.8-cu.-ft. Refrigerator

The Spacemaker—18.8 cu. f —only 67″ high and 33¾″ wide This big, beautiful Refrigerato Freezer fits in the same spac as an old 10-cu.-ft. mode General Electric's new Thi Wall insulation makes it poss ble—it's twice as efficient, s requires only half the usua wall thickness. The big, ne Spacemaker—available onl from General Electric.

New—the ice tray refills automatically when you close the freezer drawer

No more filling and spilling, no more empty ice trays! In General Electric's Spacemaker, just flip the ice cubes into their container, close the Roll-Out Freezer—and the ice tray fills up again with water, automatically.

No defrosting ever—with General Electric's Frost-Guard System, frost never forms. No frost, no defrosting—not even in the freezer.

You'll get all this, plus Swing-Out Shelves, Mobile Cold to keep meat fresh up to 7 days, and General Electric quality: 7 million General Electric refrigerators in use 10 years or longer. How's that for putting the accent on value?

See your G.E. dealer and ask for Mod TC-479. Household Refrigerator Dep Louisville 1, Kentucky.

By any measure
There is nothing just as good as General Electric

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

EATING FOR HEALTH AND BEAUTY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

CURRIED VEAL BOMBAY

(about 176 calories per serving, 243 with rice)

pound lean veal cut into ¾" cubes
½ teaspoons cooking oil
small onion, chopped
teaspoon curry powder
Dash ginger
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
⅛ teaspoon turmeric
⅛ teaspoon paprika
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup fat-free chicken broth
½ green pepper, seeded and slivered
½ red pepper, seeded and slivered
1⅓ cups hot cooked rice (optional)

(1) Make sure veal is trimmed of all fat. (2) Heat oil in a skillet and sauté veal, a few pieces at a time, until golden on all sides. (3) Push meat to one side, add onion and sauté until pale gold. (4) Add all seasonings and stir for a few minutes over heat. (5) Add chicken broth and simmer about 1 hour or until veal is almost tender. (6) Add green and red peppers and continue simmering until veal is tender; peppers should be crisp-tender. To thicken liquid a little more, cook, uncovered, for a few minutes. Serve each portion with ⅓ cup rice if you like. Makes 4 servings.

SHRIMP-AND-SAFFRON-RICE SALAD

(about 197 calories per serving)

cups cooked rice (add a pinch of saffron to the cooking water)
ounces cooked, cleaned, shelled shrimp
head Boston lettuce, washed and crisped

DRESSING:

½ cup low-calorie Italian-style dressing
teaspoons lemon juice
tablespoons chopped fresh tarragon or 1 tablespoon dried tarragon
teaspoons chopped fresh chervil or 2 teaspoons dried chervil
teaspoons snipped fresh chives

(1) Cool the rice a little before mixing with the shrimp. (2) Chill. (3) Mix together all ingredients for the dressing; let stand at room temperature for 30 minutes to blend flavors. (4) Add about ⅓–½ cup dressing to the shrimp-and-rice mixture. Toss gently. (5) Chill 1–2 hours. (6) Taste for salt and pepper. Toss again. (7) Line a salad bowl with the lettuce leaves. Fill with shrimp-rice mixture. Makes 4 servings.

MANDARIN CHICKEN

(about 218 calories per serving)

fryer-chicken breasts (about 1 pound)
cups beef consommé
tablespoons soy sauce
small cloves garlic, crushed
mushrooms, wiped and sliced
ounces snow-pea pods or 1 cup canned Blue Lake green beans
scallions, chopped
pimientos, slivered
can (5-oz.) bamboo shoots, drained
½ can (5-oz.) water chestnuts, drained and sliced
small tomatoes
teaspoons cornstarch
Few drops liquid hot pepper seasoning
1⅓ cups canned bean sprouts, heated and drained

(1) Poach chicken breasts until tender in a little water with salt and pepper added. Cool in broth. Remove meat from the bones and skin and cut into bite-sized pieces. Skim broth of fat and reserve. (2) Heat consommé and soy sauce in a saucepan. (3) Add garlic, mushrooms and snow-pea pods or green beans and simmer until the latter are barely crisp-tender. (4) Add scallions, pimientos, bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, tomatoes cut into wedges, and chicken. Simmer about 5 minutes or until heated through—but vegetables should still be crisp. (5) Mix cornstarch with enough reserved chicken broth to moisten. Stir into chicken mixture with liquid hot pepper seasoning and cook until slightly thickened. Serve over hot bean sprouts. Makes 4 servings.

ANTIPASTO

(about 269 calories per serving)

8 thin slices bologna or 8 tissue-thin slices prosciutto ham, trimmed of fat and rolled
2 hard-cooked eggs, halved and stuffed
8 cherry tomatoes
4 hot red peppers or pimiento cups stuffed with tuna mayonnaise
Tarragon beets
Marinated cucumbers
Parsley artichoke hearts
1 carrot, scraped and cut into julienne strips
8 radishes
1 cup cauliflowerets
Curried French dip for vegetables
Watercress

Stuffed Eggs: (1) Cut 2 hard-cooked eggs in half lengthwise and remove yolks. (2) Sieve or mash yolks and mix with ¼ teaspoon seasoned salt, ⅛ teaspoon prepared horseradish, 1 teaspoon prepared mustard, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, dash paprika and 1 tablespoon skim milk. Mix well. (3) Fill whites with mixture, using a decorating tube if you like. (4) Sprinkle with paprika and chill.

Tuna Mayonnaise: (1) Drain and reserve liquid from 1 can (6½-oz.) dietetic-pack tuna. (2) Flake the tuna and add 3 tablespoons low-calorie whipped dressing, ¼ teaspoon seasoned pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped fresh tarragon (or 1½ teaspoons dried soaked in a little hot water), pinch salt and 1 tablespoon tuna liquid. Mix well. (3) Fill hot red peppers or pimiento cups with the mixture and chill.

Tarragon Beets: (1) Mix 1 cup canned baby beets with 1 tablespoon tarragon vinegar, 2 tablespoons orange juice and 1 tablespoon lemon juice. (2) Chill well.

Marinated Cucumbers: (1) Partially peel or score the skin of 1 medium cucumber. Slice thin. (2) Mix ¼ cup low-calorie Italian-style dressing, ¼ teaspoon dried dill weed, 1 small clove garlic, crushed, and 2 teaspoons red wine vinegar. (3) Add cucumbers. Mix well; chill, stirring occasionally.

Parsley Artichoke Hearts: (1) Mix 1 cup drained canned artichoke hearts with 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon bottled garlic juice, ½ teaspoon vinegar, salt and pepper to taste. (2) Chill well.

Curried French Dip for Vegetables: (1) Mix ¼ cup low-calorie French-style dressing with ⅛ teaspoon curry powder and ¼ teaspoon bottled onion juice. (2) Let stand 15 minutes for flavors to blend.

To assemble antipasto: arrange attractively on a platter. Makes 4 servings.

CLAM-AND-VEGETABLE CHOWDER

(about 94 calories per serving)

2 (7½-oz.) cans minced clams
1 package (10-oz.) frozen mixed vegetables
1 cup skim milk
2 teaspoons chopped parsley
Dash paprika
Dash cayenne
4 scallions, sliced thin (include green tops)

(1) Empty contents of cans of minced clams into saucepan. (2) Add all remaining ingredients. Mix well. (3) Simmer over low heat until heated through and flavors are blended, about 10–15 minutes. (4) Serve with an extra dash of paprika over each serving. Makes 4 servings. Serve with crisp crackers, if you like.

SAVORY CHICKEN LIVERS

(about 161 calories per serving, 224 with toast)

1 pound chicken livers
5 teaspoons butter or margarine
½ teaspoon summer savory
⅛ teaspoon garlic salt
¼ teaspoon dry mustard
½–¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
Dash paprika
5 slices bread, toasted

(1) Wash and trim chicken livers. Cut each liver into 2–3 pieces. (2) Heat butter or margarine in a skillet. (3) Add livers and sprinkle with seasonings. Sauté, turning frequently, until tender and golden. (4) Serve each portion on a slice of toast, if you like. (5) Measure 2–3 tablespoons boiling water into the skillet, heat and scrape brown bits from bottom, then pour over livers. Makes 5 servings. END

Perfect Spaghetti Sauce

complete with

herbs · spices · cheese · tomato



CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®

THE MOON SPINNERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55

the road, between rocky slopes studded with scrub and dwarf juniper. "In some ways, Greece is still a very, very primitive country."

I laughed. "Maybe. But one of the primitive customs is that the stranger's sacred. I get along quite well in Greek—and I've been to Crete before. So you can leave me quite safely."

"And this cousin of yours—you're sure she'll show up?"

"Of course. Even if she misses tomorrow's bus, she'll get a car or something. She's very capable."

Eventually, reassured, they drove off.

I stood there beside my suitcase and looked about me. The White Mountains are a range of great peaks, the backbone of the westerly end of the mountainous island of Crete. At the southwest of the island, the foothills of the range run right down to the shore, which, here, is wild and craggy. Here and there along the coast are villages, little handfuls of houses each clinging to its crescent of shingle. Some are approached only by steep tracks through the maze of the foothills, or by caïque from the sea. It was in one of them, Agios Georgios, the village of St. George, that I had elected to spend the week of my Easter holiday.

I had been in Athens since January of the previous year, working in a very junior capacity as a secretary at the British Embassy. I had counted myself lucky, at twenty-one, to land even a fairly humble job in a country which, as far back as I could remember, I had longed to visit. I had settled happily in Athens, worked hard at the language (being rewarded with a fair fluency), and I had used my holidays and weekends in exploration of all the famous places within reach.

A month before this Easter holiday was due, I had been delighted to hear from my cousin, Frances Scorby. Frances is a good deal older than I am, being my parents' contemporary rather than my own. She writes and lectures on plants, and takes beautiful color photographs which illustrate her books and talks. My ecstatic letters to her about the Greek wild flowers had evidently borne fruit. It seemed that friends of hers were taking a small hired yacht from Brindisi to Piraeus, where they intended to stay for a few days while they explored Athens and its environs, after which they planned a leisurely sail through the islands. I had suggested that she abandon her party for a few days, and join me in Crete, where she could see the countryside and the legendary flowers of the White Mountains.

Frances was enthusiastic, her hosts were agreeable, and it was left to me to discover, if possible, some quiet place to stay in southwest Crete. A café acquaintance in Athens—a Danish writer of travel books—had told me of a small, isolated village at the foot of the White Mountains.

"If it's the real thing you want, an unspoiled village without even a road leading to it—just a couple of dozen houses, a tiny church and the sea—Agios Georgios is your place," he said.

"It sounds wonderful," I had said. "All right, I'll buy it. What are the snags? Where do we have to sleep?"

This, it appeared, was the whole point. All the other attractions of Agios Georgios could be found in a score of similar villages, in Crete or elsewhere. But Agios Georgios had a hotel.

"It's only just started; in fact, I was their first guest," said my informant. "The accommodation's very simple, but it's perfectly clean, and the food is excellent. The owner's a Soho Greek, originally a native of Agios Georgios, who emigrated to London twenty years ago, made his pile as a restaurateur, and has now come back, as these folk do, and wants to settle at home. He's imported a friend of his from his London restaurant, to help him. Why not try?"

I had telephoned next day. Stratos Alexiakis, the proprietor, had been surprised, but pleased. The hotel was not yet officially opened, he told me; they were still building and painting, I must understand, and there were no other guests there; it was very simple and quiet. But, once assured that this was exactly what we wanted, he had seemed pleased to welcome us.

Our plans, however, had not worked out quite smoothly. On Sunday Frances had telephoned from Patras, where her friends' boat had been delayed, and had begged me to set off myself for Crete, leaving her to find her own way there as soon as possible. I had managed to get Sunday evening's flight to Herakleion, where the Studebakers had offered me a lift on Monday morning, straight to the southwest corner of Crete. So here I was, set down in the middle of a landscape as savage and deserted as the most determined solitary could have wished for.

I picked my case up from among the dusty salvias, and started down the track. A breeze was blowing off the sea, and the track led downhill, so I went at a fair speed; nevertheless, it was fully fifteen minutes before I saw, a couple of hundred yards farther on, the first evidence of man's presence here.

This was a bridge, a small affair with a rough stone parapet, which led the track over a narrow river—the water supply, I supposed, on which Agios Georgios lived. I paused on the bridge, set down my case and shoulder bag, then sat down on the parapet in the shade of a sycamore tree, swinging my legs, and stared thoughtfully down the track toward the village. The sea was, as far as I could judge, still about half a mile away. Below the bridge the river ran smoothly down, pool to pool dropping through glittering shallows, between shrubby banks dotted with Judas trees. Apart from these the valley was treeless, its rocky slopes seeming to trap the heat of the day.

I looked the other way, upstream, where a path wound along the waterside under willows. Then I slid to my feet, carried my case down below the bridge, and pushed it carefully out of sight into a thicket of brambles and rock roses. My canvas bag, containing my lunch, fruit and a flask of coffee, I swung back onto my shoulder. The hotel was not expecting me so soon; there was no reason why I should not find a cool place by the water, eat my meal, and have my fill of the mountain silence and solitude before going down later to the village.

I started up the shady path along the river. In a few moments I emerged from the shade of the gorge onto an open plateau.

Here were the fields belonging to the people of Agios Georgios. Not an inch of the flat land but was dug, hoed and harrowed. Between the vegetable fields were rows of fruit trees; I saw locust trees and apricots as well as the ubiquitous olives and the lemon trees. Here and there, at the outlying edges of the plateau, the gay little Cretan windmills whirled their white canvas sails.

There was nobody about. I passed the last windmill, climbed through the vine rows that terraced the rising ground, and paused in the shade of a lemon tree. Here I hesitated, and looked the other way, toward the mountains.

The White Mountains of Crete really are white. Even when, in high summer, the snow is gone, their upper ridges are still silver: bare, gray rock glinting in the sun, showing paler, less substantial than the deep-blue sky behind them; so that one can well believe that among those remote and floating peaks the king of the gods was born. For Zeus, they say, was born in Dicte, a cave of the White Mountains. They show you the very place.

At that moment, on the thought, a big white bird flew, with slow, unstartled beat of wings, out of the glossy leaves beside me, and sailed over my head. An egret? I shaded my eyes to watch it.

For some reason the sight of the big white bird, strange to me; the smell of the lemon flowers, the clicking of the mill sails and the sound of spilling water; the sunlight dappling through the leaves on the white anemones with their lampblack centers; and, above all, my first real sight of the legendary White Mountains—all this seemed to rush together into a point of powerful magic, happiness striking like an arrow. I gave a last look behind me at the wedge of shimmering sea, then walked rapidly toward the ravine that twisted up into the flank of the mountain.

I had gone some distance before I began to think about a meal. I left the path and clambered, not without difficulty, up the boulders that edged a small stream, toward the sunlight of the open ground at the edge of the ravine.

In a few minutes I came out on a small, stony alp, a level field of asphodel, all but surrounded by towering rocks. Southward it was open, with a dizzying view down toward the now-distant sea.

I swung the bag off my shoulder, and dropped it among the flowers. I knelt at the edge of the stream and put my hands and wrists into the water. The water was ice-cold, pure and hard; the wine of Greece, so precious that, time out of mind, each spring has been guarded by its own deity, the naiad of the stream. No doubt she watched it still, from behind the hanging ferns. I smiled at the myth-bred fancies, and bent to drink.

Deep in the pool something pale wavered among the green. A face. It was so much a part of my thoughts that, for one dreaming moment, I took no notice. Then I stiffened, and looked again.

Behind my mirrored shoulder a face swam, watching me from the green depths. But it wasn't the guardian of the spring. It was human, and male, the reflection of someone's head peering down at me from the edge of the rocks high above the spring.

After the first startled moment I wasn't alarmed. This was some shepherd lad, curious at the sight of a foreigner. I turned and looked up. Nothing. The head had vanished.

I waited, watching the top of the rock. The head appeared again, stealthily—so stealthily that a tiny tingle of uneasiness crept up my spine. This was a man, no shepherd boy. A Greek, certainly; it was a dark face, mahogany-tanned, square and tough-looking, with dark eyes, and that black pelt of hair, thick and close as a ram's fleece, which is one of the chief beauties of the Greek men.

Only a glimpse I had, then he was gone. Troubled now, I got to my feet with somewhat elaborate unconcern and turned to go.

The first warning I had was when a shadow dropped across the flowers, as sudden as a black cloth falling to stifle me. I looked up with a gasp of fright. From the rocks beside the spring came a rattle of pebbles, the scrape of a foot, and the Greek dropped neatly into my path.

There was one startled moment in which everything seemed very clear and still. I thought, but not believing it, *The impossible really has happened; this is danger.* I saw his dark eyes, angry and wary at the same time. His hand—more incredible still—grasped a naked knife.

I screamed, and turned to run. He caught me, pulled me against him and held me. His free hand covered my mouth. He was saying something half under his breath, curses or threats that, in my panic, I didn't understand. I struggled and fought, as if in a nightmare. I believe I kicked him, and my nails drew blood on his wrists. There was a clatter of kicked stones, and a jingling as he dropped the knife. I got my mouth free for a moment, and screamed again. It was little more than a shrill gasp this time, barely audible. But in any case, there was nobody to help.

Impossibly, help came.

From behind me, a man's voice called out, sharply, in Greek. The effect on my attacker was immediate. He froze where he stood. But he still held me, and his hand clamped tightly again over my mouth.

He turned his head and called, in a low, urgent voice, "It's a girl, a foreigner. Spying around. I think she is English."

I strained against the Greek's hand to see who had saved me, but he held me tightly, with a low, "Keep still, and hold your noise."

The voice came again, apparently from some way off. "A girl? English?" A curious pause. "For pity's sake, leave her alone, and bring her here. Are you mad?"

The Greek hesitated, then said sullenly to me, in strongly accented but reasonably good English, "Come with me. And do not squeak again. If you make one other sound, I will kill you. Be sure of that."

He stooped to pick up his knife, and motioned toward the rocks behind us. I turned. There was no one to be seen.

"Inside," said the Greek, and jerked his head toward a shepherd's hut I hadn't noticed before, backed against the cliff.

At first I could see nothing, but then the Greek pushed me farther in, and in the flood of light from the doorway I could see quite clearly a man lying in the far corner, away from the door. He lay on a rough bed of ferns or dried shrubs. As the Greek pushed me inside, he raised his head, his eyes narrowed against the light.

The movement, slight as it was, seemed an effort. He was ill—very ill; it didn't need the roughly swathed cloths, stiff with dried blood, on his left arm and shoulder to tell me that. His face, under the two days' growth of beard, was pale, and hollowed under the cheekbones, while the skin round his eyes with their suspiciously bright glitter looked bruised with pain and fever. There was a nasty-looking mark on his forehead, where the skin had been scraped raw and had bled. The hair above it was still matted with blood.

For the rest, he was young; dark-haired and blue-eyed like a great many Cretans, and would, when washed, shaved and healthy, be a reasonably personable man, with an aggressive-looking nose and mouth, square, capable hands and (as I guessed) a fair amount of physical strength. He had on dark-gray trousers, and a shirt that had once been white, both garments now filthy and torn. The only bedcovering was an equally battered jacket. This, the sick man clutched to him as though he was cold.

"I hope Lambis didn't hurt you? You . . . screamed?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

ASK ANY WOMAN

BY MARCELENE COX

Five years ago she took a tour,
Today she writes from home,
And yet the letterhead may read
Cairo, Stockholm or Rome.

In these days it isn't necessary to eat an apple a day to keep the doctor away; he isn't there anyway.

If it weren't for a man's ego, he would never accomplish anything to prove he's as good as he thinks he is.

When he returns home at night, every man worth his salt deserves to have a chair that exactly fits his contours, is free of newspapers, unironed clothes, children's toys, and is always found in the same place—even if it has to be bolted to the floor to keep it there.

Budget thought: Living within one's means frequently necessitates living without.

FABLE IN ENGLISH

There was once a grandfather who dearly loved his fifteen grandchildren, all of whom lived within a five-mile radius. In fact, he loved them so much that, despite protests from their mothers about spoiled appetites, he made the rounds late every afternoon for the purpose of spreading cheer in the form of ice cream and candy. Finally one evening, after this had gone on for weeks, the children's grandmother refused to serve grandfather his dinner until he first had consumed a candy bar and a large dish of ice cream.

Moral: *The scales of love are not tipped by unbalancing appetites.*



GREEN BEANS CAESAR

Please a man with this recipe for tender-crisp DEL MONTE GREEN BEANS

Masterful meats like steak or kabobs call for a really triumphant vegetable—and that's the time for you to call on DEL MONTE Brand Blue Lake Green Beans. Rich garden flavor and tender texture make them perfect for such a distinctive dish as Green Beans Caesar—and yet make it so easy that you could serve it with everyday hamburgers today. Why not?

In 2 Tbsp. salad oil, fry lightly ¾ cup ½-in. bread cubes until golden brown and crisp. Pour the liquid from 1 No. 303 can (1 lb. 1 oz.) DEL MONTE Green Beans and save it for soup, gravy, etc.

(Just look at those beans! Clean-snipped, meaty pods. No strings. And no doubt about DEL MONTE® Quality. You can count on it, always.)

Mix 1 Tbsp. salad oil with 1 Tbsp. vinegar, 1 tsp. minced onion and ¼ tsp. salt. Turn DEL MONTE Green Beans into the skillet with bread cubes.

Pour oil-vinegar mixture on beans; heat and stir until hot. Sprinkle with 2-3 Tbsp. grated or shredded Parmesan cheese. Yields 4 servings.

Fix 'em plain or fancy—you get your money's worth every single time you choose DEL MONTE Green Beans. Serve them soon, and often!



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92

I realized then why he had seemed to be speaking from some distance away. His voice, though steady enough, was held so by a palpable effort, and it was weak. He gave the impression of holding on, precariously, to every ounce of strength he had, and, in so doing, spending it. He spoke in English, and such was my own shaken condition that I thought at first, merely, *What good English he speaks;* and only afterward, with a shock, *He is English.*

Of course that was the first thing I said. I was hardly conscious that the Greek, Lambis, had dropped his hand from my arm. Automatically I began to rub the place where he had gripped me. Later there would be a bruise.

I faltered on. "And you're hurt! Has there been an accident? What happened?"

Lambis pushed past me. Before the sick man could speak he said, quickly and defensively, "It is nothing. An accident in climbing."

"Shut up, will you?" The sick man snapped it, in Greek. "And put that knife away. You've scared her silly as it is, poor kid. Can't you see she's nothing to do with this business? You should have let her go past."

"She'd seen me. And she was coming this way. She'd have come in here, as likely as not, and seen you. She'll blab all over the village."

"Well, you've made sure of that, haven't you? Now keep quiet, and leave this to me."

At some purely instinctive level, it seemed, I made a decision for my own protection—not to betray my knowledge of Greek. Whatever I had stumbled into I would prefer to stumble out of again as quickly as possible, and it seemed that the less I knew about "this business," whatever it was, the more likely they were to let me go peaceably on my way.

"I'm sorry." The Englishman's eyes turned back to me. "Lambis shouldn't have frightened you like that. I—we've had an accident, and he's a bit shaken up. Your arm—did he hurt you?"

"Not really; it's all right. But what abou you? Are you badly hurt?" It would be a ver odd sort of accident, I thought, that woul lead a man to attack a stranger as Lambis ha attacked me.

"I was caught by a fall of stone. Lamb thought it was someone farther up the hill wh set it away, in carelessness. We shouted, bu nobody came."

"I see." I had also seen Lambis's quic glance of surprise, before the sullen brow eyes went back to the ground. It wasn't a ba lie on the spur of the moment, from a ma who plainly wasn't as clear in the head as h would have liked to be. "Well," I said, " wasn't me. I've only just arrived at Agio Georgios today, and I haven't ——"

"Agios Georgios?" The glitter this tim wasn't put there only by the fever. "You'v walked up from there?"

"From the bridge, yes."

"Did you ——" He stopped, and I saw h was shivering; he waited with clenched teet for the fit to pass. "Did you meet anyone o your . . . walk?"

"Not a soul."

A pause. He shut his eyes, but almost im mediately opened them again. "Is it far?"

"To the village? Quite a long way, I sup pose. It's hard to tell how far, when you' climbing. Which way did you come yourself?

"We came from the road. Farther east."

"But ——" I began, then paused. I w quite well aware that the only road came from the west, and then turned northward ov a pass back inland. This spur of the Whi Mountains was served only by its tracks.

The man on the bed shifted irritably, as his arm hurt him. "The village—where are yo staying?"

"The hotel. But I haven't been there yet. only arrived at noon; I got a lift out fro Heraklion, and I'm not expected, so I—I can up here for a walk, just on impulse. It was s lovely ——"

I got my second impulse of the day. Franc had often told me that one day my impuls would lead me into serious trouble. Well, pe ple like to be proved right sometimes.

"Look!" I spoke crisply. "Now, I've no d sire to push my way into what doesn't concer me; it's obvious you don't want questio asked. But you're sick; and if you ask m Lambis is making a rotten job of looking aft you, and if you don't watch your step you' going to be very seriously ill indeed, if n downright dead. For one thing, that banda is dirty; and for another ——"

"It's all right." He was speaking, with clos eyes, to the wall. "Don't worry about me. I' just got a touch of fever—be all right soo You just . . . keep out of it, that's all. G down now to your hotel and forget this please." He turned then, and peered at me as painfully, against the light. "For your ov sake. I mean it." His good hand moved, a I put mine down to meet it. His fingers clos over mine; the skin felt dry and hot, and cu ously dead. "But if you do see anyone on yo way down—or in the village—who ——"

Lambis said roughly, in Greek, "Say more."

The Englishman hardly seemed to hear hi His eyes never left me. "They may have go toward the village"—the thick mutter w still in English—"and if you're going th way ——"

"Mark!" Lambis moved forward, crowdi me aside. "Hold your tongue and tell her go! You want sleep." He added in Greek, "I go and look for him myself, as soon as I can promise you. He's probably back at t caïque; you torture yourself for nothing Then to me, angrily: "Can't you see h fainting?"

"All right," I said. "But don't shout at m like that. I'm not the one that's killing him." tucked the now unresponsive hand back unc the coat, and stood up to face the Greek. am not going away from here and leaving h like this. When did this happen?"

"The day before last"—sullenly.

"He's been here two nights?" I said, hor fied. "And you've not tried to get help? A right, I've managed to gather that you're some sort of trouble. Well, unless somethin done about your Mark here, he will die, a

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vill be something more to worry about. you any food?"
little. I had bread, and some cheese ——"
nd fine stuff it looks too." There was a nene mug lying in the dirt beside the bed. ed it up. "Go and wash this. Bring my and my cardigan. They're where I ed them when you jumped on me with beastly knife. There's food there. Oh, there's a cooking pot over there; if you I can get some wood and stuff together, e'll get a fire going ——"
o!" Both men spoke together. Mark's ad flown open on the word, and I saw a lash between the two men which was, for ark's weakness, as electric as a spark ng across points.
oked from one to the other in silence. ad as that?" I said at length. "Fallen , what nonsense." I turned to Lambis. t was it, a knife?"
bullet," he said, not without a certain
bullet?"
you see," said Lambis, his surliness giv- ay to a purely human satisfaction, "you d have kept away. There is danger, great r. Where there has been one bullet, there e another. And if you speak a word in llage of what you have seen today, I shall ou myself."
es, all right." I was scarcely listening; ok in Mark's face was frightening me to

eed more dreamers, more idealists, do-gooders, for ours is a generation r pressure, engaged in a struggle we ot start, in a world we did not make . . . e world cannot be saved by the spirit youth, it cannot hope to save the of the ages. So those of us who are men must serve our society in order eserve what is as old as man—his for freedom and peace. And we do lespair. That ancient quest today is cean crest of tomorrow. No hand of an stay it. No wall of stone can con- t. A single breaker may recede, but ide is coming in. THEODORE SORENSEN

. "But get my bag first, will you? And up!" I added.
looked from me to Mark, then left the ithout a word.
reek," said Mark faintly from his corner, ts Greek." There was the faintest de- e gleam of amusement in his face, under ain and exhaustion. "You're quite a girl, you? What's your name?"
icola Ferris. I thought you'd fainted ."
o. I'm pretty tough, you don't have to y."
ut you've a temperature; any fool could at."
ut all night, that's why. Lost a bit of l—and it rained. Be all right soon—in a r two."
mbis brought all my things, and the rinsed mug. I took the cardigan from nd knelt by the bed. Mark made no pro- when I took the rough jacket away and d the warm, soft folds of wool round his ders. "Lambis, there's a flask in the bag. him some coffee."
s teeth chattered against the edge of the and I had to watch to make sure he t scald his mouth, so eagerly did he gulp e hot stuff.
nen he had eaten all that could be forced him, and drunk two mugs of coffee, I ed him lower himself back into the bed- He seemed drowsy, but I could see him noning the effort to speak. "Nicola."
What is it?"
ambis told you the truth. It's dangerous. 't explain. But keep out of it—don't want o get mixed up with us. Can't allow it."
f I only understood ——"
don't understand myself. But—my affair. 't add to it. Please."
ddenly I realized that he was very young, much older, I thought, than myself nty-two? Twenty-three? The drawn look and painfully tightened mouth had hidden the fact of his youth. It was, oddly enough, as he tried to speak with crisp authority that his youth showed through, like flesh through a gap in armor.

He lay back. "You'd . . . better be on your way. Lambis, see her down the hill, as far as you can."

Something about the way he turned his cheek into the white softness of my cardigan caught at me. I left the hut abruptly, with Lambis close behind me, carrying my bag.

A few steps and we were out of sight of the hut. "Lambis," I said, "one moment."

He turned reluctantly.

"I want to talk to you. Also, I'm hungry." I spoke softly, though we could certainly not be heard from the hut. "Let me see that bag. There's food here. I left the coffee for him, and you'd better keep the oranges and chocolate. Surely you can help me eat the rest?"

He jerked his head sideways. "We cannot stay here, it is too open. There is a place above, where we can see, and not be seen."

The place he chose was a wide ledge, some way above the little alp where the hut stood. As a hiding place and watchtower combined, it could hardly have been bettered. The ledge was about ten feet wide, sloping a little upward, out from the cliff face, so that from below we were invisible. Behind, in the cliff, a vertical cleft offered deeper shelter, and a possible hiding place. A juniper grew half across this cleft, and the ledge itself was deep with sweet aromatic shrubs. The way up to it was concealed by a tangling bank of honeysuckle, and the spread silver boughs of a wild fig tree.

We shared what food there was left. Lambis ate ravenously. I kept silent, watching him, and when at length I saw him reach for a cigarette, I spoke gently.

"Lambis. Who shot Mark?"

He jumped, and turned his head sharply. The ready scowl came down.

"You've made it obvious that you expect them, whoever they are, to have another bash at him, so you're both in hiding. That's all very well, but you can't *stay* that way."

"Do you think I do not know this?"

"It's obvious Mark can't be moved; but if someone doesn't get help very soon, he may even die. You told me he'd had a night in the open. People die of that—shock, pneumonia; didn't you know?"

No answer. He didn't look at me, but at least he was making no move to leave me.

I said abruptly, "You came here by boat, didn't you? Was it your own?"

His head jerked up at that. "By . . . boat?"

"Yes, by boat. There's no road from the east; in fact, there's only one road through this corner of Crete, and if you'd come by that you'd not have needed to ask me about the route down to the village."

A pause. "Yes, we came in my caïque."

"Ah. Then you'll have supplies on board—food, blankets, medical things?"

"And if I have?" He said it angrily; but at least, I thought, he was listening. His initial mistrust gone, he might even be halfway to accepting me as a possible ally.

I waited for a moment, then said slowly, "You know, Lambis, I think you had better tell me about this . . . affair. There may not be much I can do, but I promise to be very careful. I won't interfere where I'm not needed, but I'm less likely to make mistakes if I know what's involved."

The dark eyes were fixed on my face. He seemed to be hesitating.

I said, "I have understood one thing, I think. It was a man from Agios Georgios who shot Mark?"

"We do not know. Can you not see? If we knew from where the danger comes, or why, then we would know what to do. But we do not know. This is why I am afraid to go into the village, or to ask there for help from anyone—even the headman. I do not know if this is some affair of family, or who may be concerned in it. Here, in Crete, they still kill sometimes for affairs of family, you understand?"

"Vendettas. Blood feuds."

"Yes; 'vendetta' I know—killing for blood. Blood will always have blood." He pronounced this involuntarily Shakespearean line in a matter-of-fact voice that chilled me.

I stared. "Are you trying to tell me that Mark has injured someone—and was shot at in revenge?"

"He injured nobody. His mistake was that he saw a murder done."

I heard my breath go out between my teeth.

"And we do not know even who the people were—the murderers, and the man they killed; and so we do not know in what direction we can go for help. We only know that they still search for Mark, to kill him." He nodded at my look. "Yes, these are wild parts, *thespoinis*—miss. If a man is injured his whole family, perhaps his whole village, will support him, even in the case of murder and death."

"But I can't think that it literally isn't safe to go down for supplies."

"You do not know it all. It is not so simple." He took a deep drag at his cigarette. "I told you I have a caïque. I live in Piraeus. Mark hired me there, to take a voyage to some of the islands. Two days ago we come round to the south of Crete. We mean to come in to Agios Georgios, perhaps, later that night. Well, Mark, he know of an old church, in a hollow of the mountains, not far from the coast, to the east of Agios Georgios. This church is very ancient"—he pronounced it "auncient"—"perhaps classical, and I think it is in the old books."



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"I've heard of it. There was a classical shrine, I think, then later a church was built on the site. Byzantine."

"So? Well, in the auncient times there was a harbor nearby. Still, in calm weather, a small caïque can get right in where the old landing place was. Mark, he tells me to stop there. We had been sailing for two days, and now they were wanting to go on land, to walk ——"

"They?"

"Mark and his brother."

"Oh!" I stared at him, with the beginnings of frightened comprehension. I was remembering the look of agonized helplessness on Mark's face, and something Lambis had said, to quiet him: "*I'll go and look for him myself, as soon as I can.*"

"Well, Mark and Colin leave the caïque, and go up through the hills. I stay with the caïque and fish, and sleep, and swim, until it is evening. I wait and wait, not knowing when they will come, or if perhaps I should go and look—you know how this is."

"I know."

"Then it is night, and they are not coming, and now I am very anxious. These are wild hills. I take a torch, and go up to find the little church, but they are not there. I do not know where to go from there, but then there is cloud, and sharp rain, and it is dark, very dark. I have to take shelter till first light. I find a path—not just a goat path, but a wide one, of stones worn flat. I go along it. Then, on it, I see blood."

The bare simplicity of Lambis's style, together with the matter-of-fact tone he used, had an absurdly sensational impact. As he paused, with totally unconscious effect, to grind his cigarette out on a stone, I found myself watching him tensely.

"Now," he said, "I am sure there is an accident. I am afraid. I call, but there is no answer." He hesitated, and glanced up at me. "Then—I cannot explain you why—but I do not call anymore."

"You don't have to explain. I understand."

I did understand, very well. I could picture it as he had told it me: the man alone on the mountainside; the blood on the stones; the eerie silence, and the echoing rocks; the creeping fear. These cloud-bound crags, with their eagles and oryxes and wheeling vultures, have, time out of mind—it is said—been the haunt of outlawed men. So, Lambis had hunted in silence. And, finally, he had found Mark.

"I see that he is fainting, and that he has been shot. I do what I can, quickly, then I look for the boy."

"The boy? You mean that the brother—Colin—is *younger?*"

"He is fifteen."

"Oh. Go on."

"I do not find him. But now it is light, and I am afraid they—whoever it is who has done this—will come back to look for Mark. I carry him away, off the path, up through the rocks and along under the ridge, and then I find this place. It is easy to see that there has been nobody here for many weeks."

Lambis rolled over on his stomach and gazed out over the hot hillside as he talked. Unemotionally, he told me Mark's story.

Mark and Colin had walked to the little church (he said), and had their meal there. After they had explored it, they had walked on, up into the hills. They were walking fast, not talking, their rope-soled shoes making very little sound on the path, when suddenly, just ahead of them round a bend in the track, they heard voices speaking Greek, raised as if in some sort of quarrel. Just as they came round the bluff of rock that masked the speakers from them they heard shouts, a scream from a woman, and then a shot.

Three men and a woman stood there. A fourth man lay on his face at the gully's edge, dead. Of the three living men, one stood back, aloof from the rest of the group, smoking—the two other men both had rifles. It was obvious which one had fired the recent shot; this was a dark man in Cretan costume, whose weapon was still leveled. The woman was clinging to his arm, screaming. He shook her off roughly, and struck her aside with his fist. Apart from the woman, whose distress was obvious, none of them seemed very concerned with the fate of the dead man.



NEXT MONTH

DR. SPOCK

on intelligence tests, their uses and misuses. What do they measure—or fail to measure? Should parents demand to see their children's IQ scores?



ARE YOU A LESS-THAN-SPOTLESS HOUSEKEEPER?

Help is on the way via Peg Bracken's new The I Hate to Housekeep Book, designed for random housekeepers. She tells you why you should *never* darn socks, when to freeze sneakers and how to combine a milkman and red bloomers helpfully. The Journal's condensed-in-one-issue book, by the author of The I Hate to Cook Book.



WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE MARRIED TO A KENNEDY?

Lovely Joan Bennett was a nonathletic, nonpolitical girl from Bronxville when she met and married Teddy Kennedy. Since joining the clan she's learned how to ski (on both snow and water), tramps (yawning) over Beacon Hill at 2 A.M. with her energetic husband, and is becoming a veteran campaigner. Her main concern: "I look too young!"



THE JOURNAL'S MOTHER-DAUGHTER ISSUE

WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR YOUR DAUGHTER?

Actress Diahann Carroll, singer Eileen Farrell, clothes designer Anne Fogarty and other famous mothers give their answers. For them, as for any mother, the question goes to the heart of all they have learned from the past, all they hope for in the future.

A WHOLE WOMANLY WORLD

that you can show or share with your daughter: glorious autumn clothes; a little girl's cookbook, including Halloween treats; fabulous toys that teach your daughter real homemaking skills; a beauty primer for belles under ten.

Mark dropped an arm across Colin's shoul ders to pull him back out of sight, with muttered, "Let's get out of this."

But at that unlucky moment the faces of th group turned, staring, pale in the dusk. In th moment of startled stillness before any o them moved, Mark thrust Colin behind him He had opened his mouth to shout when th man in Cretan costume threw his rifle to hi shoulder and fired again. Mark flinched back half turning to dodge out of sight. It was th movement that had saved him. He was nea the gully edge, and as he fell the momentum o his turn pitched him over it.

The next few minutes were a confusion o pain and distorted memory. Dimly, he kne that he was falling, bumping and sprawlin down among rocks and bushes. He heard, a from a long way off, the woman screamin again, and a man's voice cursing her, and the Colin's voice, reckless with terror: "You' killed him, you stupid swine! Mark! Let m get down to him! Mark! Let me go, dam you! *Mark!*"

Then the sound of a brief, fierce scuffle at th gully's edge, a cry from Colin, bitten off shor Then a man's voice saying, in precise and ur concerned English, "At least take time to thin it over, won't you? Three corpses is a lot to g rid of, even here." Mark, swimming away o seas of black pain, could not even be sure was not a dream.

And that, said Lambis, was all that Ma remembered. When he awoke to consciou ness, it was almost daylight. The thought Colin got him, somehow, up out of the gull He fainted several times in his passage of thr hundred yards. Twice the rain revived hi The last time, Lambis found him.

I said hoarsely, "They'd left Mark f dead?"

"Yes. It was dark, you see, and they ma not have wanted to go down the gully aft him. It was a very steep place. If he was n then dead, he would be dead by morning."

A pause. I said, uncertainly, "They woul come back, by daylight?"

"Yes." A glance from those dark eye "This I guessed, even before I heard his stor I hid among the rocks, and waited. One came.

Again the breathless impact of that spar style. "You saw him?"

"Yes. It was a man of perhaps forty, Cretan dress. He had a soft black cap with red scarf tied round, and hanging, the way th Cretans wear it. He was very dark of fac with a mustache, like most Cretans; but I sha know him again."

"What did he do when you saw him?"

"He looked about him, and went down int the gully, looking for Mark. When he cou find no body, he looked puzzled, and th anxious, and searched further, to see if pe haps Mark had crawled away, and die After a time he went off, but not toward Agi Georgios. He went up there"—a gestu vaguely north—"where is another villag high up. So we still do not know from whe the murderers come. And because of Mar I cannot follow this Cretan, to see where goes." Suddenly he sat up, turning briskly t ward me. "So now you understand? You s why I do not dare to leave Mark, even to fi where Colin is? Mark is too ill; when he h the fever, he tries to leave the hut, to lo himself for his brother."

"Surely you'll let me help?"

"What can you do? You cannot go dow now to the village and buy food or blanket the whole village would know of it within hour, and there would be a straight path ba here. And you cannot go to the boat; it will dark soon, and you could not find the way

"You go, and *I'll* stay with him."

"But—I shall be gone a long time, perha many hours." He scooped up a handful juniper needles, and let them run through fingers. "If they come back, these murdere to look for Mark, you will be alone here."

I swallowed. "I don't *want* to stay here, b lieve me. But I simply don't see what else th is to do."

"You could do what Mark told you, and down to your hotel and forget us. You w have a comfortable bed, and a safe one."

CONTINUED ON PAGE





you feel this cool. this clean. this fresh with Tampax

TAMPAX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

"And how well do you think I should sleep?"

He lifted his shoulders. "Very well. At first dark, I shall go."

Soon after the sun had vanished below the sea, darkness fell. There would be some sort of moon, rising clear of the clouds, and dealing a little light. But for my own safety, and Mark's, no night could be dark enough.

I shook the thought away. It did not do to think about the possibility of our being found.

"Lambis?"

So he was awake. I went quietly across toward the voice, and sat down at the edge of the brushwood bed.

"Lambis has gone down to the boat, to get supplies, and to see if Colin's there."

"*You?*"

"Yes. Now don't worry, please. Someone had to go down and I didn't know the way to the boat. He'll be back by morning."

"But look, this is nonsense. I thought you'd have been safe in your hotel by this time. You ought to go; they'll ask questions."

"No. I'm not expected till tomorrow. I'm to meet my Cousin Frances then. Now stop thinking about it; I'll get you a drink, there's water in the flask . . . if I can just see to pour it out. . . . Here."

As his hand met mine, gropingly, on the cup, I could feel him searching for words. But he must have been weary, and still fogged with fever, for he accepted my presence without further argument, merely fetching a long sigh when he had drunk.

"He's told you all about it? About Colin?"

"Yes. We think Colin may already have made his way to the boat."

He said nothing. I heard the bedding rustle as he lay back. A dry, sharp scent came from it, not quite strong enough to counteract the smell of dirt and sickness.

I found his pulse. It was light and fast. "I wish to goodness I dared heat some water." The night, mercifully, was far from cold, and the rock surfaces of the mountain still breathed warmth. But there were hours to go, and the chill of dawn to come, and the possibility of low cloud or rain.

He said suddenly, "I've forgotten your name."

"Nicola. You're Mark; Mark what?"

"Langley. A recently graduated civil engineer. When will Lambis get back?"

"He didn't say," I lied. "He's going to move the boat out of sight of the coast paths. He'll need daylight for that."

"But if Colin goes back to the boat ——"

"He'll find it. It'll be quite near, only closer under the cliff. Now stop thinking about it."

"I'll try." But he moved restlessly, as if the arm hurt him. "Did Lambis say there was an orange somewhere?"

"Of course. Wait a moment till I peel it."

He took the piece I handed to him almost greedily, but when I passed him another he suddenly seemed to lose all interest, pushed my hand aside and began to shiver.

"Lie down." I said. "Come on, pull this up round you."

"You're cold yourself. You've got no coat." He sat up, seeming to come to himself. "Heavens, girl, I've got your woolly thing here. Put it on."

"No. I'm fine. *No*, Mark, you've got a temperature. Don't make me fight you every inch of the way. Put the beastly thing on and shut up and lie down."

"I'm dashed if I do. With you sitting there with nothing on but that cotton thing ——"

"Look," I said in some alarm, for his teeth were beginning to chatter, "lie down, for pity's sake. I'm coming in with you, then we'll both be warm. *Lie down.*"

He shivered his way down into the bedding, and I slid down beside him, at his uninjured side. I slipped an arm under his head and, quite simply, he half turned away from me and curled his back into the curve of my body. Avoiding the bandaged shoulder, I put my arms round him, and held him closely. We lay like this for some time. I felt him slowly begin to relax into warmth.

"Marv'lous. Nicola, you're marv'lous girl. Feel quite at home. Feel as if I'd been sleeping with you for years. Nice." I felt him hear what he had said, then his voice came, sharply, shaken into wakefulness. "I'm awfully sorry. I can't think what made me say that. I must have been dreaming."

I laughed. "Think nothing of it. I feel the same. Shockingly at home, just as if it was a habit. *Go to sleep.*"

"Uh-huh. Is there a moon?"

"Waning quarter, all fuzzy at the edges, like wool. Just enough light to help Lambis, without floodlighting everything he does."

He was silent after that, for so long that I hoped he had gone to sleep, but then he moved his head restlessly.

"If Colin *isn't* at the boat ——"

"Stop thinking and go to sleep. Did you ever hear the legend of the moon spinners?"

"The what?"

"Moon spinners. They're naiads—you know, water nymphs. Sometimes, when you're deep in the countryside, you meet three girls walking along the hill tracks in the dusk, spinning. They each have a spindle, and onto these they are spinning their wool, milk-white, like the moonlight. In fact, it *is* the moonlight. They're not Fates, or anything terrible: they don't affect the lives of men; all they have to do is to see that the world gets its hours of darkness, and they do this by spinning the moon down out of the sky. Night after night you can see the moon getting less and less, the ball of light waning, while it grows on the spindles of the maidens. Then, at length the moon is gone, and the world has darkness, and rest, and the creatures of the hillsides are safe from the hunter, and the tides are still—"

Mark's body had slackened against me, and his breathing came more deeply. I made my voice as soft and monotonous as I could. "Then, on the darkest night, the maidens take their spindles down to the sea, to wash the wool. And the wool slips from the spindles into the water, and unravels in long ripples of light from the shore to the horizon, and it is

THE KIND OF HOUSE

By GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

The kind of house that I grew up in
Was one you could chase a scraggy pup in,
And let old Tabby sleep on your bed.
This house had the smell of baking bread
And linen fresh from the wind-blown line,
And a potbellied stove burning pitchy pine.
The rugs were worn on the creaky floors
Of the many rooms. But the rooms had doors,
And the doors would shut so a child could lie
With the cat by a windowful of sky
And read or dream or stare at a bird.
For here was a house where nobody'd heard
Of being adjusted: you yelled and fought
And worked and loved. And you sang a lot.
And growing up in this house was such
That you rarely noticed the process much.

is the moon again, rising from the sea, just a thin curved thread, reappearing in the sky. Only when all the wool is washed, and wound again into a white ball in the sky, can the moon spinners start their work once more and make the night safe for hunted things."

Beyond the entrance of the hut, the night light was faint, a mere grayness, a lifting of the dark. Enough for Lambis to steer his boat without hiding without waiting for daylight; but not enough for prying eyes to see the place where Mark and I lay, close together, in the darkness of the little hut. The moon spinners were walking on the mountains of Crete, making the night safe by spinning the light away.

He was asleep. I turned my cheek on the tickling shrubs. It met his hair, rough and dusty, but smelling sweetly of the crushed verbena in our bed.

I was stiff when I finally woke. Mark seemed still sound asleep. His breathing sounded strong and normal, and his skin, where I gently felt it, was cool. The fever had gone.

I raised my head cautiously, and tried to turn my wrist where it lay under Mark's head. He stirred. The movement pushed him against me, and the discovery brought him round with a jerk that must have hurt his arm.



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hy, hullo! Good heavens, I'd
ten you were there!"
at's the sweetest thing a man's
aid to me after a long night to-
," I said. I sat up, and began to
ate myself from the bedding,
ng it off me. "If I could have
t without waking you, I'd have
it, but you were so touchingly
up ——"
grinned, and I realized it was the
me I had really seen him smile.
with the two days' beard and the
ed pallor of his face, the effect
o make him look very young.
you," he said, as if he meant it.
a good sleep and I feel wonder-
What's the time?"
st after five."
w the creases of worry settle
between his brows. He shifted
m as if it had suddenly begun to
"Lambis isn't back?"
o."
nope to heaven nothing's hap-
to him." He rubbed a hand
his face, as if chasing the last
of sleep. His eyes still looked
d with the clogging weariness
orry of the night.
anyone does come looking for
gain," I said, "they're bound to
n the hut first thing. Lambis was
to bring you here in the first
for shelter. But now that you're
better, I think you should find a
in the open, in the warmth and

was heavier than he looked, and
good deal less able to help him-
an he had hoped. It took quite a
before he was at last upright,
ropped against the wall of the
alf leaning on me. I saw now
e was not tall, but compactly
ughly built.
K." He was panting as if he
un a race, and there was sweat
s face. "Keep near the wall. I
ake it."
wly, we made it. As we reached
oorway the sun came up, bril-
streaming between the tall as-
ds. I left Mark sitting on the
of a fallen olive tree, and went
to the spring.
pool was still in shadow, and
ter was icy. When I had washed,
t back to the hut for the metal
I had noticed there. I scoured
as best I could, then filled it,
ent back to Mark.
was looking exhausted, and so
the cold daylight, that I had to
ol an exclamation of panic. If
Lambis would come; Lambis.
ets, hot soup ——
akfast was rather horrible. The
was as hard as pumice, and had
soaked in the icy water before
uld eat it. The chocolate was bet-
ut was cloying and unsatisfying.
range had gone soft, like limp

effort of will with which he
ed and choked down the unap-
ng stuff was palpable. I watched
ith a dawning respect. Stubborn
utocratic he might be, but here
efinite courage, this grim private
with his own weakness, this
g himself to gather effective
gth, when every nerve must have
screaming the necessity of action.
oked at him uncertainly. "There
place where Lambis took me
day; it's a ledge, you can see for
. The only thing is, it's a bit
r up."
ll manage it."
w he did. I shall never quite
. It took us the best part of an
By the time he was lying, white-
and sweating, on the ledge, I
s if I had run from Marathon to
ns myself, and with bad news to
t the end of it.

After a while I sat up and looked down at him. His eyes were shut, and he looked terrible, but the sun was on the ledge, and he was lying with his face turned almost greedily toward its growing warmth.

I got to my knees. "I'm going back for the haversack now, and to cover our tracks at the hut. And when I get back, I don't care what you say, I'm going to light a fire. You must have something hot to drink, and if I'm to do your arm, I must have hot water." I nodded toward the cleft behind us. "If I lit a small fire, deep in there, with very dry stuff that didn't make much smoke, we could get something heated," I told him.

I am not much good at making fires, but when I got back I managed to get one started. The pot hissed and bubbled. I broke the last of the chocolate into the mug, poured boiling water over it, and carried it out to Mark.

He turned his head reluctantly, and opened his eyes. "What is it?" His voice sounded blurred, and I wondered, with a pang of real fear, if I had done wrong in allowing the dreadful effort of the climb.

"My own recipe: healing herbs gathered under a waning moon in the White Mountains."

He lay back. "That was marvelous. I feel better already. You're a good cook, Nicolette."

"Nicola."

"I'm sorry."

"So you should be. Now grit your teeth, hero; I'm going to take a look at your arm."



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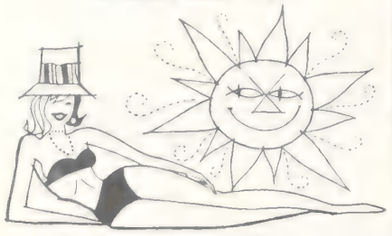
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THUM

I am not sure which of us showed the more resolution during the ensuing process, Mark or myself. I knew very little about wounds and had a strong feeling that the sight of anything bloody would upset me shamefully. Besides, I might have to hurt him, and the idea was horrifying.

"Don't look so scared," said the patient comfortingly. "It stopped bleeding hours ago." He stopped on a sharp intake of breath.

"I'm sorry, but it's stuck a bit. Hang on, this will hurt."

Mark didn't answer. I gave him a doubtful look, bit my lips together, and started to sponge the stuff loose from the wound.

The first sight of the exposed wound shocked me inexpressibly. Mark had been lucky, of course. Not only had the murderer, aiming at his heart, scored a near-miss, hitting nothing that would matter, but the bullet had gone cleanly through, plowing its way upward for about four inches through the flesh of the upper arm. To me, on that first shrinking glance, it looked awful enough. The edges were not lying cleanly together, and the jagged scar looked raw and painful.

Find out if the wound was clean; that was the main thing, surely? These dried smears and crusts of blood would have to be washed away, so that I could see.

I started gingerly to do this. Once, Mark moved, uncontrollably, and I faltered, but he said nothing. I went doggedly on with the job.

The wound was washed at last, and I thought it was clean. The flesh surrounding it looked a normal-enough color, and there was no sign of swelling anywhere. I pressed gentle fingers here and there, watching Mark's face.

At last he twisted his head to look down at it. "It looks all right. Keep it dry now, and it'll do."

"All *right!* It looks just *awful!* Does it hurt terribly?"

"No, really, it does look clean, though heaven knows how. If I'd been in a fit state to know that it was Lambis's old shirt, that he'd worn at least since we left Piraeus ——"

"These tough types. It just shows what you can do when you leave it all to Nature. Lie still, will you? I'm going to tie it up again."

"What with? What's that?"

"Nicola's old petticoat, that she's been wearing ever since Athens."

"But you can't shed any *more* clothes! I've got your jersey, and now your petticoat ——"

"Don't worry. I've nothing else to spare. . . . There, that looks better, and it'll keep it dry. How does it feel?"

"Wonderful. No more throbbing, just beastly sore, and hurts like blazes if I jar it."

"Well, there's no need for you to move anymore. You stay where you are, and keep a lookout on the hill. I'm going to bury these rags, and then I'll bring up a fresh supply of water."

By the time I had got back with the water and fresh kindling, and relaid my fire in readiness, it was a few minutes short of eight o'clock. I lay down beside Mark, and propped my chin on my hands.

"I'll watch now. Lie down."

It was going to be a long day.

It was barely twenty minutes before the man appeared. I narrowed my eyes against the sun. At that distance I could make out very little, except that the man was wearing something dark.

When he stopped for the fourth time I caught the flash of the sun on something he held to his eyes. Binoculars. And then, as he moved on, another gleam, this time on the "stick" that he carried under one arm. A rifle. My heart, after the first painful kick of fear, settled down to an erratic, frightened pumping. I took deep breaths, to help control myself, and glanced down at Mark beside me.

He lay motionless, with shut eyes, and that awful look of exhaustion still on his face. I put a hand out, tentatively, then drew it back. Time enough to disturb him when the murderer came closer.

That it was the murderer there could be no possible doubt. I caught a glimpse of red—the red headband of which Lambis had spoken—and the impression of the baggy outline of Cretan dress. Besides, the man was patently hunting for something.

He came out from the shadow of a cypress grove, and paused again. Now the glasses were directed upward . . . they were swinging toward the ledge . . . the shepherd's hut . . . the way Lambis would come.

I touched Mark gently. "Are you awake?"

His eyes opened immediately at the whisper. "What is it?"

"There's someone out there, and I think he may be your man. He's got a gun."

Mark turned awkwardly on to his stomach, and cautiously peered down through the junipers. "This place really can't be seen from below?"

"No. All you can see is shrubs, and they look as if they were in a crack in the cliff."

"H'm-m. Well, we'll have to chance it. Can you crawl back into that cave without showing yourself or making a single sound?"

"But I'd rather stay out here. If there was a fight, we'd stand a better chance out here ——"

"A fight!" Mark's breath was sucked in with sudden, furious exasperation. "What sort of fight do you think we could put up against a rifle? Penknives at thirty yards?"

"Yes, I know, but I could surely ——"

"Look, he's looking for me," said Mark, with a kind of angry patience. "*For me.* Only. He doesn't even know you exist—or Lambis either, for that matter. You'll be quite safe in the cave. Now, have you got that, dimwit?"

"But . . . he'll kill you," I stammered stupidly.

"And just how," said Mark savagely, "do you propose to stop him? Get killed yourself as well, and add that to my account? Now get in there and shut up."

But it was too late. Even as I began to slither backward, Mark's good hand shot out and gripped and held me still.

For a moment I couldn't see why; then I saw the red headdress. I heard plainly the grate of his boot soles in the dust, and the flick of a kicked pebble.

Mark lay like an image. He looked, despite the bandaged arm and the shocking pallor, surprisingly dangerous.

The Cretan came on steadily. I could see him clearly now. He was a strongly built man, not tall, but tough-looking, with mahogany-dark skin. I could see the scarlet trimming of the sleeveless jacket, and the swathed sash with the knife stuck into it, that completed the Cretan "heroic" dress.

He lifted the field glasses again. We lay as still as stones. A long, heart-shaking minute passed. Then the man froze like a pointer. He had seen the shepherd's hut. With his eyes fixed unwaveringly on the door of the hut, he moved forward, warily, through the asphodel.

I turned my head, to meet a question in Mark's eyes. Was I certain I had removed all traces? I gave him a jerky little nod of reassurance.

He sketched the ghost of a thumbs-up sign, then gestured with his head toward the cleft behind us. This time there was a smile in his eyes. I obediently slithered back into the shadow of the narrow cave.

For all its illusion of shelter, the cave was worse than the ledge, for there, at least, I had been able to see. I sat close, listening to my own heartbeats.

Then suddenly he was here, just below the ledge. The soft steps trod through the stony dust. The bushes by the fig tree rustled as he parted them. Then the rustling stopped. The sounds retreated, faded, ceased.

Once more, at last, silence. I opened my eyes on the wedge of light at the mouth of the cleft, to see that Mark had vanished.

I stared at the empty gap of light with horror for two eternal minutes, my imagination racing madly. Mark was lying, throat cut, staring at the sky, while the murderer waited for me at the mouth of the cleft with dripping knife. . . . I crawled forward to the mouth of the cleft, lay flat, then peered out. Mark wasn't lying dead. He was on his feet, looking as if he had every intention of climbing down from the ledge in pursuit of the murderer.

"*Mark!*"

He turned, as sharply as if I had thrown something.

I was across the ledge like an arrow, and had hold of his sound arm. I said furiously, "And just where do you think you're going?"

He answered with a sort of desperati
"He's gone back along the hillside. I want
see where he goes. If I could follow, he mi
lead straight to Colin."

"Do you mean to tell me that you were j
going, and leaving me *alone in there?*"

He looked bewildered, as if the questi
were irrelevant, as I suppose it was. "Yo
have been quite safe."

"And you think *that's* all that matters? Y
think I don't even care whether you ——
stopped short. Things were coming straig
now, rather too straight for speech.

We glared at each other. "You don't ev
begin to ——" he began, then stopped, an
saw his face change. The relief that swept in
it was so vivid that for the moment aft
haustion and worry seemed wiped away, a
his smile was almost gay. I swung round,
look where he was looking.

A man had dropped lightly from the tum
of rocks above the little alp, and was maki
a cautious way between the clumps
asphodel. Brown trousers, dark-blue jers
bare head: Lambis. Lambis, watching
watcher, following him down to Colin. .
In a few moments more he, too, skirted
base of the cliff, and vanished.

"He got away," said Lambis breathless
in Greek. "There's another gorge farther alo
the hill, where a stream runs down. I lost h
there."

It was perhaps an hour later. Mark an
had waited, watching the hillside, until
saw Lambis returning. Mark had waved
signal to show him where we were, while I h
ried down to meet him.

"Was he heading downhill—down
gorge?" I asked quickly.

The Greek shook his head, then rubbed t
back of his hand over his forehead. He look
tired, and was sweating profusely. He h
spoken in his own language as if too exhaust
to attempt English, and I had answered in t
same tongue, but he gave no sign that he h
noticed this. "He could have climbed out
the gorge and gone farther east, or he m
have been making for the village."

"What about Colin?"

"He wasn't there. He had not been to t
boat." He hardly looked at me, but kept l
eyes on the upper rocks where Mark l
"Now let me go; he will be wondering wha
happened."

"But the food—did you get the food?"

"Oh. Yes. I brought all I could carry.
should have been here a long time ago, bu
had to stop and hide, because of that one
He jerked his head downhill, a curiously d
missive gesture. "When I saw him come t
way I hid the things, and came quickly."

"Where did you put them? We ought —
Never mind, Mark'll want to hear your ne
first. Come along, then, let's hurry."

Lambis hung back. "Listen, why don't y
go for the food yourself?"

"Well, all right. If you think I can find t
place."

"At the head of the gorge, where the spri
leaves the rocks, there is an olive tree. It is
shelter, and has grown big, and very old, w
a hollow body. I left the things inside it."

I found it easily enough. There were medic
supplies, bandages, antiseptic, soap, a razo
But for the moment I pushed those aside,
concentrate on the food.

The vacuum flask, full. Some tins, amo
them one of instant coffee and one of swe
ened milk. Tins of corned beef. Biscuits
small bottle of whiskey. And, final miraci
a tin opener.

Lambis met me halfway. He didn't spea
but I would have been the happier for som
thing to lighten the look he gave me. It was
that the distrust had come back; it was som
thing far less positive than that, and slight
more disconcerting. Say, rather, that con
dence had been withdrawn. I was back on t
outside.

I wondered what he and Mark had be
saying.

I found Mark sitting at the back of t
ledge, leaning against the rock, staring o
over the open hillside.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

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FURNITURE BUYING GUIDE

CASE GOODS

Today's homemaker finds herself confronted with the greatest choice of furniture in history—not only in style but also in type of construction, wood and finish. Most women know the style and size of furniture they want long before they get to the store. But once there, it is a question of deciding which piece gives the most for the money. Here is the *Journal*'s guide for buying wood furniture, along with a useful vocabulary:

CONSTRUCTION

Though appearance may draw your attention first to a particular piece of furniture, the major factor to consider in the final decision should be its construction. Three general tests to remember for case goods are: shake it, look under it and pull out the drawers.

Chests and tables: Give these a good shaking. This will tell you if the joints are good and secure. Look for mortise-and-tenon joints at the sides and in the drawer construction. This indicates a well-made piece. Look underneath to see if they're reinforced with corner blocks. If you find a nail anywhere in the basic framework, it usually indicates a cheaper grade of construction. Another good way of checking the quality of a chest is to pull out the drawers. The insides should be sanded and finished. They should slide in and out smoothly without sticking or falling; have dovetailed corner joints; a rail under the drawer for it to move on, and a bottom at least $\frac{1}{4}$" thick. Table tops should have a smooth, even edging that matches the top.

Chairs: Turn the chair over. It should have mortise-and-tenon or dowel joints with corner braces where each leg joins. Corner blocks on a well-made chair should be held in place with screws placed right in the corner (called counter-block screws); and again, never nails. The seat bottom should be sanded and finished. Solid wood is always used for the arms and legs. Check to make sure the leg is not cut across the wood grain, since it may snap or crack under heavy weight. Chairs should have crosspiece braces or stretchers between the legs to minimize strain.

WOODS

The type of wood used in furniture will tell you a great deal about the value you're getting, its durability and expected life-span. Hard woods are by far the best buy. Walnut, teak and the lighter shades of mahogany, oak and cherry still head the list of favorites. The more unusual "exotic" types turning up as veneers and decorations include rosewood, wenge, elm burl, cocobolo, iroko and makore. Just remember, not every piece of furniture has to match. The current trend is to mix woods.

FINISHES

Because so much of the decision to buy a particular piece of furniture depends on its appearance, it is important to study the finish. The trend today is toward the natural look which allows the beauty of the wood to show and enhance the over-all design of the piece. You can tell from the finish how much work and care has gone into preparing the wood. Since experts can't tell the difference just by looking, you must take this on good faith, unless by luck it's clearly stated on the label. The basic types of finishes to ask about are:

Clear lacquer: Most common in better furniture. It is durable, easy to maintain and available in high or dull-satin gloss. A lacquer finish does not hide any of the natural beauty of the wood.

Synthetic varnish: Most common in lower-priced furniture. It too is a clear finish, though not so durable as lacquer. However, some varnishes now have the chemical urethane added to increase the durability.

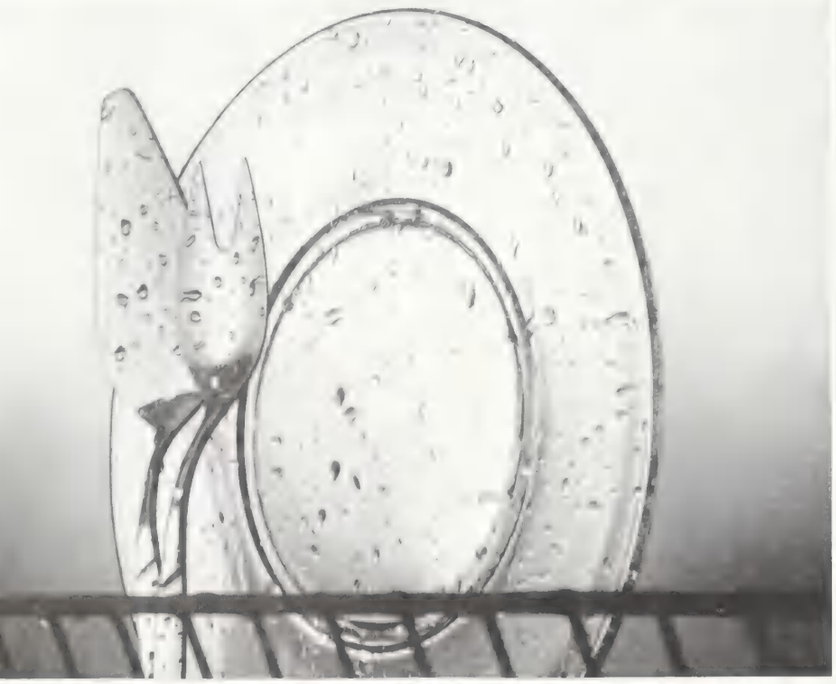
Oil: Oil gives wood a glamorous, dull-satin finish and tends to darken the natural color. It is not so durable as a lacquered finish and does require special cleaning. However, it is easier to repair minor scratches, burns and stains on this finish than on a lacquered



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varnished finish, since all that is required is a gentle steel-wool rubbing and new oiling.

Painted: A very durable and currently popular finish, since the paint virtually seals the pores of wood. On painted furniture you will often see a shaded effect or polychroming. Another painted finish, used primarily on traditional-style furniture, is the antiqued pickled effect. This is where red, brown or gold has been rubbed onto a painted surface, usually white.

Distressed: Actually this is a finish within a finish. It is an aged, well-worn look deliberately beaten onto furniture surfaces by bicycle chains, screwdrivers, hammers, and so on, and then spattered with flecks of black paint. A final coat of varnish or lacquer is then put on to protect the marred surface.

Permagard: This is a trade name for a process that is applied to the finished wood to protect it against heat, stains, burns and liquids. If used, it should be noted on the label.

Laminated plastic: This is a photographic reproduction of the wood grains and is used in the same manner as a veneer. It is virtually indestructible.

MAINTENANCE

How much maintenance is going to be required once you get the furniture home is another factor to take into consideration. Since the care of wood furniture is primarily surface care, the type of finish dictates the recommended method of cleaning. Therefore, in a buying guide such as this, it is helpful to have some knowledge of what's involved before making a final selection. After all, the best finish in the world will deteriorate if neglected or abused.

Waxing: For all but the oiled finish, waxing is recommended. Liquid, paste or bowling-alley wax gives these finishes a soft luster and the best protection.

Oiling: This method should be used *only* on the oiled finish. Boiled linseed or mineral oil is recommended, and must be completely rubbed into the wood so as to leave no dirt-catching residue.

TIPS FOR FURNITURE CARE

Dust regularly and clean periodically.
Don't expose to hot, dry air. This will cause the wood to dry and crack.
Don't expose to direct sunlight. This will cause your furniture to bleach out in color, check and crack. Nothing but a complete refinishing job can remove the damage.

GLOSSARY

Case goods: The trade term for wood furniture—*i.e.*, chests, tables, chairs, and so on.

Corner blocks: Triangular-shaped reinforcement blocks fitted into corners with glue and screws.

Dovetailed corner joints: Corner joints formed by interlocking wedge-shaped tongues.

Dowel joints: Joint construction whereby round wooden pegs, sometimes threaded like a screw, are fitted into holes and glued.

Figure: The natural pattern seen on the surface of the wood, and what the layman calls the "graining."

Grain: Size and arrangement of the cells and pores of the living tree. Woods fall into two groups: open (oak, mahogany, walnut, rosewood, and so on); close (cherry, maple, birch, and so on).

Hardwoods: Woods that come from leaf-bearing trees, as walnut, cherry, and so on. Most often used in furniture construction.

Mortise-and-tenon joints: Joint construction whereby a wooden tongue (tenon) fits tightly into a corresponding slot (mortise).

Softwoods: Woods that come from needle-bearing or evergreen trees, as cedar and pine.

Veneer: The fine hardwood overlay or face on the exposed side of a plywood panel.

Veneer core: A plywood panel construction to which veneers are applied. It consists of 3, 5, 7 or more slices of wood glued together with the grain direction laid at right angles to one another. If properly constructed, it is extremely durable.—VALERIE E. WALKER.

BREAD

Since history began, bread has influenced language, folklore, poetry and the customs of many peoples.

By MARY K. BLACKMAR

ad was man's first manufactured food. Only when history began to be written ead grains begin to be cultivated; and nay have lived on the earth 400,000 before he added "baked meats" to his meat, fish and wild berries. So baking oldest food industry, as it is today the and most general. A loaf 3500 years s been found in an Egyptian tomb. The Dwellers 10,000 years ago left relics of , mortars, querns and mills. In 100 58 bakeshops flourished in Rome.

most primitive bread was made of or beechnuts brayed in a mortar or d between stones, mixed with water, ied or baked on a hot flat stone. Such eaten by some primitive Indian tribes. process made "flat" or unleavened such as the barley cake of the Bible, tcake of Scotland, the corn pone of the can Indian or the *tortilla* of South ca. Meal of all sorts could be used for mple operation—wheat, rye, barley, oats, maize, rice, potatoes, buckwheat, nd beans.

s probable that leavened or "raised" was first made in Egypt, where yeast rst used in fermenting beer, and the or scum of fermenting grain mash, "barm," was first used to lighten . "Beer bread" has been found in tombs 0 years B.C. Yeast was early carried to and from there its use spread through en known world. Breadmaking early e an industry in Egypt. It was kneaded e feet of the workers, and baked in unal ovens, much like those still used g peasant people, built of brick or stone, d by interior fires, and producing a aked crusty loaf. The Children of are described as fleeing from Egypt in s, carrying their kneading troughs on shoulders like the exiles in Goethe's *nn und Dorothea*.

gland early became a wheat-raising ry, and in the Middle Ages the great steries made and sold great quantities ad, white to the "gentry" and rye, bar- d oatcake to the common folk.

ite bread has always been the loaf of ge and privilege. Wages have been paid t was placed in royal tombs along with valued properties so that the trans- dignitaries could continue to live in the world in the luxury to which they had accustomed on this earth. One wonders United States' predominating taste for bread may have some relation to the hat our country has been a "promised for many humble people, raised on rough loaves, who find in fine white a symbol of new freedom!

erican pioneers raised wheat, and little mills sprang up on nearly every water- e, to which the farmers came with their "sugar" bags, to return home with the ll of good dark flour, rich with its own gth-giving germ. In our grandfathers' t is said that there were twenty mills n an hour's ride of New Hope, Pennsyl- . As land was cleared and farm ma- ry invented, these little mills gave way eat factory plants of scientific ma- ry, turning out "refined" flour by the oad.

ead, like other important human com- ties, has influenced language, folklore, y and customs. The name became a syn- for food in general. Because it has been heapest, most convenient and most sus- ng single article of diet, it has earned the of "the staff of life." Among the early Hebrews it was the principal article of food, being supplemented and flavored by meat, herbs or vegetables. Never shall I forget the gusto of a picnicker on a Hudson River Day Line boat, who held a crusty loaf in his right hand, and a long unpeeled cucumber in his left, tearing at them alternately with his good white teeth. Before the days of scientific food manufacture, bread could properly be called the staff of life, as it was then neither denatured nor adulterated, as it can so easily be treated today, with the germ removed and various additives included.

The Bible has many allusions to bread and its symbolisms. The flat unleavened Passover cake, still today made like a pilot biscuit, was known as the "bread of affliction." The form of knowledge which is termed spiritual wisdom is called "the bread of life," and this metaphor is common in various forms in both the Old and the New Testament. Some old superstitions attach to leaven. It is supposed to symbolize some forms of sin or hypocrisy. So Jesus is reported to have said to his disciples, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy." A curious old burial custom was to empty all water and leaven out of the house of mourning, for the Angel of Death was believed to have cleansed his sword in them. END



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In Defense of Flirting



by Beth Day

first time I was accused of flirting as in the fourth grade and had just ed admiringly at the freckle-nosed sitting across the aisle when one of e wet blankets one finds even at the of ten whispered, "You're *flirting!*" ounded to my shamed ears quite as ul as cheating on an arithmetic test. o a surprising number of people it does. But after a quarter of a cen- of happy flirting I would like to in a word in its defense, as a harm- healthful and infinitely rewarding t. It is one of the few games, in fact, ch are left to men and women in e perilous times, and I, for one, wish ere played more often.

irting is nothing more than one nent's total attention exchanged be- en members of the opposite sexes, a bridge of intimacy in a busy and ersonal world. It is a brief spontane- salute to our innate sexual identity, reassuring reminder that the world vided into two parts. It makes men manly, women more womanly, and ybody goes his way feeling happier. s natural as tears, flirting is an ac- ed social manner in almost every ntry but ours. The French have al- s considered flirting a normal im- e in both male and female. The Ital- regard it as a pleasant national , to everyone's delight. The Spanish e stylized it into the public ritual, *el po*, which is a compliment delivered stage whisper by a man as he saun- past a woman he doesn't know but iders attractive.

game without a prize, flirting has ing to do with marriage, courtship echery. The best flirts are usually r, people's husbands and wives who graceful tribute to people they w they can't have—and probably 't even want.

Most women are natural-born flirts, restrain themselves only because fear they will be misunderstood. y keep treasuries of flirtations, such ld dance programs and pressed cor- s, to bring out of the attic on lonely rnoons. One of my favorites came n the husband of one of my closest nds, who looked me over critically day and, shaking his head in mock pair, said, "You know, it really sn't matter what you've got on or ther your hair is combed—you've got something for men!" Now that ne one I dredge up on the days when n galloping for an appointment and en't had time to get my hair fixed, fear my slip is an inch longer than dress. It somehow gives me the rage to face strangers.

Many men, especially success-minded ericans, mistakenly approach the emeral art of flirting as they do a business deal or a football game. Man, they are in there to win! One of the dis- illusioning things which inhibit women's natural urge to flirt is the possibility that if you do smile at that stranger at the cocktail party, he mentally turns down the sheets way ahead of you. In Europe I found to my delight that mothers have raised a better crop of flirts. You can flirt freely in Dutch, French, English and a few assorted languages you don't even recognize, without fear of being tripped or trapped.

There is no age limit to flirtation. One of the greatest flirts I know is a retired motion-picture executive, seventy-six years old and happily married for forty- seven years. But on his return visits to the old "lot" he leaves a wake of grate- ful feminine faces. All he does is look at 'em—but I mean really look at Them, the Women Within—for about thirty seconds each, and those tired girls, from waitresses to lady directors, float for the rest of the day.

For men with a taste for beauty, flirt- ing offers the aesthetic reward of watch- ing a woman literally become prettier before your eyes. It's more flattering than mink. From grandmother to teen- ager, her cheeks will glow with fresh color, her eyes brighten and even her breath may catch in an enchanting throaty quality as she discovers, thanks to your momentary appreciation, that no matter the ten pounds she gained over the holidays, or the lock of hair that fell out during her last pregnancy, she is still a desirable woman! If men really wished to be kind to the other half of the world, they would never neglect to flirt. It's like offering a cracker to a starving dieter, to "hold" her till the main meal.

Flirting can even add an inspiring touch to routine business relations. An editor with whom I have worked closely for over a dozen years always greets me (and every other woman) as though I were his long-lost mistress. Then we go through a minute's ritual of mutual admiration (something like the courting of ostriches) before we get to work. But when work does come around, we are each stimulated and enthusiastic. Flirting may be intimate for the mo- ment, but it is not necessarily personal.

At its best, flirting is an act of spon- taneous generosity. To play the game well, you should enjoy giving yourself in order that others will be happier. But, like Juliet, you will soon find that "the more you give, the more you have." For happiness is a boomerang which is always returned with interest.

And I ask you, you busy, success- minded men, is it such a small thing to have hundreds of women regard you with admiration—and gratitude?



TWO SOLUTIONS TO THE WEIGHT PROBLEM

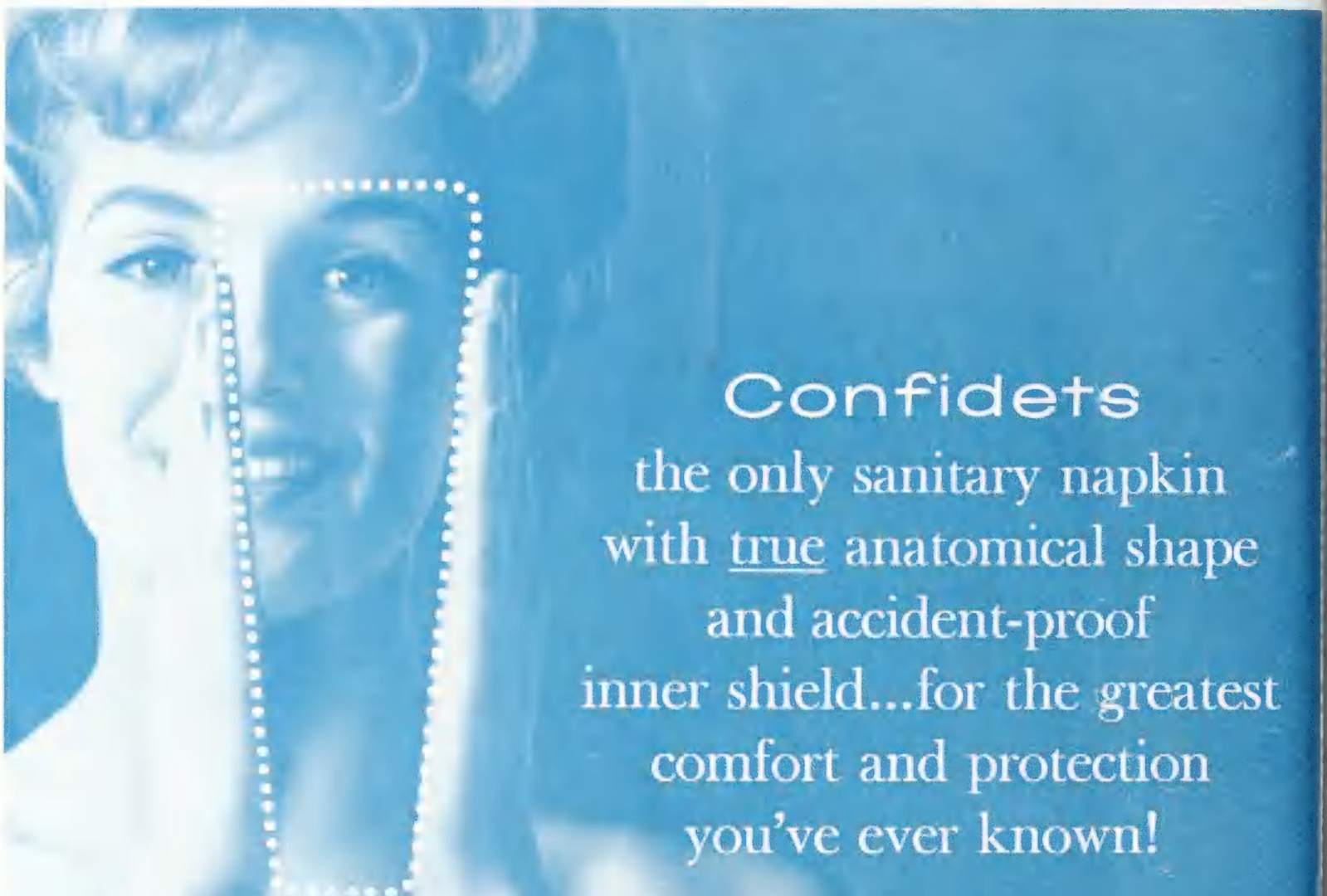
Try as we may to pin it on something else, the chief cause of hyperabundant avoirdu- pois (or fatness) seems to be food. And drink. In the picture above, we have hinted at two possible solutions. We recommend only one. It is the substitution of Low Cal- orie Shasta for your customary soft drink. Low Calorie Shasta tastes darned good, contains no sugar (thanks to Sucaryl®), and a full 12-ounce can contains only six calories. This won't solve your entire weight problem (you might have to cut down on rich desserts) but it surely helps.

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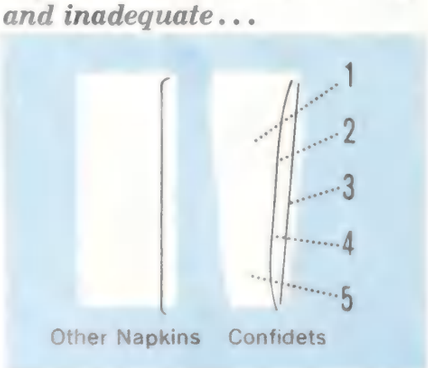
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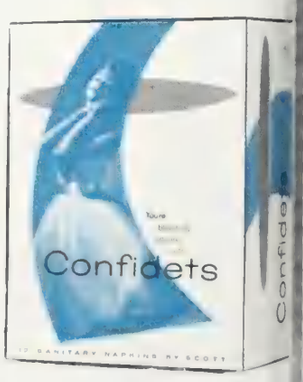
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A MAN AFFORD E A TEACHER?

UED FROM PAGE 65

seemed well on her way to a career as sional actress.

ual friend introduced them on a train to Philadelphia. In the station Jeff, s already badly smitten, behaved in th agree was a most uncharacteristic he seized Elsie's arm, asked her a question about Mr. Deeter, and fol- with a request for a date. She agreed. ir first date they went to see the ballet *The Red Shoes*. On their second date Elsie to the Planetarium. On their e they became engaged. They were by a justice of the peace in Swarth- March 11, 1949.

hat time their life together has been ally varied. After Jeff was graduated University in June, 1949, they spent nths in Europe making—simply for m on the life and paintings of Vincent h, and living on $1500 Elsie had saved receptionist work.

either Jeff nor Elsie had yet quite n what they wanted to do in life. For mers they were counselors at the en Summer Music Camp in Michigan lays seven musical instruments). For he was an assistant track coach at the y of Pennsylvania. He also drove a k and sold real estate. But he was be- o realize that what he wanted to do nd out, if he could, what makes hu- gs as they are.

don't we do what we really *want* to 's what I'd really like to know," he "I thought perhaps I could discover udying youth as it is being formed. So ob teaching social studies to high- oys at the Perkiomen School in g. But they were too old—they had een formed.

ded I would have to work with still children, and early in 1956 I was given rtunity to do so when I was asked to the third grade at Kimberton Farms, them until they graduated from the ade.

so, and I think in those years I ut some highly successful methods of the *whole* child—methods partly my partly those of Rudolf Steiner, on ilosophy the school is based. Then ummers I studied at Temple Univer- iladelphia, and finally got my M.A. ion. But I still hadn't found the an- ny basic question. I began to think uldn't be able to unless I knew more *o* teaches teachers, and *what* teachers

ys and girls waiting by the creek were ow. "One trouble is," Jeffery said as ached them, "that it's awfully hard to the methods I use with kids, or to m to other teachers. It's a *whole* re- . A body-mind-heart sort of thing." st stride Mr. Kirk led the group into rest, and up among the huge boulders tree trunks of a steep hillside. But n't find Bill Wade's cave.

wait here," he said finally to the pant- "We'll go on up and shout for you find it."

ven girls sprawled on the pine- orest floor and, while the voices of the eded through the woods, began to about Kimberton and Mr. Kirk.

mber when he gave us each a tree?" sked. "And how we planted them at nd took care of them? And how he go and sit for half an hour alone with each week?"

er girl nodded. "I went back to the esterday and hugged my dogwood," ssed.

d the way he used to act out things in said a bouncy little brunette. "Like we were learning about famous nce paintings, and he made us guess cture he was. Remember how *funny* hen he played he was Mona Lisa be- d by Leonardo, and he couldn't get just right?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed a blonde. "And how about the time when we went around school all week with our coat collars turned up and each of us carrying a little bag with a handful of rice in it? And it was a great secret until the end of the week when we explained at assembly that we had been studying China, and that was all the food an average Chinese gets to eat every day."

There were other things they remembered about Mr. Kirk. That history seemed to come alive when he talked about it. That his voice, although low, was always interesting and held their attention. That when he taught them to diagram a sentence, the sentences were always about people they knew, and always funny. Yes, above all, he was so *funny*.

But Jeff wasn't feeling very funny in the spring of 1961. Soon his class would graduate—and then what? Start in with another young grade, and begin again? Or find some other way to seek the answers he so longed to find?

One day he received in the mail an application form for a graduate-assistant fellowship at Temple University. If he filled it in and was granted a fellowship, he could study for his doctorate in education, do some teaching, and receive about $2500 during the next school year.

Jeff threw the application in the wastebasket.

It seemed to be a big opportunity which he simply couldn't afford to take. There was Elsie to think of. There was Sandra, who had come to them from Pearl Buck's Welcome House (as did both the other children) when she was ten. Sandy was now reaching that stage of adolescence when the needs of girlhood seem unending. And vigorous, outgoing Sandy had been such a success that within a year after her arrival the Kirks had asked for, and received, another child. So now there was Leila too. How could he care for them all on half of his previous year's salary?

On the other hand . . . a chance to study what he wanted to learn? And perhaps (surely?) there was some foundation, some organization in America which would be interested in helping a good teacher become a better one? Help him to analyze his methods and teach them to *other* teachers?

Jeff fished the application out of the wastebasket, put it on his desk, and went off to talk it over with Elsie.

One day, when they were still figuring out finances, a social worker at Welcome House called and asked whether they would be willing to take for possible adoption an eleven-year-old half-Japanese boy who had had a rough, rejected childhood and who was showing some of the effects. The Kirks responded instantly, and Jay is now their officially adopted son. His integration in the family has not been without bumps and dramatic episodes, but their efforts to reach a frightened little boy have been yet another learning process—and an immensely rewarding one.

Despite this additional financial burden—perhaps because of it—Jeff filled in the application, and was granted a fellowship to begin in September, 1961.

The summer months of 1961 crept on, and Jeffery and his friends approached foundation after foundation—to no avail. For a proud and shy man this was an agonizing time which sometimes drove him to rage, sometimes to despair.

How they managed they are not quite sure, for their income has been erratic rather than regular. They keep no budget, have no savings, and never quite know where they are (except that they are eating, studying and happy).

"We are frugal people," said Elsie. "We manage."

The financial arrangement of which Jeff is proudest (he calls it "my only big financial deal") involves a Volkswagen. In the spring of 1961 they borrowed $500 from Elsie's mother, who has a small income of her own, and another $1400 at 2½ percent from a close friend. With this money they bought the Volkswagen and used it to drive to Arizona, where they both had summer counselor jobs and where the children could be enrolled free. They earned $765 from the summer job, and when they returned they sold the Volkswagen for only $25 less than they had paid for it. They had $1760 as a cash backlog—most of which is now used up. They are paying off their friend at the rate of $52.50 a month, and planning to repay Mrs. Horos when Jeffery gets on his financial feet.

Income during this last year has been a matter of piecing together the dollars and saving the pennies wherever they can be saved. Jeff took on some extra jobs at Temple—counseling student teachers and teaching an extension course during the second semester—and brought in $1060.75 in 1961, $1930.75 in the first half of 1962. Elsie sold detergents in the neighborhood, and earned $84. She brushed up on her old business-school skills and began typing manuscripts for Jeff's colleagues—another $53.75, another $13. And most helpfully, Jeff's mother began sending him a $40 pension check she receives every month.

The children helped too. Jay got a job in his school cafeteria and earned his own lunches and spending money. Sandy (who was an expert with horses after her summer in Arizona) got a job at the riding stables which paid for all her "frippery" expenses and more besides. (This summer she worked full time and earned $15 a week.) And early in June five-year-old Leila was planning to sell the corn which she was growing in a special vegetable garden of her own.

Even so, it would never have worked if the Kirks hadn't been the kind of people they are. Elsie's "good" black dress is ten years old, but it is a classic style and she likes it. Sandra makes most of her own clothes on the sewing machine—as she always has.

Food? "We eat the kind we always have," says Elsie. "Plain food and rarely desserts. We make our own bread, and grow and freeze our own vegetables. Jeff and I are really vegetarians, but we thought it would be too hard to ask the children to share our convictions, so we serve meat now. But not *all* the time."

Entertainment? "Sometimes we go to lectures," says Elsie. "But we haven't been to a movie for six months. After all, we have everything *here*."

And they do. There is a piano in the living room, and books everywhere. There are two tiny turtles, named Timp and Skimp (which Leila and Jeff measure every month). There are three sheep that crop the lawn. (A complicated story, involving some music Jeff wrote for Blake's poem, *Little Lamb, Who Made Thee?*) There is Tasha, the great Dane. There are two cats, Ahrun Dhati (roughly, "Evening Star" in Hindustani) and Minutiae (pronounced Minoosi). There are raccoons, foxes and deer—no hunting allowed on the Kirk property. There are the swimming hole, rocks to climb and a far-off haunted house to explore. And there are "Spider Cave," "Bill Wade's Cave," and picnic reunions like the one being held today.

"We found it! We found it!" voices shouted from far above. The girls jumped to their feet and scrambled on up the hillside, aiming for the sound of whistles and laughter. After five perspiring minutes they found the boys and Jeffery Kirk lolling under a huge and sheltering shelf of rock. Some of the boys had brought candles, and they were busily smoking their initials into the rocky ceiling.

"Bill Wade was a sort of Robin Hood type who lived near here around a hundred years ago," explained Jeffery. "Somehow he and his friends were always getting involved with problems which needed arithmetic to solve them.

"For instance, if they stole forty-five cows, they had to divide them up evenly to give to fifteen poor families—so how many cows would each family get? Or, they knew about five neighbors who had no food for Thanksgiving, and they knew that there were fifteen overstuffed barns each containing ——"

"Is *that* how you taught us arithmetic?" asked tow-haired Susan. "Why, I thought it was just a *story*."

"Sure," said Mr. Kirk. "Who needs textbooks for beginning arithmetic?"

"But was Bill Wade real? I mean, really real?" asked a boy.

"Of course he was! And if you don't believe me, go look under those tree roots, and you'll find the dishes he used to use, when he had to hide from the law up here in this cave. Maybe you'll even find a nug-nut."



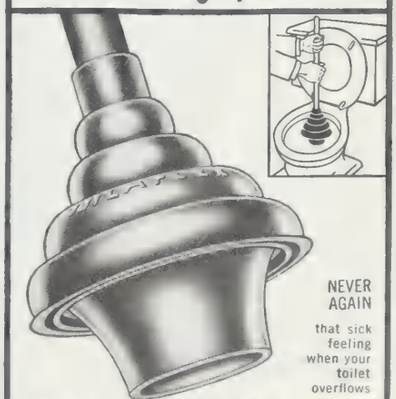
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Nug-nuts, he explained, were pieces of gold which Bill Wade had stolen and had divided with his lieutenant in this very cave, using the chanting formula: "One for me, and one for you, and one for me again." It had taken the third-graders several days to figure out what was wrong with *that*, and when they finally did they declared their disbelief in the whole matter. So Jeffery had brought a pile of nug-nuts to school, and shown them. (What he didn't tell them was that he and Elsie sat up half the night gilding black walnuts.)

"Hey! They're here!" shouted two of the boys who had been digging under the tree roots. Triumphantly they produced three grimy cereal bowls. Everyone began clamoring to know if they were *really* Bill Wade's.

"Well, they ate cereal in those days, too," temporized the smiling Mr. Kirk.

Then spilling and shouting and tumbling and bumping and jumping and down the hillside and out across the meadow and into clumps of bushes near the swimming hole to change into swimming suits and—*splash!* And Jeffery Kirk snorting monster noises as he chased the youngsters through the rippling waters, and little Jay catching frogs and letting them go, and boys showing off new muscles and girls with streaming wet hair giggling and shivering and giggling again among the rainbows in the splashes. And finally, with the sun low in the trees, time to go back up the hill again and eat.

Sandra was home now, and while helping Elsie set the buffet table under the maple tree was using the time to plead for a new $20 bathing suit. "Anything cheaper goes to pieces in two weeks!" she wailed. Elsie said no, firmly. Sandy shrugged with the air of a good-loser-who-has-tried, and ran off to dress for a date.

A banquet awaited the reunion class: chicken, ham, potato salad, string beans, peas, potato chips, bread and butter, ice cream. And while the boys and girls sprawled on blankets eating voraciously, Elsie and Jeff watched, and talked.

"We haven't *really* made any material sacrifices," said Elsie earnestly. "In fact, the only things I can think of is that Jeff doesn't buy as many books as he used to."

Jeff, because he is so passionately concerned with his own educational searching, is sometimes a little bitter. He wants to devote his full time to study and research because he thinks that if he does so he will ultimately have something of value to contribute to the stream of American education. But he cannot because he must at the same time earn a living.

During the last school year he had his fellowship and was able to take the courses he wanted to take. But all this summer he would be teaching, for money, and in September he would begin a full-time job supervising Temple University student teachers in Philadelphia and suburban public schools. For this he will earn about $5500. At the same time he expects to be working at night and on weekends at his dissertation—which he must write and defend orally before winning his doctorate.

"I know one thing," he said. "That is, my dissertation will be only one quarter as good as it could be if I had full time to work on it! But I can't have full time . . ."

A shy, pretty girl drifted across the lawn and spoke in a soft voice. "Mr. Kirk, I brought my cube with me today," she said. From a pocket she pulled a little gilded box. In it was a brass cube, an inch square, with a golden thread wound round it. Her name was printed on one side of the cube, and the outline of a drum on the other. Jeffery smiled, and gave her a quick pat on the back.

Later, while the boys and girls played "Capture the Flag" in a meadow flooded with daisies, buttercups and twilight, he explained about the cube.

"I believe in the importance of symbols," he said. "I wanted to give them a properly symbolic present when they graduated and I spent almost two years thinking of it. Then, when I finally decided, I began teaching them what they would need to know in order to understand it.

"I taught them about the oracle at Delphi, who was asked when a plague would end. The oracle replied—in effect—that it would end when someone found a mathematical formula to describe the dimensions of a cube whi double the volume of any stated cube. V mankind tried for two thousand years t this before it was finally proved that it can done. I had all the kids trying it too."

At the same time Jeffery taught them a poem by William Blake—they learned do of poems by heart, and Blake was one o favorites. It goes like this:

I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball;
It will lead you into Heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

And they learned another, this on Thoreau:

I give you the beat of a distant drum
Muffled by sounds on the street.
March to its tread though it lead you
For its beat is the beat of your heart.

TO THE RESCU

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At the end of the school year, in a sc ceremony, Jeff presented each of the tw two children in his class with a brass cul scribed with the child's name. (He hac made for Elsie too.) And he sang them songs he had written:

I give you a piece of the Delian cube,
Undoubled by stint of the mind.
Hold to it fast, though, when you're wi the string,
For faith without reason is blind.

And:

The golden string,
The Delian cube,
The distant drum
I give to you.

The need for faith,
The heat of mind,
The core of yourself
Is yours to find.

Jeffery and Elsie stood in the darknes watched the last parent drive off the las load of waving students:

"I hope they are still searching," he "To search is everything in life."

"You are still searching," said Elsie. " sometimes you find."

"That reminds me!" exclaimed Jeff, he for his study and his waiting books.

E MOON SPINNERS

TINUED FROM PAGE 100

ere's the vacuum," I said. "There's soup " I added, hesitatingly, "I—I'm sorry is didn't have better news."

e flask top seemed to have stuck. He it a wrench with his good hand, and it . "Well, it's what I expected." He glanced hen. "Don't worry anymore, Nicola. ient unto the day."

ft him carefully pouring soup, and hur- nto the cleft to get the fire going.

was a wonderful meal. We had the soup then corned beef, sandwiched between scuits; some cake stiff with fruit; choco- and then the coffee, scalding hot, and ened with the tinned milk. I ate raven- ; Lambis, who had fed himself on the took very little; Mark, making, after rst few mouthfuls, an obvious effort, did well. When, at last, he sat cradling his mpty cup of coffee between his hands, treasuring the last of its warmth, I ght he looked very much better.

en I said so, he seemed to come with a ut of his thoughts. "Well, yes, I'm fine thanks to you and Lambis. And now me we thought about what happens " Lambis said nothing. I waited.

rk blew a cloud of smoke, and watched her to nothing in the bright air. "Your n's coming today, you told me. You'll have there, or there'll be questions asked. You be down at the hotel, and checked in"— nce at his wrist—"by lunchtime, prob- Then you can . . . well, forget all this."

egarded him. Here we were again, I ht: the smile, friendly, but worn as a to anxiety; the obstinate mouth: the al wariness of manner which meant nk you very much, and now, please go —and stay away."

f course," I said. I pulled my canvas oward me over the juniper needles, and began putting my things into it, rather at random. He was perfectly right, I knew that; there was nothing more I could do. Nor was I prepared to be regarded—as Mark, once on his feet, would obviously regard me—as a responsibility, even a liability.

"Bless you." The smile he gave me now was one of swift and genuine relief. "You've been wonderful. I don't have to tell you how wonderful, but—well, if I can keep you out of it, I must."

"It's all right, you don't have to bother. I'm the world's crawlingest coward anyway and I've had enough excitement to last me a lifetime. You won't see me for dust once I get within sight of the hotel."

He was crushing out his cigarette, frowning down at it, withdrawing into those dark thoughts again. "There's one more thing, and it's desperately important, Nicola. If you do see Lambis—or even me—around in the village, you don't know us."

"Well, of course not."

"I had to mention it. And another thing. You won't go near the police?"

"If I'm getting out of your affairs, I'm not likely to complicate them by doing that. But I still can't see why you don't go to the headman in Agios Georgios. Personally, I'm all for doing the simplest thing, and going straight to the authorities, wherever I am. But it's your affair." I looked from one man to the other. They met in uncompromising silence. I went on, slowly, feeling more than ever an intruder: "Mark, you know you haven't done anything wrong. Surely, now they realize you're just an English tourist — —"

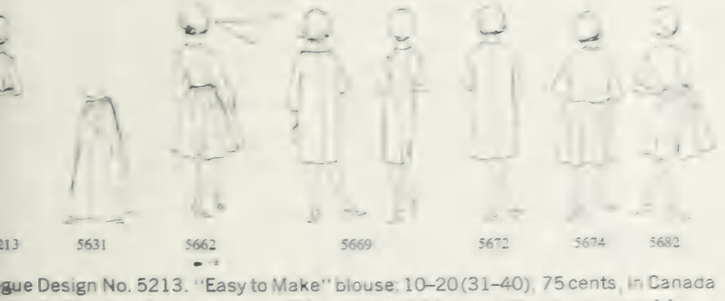
Lambis said, "You're forgetting Colin. Until we know where Colin is, how can we do anything? If he is still alive, he is their—I do not know the word—*à vos mercs*."

"Hostage," said Mark.

"Yes, of course. I—I'm sorry. Well ——" Suddenly I was conscious of nothing but a longing to escape, to be away down the moun-

MAKE IT PLAID

Other Views. Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 74 and 75.



213 5631 5662 5669 5672 5674 5682

gue Design No. 5213. "Easy to Make" blouse: 10–20 (31–40), 75 cents, in Canada cents. Version shown requires 2¼ yards of 35" fabric without nap, size 14.

gue Design No. 5631. "Easy to Make" skirt: 24–32 waist measurement, 75 nts, in Canada 85 cents. Version shown requires 3 yards of 60" fabric with or thout nap, size 26 waist.

gue Design No. 5662. One-piece dress and scarf: 10–18 (31–38): $1.00, in Can- a $1.10. Version shown requires 4¼ yards of 45" fabric without nap, size 14.

gue Design No. 5669. One-piece dress and coat: 10–18 (31–38), $2.00, in Can- a $2.20. Version shown requires 4¼ yards of 54" fabric without nap for dress and at, 2⅞ yards of 54" fabric with nap for coat lining, size 14.

gue Design No. 5672. Coat and scarf: 10–40 (31–42), $1.50, in Canada $1.65. rsion shown requires 3¼ yards of 54" fabric with nap, size 14.

gue Design No. 5674. "Easy to Make" cape coat: 10–18 (31–38), $1.00, in Can- a $1.10. Version shown requires 4 yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 14.

gue Design No. 5682. One-piece dress: 10–18 (31–38), $1.00, in Canada $1.10. rsion shown requires 3⅜ yards of 54" fabric with nap.

otes on figuring yardage: When buying a plaid, be sure to consider the scale in guring yardage—always allow a little extra for matching seams. Take plenty of me in laying out the pattern so that the most conspicuous seams match perfectly his might be the shoulder or the side seams, depending on the design.

uy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing eck or money order*, from Vogue Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa., or in Canada om P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. (*Calif. and Pa. residents please add sales x.) These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10 cents additional for each pattern ordered.



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2ND PRIZE — *Trip to New York, designer wardrobe.* As winner, you and a companion of your choice will come to New York for a ten-day, all expense paid vacation. You'll stay at the fashionable St. Regis Hotel, and Pauline Trigère, American Fashion Critics Award "Hall of Fame" winner, will design a three piece dress ensemble for you.

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tainside, back to yesterday—the lemon grove in the sunshine, the egret, the point where I came in. I smiled, and put down a hand to Mark, which he took. "Well, I'll say good-bye. And good luck, of course."

"You got your cardigan?"

"Yes."

"I'm sorry I couldn't return your petticoat."

"That's all right. I hope your arm will soon be better. And of course I hope—well, that things will turn out right." I lifted my bag and slung it over my shoulder. "I expect in a couple of days' time I'll think all this has been a dream."

He smiled. "Pretend it has."

"All right." But I still hesitated. "If Agios Georgios *is* the guilty village, then I'm bound to see that man with the rifle, and find out who he is, and all about him. I—I think I ought to know where to find you. Where's the boat?"

Lambis looked swiftly at Mark. Mark hesitated, then said, across me, in Greek, "We'd better tell her. It can do no harm. She knows nothing, and ——"

"She understands Greek," said Lambis sharply.

"Eh?" Mark threw a startled, incredulous look at me.

"She speaks it almost as well as you do."

"*Does* she?" I saw his eyes flicker as he did a bit of rapid back-thinking, and for the first time a trace of color came up under his skin.

"It's all right," I said blandly, in Greek. "You haven't given much away."

"Oh, well," said Mark, "it serves me right for being rude. I'm sorry."

"That's all right. Are you going to tell me about the boat? After all, you never know, *I* might need help."

"Well," said Mark, "of course," and he began to give me instructions as to how to reach the caïque from the ruined Byzantine church. "And you could ask anyone the way over to the church itself; that would be quite a normal trip for an English visitor to want to make. But I hope it won't be necessary for you to come."

"That has been made awfully clear."

My last glimpse of Mark was of him sitting stiffly, as if braced against the warm rock, with the empty mug beside him, and that gray look of worry still draining the youth from his face.

When I reached the bridge I thought for a moment my luck had deserted me. Two children were leaning over the parapet, spitting orange pips into the water: a boy and a girl, thin and dark and burned brown, with huge dark eyes and black hair, and the shy manners of the country children. They were spitting very close to my suitcase.

"How do you do?" I said formally. They stared in silence. I crooked a finger at the boy. "What's your name?"

He began to grin, probably at the humor of my speaking Greek. "Georgi."

"And yours?" I asked the little girl.

"Ariadne." I could hardly hear the whisper.

"Hullo, then, Georgi and Ariadne. I'm a foreigner, English. I've come from Chania this morning, to stay at the hotel in Agios Georgios."

Silence. They stood and stared, the boy with the beginnings of that urchin grin, the girl Ariadne taking in every detail of my frock, sandals, bag, wristwatch, hairdo. Even from a child of eight it was not a comfortable scrutiny: I had done my best, with comb and lipstick, before I finally left the ledge, but I would hardly, I thought, look as if I had just recently left Chania's best hotel.

"Georgi," I said, "do you think you could carry a case down to the hotel for me?"

He reached for my canvas bag. "This?"

"No, no, a proper case. It's in the bushes, hidden." I added, carefully, "I came with a car from Chania, and wanted to eat my—have my coffee, that is, in the shade above the vineyards. So I hid my case and left it here. Can you see it? Down there, under the bridge?"

Georgi carried it up to the road and the three of us set off for the village. Ariadne, her shyness gone, skipped along beside me, chattering all the time. Georgi trudged along more slowly, concerned, I could see, to carry my case with apparent ease. Both children answered my questions readily.

Yes, the hotel was just at this end of the village. There was a beautiful garden, with tables and chairs, where you could eat wonderful food, "real English food," promised Ariadne, wide-eyed, while Georgi hurried to explain this magnificence. It was due to the new owner—Stratos Alexiakis. He was very rich, and he spoke English so that you could not tell he was a Cretan.

"How can you tell?" I asked, laughing.

"Tony says so."

"Tony? Who's he?"

"The cook," said Ariadne, "*and* he waits at table, and sits at the desk, and—oh, he does everything! Mr. Alexiakis is not always there, you see."

"A sort of manager?" I said. I remembered what my Danish informant had told me about the new owner's friend from London. "Did he come from England too?"

"He is English," said Georgi.

A short silence. "*Is* he?" I said.

I was thinking furiously, and not very pleasantly. I had told Mark that if the *dramatis personae* of his murder play were in fact from Agios Georgios, I would be bound, in such a tiny place, to come across traces of them almost straightway. But to do so as soon as this, and in the hotel itself ——

I wet my lips. I might be wrong. After all, people could come and go. "Do you get many visitors here?"

"You are the first at the new hotel. The first this year."

"No"—Georgi contradicted her stolidly—"there was another, a foreigner."

"English?" I asked.

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"He *was* English!" cried Ariadne. "Don't you remember? Tony met him at the harbor, and we heard them talking as they went to the hotel, and you said it was English they spoke."

"He wasn't a proper visitor either," said Georgi obstinately. "He came by caïque one afternoon, and stayed only one night, and went away again next morning early. I think he must have gone by the road. There was no boat."

I said, "When did he come?"

"Three days ago," said Ariadne.

"Saturday, it was," said Georgi.

"What do you come here for, to Agios Georgios?" asked Ariadne.

"Oh, just for a holiday. It's—it's so very pretty here." I gestured toward the flower-strewn rocks and the glittering sea. The children looked at me blankly. It had not occurred to them that scenery could be pretty.

"The flowers? You like flowers?" Ariadne, darting like a hummingbird, was already pulling up the anemones in handfuls. To me, they were exotics as gorgeous as any I had seen at Kew; to the child, weeds.

Georgi wasn't interested in flowers. The case changed hands again as he stumped heroically forward. "You like swimming?"

"Very much. Where's the best place to swim?"

"Oh, that way is best." He waved his free hand toward the west. At the Dolphins' Bay there are rocks, where you can dive."

"Do you really see dolphins there?"

"Oh, yes," said Georgi.

"Sometimes they come among the swimmers!" cried Ariadne, happily diverted. "There was a boy once who used to ride on them!"

"Was there?" What ancient story was this, still surviving here among the children? Pliny's boy from Baiae? Arion on the dolphin's back? Telemachus, the son of Odysseus? I smiled down at her. "Well, I've never even seen a dolphin. Do you suppose they'd come and play with me?"

Truth struggled in her face with the Greek's desire to please the stranger at all costs. "Perhaps. But it is a long time since they did this; I am eight years old, but it was before I was born, *thespoinis*. People tell stories ——"

"But you'll *see* them," promised Georgi confidently.

At the hotel Georgi dumped my case with a flourish that effectively hid his relief, and was persuaded, without much difficulty, to accept five drachmae. His *pallikaras* dignity concealing his delight, he went staidly off, with Ariadne scampering beside him. The news was on the wing already.

Georgi had abandoned me at the edge of a covered terrace. In the shade of its trellised roof were set a few little metal tables, where the elders of the village sat. This morning three of them were there, two playing backgammon, the third watching in motionless appraisal.

As I turned toward the main door a man came hurrying out.

"You must be Miss Ferris?"

The voice was unmistakably English. This, then, was "Tony." I looked at him with sharp interest.

He was young, somewhere under thirty, it was difficult to guess where; of middle height, slightly built, but moving with the kind of tough grace that one associates with ballet. His hair was fairish, fine and straight, rather too long, but impeccably brushed. His face was narrow-featured, and clever, with light-blue eyes. He wore close-fitting and very well-tailored jeans, and a spotlessly white shirt.

"Yes," I said. "How do you do? You're expecting me for tonight, aren't you? I know I'm a little early, but I was hoping for lunch."

"Early?" He laughed. "We were just going to put the police on your trail. You've no idea. Miss Scorby thought ——"

"*Police?*" I saw the flicker of surprise in his eyes. My heart jumped painfully, then ground jaggedly into top gear. "Miss Scorby? Is she here already?"

"No, no. She rang up last night. She said the boat was still held up in Patras, but that she'd gone by train to Athens, and managed to catch the flight after all."

"Oh, good for her! I might have known Frances would make it!"

"Yes, she did think she'd been rather clever. She thought she'd be catching you up in Heraklion—you were both to have got the bus today, weren't you?—but you'd gone. They told her you'd left yesterday, with a message saying you were coming straight here."

He finished on a note of perfectly normal inquiry. I managed to say, I hoped naturally, "I did leave Heraklion yesterday, and I fully intended to come on here. But I was offered a lift by some sweet Americans, and they decided to stay overnight in Chania, to look at the Turkish quarter."



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A QUIET ROOM

By MARY KENNEDY

"I will give you," the signora said,
"a quiet room on the garden."
I open the casement windows,
let in the warm Italian air,
and sit in the fading light to rest.
Across the green vines,
Across the enormous fig tree,
Over the sun-baked walls with tiled tops,
the voices of the nuns float out in prayer.
The sky is full of the rolling tones of bells.
A young man sings of love.
In a blur of distant noise the city flows by.
Some father returns . . . I hear the gate,
the welcoming dog, the scampering child,
the ring of dishes as the mother prepares the evening meal.

And yet it is quiet here
with a stillness that is older and deeper than sound.
The magnolia has time to bloom,
the herbs to grow fragrant.
A cat sleeps before the shrine in the convent garden.
A steady light of vigil is set in the ancient stones.

well, that explains it. Well, come and Golden Book, then I'll show you your

obby was merely a wide passage run- raight through the house. Halfway stood an old-fashioned table with a hind it, and a rack holding four keys. s the reception desk.

just the Ritz, you know," remarked eerfully, "but all in good time, we're ng like mad. We've got four whole ns now. Not bad, for Agios Georgios." delightful. But how do you come to —you're English, aren't you?" The book was brand-new, its blank pages native as a shut eye.

indeed. My name's Gamble, but you me Tony, everybody does. Gamble e, and gamble by nature, to coin a There's money to be made over here, w, with this tourist boom, and hotels everywhere like mushrooms. And the s nice, too, for someone like me, with " He smiled, and an eyelid flickered. *ne aux camélias*, and all that. That's hat persuaded me to settle so far from old vicarage."

" I said. "Well, this seems a lovely I wish you luck. Is this where I write, op?"

just there." A beautifully kept finger d the first line of the virgin page. "Our t guest; did you know?"

what about my Danish friend, the o sent me here?"

doesn't count; we weren't officially

te my name with what I hoped was a ourish. "And the Englishman?"

ishman?" His stare was blank.

ought those children said you'd had an nan here last week?"

him." There was the tiniest pause. sn't English; he was a Greek, a friend os's." He picked up the book. "'Nicola A very pretty start to the page. No, he didn't stay here, just called ness, and left the same night. Well, nd see your room." He flicked a key ook, picked up my case, and led the k toward the front door.

derstand you've been over here for a e sounded genuinely interested.

a year. I work at the British Embassy ns."

ght his glance was appraising. He ny case as if it weighed no more than e. "Then you'll talk the lingo, I sup- his way. We go up the outside steps; rimitive, I'm afraid, but it's all part mple, unstudied charm."

lowed him up the flower-bordered he smell of carnations was thick as n the sun.

picked up a bit of Greek." I had had le on this admission when I met the . To be able to talk freely to the village outweighed any possible advantage of ed ignorance. I added apologetically, 's terribly difficult, and of course he alphabet. What about you?"

only a little, and ghastly Greek at that, sure you. Luckily, Stratos's English is natteringly good. . . . Here we are. e, but rather nice, don't you think? cor was my own idea."

rough walls were washed blue-white, esh straw matting covered the floor, bed, which looked comfortable, was with a dazzling white counterpane. n poured a slanting shaft through the embrasure; the shutters were open, re were no curtains, but outside there vine sifting the sunlight, so that the f the room were patterned with the shadows of leaf and tendril.

tos was all for Venetian blinds, and ors of wallpaper, just like home sweet

? Well, it's lovely. Is—er—'Stratos' xiakis?"

, he's the owner; you knew that? Did Danish friend tell you about him? the romantic local-boy-makes-good sn't it? That's what all the emigrants hese poverty-stricken rabbit hutches of doing—coming home after twenty years, buying up the place, and showering money on the family."

"Oh, he has a family?"

"Well, there's only a sister, Sofia; and between you and me, dear, there's a little bit of difficulty about showering money on her." Tony dumped my case on a chair and turned confidingly, with very much the air of one who has been missing the pleasures of a nice, cozy gossip. "It would mean showering it on her husband, too, and dear Stratos doesn't, but *doesn't*, get on with his brother-in-law."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Josef? Oh, first of all, he's a Turk. Not that I mind *that*, but he drinks and rather pushes her around. Oh, the usual; you know, *such* a dreary tale. Things have looked up for her since brother Stratos got home."

"He must have done well for himself; he had a restaurant in Soho, didn't he?"

"Oh, you wouldn't know it, it wasn't big—though of course the locals think it was the Dorchester, no less, and give Stratos an income to match. Far be it from him to disillusion them. We're going to build, you know, on to the other end. Get a nice long, low block, facing the sea. Look at that view."

"It's wonderful."

The window faced southwest, over one end of the landlocked bay. A clump of tamarisk trees stood where the gravel gave way to the flat rock of the foreshore; this, smoothed and fissured by water, burned white in the sun. In every cranny of rock blazed the brilliant pink and crimson sunbursts of ice daisies, and just beside them the sea moved lazily, silky and dark, its faint bars of light and shadow gently lifting and falling against the hot rock. A small boat, painted orange and cobalt, rocked at anchor.

"Next stop, Africa," said Tony, behind me.

"It's lovely, oh, it's lovely! I'm glad I came before you've built your new wing."

"Well, I do see what you mean," said Tony cheerfully. "If it's peace and quiet you want,



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dear, we've bags of that. Now, I'll be getting down to the kitchen. Your cousin's room is next door—that one, there. Now, if there's anything you want, just ask. We don't rise to bells yet, but you don't need to come down; just hang out of the door and yell. I'm never far away. I hear most that goes on."

"Thanks," I said a little hollowly.

"Cheerio for now," said Tony amiably. His slight figure skated gracefully away down the stairway.

I shut my door, and sat down on the bed. Already, from the fragments I had gleaned, one thing showed whole and clear: if the murder which Mark had witnessed had had any connection with Agios Georgios, and if his impression of the Englishness of the fourth man had been correct, then either Tony, or the mysterious "Englishman" from the sea—whom Tony had denied—must have been present. There were no other candidates. And, in either case, Tony was involved. The thing could be, in fact, centered on this hotel.

I found a wry humor in wondering just what Mark would have said, had he known that he was packing me off, with prudent haste, from the perimeter of the affair into its very center.

There was a woman in the bathroom, just finishing with a cloth and pail. She was of medium height, a little shorter than I, and should have been broadly built, but she was shockingly thin, and her body seemed flattened and angular under the thick, concealing peasant clothing. Her eyes were beautiful, with straight black lashes as thick as thatch eaves. The lids were reddened, as if with recent weeping, but the dark eyes lit straightway with the pleased interest that every Greek takes in a stranger.

"You are the English lady?"

"One of them. My cousin will arrive later. This is a lovely place, *kyria*."

She smiled. "As for that, it is a small village, and a poor one; but my brother says that you know this, and that many people will come, only to be tranquil."

"Your . . . brother?"

"He is the patron." She said this with pride. "Stratos Alexiakis is my brother."

So this was Sofia. It occurred to me that if she had fallen heir to Tony's cooking it hadn't—as yet—done her much good.

"Do you live in the hotel?" I asked.

"Oh, no," hastily, "I have a house, down the road a little, on the other side of the street. The first one."

I remembered the cottage, spotlessly clean, with its ranked flowers beside the fig tree. "Have you many children?"

Her face seemed to shut. "No. Alas, no. God has not seen fit." She began to gather her things together. "I must go. My husband will be home soon, and there is a meal to get."

My own meal was a good one: lamb, which the Cretans call *amnos*—many of the classical terms still survive in the dialect—and green beans and potatoes.

"*Sautées*, my dear, in olive oil," said Tony, who served me. "Now, will you have fruit for afters?"

"May I have cheese?"

"Sure. Here. The white one's goat and the yellow one with holes is sheep, so take your pick. . . . Excuse me one moment."

He twitched the coffee percolator aside from its flame, and went out of the dining room, across the terrace into the sunlight of the street. A woman was waiting there; it was Stratos's sister, Sofia.

If only one could stop doing those uncomfortable little addition sums in one's head. But the computer ticked on, adding it all up, fraction by fraction. Tony and the "Englishman." And now, Tony and Sofia. There had been a woman there, Mark had said. Sofia and her brother ——

She had put one of those flattened claws on Tony's arm, almost as if in pleading. Her coif was drawn up now, shadowing half her face, and at that distance I could not see her expression, but her attitude was one of urgency and distress. Tony seemed to be reassuring her, and he patted the hand on his arm before he withdrew it. Then he said something cheerfully dismissive, and turned away.

As he turned, I dropped my gaze to the table, pushing my cheese plate aside. I had seen the look on Sofia's face as Tony turned and left her. It was distress, and she was weeping; but there was also, unmistakably, fear.

"*Café français*, dear?" said Tony.

After lunch, I dutifully set about writing a postcard to Jane, my Athens roommate. That Jane would be very surprised to get it I didn't acknowledge; I merely told myself that I wanted a walk, and that the card would be a good excuse for a quiet stroll down as far as the village post office.

Outside the hotel was a wide space of trodden, stony dust where hens scratched, and small, brown, half-naked children played under a pistachio tree. The two cottages nearest the hotel were pretty in their fresh whitewash, each with a vine for shade, and with a low white wall fencing the tiny yard where the vine grew. Sofia's house stood by itself at the other side of the street. This was a little bigger than the others, and meticulously kept. The little garden was crammed with flowers: snapdragons, lilies, carnations, mallows—all the spired and scented profusion of the English summer growing here, as rank as wild flowers, in the Cretan April. Against the outer wall of the house was a primitive fireplace whose blackened pots stood on trivets of a design so old that it was as familiar as the skin of one's hands.

Past the house, and down the length of t village, ran the stream, confined now to paved channel, and bridged here and there rough slabs of stone. Toward the sea, t ground sloped more steeply.

I walked slowly downhill, looking about with the lively interest that (I told myself) w natural in a tourist. All seemed innocent a quiet in the afternoon heat. Here was church, very small, snow-white, with a bl dome, perched on a little knoll with its ba to the cliffs. And here was the post office. was, also, the only shop the village boasted dark cave of a place, with double doors op to the street, beaten-earth floor, and sacks produce standing everywhere—beans, ma and pasta, along with huge square tins swi ming with oily-looking pilchards. Beside door, casually supporting a stack of brush was the letter box, painted the dark po office blue. And, on the wall opposite t doorway, the telephone.

The shop was, obviously, the meeting pla of the village women. As I entered, a lit hesitantly, conversation stopped abruptly, a they stared; then good manners reasser themselves, and they looked away, talki more quietly.

The shopkeeper put down the flour sco and said inquiringly, "Miss?"

"I only came for some stamps, please. Six five drachs, if you will be so good."

Behind me I heard the stir and whisp "She speaks Greek! Listen, did you he English, and she speaks Greek. . . . Hush, y ill-mannered one! Silence!"

I smiled at them, and made some rem about their village, and was, on the insta the center of a delighted group. Why di come to such a place? It was so small, so po why did I not stay in Heraklion, where th were big hotels, like Athens or London? I I live in London? Was I married? Ah, l there was a man? No? Ah, well, one co not always be fortunate, but soon, soon. God willed ——

I laughed, and answered as best I could, a asked, in my turn, as many questions a dared. Did they not get many strangers, th in Agios Georgios? The Danish gentlem yes, I had heard of him, but nobody else? N Ah, well, Mr. Alexiakis was making a go job of it, wasn't he? And his sister was help him? Yes, Sofia, I had met her; I believed lived in the pretty house at the top of village, opposite the hotel?

But on Sofia, we stuck. Beyond swiftly changed glances—kind enough, I though the women said nothing more, and the c versation died. I finally escaped, not much wiser about Georgi's phantom Englishm but having learned what I had come for, a more as well.

First, the telephone was out. Even with my promise to Mark, there was no chan whatever happened, of getting in touch v authority, either the embassy, or even Her lion, by telephone. The one in the hotel, possible. The one in the post office, oper the day in what amounted to the Ladies' Cl room—in English or in Greek, it coul even be tried. We were on our own.

The other thing that I had discovered in village shop was that there was, in fact, house in Agios Georgios which could h anything to hide. Colin Langley was not h Nothing could be served by my prying furt in a village where every woman must kn all her neighbors' affairs. Any answer to mystery was to be found only at the hotel.

Or—and here I started to walk slowly b up the street, conscious of the eyes watched me from the dark doorways—o Sofia's cottage.

She was sitting just inside the door of cottage, spinning. In all my months in Gre I had never quite got used to the pleasur watching the peasant women at this primi task. The soft, furry mass of white wool on distaff, the brown fingers pulling it out candy floss to loop across the front of black dress, the whirling ball of wo thread on the spindle—these made a patt that it would have been hard not to appreci

I thought, then, of the legend I had Mark, the story of the moon spinners that been intended to send him to sleep, an

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me comfort. I looked again at Sofia, a clad Cretan woman, spinning in the ernoon. An alien, a suspect, an incomsible native of this hard, hot country, rules I didn't know. Somebody to be oned.

lked forward and put my hand on the nd she looked up and saw me. The first n was pleasure, of that I was sure. Then st a quick glance into the cottage be-er.

shed open the gate. "May I come in and you?" I knew that such a direct query, perhaps not good manners, could not, rules of island hospitality, be refused. course." But she looked uneasy.

ur husband has gone?"

glance went to the small fire of twigs , where a pot still simmered. "He did me."

ered the tiny yard and, obedient to her , sat on the bench near the door, under ree. I began to praise her spinning, adthe smoothness of the wool, and fingerpiece of woven cloth she showed me, oon she had forgotten her shyness, t down her work to fetch more of her g and embroidery to show me. I folher indoors.

cottage had two rooms, with no door n them, merely an oblong gap in the he living room, opening straight off the vas scrupulously neat, and very poor. or was of earth, beaten as hard as a with a drab, balding rug covering half There was a small fireplace in one unused at this time of year, and across k of the room ran a wide ledge, three m the floor, which served apparently d place, and was covered with a single patterned in red and green. The inner was darkened, with shutters drawn the sun. It was merely a small oblong a room, with a double bed, a wooden nd a table by the window covered with cloth with bobbles on. Every corner of se seemed open to the view.

ou will sit in here, where it is cool, I you a glass of the peppermint drink make myself."

eached to a shelf near the door where, a faded curtain of red and green, stood (how pitifully scanty a stock) of food. k down a small bottle and glass.

a?"

s a man's voice calling from outside. ear the door, turned quickly, glass in he man was still beyond my range of and he could not have seen me.

is well," he said shortly. "And as for — What is the matter?" This as Sofia ome little hushing gesture, indicating e was not alone. "Someone is with e asked sharply.

the English lady from the hotel, —"

English lady?" The swiftly spoken was almost explosive. "Have you no nse than to invite her in to chatter to en at any minute Josef ——"

all right to speak Greek in front of id Sofia. "She understands it perfectly."

d his breath go in, as if he had shut th hard on whatever he had been going The latch clicked.

pped forward. The newcomer had pen the gate, and we met in the sunlit y.

as a powerful-looking man in the late broadly built and swarthy, with the good living on his skin. His face was going to fat a little, with high cheekand the inevitable mustache; a typireek face, which could have been the ad last seen under the red headdress, dn't think it was. In any case, he was ring Cretan dress. My interest focused rpened. This must be my host, Stratos is.

s is my brother," said Sofia.

already giving him my nicest smile, hand. "How do you do? I'm sorry; I shouldn't have taken *Kyria* Sofia's hen her husband is expected home for l. But I was walking through the vilnd your sister was the only person I o I invited myself in. I'll go now."

"No, no, indeed!" He had retained my hand, and now led me, almost forcibly, to the seat under the fig tree. "What would my sister think of me if I drive her guest away? You must taste her peppermint drink; it is the best in the village."

Sofia, her face expressionless, handed me the glass. I tasted the drink and praised it lavishly, while Stratos leaned one powerful shoulder against the doorjamb, and watched me benignly. Sofia, standing stiffly in the doorway, watched him.

"He is late," she said. The statement sounded tentative, as if Stratos might have known the reason why.

He shrugged, and grinned. "Perhaps, for once, he is working."

"He did not . . . help you in the field?"

"No."

He turned back to me, speaking in English.

"You're comfortable at my hotel?" His English was excellent, but still, after twenty years, hadn't lost the accent.

"Very, thank you, and I love my room."

I talked easily on. I didn't even try to conceal from myself, now, that I wanted to establish a very good reason for the time I intended to spend exploring the mountain and shore round about. *A movie camera*, I thought as I talked on and on about film (of which I know nothing), *is an excellent excuse for a lot of unholy curiosity*.

Stratos was smiling. "You'd be surprised how many English people stay over here for quite some time, and never trouble to learn

A little before you go to sleep read something that is exquisite and worth remembering, and contemplate upon it till you fall asleep; and when you awake in the morning, call yourself to account for it.
ERASMUS

more than a word or two of Greek. What is your work in Athens?"

"I'm a rather unimportant junior secretary at the British Embassy."

This was chalked up with a shock; I saw it.

"What does she say?" This, almost in a whisper, from Sofia.

He turned his head, translating carelessly, "She works at the British Embassy."

"Oh!" My empty glass, which I had handed to Sofia, slipped to the ground and broke.

"Oh, dear!" I exclaimed. "What a shame! Let me help!"

Stratos said, without stirring, "Don't worry, Sofia, I'll give you another." Then, with a touch of impatience: "No, no, throw the pieces away, girl, it'll never mend. I'll send Tony across with a new glass for you, a better one than this rubbish."

I repeated my thanks for the drink, and went out the gate with Stratos beside me. He was scowling at the ground so ferociously that I began to wonder uneasily what he might say. His first words showed, disarmingly enough, that he was deeply chagrined that I had seen the threadbare poverty of his sister's home.

"She won't let me help her." He spoke abruptly. "I've come home with money, enough to buy all she needs, but all she will take is a little payment for work in the hotel. My sister!"

"People are proud sometimes."

"Proud! Yes, I suppose it's that. It's all she has had for twenty years, after all, her pride. Would you believe it, every drach she has she makes herself. Why, even the fields ——" He broke off, and straightened his shoulders. "Forgive me, I should not throw my family troubles at you like that! Perhaps I needed a European ear to pour them into. We're a long way from London, are we not?" His shoulders lifted. "Well, Miss Ferris, and so you're going to hunt flowers and take movies while you're here?"

"Frances will, and I dare say I'll tag along. But I want to see this coast from the sea. Some children told me there was a good chance of seeing dolphins; there's a bay a short distance to the west, they said, with rocks running out deep, and sometimes dolphins even come in among the swimmers."

His laugh was a little too hearty. "I know the place. So that old legend still goes on! There hasn't been a dolphin seen there since the time of Pliny! I ought to know, I fish that way quite often. Not that I go out much with the caïque, that's Alkis's job; I'm not used to hard work of that kind any more. But the caïque, *Eros*, was going cheap, so I bought her. I get my fish cheap, and soon, I think, we shall be able to bring our own supplies from Chania."

We were in front of the hotel now. He stopped.

"But of course you may go out with Alkis, any time. You must go eastward, the coast is better, and some way along there is a ruin of an old harbor, and, if you walk a little way, there is an old church, if these things interest you?"

"Oh, yes. You . . . don't use the caïque yourself?"

"Not often. I only fish for sport, and for that I have a small boat."

"Oh, yes, that little boat beside the hotel? The orange one? You mean you go light fishing, with those huge lamps?"

"That's right, with a spear." Again that grin, friendly, slightly deprecating. "Nice and primitive, eh? But terrific sport—like all primitive pastimes."

"I watched the light fishers once, in the bay at Paros. It was fascinating, but one couldn't see much from the shore."

"Do you want to come out with me?"

"I'd love to!" The words were out, genuinely, thoughtlessly, before it came back to me, with a kick of recollection, that—until I knew a great deal more about him—I quite definitely was not prepared to spend a night with Stratos Alexiakis in a small boat.

"Well," said Frances, "it's very nice to be here. And the tea is excellent. I suppose Little Lord Fauntleroy makes it himself?"

"Hush, for goodness' sake, he'll hear you! He's always around. What's more, he's rather sweet. I've fallen for him."

"I never yet met the male you didn't fall for," said Frances. "I'd begin to think you were ill if you weren't somewhere along the course of a love affair. . . . Well, well, this is really very pleasant, isn't it?"

We were sitting in the hotel "garden," in the shade of the vine. Tony was back in the bar; faintly, round the end of the house, came the sound of talk from the café tables on the street.

Frances stretched her long legs in front of her, and reached for a cigarette. "Now, how long since I saw you? Good heavens, nearly eighteen months! Tell me all about yourself."

I regarded her with affection.

Frances, though a first cousin, is very much older than I. Some people, I know, find her formidable; she is tall, dark, rather angular with a decisive sort of voice and manner. But her formidable exterior is deceiving, for she is the most genuinely tolerant person I know, and sometimes carries "live and let live" to alarming lengths. Which is why, on her command to tell her all about myself, I did just that—at least, I plunged into a haphazard and pretty truthful account of my job, and my Athens friends.

She heard me out in amused silence, drinking her third cup of tea, and tapping ash into the nearest *pithos*. "Well, you seem to be getting a lot of fun out of life, and after all, that's what you came for. How's John? You don't mention him."

"Oh, him. That was ages ago. Christmas, anyway."

"So it was. Come to think of it, your last two letters were remarkably blank. Heart-whole and fancy-free?"

"Entirely." I pulled a pink carnation near to me on its swaying stalk, and sniffed it.

"Well, it makes a change," said Frances mildly. "Of course it's all very well having a heart like warm putty, but one of these days your impulses are going to land you in something you won't easily get out of. Now what are you laughing at?"

"Nothing. I say, Frances."

"M-m-m?"

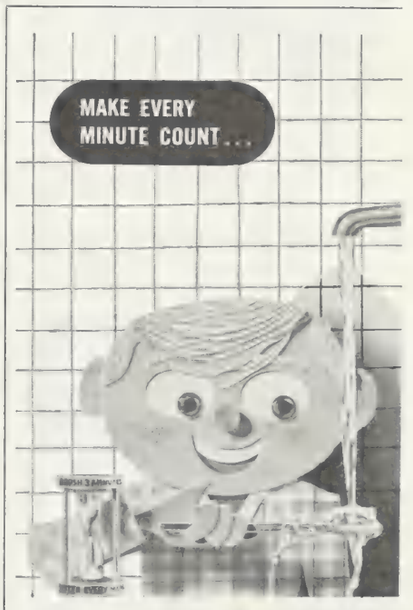
"Would you care for a walk along the shore? It gets dark here fairly soon. I—I'd quite like a stroll, myself."

This was not true, but what I had to say could hardly be said under the listening windows.

"All right," she said amiably. Another thing I should have mentioned about Frances: you can't fool her. She glanced at me as she shook another cigarette loose from the pack. "Why the shore?"

"Because it's lonely."

She made no comment. We picked our way through the vivid clumps of ice daisies, to find that a rough path of a sort led along the low, dry rocks that backed the shingle. Farther along there was a ridge of hard sand, where we could walk side by side.



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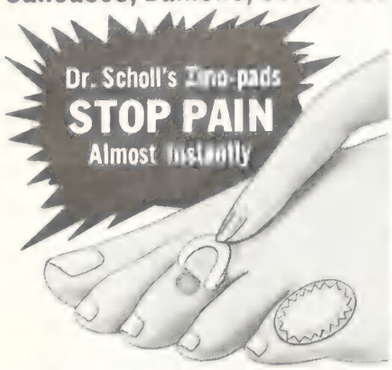


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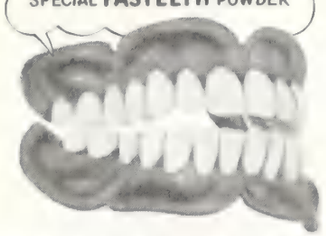
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I said, "I'm in a jam, Frances. Something happened yesterday."

"In Chania?" As I was silent, she glanced at me sideways, quizzically. "Not that I'm any judge, but Chania seems an odd place to choose to misbehave in."

"I wasn't even *in* Chania last night. And I haven't ——" I broke off, and suddenly giggled. "As a matter of fact, I *did* spend the night with a man, now that I come to think about it. I'd forgotten that."

"He seems," said Frances tranquilly, "to have made a great impression. Well, go on. Who is he?"

"He's a civil engineer. His name's Mark Langley."

"Ah."

"It isn't 'ah' at all! As a matter of fact," I said very clearly, "I rather detest him."

"Oh, heavens," said Frances, "I knew this would happen one day. No, don't glare at me, I'm only teasing. Well, go on. You've spent the night with a detestable engineer called Mark. It makes a rousing start. Tell all."

Her advice, when I had at length told all, was concise and to the point. "He told you to get out and stay out, and he's got this man Lambis to look after him. They sound a pretty capable pair. I should stay out."

"Y-yes, I suppose so."

"Besides, what could you do?"

"Well, I could tell him what I've found out. I mean, I'm absolutely certain it must be Tony and Stratos Alexiakis and Sofia."

"Quite probably. Granted that your Mark remembers accurately what he saw and heard, and that there was an Englishman there on the scene of the murder, along with a man in Cretan dress and another Greek, and a woman ——" She paused a moment. "Yes, once you've accepted Tony's involvement, the others follow as the night the day. It's a little closed circle, Tony, Stratos, Sofia, Josef—and the stranger, whether English or Greek, whom Tony certainly knew and talked to."

I stopped in my tracks, staring at her. "But there were only the Greek, and the Cretan, and ——"

"My dear," she said gently, "you've got yourself so involved with Mark's side of this that you've forgotten how it started."

"How it started?"

"There was a murdered man," she said.

Silence, broken only by the crisping of the shingle at the sea's edge. I stooped, picked up a flat pebble, and skimmed it at the surface of the water.

"I've been awfully stupid," I said humbly.

"You've been right in the thick of it, honey, and you've been frightened. It's easy for me, walking calmly in at half time. I can see things more clearly. Besides, I'm not emotionally involved."

"Who said I was?"

"Aren't you?"

I was still watching the place where my pebble had struck. "Frances, Colin Langley's only fifteen."

She said gently, "Darling, that's the point. That's why I'm telling you to keep away from it unless you actually do find out what's happened to him. Otherwise you might only do harm. Look, don't you think we'd better go back now? The sun's nearly gone, and the going's getting beastly rough."

This was true. As I had told my story, we had been making our way round the bay and had reached the foot of the big cliffs at the far side. We stood for a few minutes in silence, shading our eyes against the glitter of the brilliant sea. Then Frances turned away.

"Come along, you're tired. And you could do with a good stiff drink before dinner." Her tone was matter-of-fact and curiously soothing. "It isn't just to keep you out of trouble that I'm telling you to keep away from Mark. If you went trailing up there looking for him, you might be seen, followed, anything; you might lead them to him. Or, if you made them suspicious, you might—and this is more important—frighten them into killing Colin . . . if, that is, Colin is still alive."

"Oh, I suppose you're right. I—I've not been thinking very straight." I put a hand to my head. "If you'd seen Sofia. That's what really frightened me—when Josef didn't come home. You should have seen her face. And there are only two things I can think of that Josef might be doing."

She was blunt. "Meaning that if Josef is your Cretan murderer—and I'd risk a bet on it myself—he's either still out hunting for Mark, to kill him, or he's mounting guard over Colin somewhere?"

"And she's terrified." I swallowed. "If he's with Colin, and she knows it, and she's afraid of what he may be doing —— Well, there it is." My voice trailed off miserably.

She didn't answer, and we trudged along for some minutes in silence.

"There's nothing to stop me *looking* for him, is there? If I'm terribly careful? I—I can't just put him out of my head, can I?"

"No, love. You go ahead. Assume he's still alive, and keep your eyes open. One thing: if he's alive, he's got to be fed."

"Of course! And not too far away, at that. If one kept a tight eye on Sofia —— I'll go for an early-morning swim near the hotel, and keep my eyes skinned."

"You do that," said Frances. "Look, there's someone out there now. That's the little boat putting out, isn't it? The man in it—is that Stratos Alexiakis?"

He grinned and waved, then moved aft for a minute, and the engine slowed to a soft *put-put*, so that the boat seemed to be just drifting by. His voice came cheerfully over the water. "Hullo there! Would you like to come?"

"Another time." We both grinned and waved in what we hoped was a cordial refusal. "Thanks all the same. Good fishing!"

He raised a hand, stooped again to the engine, and veered away in a long, lovely curve for the tip of the headland.

"H'm," said Frances, "very matey. Well, there's something for us, anyway. Colin's not along that way, or Stratos would hardly welcome visitors." She turned to go, then said quickly, "What's the matter?"

I was standing still, like a dummy, with the back of my hand to my mouth. "Frances! The *Eros!*"

"The what?"

"He's got a boat, a big one, lying in the harbor! *That's* where he'll be!"

She said nothing for a moment. Then she nodded. "Yes, that's something we could try. If we're allowed near the *Eros*, we may be sure she's innocent; if not, then I think you can certainly go straight up to look for Mark tomorrow."

After dinner, Frances and I walked down to the harbor. The caïque *Eros* was lying without movement in the still waters. We regarded it in silence. Then a voice spoke suddenly from somewhere beside my elbow, nearly startling me straight into the harbor.

"You want to row out?" asked Georgi. "I'll take you."

I glanced at the caïque again, lying so quietly in the darkness. Stratos was away fishing, Tony was in the bar, Alkis had presumably gone home. On the face of it, it looked like the sort of chance that shouldn't be missed. But—to row across now, and, perhaps, actually find Colin there . . . in the village. . . . at this time of night. . . . I offered the suggestion with a marked lack of conviction, and Frances made a derisive sound.

"I can just see us rowing along the coast of Southern Crete in the pitch darkness, looking for a caïque that's been hidden in a creek somewhere. I'm sorry, but we'll have to accept our female limitations and wait till morning."

"As usual, you're right." I sighed. I looked down at the boy, who had been following this incomprehensible exchange wide-eyed. "Thanks a lot, Georgi, but not tonight. We'll ask Mr. Alexiakis tomorrow."

"Here he is now!" announced Georgi buoyantly, skipping to the extreme edge of the concrete, where he stood on tiptoe. "He's been spearfishing. *Now* you will see the big fish, the sea bass! He must have got one, or he wouldn't have come back so soon!"

The boat, with its engine cut, glided alongside, and Stratos threw Georgi a rope, sending us a cheerful greeting.

"What did you get?" demanded Georgi.

"I wasn't spearfishing. I've been to the pots. Well, ladies, out for another walk?"

"The ladies were wanting to go to the *Eros*," said Georgi.

Stratos stood easily in the rocking boat looking up at us. "She's not much of a boat but if you're interested ——" A gesture of invitation completed the sentence.

I laughed. "As a matter of fact, it was Georgi's idea; he wanted to row us out. I would like to see her, of course, but let's wait till daylight; we're going to see the town now. What have you caught?"

"*Scháros*. You'll have it tomorrow; it's very good."

He thrust with an oar against the pier, and the boat drifted away toward the silent bulk of the *Eros*.

We walked back toward the houses.

"Well, I suppose that's something," I said at length. "The caïque's innocent, and our tour of the village doesn't worry him either. In fact, I'd have said Stratos hadn't a care in the world. Wherever Colin is, Stratos isn't worrying about his being found."

"No," was all Frances said, but not quite guardedly enough. We were passing a lighted doorway, and I saw her expression. My heart seemed to go small, painfully, as flesh shrinks from the touch of ice.

I said it at last. "You've been sure all along that Colin's dead, haven't you?"

"Well, my dear," said Frances, "what possible reason can they have for keeping him alive?"

The night was very dark. Though it would soon be midnight, the moon was not yet up and the stars were veiled by cloud. I had borrowed Frances's dark-blue poplin coat, and hugging this round me, waited at the head of the stone steps outside my room.

There was still a light in Sofia's cottage. Though I had forced myself to admit that Frances might be right about Colin, I was ready to watch all night and, if she left the cottage, to follow her. But midnight came, and still the lamplight burned, though every other house in the village was darkened.

I went like a ghost down the steps, and skirted the open ground like a stealthy cat, hugging the shelter of the pistachio trees. The dust underfoot made silent walking and I slipped soundlessly past Sofia's garden wall toward the back of the cottage. It was now or never. There was a shed in that yard, and I wanted to look at it.

I paused for a moment, listening. My heart was beating light and fast, and my mouth felt dry.

Something moved beside my feet, almost startling me into a cry, until I realized it was only a cat. It purred softly, but when I stooped it slid away from my touch, and vanished.

I took a long breath to steady those heart beats, then let myself into the yard.

Somewhere beyond the cottage, across the square, a door opened suddenly, spilling light. As I shrank back toward the shadow of the shed, the light was lopped off again as the door shut, and I heard rapid steps coming this way.

Stratos, coming over from the hotel to see his sister. If Colin were here—if Stratos came into the yard——

He pushed open the garden gate and went quietly to the cottage door. I heard the latch click, then the soft sound of voices, question and answer. Sofia must have brought the lamp out of the bedroom again, to meet him at the door, for again I could see the faint glow of light from beyond the cottage.

I wasn't taking any chance of being found by him in Sofia's yard at nearly one in the morning. So I melted quickly out the gate and into the lane. I trod softly, hurrying away from the gateway, and almost immediately stepped on a loose stone that nearly brought me down. Before I had recovered, I heard the cottage door shut and Stratos's quick steps to the gate.

I stood still, face turned away, while my mind spiraled like a feather in a current of air. What could I say to him? What plausible reason could I give for a midnight stroll up this unappetizing dead end of a lane?

The answer came, piercingly sweet and loud, from a clump of cypresses beyond the wall, a nightingale's song, pouring into the silence from the crowded spires of the grove

ghtway it seemed as if the whole of night had been waiting just for this. s and whistles and long, haunting notes poured and bubbled from the press. The bird must have sung for minutes while I stood blessing it. , ten yards away, I heard the scrape ch. Stratos was leisurely lighting a

Alexiakis?" His head jerked round, match dropped into the dust and ut. I moved toward him, with one es's cigarettes in my hand. "Have you lease? I came out without one."
Miss Ferris! Of course." He struck a match for me. "You're out very 't you?"
ed. "I did go up to bed, but then I nightingale, and I had to come out

ed short because he had moved with shushing gesture, as if some sound led him. We had been standing close he wall of the shed that I had come to The sound had come apparently some gap just beside us—a small, sound, then a soft rustle as of spilled nething moving, inside Sofia's shed. quickly, "What is it?"
ught I heard something. Wait."
I thought wildly, *it's Colin*—but then at fear was making me stupid. If it eed Colin, then Stratos would know early as if I had heard him speak, I ark was there, just on the other side ll, waiting and listening, and trying, one betraying movement, not even e.
was already moving, and, close to was, I could see that his hand had quite casually, to his hip. As he ough the yard gate I was on his heels. o stop him somehow, somehow give I cried out, "Good heavens, is that a d put a detaining hand on his arm, him back, trying to sound merely and feminine, and, with the genuine n my voice, probably succeeding. dness' sake!" I quavered. "You don't !"
he shed came a scrape and a clatter, thud of a small, soft body landing eight. Then from the half-open door gue, slim shape which slid mewing our feet, and was gone into the d lane.

stopped, and his hand dropped from He laughed. "A cat! This is the crim- my sister's property! You may calm Miss Ferris, I shall certainly not *it!*"
orry," I said shamefacedly. "That of me, but guns do panic me. Well, odness that's all it was. I was talking at in the lane a while ago; he must n ratting."
ing so useful," said Stratos cheerfully. other-in-law keeps a decoy quail in e cats can't get at it, but they keep Well, we'll shut the door, shall we?"
led it shut, and turned out of the yard. ed back to the hotel together.

yard seemed darker than ever. The r was still shut. The cat had gone, and ingale was silent in the cypresses. A bell from somewhere near the harbor e.

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The door opened with only the slightest creak. I slipped through it into the shed, and pulled it shut behind me.

"Mark?" It was only a breath.

No reply. I stood still, listening for his breathing and hearing only my own. There was brushwood stacked somewhere; I could smell rosemary, and dried verbena, and all the sweet sharp scents of the bed he and I had shared last night.

"Mark?" I groped my way over to the wall. As my hands met the stone the nightingale, outside in the grove, began to sing again. I felt along the wall. Stone, rough stone, cold stone. Nothing else. I had been wrong: Mark hadn't been here after all. It had been the cat, and only the cat, that we had heard.

My hand met something that wasn't stone, something smooth and sticky, and still faintly warm, that made the hair rise up the back of my neck. I pulled the hand away and stood there, holding it stiffly before me, fingers splayed.

So instinct had been right, after all. Mark had been there leaning against the wall within inches of Stratos and me, perhaps betrayed by exhaustion into some revealing movement, while his shoulder bled against the stone. In sudden fear I stooped to feel if he had fallen there, at the foot of the wall. Nothing. The shed was empty. There was only his blood.

I don't remember getting back to the hotel. I know I took no care. But I met no one and no one saw me running back across the square, with one hand closed over its smeared palm.

"I wish we had nothing in the world to think about except tramping off into the hills and looking at the flowers!" I said next morning.

"Well," said Frances reasonably, setting down her coffee cup, "what else *is* there? We can hardly plan anything. All we can do now is behave as we normally would, and keep our eyes open. In other words, we go out for the day, and take the camera."

We went along the river, up the path that I had taken. Frances, as I had known she would be, was enraptured by everything she saw. The sugar cane, standing deep along the ditches, rustling. A pair of turtledoves, flying up out of a patch of melon flowers. And the flowers: pale lilac anemones with indigo hearts; miniature marigolds; daisies, purple, yellow and white. Between her delight and my own delight in her pleasure (for Greece was, I liked to think, my country, and I was showing her round it), we reached the upper plateau with its fields and windmills before I even had time to remember my preoccupations of yesterday.

There were a few people at work among the fields. We saw a man and his wife working with primitive long-handled hoes, one on either side of a furrow of beans. In another field a donkey stood patiently beside the ditch, waiting for its owner. We picked our way along the narrow beaten paths between the fields, pausing frequently for Frances to use her camera. Everything made a picture: the beasts; the men bent over their work; the whirling sails of the windmills, like enormous daisies spinning in the wind.

Then Frances found the irises, lilac and bronze and gold, swarming as thick as butterflies right up to the walls of a windmill. She reached for her camera. "I wish I'd brought five miles of film, instead of five hundred miserable feet! Why didn't you tell me that the very *dust* of this country was photogenic? If only there was some movement! Why aren't the sails going?"

"It's a corn mill. The owners run it only when somebody hires them to grind the corn."

"Oh, I see. Well, look, there's a peasant woman—just what it needs, the very job ——"

The door of the mill had been standing half open. Now it gaped wider, and a Greek woman, clothed in the inevitable black, and carrying a cheap shopping bag, came out. She saw us and stopped short, with her hand still out to the big old-fashioned key that jutted from the lock.

Frances's camera whirred on unconcernedly; but my heart had started to beat in erratic, painful thuds, and the palms of my hands were wet.

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"Nicola, go and tell her it's a movie, will you?" said Frances. "I want her moving. And get in the picture yourself, please; I want that turquoise frock beside the gladioli. Just walk up to her and say something. Anything."

Just walk up to her and say something. Dead easy, that was. "*Have you got Colin Langley hidden in the mill, Sofia?*"

Frances still has the film. It is the only one, of many which she has of me, in which I walk and behave as if quite oblivious of the camera. On this occasion I was thinking only about the woman who stood unmoving in the bright sunlight, with that half-shut door beside her, and her hand on the big key. It is a very effective piece of film, but I have never liked watching it. This was not a day that I care, now, to remember.

I trod through the irises, and smiled. "Good morning, *kyria*. I hope you don't mind being photographed? This is my cousin, who's very keen, and she wants us to stand and talk here for a moment . . . and then, perhaps, walk into the mill."

"Walk—into the mill?"

For one long, heart-stopping minute I thought she was going to refuse, then she put a hand flat against the door and pushed it wide. With an inclination of the head, and a gesture, she invited me in. It was a movement of great dignity, and I heard Frances give a little grunt of satisfaction as the camera got it.

Just inside the door a stone stairway, built against the wall, spiraled upward. Within its curve, on the ground, stood sacks of grain, and a pile of brushwood for repairing the thatch. Against the wall was a stack of tools: a rough hoe, a spade, something that was probably a harrow, and a coil of light rope.

"May I go up?" Already, while I was speaking, I had mounted two steps.

Sofia had her back to the light, and I couldn't see her face. Again I sensed that hesitation, and again my pulses thudded while I gripped the narrow handrail.

"Please do." Her voice was colorless. She put her bag down on the floor, and followed me closely up the stairs.

The chamber on the first floor was where the flour was weighed. Here were the old-fashioned scales, the big square tins which caught the milled flour as it came down the chute from the grindstones. Here, too, were sacks of grain.

But no Colin Langley.

So much I took in while I was still climbing out of the stairwell. There was no hiding place for anything much bigger than a mouse. As I stepped out onto the boarded floor, a mouse did indeed whisk out of the way between two tins, carrying some titbit in its mouth.

But there was another stairway, and another floor.

Beside me Sofia said, "*Thespoinis.*" Something had touched that colorless voice at last. It was sharp. "*Thespoinis*, there is nothing up there except the millstones, nothing at all! Do not go up; the floor is rotten!"

I said cheerfully, not even pausing, "I suppose it holds you when you have to come up here to work, doesn't it? I'll be careful. Heavens, are these the grindstones?"

I hadn't yet paused to think what I would do if Colin were there, but the small, circular room was empty—if one could apply that word to a space almost filled by the giant millstones, and crowded with primitive machinery. Everything was clean, and the room was fresh and very light, for there were two windows cut in the thick walls, one on either side, at floor level. One of these was shuttered, and fastened with a wooden peg; and, beside it, pushed back into a rough pile against the wall, was a jumble of brushwood left over—as was apparent—from a recent job of thatching.

I stepped over the hole in the aged flooring, and looked thoughtfully down at the brushwood. A clay jar hung from a nail nearby, and a short-handled broom stood underneath it. The brushwood looked as if it had just been bundled back against the wall, and the floor had been newly swept. . . . I wondered how recently the jar had been used, and whether, if I tilted it, I would find a few drops of water still in the bottom.

I had no chance to try, for now Sofia was at the head of the stairs, and I could hear Frances coming up, exclaiming with pleasure. Sofia, unbending at her palpably innocent interest, began to explain the action of the millstones. I translated what she said, asking a few more harmless questions, and left them casually—oh, so casually!—and started down again.

I had seen what I was looking for. Of that I was sure. Sofia had cleaned up efficiently, but not quite efficiently enough. The brushwood on the top floor had been ruffled up again, and pushed back, but someone had lain there. And Sofia had swept the floor, but had overlooked the rotten boards beside the bedding. Some of her sweepings must have fallen through onto the floor below.

I ran lightly down the steps, and paused on the landing. Yes: again I had been right. On the boards beneath the hole were a few fragments of broken brushwood and dusty fronds. This, in itself, would have meant nothing, but among them there were crumbs. It had been a crumb of bread that I had seen the mouse carrying.

I ran on down the stairs. I had remembered the coil of rope that lay beside the grain sacks. If you had a prisoner, presumably you tied him.

I reached the ground floor and paused for a moment, throwing a swift glance round me. I could hear them busy with the camera, and, even if they came down, I should have warning; they could not see me until they were halfway down the stairs. I bent over the rope.

The first thing I saw was the blood. I suppose I had even been expecting it. But what one expects with the reasoning mind, and one's reactions to it, are two different things.

There was very little blood; only (I told myself) the sort of stain one might get from bound wrists scraped raw with struggling. The slight staining came at intervals along one of the ropes, as it might if it were coiled round someone's wrists. The ends of the rope were unfrayed, still bound.

It was true, then. Colin had been here; and Colin had gone. The unfrayed rope told its own tale; there had been no escape, no bonds sawed through. The rope had been untied neatly coiled away.

But if the rope was here, discarded, might it not mean that Colin had been se deliberately?

I had been staring blindly down at the ter of stuff beside the wall. Now my eyes tered, with a jerk that was almost phys painful, the thing that stood beside the

The spade. Once I had seen it, I cou nothing else. There was still earth clingi it. The spade had been used very recently for deep digging: not just the dry, dusty soil, but the deep, damp earth that cling.

I shut my eyes on it then, trying to aside the image that was forming—yeste picture of these tranquil fields: the sle boy; the man, alone, digging behind patch of sugar cane, beyond the mill. H been a broad-shouldered man, with a re chief round his neck. He had not notice nor I him. But now, in my mind's eye, I see him again, clearly. . . .

I'll have to tell Mark, I said. *Dear Go have to tell Mark.*

"Nicola—Nicky, honey—what is it?"

"It's all right. Give me a minute, that'

We had reached the wayside shrine the lemon grove. The fields were out of the windmill no more than a gleam of through the trees. I could not remembe ting here: somehow, I must have taken leave of Sofia; somehow waited, while sh Frances exchanged farewell complim somehow steered a blind way up throug trees.

"They've killed Colin. And they've b him down there—just near the mill."

When I had finished my story, she silence, smoking rather hard. Then I sa shake her head sharply, like someone ri himself of a stinging insect. "That nice wo I can't believe it. The thing's fantastic."

"You didn't see Mark, lying up there dirt, with a bullet hole in him. It's true en Colin's dead. And now I'll have to tell M

and you



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m afraid you'll have to, darling."
he sooner I get it over, the better. What you?"
ou'll be better on your own; and in any I ought to be here to cover up for you if e late back." She gave me an anxious "Take care of yourself."
om the shrine, where I left Frances, a narath led up through the last of the lemon on to the open ground above the pla- I plodded on in the heat, weary already. is no one so leaden-footed as the reluctringer of bad news. It was with curiously cting feelings of relief and dread that, ving the track round a jutting shoulder, I he block of cypresses.
ey were still a fair distance off. I paused e the track took a sudden sharp run down water. Where it met the pool it widened a flattened area of dried mud, beaten by the feet of the flocks, which, probsince the time of Minos, had crowded here to drink, on their journey to the pastures. There had been a flock this way tly. In the mud I could see the blurred of the shepherd's sandal. He had slipped clay, so that the print was blurred at the d heel, but the convoluted pattern of the sole was as clear as a photograph.
rope sole. I was balanced on the last ingstone, looking for a dry place to step hen the significance of this struck me. s possible that this was the print of the erd's foot. But if so, he had the same of shoes as Mark.
e print was this morning's, that much was ous. And it was heading the way I was , away from the village. Did this mean Mark, having recovered, was now making ay back to the caïque? Could he—*could* ve already found out what I was on my to tell him? Had he somehow found his nto the mill, before Sofia had been there move the traces of the occupant?
ooked as if finding him might be simpli- Another print, much more lightly de- , showed clearly enough that he had left ack here, and headed away from it, up the gully bottom. *Old Argus Eyes*, I thought, triumphant. *Girl Crusoe in person.*

The stream grew steeper, the way more tangled. There were no more footmarks. I stopped, at length, to have a drink, then sat down on a dry piece of fallen tree trunk in the shade, and opened my bag.

I uncorked the bottle of wine with a silent blessing on Frances, who had insisted on my taking it. After that I felt so much better that—in homage to the gods of the place—I poured a few drops on the ground for a libation, then tackled lunch with something like an appetite.

Suddenly a slight movement caught my eye, a stir of light color among some piled boulders below the overhang, as if a stone had moved. Then I saw that there was a lamb lying up there, under a tangle of honeysuckle. The breeze must have lifted the fleece, so that the ruffling wool had shown momentarily above the boulders.

I had turned back downstream, to find a place where I could clamber more easily out of the gully, when it occurred to me that the sheep had been oddly still and quiet, all through the time that I had been eating. I glanced back. It could have slipped from above. I thought, unnoticed by the shepherd, and it might well be dead; but if it was merely trapped on its back, or held down by thorns, it would take me only a few moments to free it. I must, at least, take time to look.

I stepped across the stream, and clambered up toward the boulders.

The sheep was certainly dead; had been dead some time. Its fleece was being worn as a cloak by the boy who lay curled under a bush, fast asleep. He wore torn blue jeans and a dirty blue shirt, and the sheepskin was pulled over one shoulder, as the Greek shepherds wear it, and tied into place with a length of frayed string. This, not Mark, was the quarry I had been stalking. The mud on his rope-soled shoes was hardly dry.

The noise of my approach had not disturbed him. He slept with a sort of concentration, deep in sleep, lost in it. I stood there, with my heart beating in my throat till I thought it would nearly choke me. I had seen that kind of sleep before, and recently—that almost fierce concentration of rest. I thought I had seen those eyelashes before, too; I remembered the way they lay on the brown cheeks in sleep. And the way the dark hair grew.

The thick lashes lifted, and he looked straight at me. There was the quick flash of alarm shown by any sleeper who is startled awake.

I cleared my throat, and managed a hoarse "*Chairete*." It is the country greeting, and means, literally, "Rejoice."

He stared for a moment, blinking, then gave me the conventional "Good day."

I wet my lips, and hesitated. "You're from Agios Georgios?" I still spoke in Greek.

He was eyeing me warily, like a shy animal. "*Óchi*." The denial was hardly audible, a thick mutter as he got quickly to one knee, and turned to grope under the bush, where he had put down his shepherd's stick.

Shaken by a momentary doubt, I said sharply, "Please—don't go. I'd like to talk to you—please ——"

I saw his body go tense, just for a second; then he was getting to his feet. Round the wrist of the hand that held the stick was tied a rough bandage of cloth in a pattern of red and green.

"Colin ——" I said shakily.

He stopped as if I had struck him. Then, slowly, as if to face a blow, he turned.

I went straight to the root of the matter, in English. "Mark's alive. I'm on my way to find him now. I—I'm a friend of his."

He didn't even need to speak. His face told me all I wanted to know. I sat down abruptly on a boulder, looked away, and groped for a handkerchief to blow my nose.

I made him sit down, drink some of the wine, and eat the rest of the food I had brought. While he ate and drank I told him all I could about Mark's story, and my own.

He said very little, but ate like a young wolf. The change in him—since the news about Mark—was remarkable. Already he looked quite different; the bruised look was gone from his eyes, and by the time the wine was half down in the bottle there was even a sparkle in them, and a flush in his cheeks.

"Now," I said, "you can tell me all your side of it. *Were* you in the windmill?"

"I'll say I was, tied up like a chicken and dumped on a bundle of rubbish," said Colin warmly. "But let's get on our way."

He got to his feet. He was very like his brother to look at; slighter, of course, and with a frame at once softer and more angular, but promising the same compact strength.

"There's a place quite near, a clump of cypresses, which you can see from Mark's ledge. If he and Lambis are there, they'll show some sort of signal. If they do, we'll go straight up via the gully. If there's no sign, then we can go straight to the caïque."

"How did you find me, anyway?" asked Colin, scrambling after me.

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"Followed your tracks."

"*What?*"

"You left some smashing prints down by the steppingstones. Only I thought they were Mark's. You've the same sort of shoes."

"Have a heart, Nicola; he takes nines!"

"Well, you'd slipped in the mud, and the toe and heel were blurred, so the prints looked longer. If it hadn't been for recognizing Mark's shoes, I'd never have noticed them. He was . . . a bit on my mind, at the time."

"Gosh"—Colin sounded thoroughly put out at this evidence of his inefficiency—"I never thought of prints."

"You had other things to think about. Now I'll show myself up yonder and wait for the green light."

"Look, I don't like you going out there, it mightn't be safe. Can't we think of some other way?"

"*I'm* quite safe, even if I bump head-on into Josef, as long as *you* keep out of sight," I said firmly. "You're very like your brother, aren't you?"

"For my sins," said Colin, and grinned.

He waited there in the dappled shade while I climbed to the rim of the gully. I looked about me. But nothing stirred. No movement, no flicker of white, no sudden flash of glass or metal. Nothing.

The test was far from satisfactory, but it would have to do. I gave it another minute or two, then turned to hurry back. Colin rose to greet me, his face eager.

I shook my head. "Not a sign. I honestly didn't expect it. They'll have gone to the caïque. So we'll go after them."

"Well," said Colin, "let me go in front. I can clear the way a bit with this stick. And give me that bag; I oughtn't to be letting you carry it."

"Thank you." I surrendered the bag meekly, and followed him up the path through the trees.

He went at a fair speed and told me, in snatches, as we toiled up the gully, his story.

When Mark had fallen, wounded, from the track, Colin had run to him, only to be dragged back by Stratos and Josef. In the resulting struggle Colin had been knocked on the temple, and had fainted, but only for a few minutes. When he came to, they had secured him with some sort of rough bonds, stuffed a rag in his mouth, and were carrying him downhill. He kept as limp and still as he could, in the hazy hope that they might relax sufficiently to give him a chance to get away.

It was a long way, and rough, and a good deal of their talk was in Greek, but he gathered that they were disagreeing violently about something.

"Try to remember. It could be important."

"Oh, I've tried. I do know that Tony was blazing mad at them for shooting Mark and taking me along. We'd never have traced them, he said, we hadn't seen them properly; and in any case they could give each other alibis, 'but taking the boy like this—it's stupid!'"

"Well," I said, "so it was. I still don't know why they did it."

"Sofia," said Colin simply. "I'd had this cut on the head, and I was bleeding like a pig. She thought if they left me I'd bleed to death, and she made such a fuss that they gave in, and just hustled me away. It was partly Tony too. In the end he said that they might get away with Mark's shooting as an accident, but if we were both found dead, or badly hurt, there'd be a fuss that might take in the whole district, and uncover 'Alexandros's murder,' and that would get back to 'the London affair.'"

"'The London affair?'" I asked sharply.

"I think that's what he said; I can't be sure."

"It could be. And the man who was murdered was 'Alexandros,' was he? It certainly sounds as if he might be someone catching up on Stratos and Tony from their London life, doesn't it? What on earth did they intend to do with you?"

"Quite honestly, I think Josef was all for killing me then and there, but Stratos was swithering a bit, and Tony and Sofia were dead against it. In fact, Tony was all for bolting."

"You mean Tony wanted to clear out on his own?"

"Yes. I remember exactly what he said: 'Well, once you shot that tourist, you landed yourselves, whatever you do with the boy. I had nothing to do with it, or with Alex, and you know that's true. I'll take my cut here and now, and don't pretend you'll not be glad to see the last of me, Stratos.'"

The gorge had widened out as we climbed higher. There was room now to walk two abreast.

"Then Stratos said where could he go, he had no money, and Tony said, 'For a start, you can give me some,' and Stratos said, 'Blackmail?' and Tony said, 'Well, I could talk quite a lot, couldn't I? And *I've* done nothing that matters. There's such a thing as Queen's Evidence.'"

"He's got a nerve," I said, half admiringly. "Fancy coming out with that one, to old Stratos, with two dead men behind you, and a bleeding boy on your hands."

Colin grinned. "I was, too, buckets of it. Well, I thought Stratos would blow his lid at that, but he must have known Tony didn't mean it, because he didn't answer, and then

FIRST SONG FOR JOHN

By MARJORIE LEE

John has emerged
from the sea in me,
from the rounded deeps
and the gentle swells;
and his eyes are the blue
of the sea's own blue,
and his ears are the scallops
of nacre shells.
Small as the bud
of an aqueous flower's
the curve of his mouth,
and the slow uncurl
of his fists is the blooming
of aqueous leaves,
and the stem of his sex
is a coralline swirl.
Ashimmer, adripping,
he slipped from the reef
of my bone and my flesh
and was lifted upon
the shore of the world,
where he drank of the air,
where he ceased to be Fish,
and began to be John.

Tony said, 'Dear boy, we were going to split anyway, so come through with the stuff now, and we'll call it a day. Where is it?' Stratos said, 'When I think it's time to come through, I'll tell you. And not so much of the holier-than-thou stuff either. You'd like to stand by looking like the Queen of Hearts and keeping your lily hands clean, wouldn't you? Well, you'll get them dirty soon enough. We've got to get the pair of them buried yet.'"

"And that was all?"

"Then," said Colin, "we got to the mill. I heard Tony say, 'I said you could count me out. If you touch him, you're bigger fools than I thought you were.' After he'd gone there was another really terrific argument, and the woman started screaming at the men, till it sounded to me as if someone had put a hand over her mouth. When Sofia insisted on doing my head, she was crying all the time, and I think she was trying to be kind. Stratos said to me, in English, 'You will be left here, and we will not hurt you. You cannot escape, even if you get the ropes off. The door will be watched, and you will be shot.' I had a feeling that it might be bluff, but I wasn't wild keen to call it, not just then, anyway. And later, when I did try to get free, I couldn't."

"If I'd only known. I passed your mill twice when you were in it. Go on. What happened next day?"

"Sofia came very early and gave me food. She had to take the gag off for that, so I tried to ask her about Mark, but all she would do was shake her head and dab her eyes on her veil, and point up the mountain. That night, when she brought my food, she wouldn't talk at all. Her eyes just looked scared, and sort of dumb. Then yesterday morning I knew they'd decided to kill me. I'm sure they had. That's what made me sure Mark was dead. I don't think Josef would ever have thought twice about murdering me, but I expect Sofia made trouble with Stratos, and Tony may have been against it too."

"Perhaps. But I don't see how they could ever have let you go. What happened?"

"It was Josef, not Sofia, who brought the food yesterday. I'd heard a man's boots coming up the stairs and I managed to roll over and peek down through those holes in the floor. He stood the rifle against the wall, and—you remember those square tins?"

"Yes."

"He pulled an automatic out of his pocket, and hid it down behind one of them."

His hand reached under the sheepskin cloak, to produce a deadly-looking gun. He paused, grinning at me with the expression of a small boy caught with some forbidden firework.

"Colin!"

"I suppose it's Alex's. Not much use against a rifle, of course, but it makes you feel sort of better to have it, doesn't it?"

"For heaven's sake!" I stared at this capable child with—it must be confessed—a touch of exasperation. The rescue was going all wrong. Colin, it now seemed, was escorting me to Mark.

"As a matter of fact," said Colin frankly, "I'm terrified of it." He put it away. "I say, d'you mind if we have a rest—just for a minute? Here's a decent place to sit."

He clambered a little way up the south side of the gully, where there was some flattish ground, and lay down in the sun, while I sat beside him.

"Finish your story," I said.

"Well, Josef picked up his rifle and came on upstairs. While I was trying to eat, he just sat there, with the rifle across his knees, watching me. It put me off my food."

"I can imagine."

"It was after he'd gone that I realized he'd let me see him. He'd sat there in full view, with daylight coming through the shutters. The only reason for that I could think of was that they were going to kill me anyway. I tried pretty hard to get away, that day, but I only hurt my wrists. But it wasn't Josef that evening, after all, it was Sofia. She came very late—after midnight, it must have been—and she untied me. At first, I thought this might be—well, the payoff. But there wasn't any future in staying where I was, so I followed her downstairs. She went first, and I managed to sneak the pistol from behind the tin, then went down after her. It was just breaking dawn. The other mills were all standing quiet, like ghosts. It was beastly cold. Oh, I forgot; she'd brought this sheepskin thing, and the stick, and I was jolly glad of them both, I may tell you. I was as shaky as a jelly for the first few minutes. She pointed the way to me, and sort of pushed me on my way and then hurried back. The sun came up with a bang, and it was light, and you know the rest."

"I suppose you decided it was safe to lie up in the gorge, and hide during daylight?"

"Yes. As a matter of fact, I was too tired and stiff to get far, so I thought I'd hole up out of sight and rest for a bit. I had the gun, after all; it made me feel a lot safer." He laughed. "I certainly never meant to go 'out' like that. It must have been hours!"

"Are you all right now? Shall we go on?"

"Sure. Man, oh man, *get* those birds! What are they?"

The shadows had moved across the uneven ground below us, swinging smoothly in wide, easy circles. I looked up.

"Oh, Colin, they *are* lammergeiers! Bearded vultures! I thought I saw one yesterday! Aren't they gorgeous?"

I could find time, today, to be moved and excited by this rare, huge bird. As I stood up, they swung higher.

"It's the biggest bird of prey in the Old World," I said. "I believe the wing span's nearly ten feet. And they're handsome too. Colin—is anything the matter? Aren't you well?"

He had made no move to rise when I did, and he wasn't watching the birds. He was staring fixedly at something near the foot of the gully.

I looked. At first I saw nothing. Then I wondered why I hadn't seen it straightway.

Near a little clump of bushes, not very far from where we sat, someone had recently been digging. It had been a hasty job, done perhaps without the right tools, and, at the end nearest to us, the crumbling stuff had already fallen in a bit, exposing an earthy shape that could have been a foot.

The shadows of the vultures crawled across it; and again, across it.

Before I could speak, Colin was on his feet and slithering down the slope.

"Colin!" I was stumbling after him. "Colin, don't go over there! Come back, *please!*"

He took no notice. I doubt if he heard me. He was standing over the grave. It was a foot, no doubt of that. I grabbed him by the arm.

"Colin, please come away. It must be that man they killed, that poor Greek, Alexandros. I suppose they had to bring him across here, where there was enough soil ——"

"He was buried in the field by the mill."

"What?" I said it blankly, my hand falling from his arm.

"He was buried in the field by the mill." Colin had turned to stare at me, with that stranger's face. You'd have thought he'd never seen me before. "I heard them digging. All the first night, I heard them digging. And then again, yesterday, someone was there, tidying up. I heard him."

"Yes. Stratos. I saw him." I looked at him stupidly.

"You were lying to me, weren't you?"

"I? Lying to you? What do you mean?" Then the look in his face shocked me into understanding. I said sharply, "It's no, *Mark;* don't be so silly! I wasn't lying, it was only a flesh wound, and he was better—*better*, do you hear? And last night even if the wound *was* bleeding again, it couldn't have been as bad as *that!*" I found I had hold of his arm again, and was shaking it. He stood like stone.

"Well, who is it?"

"How do I know? It *must* be the man they killed."

"I tell you, he was buried in the field. I heard them."

"All right, that still doesn't make it Mark. Why should it?"

"Josef shot him. *That* was why Josef didn't get back for me last night, when I'll swear he'd meant to. He was up here, burying Mark. Or else Stratos—Stratos went back to kill him later last night. He knew it hadn't been just the cat ——"

His stony insistence was carrying through to me. I found I was beginning to shake. I said, more angrily than I had meant to, "Just because a bit of soil looks like a —— Colin, what are you doing?"

"I have to know. Surely you see that? I've got to know." And, with a stiff, abrupt little movement that, somehow, had whole chapters of horror in it, he reached out a foot, and dislodged a little more of that dry dirt.

A small cascade of it trickled down with a whispering sound. It was the foot that was exposed, and ankle, in a sock that had been gray. There was no shoe. A bit of the trouser leg was showing. Dark gray flannel.

There was a moment's complete stillness, then Colin made a sound, a small, animal noise, and flung himself to his knees. Before I quite realized what he was about, he was tearing at the dust and stones with his hands, flinging them aside, digging like a dog into the pile of dirt. I tried to pull him back, but neither words nor frantic hands made any impression on him. I might as well not have been there.

Then, suddenly, he sat back on his heels as motionless as a watch smashed by a hammer blow.

One leg now lay exposed to the knee. Mark's gray flannels didn't look much dirtier than they had when he had been alive. There was a triangular tear in them, that I remembered quite well.

(To Be Concluded)

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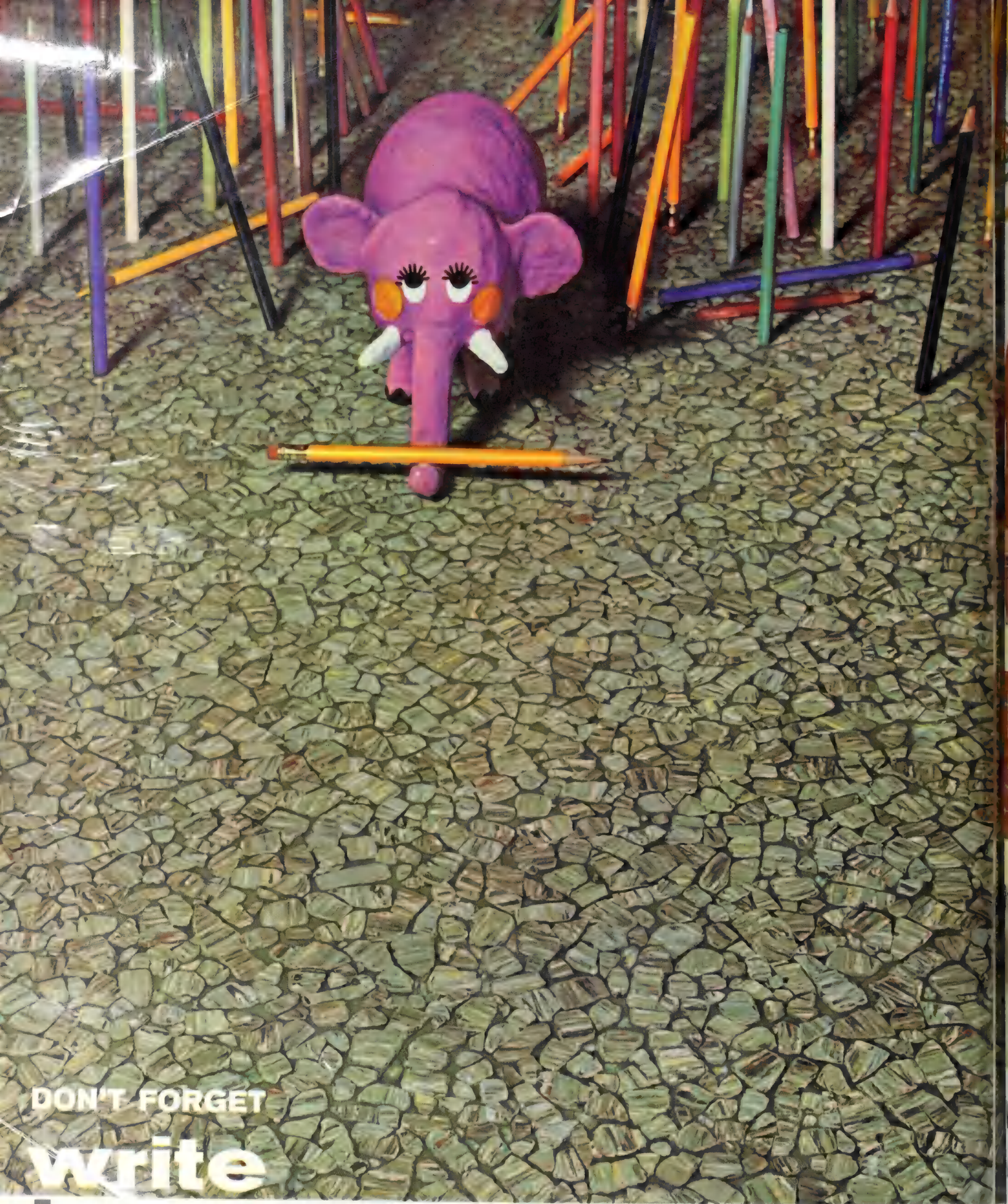
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How Sears helps your daughter choose her first bra

Bring your daughter to Sears, Roebuck and Co. for her first bra and girdle. Sears figure experts are trained to select the correct garment for every woman. But they take *special* pride in starting a youngster out right.

REMEMBER the day you bought your first bra? Was it an exciting, grown-up kind of day? Or awkward and embarrassing?

Sears takes great care to make sure its young customers remember this day with pleasure. Sears bra and girdle people know how to make your daughter feel at ease. Many of them are *graduate fitters*. This means they have completed Sears highly comprehensive figure-fitting training course—and passed a stiff written and oral examination.

Nobody asks, "What size?"

Your daughter's first step for her first bra at Sears, is into the fitting room. The Sears graduate fitter will keep her measurements on file at the store—and bring them up to date as she grows, and as her measurements change. This written record lists her size, figure type, style of bra and the fitter's comments.

But this is by no means a service for young girls only. When *you* go to Sears to buy a bra or girdle, the Sears fitter can measure you as carefully, too. And when you choose a Charmode bra or girdle at Sears, you can be *sure* of its quality and workmanship. For example, the elastic in the Charmode Cordtex® bra wears *longer* than any other elastic tested in the Sears laboratory.

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Our readers write us

PLANNED PARENTHOOD, 1977

As I applied a light pink shade of polish to my five-year-old daughter's nails, she asked, "May I take my nail polish with me when I go?"

"Why, I guess so," I replied hesitantly. "Where are you going?"

"Well, I'm not going *right* away, but I have to go to the hospital and get my children. Of course I have to get married first, and then I am going to get four babies." (Holding up four fingers.) "Their names are Jamie, Nancy and Tommy, but I don't know this one's name, yet." (Pointing to the last finger.)

I had not thought we would be discussing it quite so soon, but she sounds like a *Journal* subscriber for about fifteen years from now.

JOYCE M. COPP, *Melrose, Mass.*

MY JOURNAL

My husband is in college and, of necessity, does a lot of reading. And of necessity—for sanity's sake and variation, but mostly for enjoyment—I read a lot. Amid the jumble of schoolbooks, encyclopedias, newspapers, children's books, novels and no telling what else in our house, there are numerous issues of the *Journal* always. All this material is for enjoyment, enlightenment and intellectual stimulation, but I feel the *Journal* is my very own intelligent, stylish, helpful friend.

MARSHA BRANCH, *Athens, Ga.*

I HATE HOUSEWORK!

I want to compliment you on your fine magazine. It's gratifying to see that one magazine, at least, recognizes that women are intelligent, thinking beings. However, there is one thing that rubs me a little against the grain. From most of your articles, it would seem that the majority of young wives are efficient, loving, tidy, glamorous, cheerful, and "just love" housework. It seems only fair that a little space should be given to the rest of us (perhaps we're the majority) who aren't always efficient, sometimes look like slobs, many times don't feel very loving or like a breath of sunshine, and dislike, if not hate, housework.

MRS. RICHARD D. WILLIAMSON
Denver, Col.

I am an intelligent, educated young mother of four. I *hate* housework and have no great love for cooking, which I do well enough so that my family doesn't suffer from malnutrition. Please don't tell me I must show my love through cooking or flower arranging. I love my family, and they know it. There are as many ways of keeping a home as women who do it. Please say so.

Name Withheld, Idaho

■ *We have said so, and we shall—and we do in this issue on page 16,* The I Hate to Housekeep Book.—*ED.*

WHY *DO* THEY STEAL?

Glenn White's *Why Did They Steal* (Summer issue) is shocking, but stealing i not limited to boys. I know two young girls both under 16, who get *their* kicks fron shoplifting. They are both from fairly re ligious families. They know the Ten Com mandments, but just don't seem to care Have young people's sense of right and wrong changed so much in the five year since I graduated?

C.M., *San Diego, Cali*

FAST-MOVING MAMMA

What a better world this would be more mothers were like Jeanmarie Coogan (see *Mothers Improve With Age,* May 1962). My children used to think I wa crazy because I rode bikes with them, go into the playpen with my youngest, and s on. In my late thirties I could still beat my teen-age boy in a footrace.

MRS. ROBERT JEFFERY, *Denton, Tex*

● *Jeanmarie, in her thirties, doesn't choos to run. See* Kate's Girl, *page 63.*—*ED.*

NO ROOM FOR FEAR

Let us not be so afraid to die that w neglect to teach our children how to live— bravely, courageously, with liberty and justice for all the world. I remember a prayer I read once: "Lord, forgive me fo looking at the world without tears." Lord forgive us all.

SANDRA STAFFORD, *Marion, Ind*

HIGH COST OF COLLEGE

Land-grant colleges and universities ar especially concerned by the trend toward rising tuition fees and student borrowing s ably reported by Sidney Margolius in th *Journal.* A century ago, only one America youngster in hundreds could attend college Today about one third of our college-age youth are enrolled. The land-grant college pioneered in opening wider the doors t higher education. Now they fear that thi entrance to education may begin to close a bit. There is evidence that higher student fees and the prospect of heavy postgradua tion debt are deterring even able young people from applying for college. How many more will curtail or drop their college plans in the future? Will our history of continu ally expanding opportunity to attend col lege become merely a memory? Our cen tury of experience convinces us that public higher education is of unbounded benefit t the cities, states and nations that support it, and these benefits will greatly diminish if fewer and fewer young people get their chance to go to college.

RICHARD A. HARVILL, *Chairman, Centennial Steering Committee, Association of State Universities and Land-Grant Colleges*

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JOURNAL NOW

Five members of the *Journal* staff are mothers (all ageless) of daughters (all ages): they are BETTY HOFFMAN and NELL; NORA O'LEARY—NANCY and WENDY; NEAL STUART and LEILA; BETTY SPICER and NANCY; MARY LEA PAGE and ROBIN. On page 68 five mothers tell what they want most for their daughters. Here's what *Journal* mothers say:

"When NELL lost her first tooth, she squealed with joy. She thinks when they all fall out, she will be grown up. I hope she will always retain this buoyant sense of expectancy, as well as her desire to contribute." (BETTY HOFFMAN)

"What I want most for my daughters is faith—faith in God, in themselves, and in their parents and friends." (NORA O'LEARY)

"I hope she has pretty legs, sweetness in her face and moves gracefully." (NEAL STUART)

"I would want my daughter, NANCY, to have a sense of fairness, which she has, and good health, so that physical ailments will never distract her from the wonders of life." (BETTY SPICER)

"My daughter, ROBIN, is ecstatically married to a *wonderful* guy, and they have two perfectly *glorious* children. She *has* everything I want her to have!" (MARY LEA PAGE)



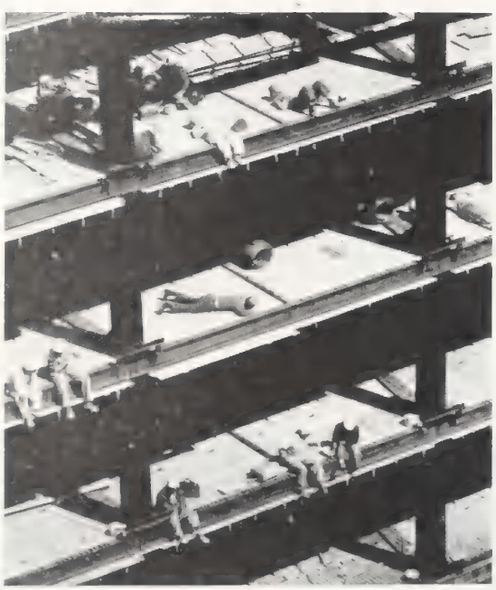
Neal Stuart and 11-year-old Leila make an uneven match for her two older sons, Alfred and James.

There's a lot in this issue about mothers and daughters, so surely there's room to mention a talented father and son. Associate Editor PETER BRIGGS's son, ANDREW, has received his first check for creative writing—composing the fortunes that go inside Chinese fortune cookies. Not only that—he's been promoted to writing Beatnick Fortunes (for Beatnick Cookies). Sample "Beat Fortune" by ANDREW BRIGGS: "Like, man, he's so unlucky, if he wanted to sell coffins, no one would die." It makes you think.

Note and remember: Helen Chisholm, executive director of the Volunteers Service for the Blind, Inc. (332 S. 13th Street in Philadelphia), wants people to know her organization is publishing the *Journal* each month in Braille for the blind women of this country. This announcement has appeared before in this magazine and it will likely appear again—as long, in fact, as the editor hears from women who say, in varying phrases, "*I can't tell you how much it means to me . . . to have the Journal for my own . . .*"

While interviewing one of the mothers mentioned in *Sometimes Life Just Happens* (page 28), MARGARET PARTON was interrupted by the youngest of seven children, who lisped wistfully, "Today ith my birthday!" She quickly unclasped the imitation-pearl necklace she was wearing and gave it to the little girl. "By the look on her face, you would have thought it was from Tiffany's," Margaret reported. "And for her sake, I wish it had been."

Home Building Editor JOHN BRENNEMAN was so fascinated by the varied antics of the construction workers on the new Sperry-Rand skyscraper going up outside his office window that he photographed them at work, at play and at ease. The photograph here shows them at ease 29 stories high—oops, today it's 30. Other antics: dancing the twist to a portable radio, roasting hot dogs over a welding torch, and flirting with the girls in surrounding buildings. One riveter held up his phone number on a large sign, with this message: "I can't call you—call me!"



Journal editors watch feverish activity of construction workers next door. Who knows what they see?

See what you can make of this note from BETTY COE SPICER, who is the *Journal*'s medical reporter (among other functions, *The Five Most-Wanted Cures* on page 40 is her work). Her use of words is such that no editor should change (very much). "Mostly I meet viruses, hamsters, rabbits and doctors, and they often aren't lively copy (though charming, of course, in their own ways). I did have an interesting dinner companion at a large function in Washington recently—a Secret Service man who guards Vice President Johnson. He had a delightfully soft Southern voice, and looked as if he had been put together with steel wire and nicely tanned whang strings. He told me a Secret Service trick for guarding the Vice President in crowds. You don't watch faces ('People always think we're watching for the wild-eyed fanatic,' he said); you watch hands, always. Maybe this is a tip for husband-hunting girls with beautiful communicative hands?"



ERIKA

Peg Bracken tells secrets of hating housework happily.

Women who dislike housework have a witty ally: PEG BRACKEN, whose *I Hate to Housekeep Book* appears on page 16. She does keep house, not too hatefully, for her writing husband, RODERICK LULL, and daughter, JOHANNA, in Portland, Oregon. Apparently, she uses the word "housekeep" in a special sense. "There are *supposed* to be quotation marks around that word," she said, "but you can hardly see them." That's true—you have to look and look.

Artist JUNE OTANI's favorite model is her cat, Alli (rhymes with alley). Alli Catt appears in various poses in her illustrations for *Tricks With Treats* (page 81). He is an inexpensive model, requiring only a little catnip and a catnap to look his best. (His mistress is a beauty without either.)



Self-portrait by Journal illustrator June Otani fleeing feline friend.

Still speaking of mothers and daughters: NEAL STUART made up this prayer for her daughter, LEILA, shortly after she learned to talk, and they have said it together at bedtime for years:

Although my God I cannot see,
I like to think that He sees me.
Although my God I cannot hear,
I know that He will hear my prayer.

As I grow older, give to me
More work to do, more stars to see,
More thoughts to think, more love to give,
And always in Thy sight to live.

...AND THEN

50 YEARS AGO Theodore Roosevelt was shot in the chest by a would-be assassin in Milwaukee in October, 1912. With the bullet still in his chest, the doughty ex-President rode to a rally and spoke for an hour and a half. The first toothpastes without "grit" appeared; Weber and Fields starred in *Hokey-Pokey;* and the common drinking cup was barred on trains.

"Why shouldn't each American family employ a physician at so much a year to keep them well?" Editor Bok wants to know in the October, 1912, *Journal*. "The family doctor would agree to visit the family every month to look them over."

"Have the girls in your town been wearing ugly, ungraceful tight skirts?" an older male reader wants to know. "And do girls in their teens wear décolleté frocks? And are they loud and sporty and slangy and impudent and overfamiliar with boys?"

Household hint: "Replace your old wooden tank and closet in the bathroom with a shiny white porcelain one."

"For dusting the kitchen range, nothing is better than a whisk broom covered with a piece of old black stocking dipped in kerosene."

"Pretty napkin rings for visitors may be made by winding half-inch ribbon around brass curtain rings."

"When taking hot baked potatoes out of the oven, slip your hands into those little cloth bags that sugar comes in."

In this issue of fifty years ago, the *Journal* tells of six families who bought one automobile together. Each family paid for one sixth of the gas and oil, and used it for one sixth of each month. Who paid for repairs? The family driving it the day it happened to break down.

"Laura: It is not correct to wear a bridal veil with a short wedding dress; your gown must have a train."

"If your child bites his nails, try putting splints on his elbows so he cannot get his fingers into his mouth."

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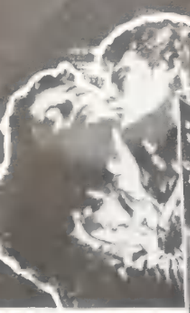
*All prices plus Federal Tax — Prices slightly higher in Canada

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

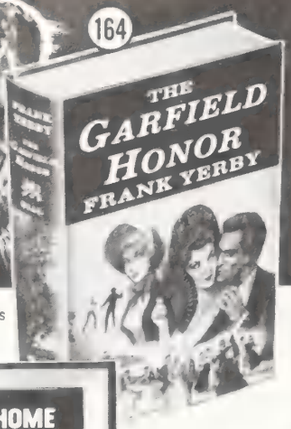
MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

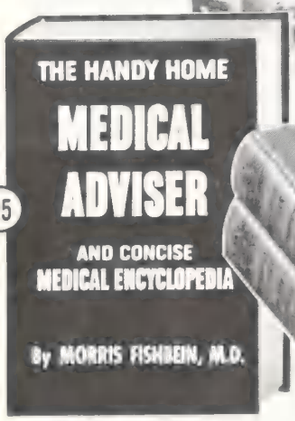
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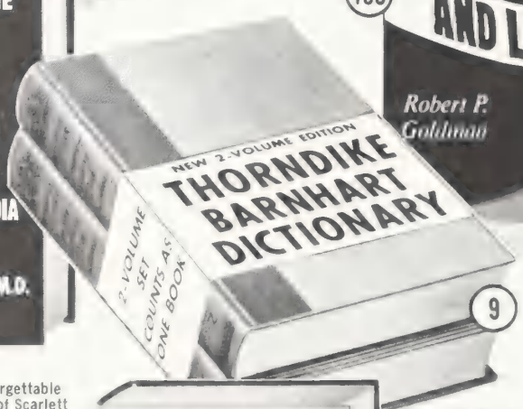
A Spectacular Get-Acquainted Offer to new members of Doubleday's famous Dollar Book Club

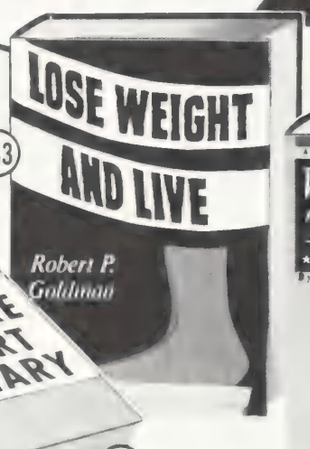


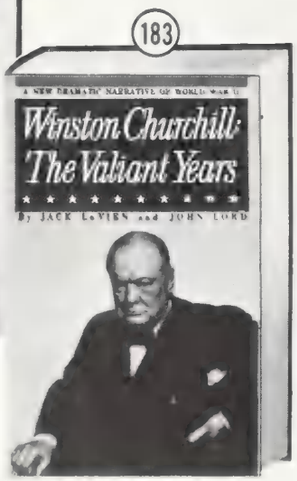
Yerby's passion filled tale of Texas in the 1870's



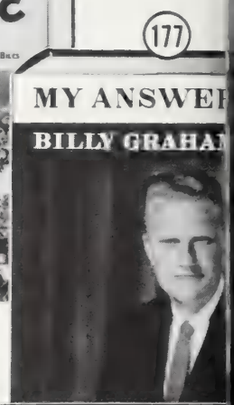














The unforgettable romance of Scarlett O'Hara and Rhett Butler



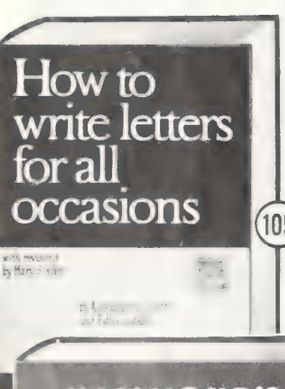
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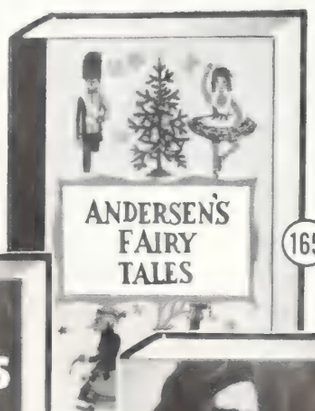
- Select any 5 books shown here for only 99 cents. Choose from best-selling novels . . . big illustrated books . . . even 2-volume sets! This is your introductory package when you join the Club.
- Thereafter, as a member, you will be offered each month a variety of book bargains from which to choose. Selections are exciting new adult novels, costing up to $3.95 each in publishers' editions, yet they come to members for as little as $1. Big hits by Thomas B. Costain, Daphne du Maurier, Frank Yerby, and other top authors have come to members for $1 – a saving of up to 75%. Some extra-big volumes are offered at prices higher than $1.
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- All selections are new, full-length, hardbound editions for Club members.

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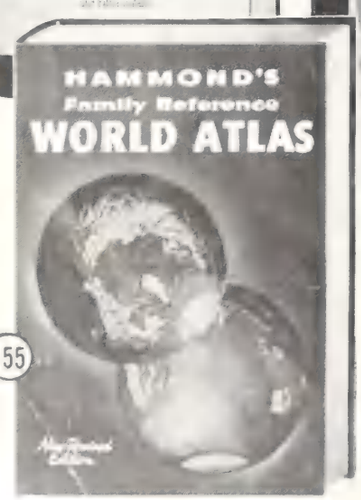
You will receive at once your 5 introductory books, and will be billed only 99 cents, plus shipping. Doubleday One Dollar Book Club, Garden City, New York.



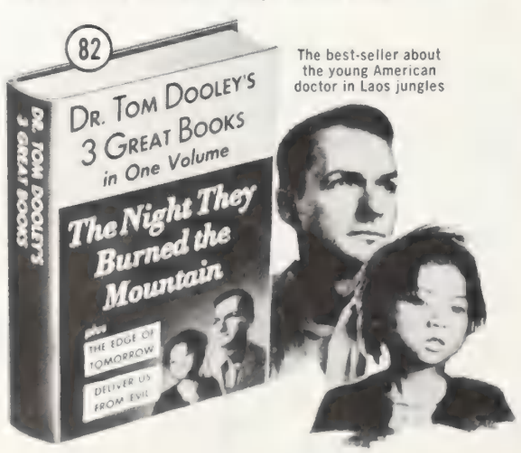




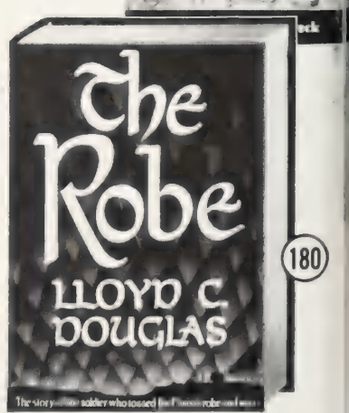








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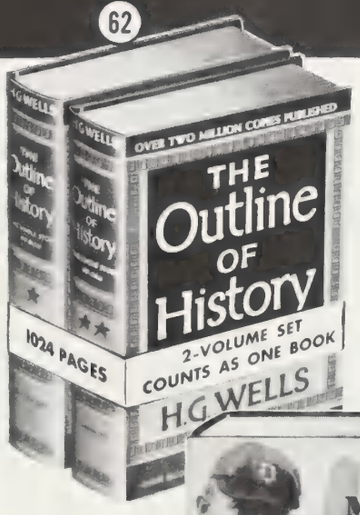
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when you join and agree to buy only a book a month for at least a year, out of a wide selection — at low Club prices

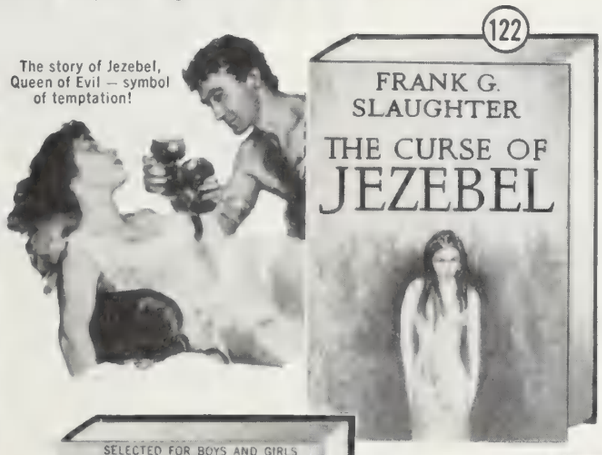
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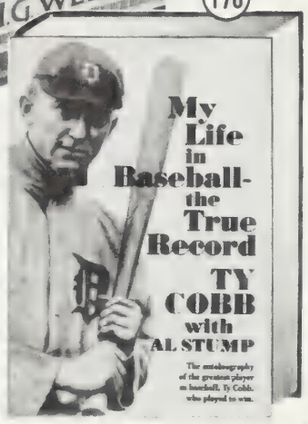
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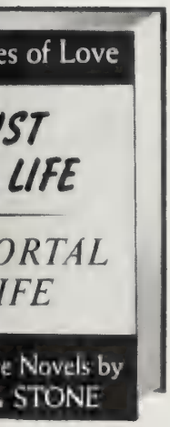


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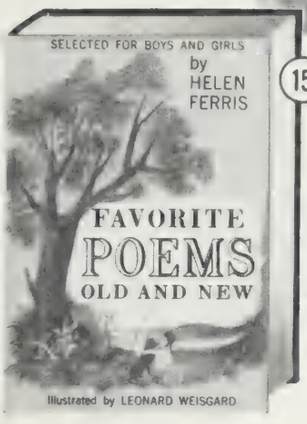
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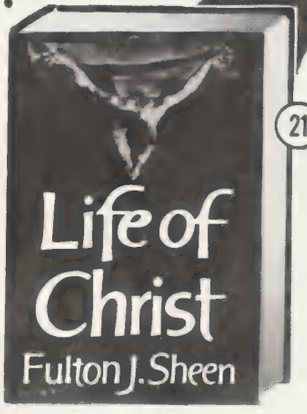
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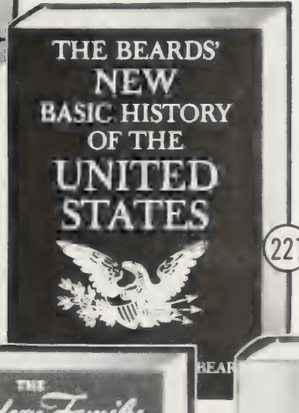


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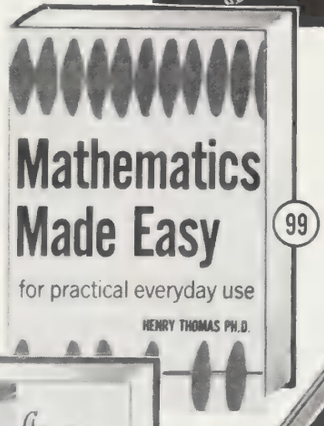


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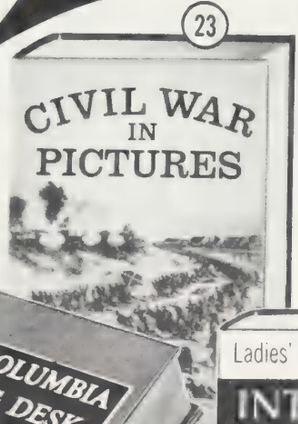


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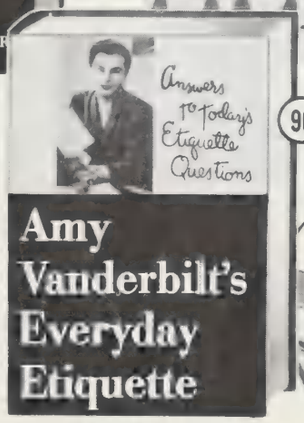
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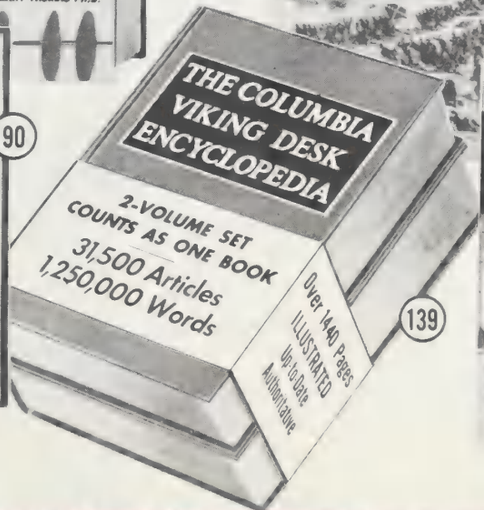




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THE I HATE TO HOUSEKEEP BOOK

BY PEG BRACKEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HILARY KNIGHT

If it's loose, pick it up; if it isn't, dust it; if it moves, feed it.

There are three kinds of housekeepers. There is the spotless housekeeper, who won't stop; and there is the spotful housekeeper, who won't start. Then there is the occasional or random housekeeper, the lady for whom these words are written.

The random housekeeper is the girl who spoils her manicure tearing the top off a box of soap chips just before she sees the OPEN HERE in large letters over the spout. She sets her automatic oven with a sure touch, then forgets to put the food in. (The Rh factor is one which neither the packaging people nor the manufacturers have so far been able to lick.) And she uses her dust mop periodically, when the planets are in their proper configurations and when she can remember where she left it the last time.

Her heart is in the right place, but she is an impulsive little thing, that's all; and when it comes to housekeeping, she'd rather be doing nearly anything else, and she generally is.

Consider, for a moment, your spotless housekeeper. She housekeeps most of the time, apportioning various chores to different days: Tuesday morning is ironing morning. She calls this Not Letting the House Get Away from Her, making it sound a little like a nervous filly.

But the occasional housekeeper doesn't know she'll be ironing that day, nor does she care to. It would depress her to know that this was the shape and color of next Tuesday morning. She would rather just let it happen, should an ill-natured Providence so decree.



A random housekeeper should never tax her mind with more than four things to remember at once.

In fact, the spotless housekeeper even housekeeps while she cooks. She can put dinner for eight on the table, and you'd never know anything had been happening in the kitchen. But she loses out on a lot of good talk this way, and there's not much point to it. After all, you expect to see a few bodies lying around a battlefield. When you cook, you cook. When you clean, you clean. Sufficient unto the time is the evil thereof.

In other areas, too, the spotless housekeeper behaves oddly. I know one whose living-room



Almost any piece of new electrical equipment is further advanced than the random housewife.

furniture will shortly be as many-layered as an onion. She slipcovered her upholstery, which, she felt, was too pretty to sit on. But then so were the slipcovers, and she felt she had to protect *them*, with taut plastic casings. Now she has discovered that a small cigarette spark makes a big hole in the plastic, and I don't know what she's going to cover the plastic with, but I'm sure she'll think of something.

Right here is as good a place as any for the first of four important reminders:

1. *Don't cover things up unless it's absolutely necessary. It just means you'll have two things to take care of and keep clean instead of one.*

For example, don't throw a throw rug on the kitchen floor in front of the sink or the range (or in the bathroom either). The reason you picked linoleum or vinyl instead of wall-to-wall carpeting was so you could wipe it up, remember? And it's easier to wipe up a spatter than wash a rug.

Or take so simple an object as a toaster. Leave it un-tea-cozied, and if somebody gives you a cover for it, give it to somebody else. A toaster cover will get dusty and sticky, and you'll have to wash it or wipe it, in addition to polishing your toaster—which you'll have to do anyway, what with crumbs and buttery fingers, and one thing and another. People who say dust will get into your toaster are just being silly. I never made a piece of dusty toast in my life.

Really, among the few things it's sensible to cover are chair arms and sofa arms. The usual way is with removable rectangles of the slipcover or upholstery fabric. But I know a lady who didn't have any extra material and used Irish-linen place mats, and they look fine.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED BOOK © 1962 BY PEG BRACKEN. THE COMPLETE BOOK IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED BY HARCOURT, BRACE & WORLD, INC.

At last! A Cover Girl complexion... so natural you can't believe it's make-up!

"Imagine... a medicated make-up that looks so lovely, I love new Cover Girl!"

says famous Cover Girl Sara Thom



Fabulous discovery from Noxzema! Fragrant new Cover Girl covers so naturally, so completely. And it's medicated and antiseptic to help prevent skin problems, improve your complexion.

New Cover Girl is so light and lovely on your face . . . so good for your skin besides! Unlike many make-ups that do nothing for your skin (often even aggravate skin problems) Cover Girl gives you the beauty benefits of its special medication.

Smooth on Cover Girl liquid every morning. Touch up with the pressed powder all day. It's antiseptic to fight germs on your puff—help prevent skin problems. Helps your skin *look* lovely, *become* lovely. No wonder it's the make-up of cover girls!



Glamorous shades, beautiful compacts. New face powder, too, $1.50 *each plus tax*

NEW Cover Girl *MEDICATED MAKE-UP BY NOXZEMA*

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THE I HATE TO HOUSEKEEP BOOK

CONTINUED

2. *Each time you give the house a good going-over, start with a different room.*

It is quite likely that you'll peter out, you know, after a few hours' slogging, and this rule ensures that you will at least peter out in a different place each time. (If you stopped in the *same* place, year after year—for instance, just before you got to the back bedroom—you would eventually have to saw it off.)

3. *Establish a clutter depot.*

There are two kinds of clutter.

There is artful clutter, as seen in full-color magazine pictures: the nice old calfbound First Folio Shakespeare face down on the nice old French fruitwood love seat with the white-kid opera gloves hanging down the back.

Then there is honest clutter, as exemplified by the ski sock on the mantel and the gas bill



Nobody ever said, "I simply adore Marcia, she's the most meticulous housekeeper I know!"

on the television set, and all the other odd things which somebody should have put away and didn't.

It is this latter type of clutter to which you, as a random housewife, are especially prone.

If you don't remove the out-of-place object the first time you notice it, it may well hang around for months. Because your mind is so often elsewhere, the ski sock or the gas bill quickly becomes part of the accustomed scenery, and you don't see it anymore.

Therefore it is important to establish one central place—an otherwise unused closet, chest or drawer—where all these things go. This enables you to make a clean sweep, on those mornings when you feel up to it and are willing to concentrate.

Then it is up to each person in the house to rescue his own belongings. If he doesn't see it around, he knows where to look. And if, in addition, everyone has *one* inviolate place he may keep as messy as he wants—for we all need one, just as we all need an occasional solitary moment in which to stamp and scream—he needn't feel too put upon.

4. *Act immediately on whatever housewifely impulses come your way.*

Being but destiny's plaything, you must seize upon the moment when you notice that something needs doing, and *do* it, with whatever you have at hand to do it with.

Say, for instance, that you notice a little jam on the woodwork. Now, this specialized age of ours has produced a specific cleaner or polisher for anything you care to name. With this in the back of her mind, the random housewife tends to rationalize herself out of wiping the jam off the woodwork until she gets a box of that new woodwork stuff she was hearing about, at which improbable time (she



In the morning you dress Peewee in his cute new suit, and by afternoon, there goes your ball game.

thinks grandly) she'll do all the woodwork in the whole house.

However, a damp dishrag or a sponge rubbed on a simple cake of wet soap will help a great deal in this situation, and in a lot of other situations too.

To sum up: forget the old cliché to the effect that anything worth doing is worth doing well. This isn't true. When you're going at a high lope, a fast swipe at the sink is a lot better than no swipe at all.

But back to the spotless housekeeper.

The truth is—and you must remember this—*you don't want to be one*, even though you may have an occasional qualm as you watch the pile of unironed clothes rising like bread dough. The question you must ask yourself at these times is this: Who, or whom, are you keeping house for?

Certainly not for your friends and neighbors. If their windows are shinier than yours are, it will make them feel all warm inside, and they'll like you for it. You never heard a woman say, "I simply adore Marcia, she's the most *meticulous* housekeeper!"

Certainly not for your children. You don't keep house for them, but in spite of them.

No, what you keep house for is for you and your husband, but mainly for you. Because if things get too cluttered, you won't be able to think straight, and you never *will* get past record two in your Conversational French course.

Husbands, with a few grim exceptions, don't care much. They want a modest modicum o order, that's all. They'd rather not see how i got there, either, and they hate the whine of vacuum cleaner only slightly less than the wai of a policeman's siren hard behind.

This modest modicum, then, is the thing t keep in mind. But one more word, before w press on: Never think unkindly about someon else's housekeeping, nor speak unkindly either

You don't know what she may be up against Perhaps she gets dizzy spells whenever sh thinks about woodwork. And don't be too criti cal if you consider her too neat. Perhaps yo don't really know her husband.

There are many things we can't know, that' all; and inasmuch as we all have our troubles, i behooves us all to hold our tongues.

As Herman Melville has put it so aptly ". . . everybody else is one way or the othe served in much the same way—either in a physical or metaphysical point of view, that is and so the universal thump is passed around and all hands should rub each other's shoulde blades and be content."

DON'T JUST DO SOMETHING, SIT THERE

It is a fine and heartwarming thought—if it b a random housekeeper who is doing the think ing—that there are numerous household chore you don't need to do. Many problems—if you don't face up to them—will go away, or will, in one fashion or another, solve themselves.

Very probably you've seen this work out in areas other than housekeeping. You may have noticed, for example, all the good time and energy wasted by conscientious people in try ing to untangle their bank statements.

But one must remember, when the bank says one has six cents less than one's figures prove that one's figures don't prove anything. The bank is always right. Underneath your modern banker's pixie twinkle there lies mathematica genius. When he's not giving away lollipops o inventing Happy Time Savings Accounts, he's busily squaring the cube root of pi, just to keep his hand in. He

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Guests huddle, so you don't have to clean more than a ten-foot-square area to give a party.

Beautyrest...the Happiness Money Can Buy

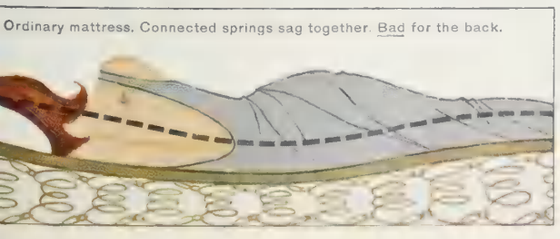
were never more beautiful.

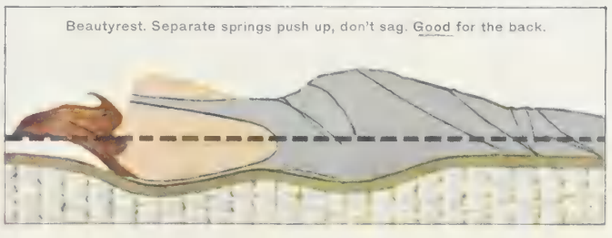
Or happier. Now, more than ever, you need the spine-sup-ting sleep of a Beautyrest*. To lift your body firmly, gently, *thfully*. To keep your sleep serene, pleasant, filled with the ams only a new mother can dream.

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ctually, this is a good time to make Beautyrest resolutions in general. Crib size for the new baby. Singles or special sizes for moppets already here. And how about a Kingsize Beautyrest for the parents? Let everybody grow up on a Beautyrest!

Beautyrest is economical—lasts 3 times as long as ordinary innerspring mattresses. With a 10-year warranty,* at $79.50, it costs about 2¢ a night . . . (or one whiff of good perfume). Millions already know the happiness a Beautyrest brings. We hope you'll soon know it, too.





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For the woman who could weep because her skin beauty is drying out...



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If time is showing too soon on your face... if you've tried creams and moisturizers with only fleeting results... you'll want to know why:

You see, after 25 . . . the skin that needs moisture *most* can hold it *least*. Some formulas do little more than sit *on* your skin; keep it smooth and moist for a while. But moisture, alas, evaporates . . . and back come the lines and dryness. And the despair! But 'Moon Drops' four moisturizing formulas work in their own scientific way to help store up and hold natural moisture *inside* . . . to help *keep* your skin misty-moist. And, like plumping up a pillow, this inner moisture fills out little lines! With 'Moon Drops' Moisture Treatment, there need never be a dry spell for your skin. Years without tears? Indeed!



'Moon Drops' Moisture Cleanser deep-cleanses and conditions. **Facial Freshener** tones, refines. **Moisture Foundation** keeps skin dewy under make-up. **Moisture Balm** moisturizes at night.

'MOON DROPS' MOISTURE TREATMENT BY REVLON



Now available: beautiful Lares® lingerie to match.

Now! in Warner's Uncovered Lycra®: the first, real femme fatale pink. Peacock Pink.

The lightest, sheerest girdle fabric of all is Uncovered Lycra, a special blend of nylon and DuPont's Lycra® spandex. Warner's® discovered it takes to color like fireworks—created a collection of radiant colors so fantastic you may never wear white again. Shown here: Peacock Pink. A pink that knows just what it's doing! The girdle is the famous *Little Godiva*® a miracle of weightless control. Also in six other radiant colors, plus black or white. Pantie, 8.95; long leg, 10.95; girdle, 7.95. Matching cotton Godiva® bra with Shapeliner™ cups, 3.95. Everything exclusively Warner's.

The light & light Angels

come from Betty Crocker



Fudge Swirl...

New French Vanilla...



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en it comes from the box with the big red spoon it always comes out better

ght as a cloud and nearly as high!
ght in taste. Light in texture. Light—yet rich and satin-soft.
ght—yet dewy with moistness. They're pure Betty Crocker genius!
nd today—with Betty Crocker angels—there's no folding-in by hand. Your
ixer does all the work. Has it been a while since you had one of these
elting on your tongue? Heavens, that's no way to live! Come on now,
re's an 8¢ saving to give you a gentle nudge in the right direction.
ood on any one of Betty Crocker's light, light angels...or luxurious chiffons.

White...

Confetti...

and Lemon Custard too!



STORE COUPON

H30



Save 8¢ when you buy any

BETTY CROCKER ANGEL FOOD OR CHIFFON CAKE MIX

CASH VALUE 1/20 CENT

8¢

MR. GROCER: As our agent, accept this coupon for 8¢ on the purchase of Betty Crocker Angel Food or Chiffon Cake Mix (any flavor). Your General Mills representative will redeem for 8¢ plus 2¢ handling charge for each coupon you so accept; or mail this coupon to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 400, Minneapolis 1, Minnesota, for redemption. This offer void in any state or locality prohibiting, licensing, or regulating these coupons. The consumer must pay any sales tax included. FRAUD CLAUSE: Any other application of this coupon constitutes fraud. Invoices proving purchase within the last 90 days of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented for redemption must be made available upon request.

GENERAL MILLS, INC.

H30



Keep a cupboard full of cans

Canned meals are quick meals. What's more, they're the kind of quick meals you can serve with pride instead of apologies. You can serve them hot and wholesome, in a matter of minutes, with nothing missing but the bother. Because airtight darkness guards the flavor of canned meals inside modern tin cans. Without freezing or refrigeration. And talk about variety! Tasty Italian, Chinese, Latin and American dishes. And dozens of savory soups. Canned prepared foods and soups: perfect ways to please your family while making mealtime easy on yourself. Put plenty away for busy days. *Only tin cans give you such complete convenience!*



WEIRTON STEEL AND MIDWEST STEEL DIVISIONS OF NATIONAL STEEL CORPORATION

We make tin plate for the tin cans that make life so much more convenient for you.

ATE TO USEKEEP

UED FROM PAGE 18

now you exactly where you mis- that six cents so fast it would our head swim. Remember, too, ere's not much you can buy x cents today besides bubble t easy.

the same curious forces are at n the matter of housekeeping. things—regardless of what the say—don't need doing. Let us ncern ourselves with them. es without saying—but I'll say way—that the true reluctant eeper needs a few major items pment.

eeds, first of all, an automatic sher. One reason is that it hides red sticky little secrets all day d keeps your kitchen looking o the eye of the nosy neighbor. y—and this is hardly news— es dishwashing and wiping un- ry, thus saving you enormous s of time to invest in more in- g concerns.

y enough, however, the random eeper is often hard to convince. say, "I can do dishes faster *my* eople with dishwashers spend me scraping and rinsing than I n the whole job."

ng spoken those exact words mes myself, before I acquired a sher, I can explain this miscon- . The reason you think this, if is that *you have been watching housekeepers at work.*

ess housekeepers, you see, love nings the hard way. Invariably, et those dishes scraped and so clean that they need no fur- tention.

they get it. Yes, indeedy, they The spotless housekeeper then tly proceeds to arrange those n the dishwasher with painstak- l geometrical perfection. Only his is finally done to her com- atisfaction, which may be two ence, does she turn the thing on. is wholly unnecessary. Get a sher, then trust it. Trust the hot water, too, and the good dishwashing detergent. Simply o the plates and scrape off any bject like a turkey carcass. with a deft motion of the wrist. em swiftly under the hot-water and get those dishes in there.

ou have a small family and lots es, you'll wash them only once wenty-four hours, and food will nger to harden on the plates. In stance, it may make a certain nse to pass a wet long-handled ver each object before putting the dishwasher. On the other ook at it this way: what if there ny something left on a dish or You just wash *them* off, which is than washing off every single before putting it in, isn't it?)

second badly needed major item f-defrosting refrigerator. Clean- l defrosting the other kind is one household jobs most likely to get ned from decade to decade. So e. Buy it on the never-never, like, paying for it bit by bit out food money, but *get* one.

purposes of clarity, this sub- Don't Just Do Something. Sit There—has been neatly divided into two sections, the first of which is

THINGS YOU NEEDN'T DO AT ALL

and

THINGS YOU NEEDN'T DO HALF SO OFTEN AS THE EXPERTS WOULD HAVE YOU BELIEVE

You really needn't scrub bathtub rings. You haven't any, you see, if you keep a plastic bottle of liquid detergent handy on the tub rim, and if you rigorously train people to pour in a capful, after they've closed the bathtub stopper and before they turn on the water.

I know a lady who moved into a new bathtub five years ago and has unvaryingly used this system—never scrubbing the tub—and it is absolutely as pure and white as the driven.

Most liquid detergents make foamy, thick, Cecil B. De Mille-type bubbles, too, which is an additional bonus. If your skin is allergic to detergent, some bath oils produce the same ring-free effect.

And don't waste time hunting for misplaced objects!

In most houses, things occasionally vanish into a mysterious fourth dimension. But they nearly always turn up, and they'll turn up sooner if you'll let them cool their heels.

Now consider, for a moment, canning and pickling and preserving.

Don't do these things unless you think they're great fun. Even though your neighbor is bragging about her seventy-eight pints of boysenberry jam, figure it out: unless the boysenberries, jam jars, paraffin, lids and cooking power were all free, you'll have to keep right on canning for ten years to make even the tiniest return on your investment. You'd be surprised, too, how fast a family can get tired of boysenberry and want marmalade.

As for moths, don't do anything about them unless you're sure they're around. Otherwise you'll waste many a bright afternoon which would be better spent seeing your friends or practicing your judo.

Check with your neighbors, or the lady across the hall. If they've had problems, maybe you will. So then you can put your small woolen things into Mason jars with a few mothballs or a squirt of moth fixer, and your bigger things, with ditto, into well-sealed plastic bags or cedar chests.

However, I've never done anything about moths in my life, except to cheer once when they kindly ate up a sweater I never liked in the first place. They haven't been back since.

(Some girls feel pretty smug because one afternoon they hang their woolens out to air, in the spring sunshine. But the moth eggsperts say that's a good way to assure yourself of a truly dandy crop of moths. The sunshine warms whatever moth eggs may be in the clothes, you see, and hastens the hatch. When the clothes get back into the dark closet, the moths will shortly bust out all over.)

And you shouldn't darn socks. Rub the sock heels with paraffin or soap after every three or four washings, if your family is rough on socks. But don't darn them, unless you're terribly broke and a marvelous darner. Otherwise, your family will have that touchingly poor-but-honest look.

Don't mend rips in sheets, either, unless it is a very small rip in a reasonably

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118



Spaghetti Mediterràneo

How easy it is to fix this typically Italian dish...even the sauce! Because Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Meat is an authentic blending of lean beef, plump tomatoes and spices, simmered to rich taste and texture.

Make Spaghetti Mediterràneo by cooking ½ lb. spaghetti in water with 1 tsp. marjoram. Drain, toss with ⅓ cup chopped parsley. Top with sauce from 15½-oz. can.

Try delicious Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms, Sauce with Meat Balls or Marinara Sauce to pep up meat, fish and egg dishes. Only pennies a serving.

Sauce in a minute with the Chef's touch in it

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EVERYWHERE IN U.S. AND CANADA

not just cream —Humidity!

When our readers write to us about cosmetic preparations, they frequently inquire about moisturizers. One reader wrote, "Recently I sorted out the cosmetics on my dressing table and made a point of reading all the labels. I was amazed and concerned to find that so many of the products contain moisturizing ingredients. It would seem that they're in everything—home-wave solutions, hand lotion, lipstick, even bath oil. On top of all this, I use a moisturizer for both day and night care of my complexion. Tell me, is all this moisturizing good for my skin, and just how do these products work?"

Our reader is right—moisturizing ingredients are appearing in more and more beauty preparations—but her concern is needless. There are very good reasons for moisture-holding additives being in today's beauty preparations.

Our skin is a multilayered organ. The top layer is called the stratum corneum, or horny layer, and it is this visible surface layer that reports via your mirror as to the state of your skin's health. Whether your complexion is reflected as firm or lined, smooth or flaky, depends chiefly on the maintenance of the proper amount of moisture held in this surface layer. Beneath the horny layer is the dermis, which functions as the supply center for your skin. In it are the sebaceous glands that supply sebum, the skin's own natural lubricant, and the eccrine glands that supply moisture.

Nature's formula is such that these oils and moisture can combine, forming a thin emulsion that rides on the surface of the skin, serving to both lubricate and maintain surface moisture. As this film is constantly being evaporated off the skin's surface into the surrounding air, it is also being constantly replenished from beneath.

However—and this is the reason for moisturizing preparations—this seemingly perpetual balance between evaporation and replacement of moisture can be upset. It happens as one gets older (skin begins to "age" at 25) and the oil and moisture glands slow down their production, and it also occurs when there is a lack of water-binding material in the outer layer of the skin. This permits moisture to be evaporated at the surface more quickly than it can be replaced. These two are natural causes for moisture losses. The other causes are as close and as ordinary as the air we live in, which can and does dehydrate your skin. This becomes particularly noticeable when the relative humidity drops to 25 percent or below, as it frequently does during the winter. Then the superdry atmosphere takes moisture from whatever it touches—and chapped, dry skin remains as evidence of its visitation, with oily, dry and normal complexions suffering equally. Wind is detrimental, too, since it rushes air past your skin, thus speeding up the evaporation process. And our man-made climates compound rather than solve the problem—steam heat dries the air as it warms it, and air conditioning functions best on air that has been mechanically dehumidified. Further moisture losses are incurred by our frequent use of soap and detergents. As a result, body skin is often dry and flaky too.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 117

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES MOORE





Children love

Kraft Preserves and Jellies...on Quaker Oatmeal



21 flavors—all fresh-fruit good.

7¢ OFF!

ON ANY KRAFT PRESERVES OR JELLIES WITH COUPON INSIDE SPECIALLY MARKED QUAKER OATS AND MOTHER'S OATS PACKAGES.



Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same.

BY ABRAHAM RIBICOFF
Former Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare

This article spotlights a problem that deeply concerns us all: the disturbing growth of illegitimacy in *all* segments of society in our country. A few critics, however, have jumped too easily to blaming Aid to Dependent Children for this pattern.

This is like blaming an umbrella for a thunderstorm. Actually only one out of every eight children of illegitimate birth—or 12½ percent—is receiving assistance through ADC. Illegitimacy accounts for only 20 percent of ADC children—by no means the majority some magazines have suggested. In a similar percentage of the families the father is incapacitated; in many cases there is a divorce or separation.

More precise and more penetrating information on the exact causes of illegitimacy is urgently needed if its increase is to be halted. Whatever the factors may be, no one suggests that there is sound basis for argument that children in need should be penalized for the sins of their parents. Americans look askance on those who would leave children hungry, cold and devoid of opportunity, or would foredoom them to be community liabilities throughout their lives.

Rehabilitation programs can help prevent recurrence of immoral behavior and give assurance of normal, healthy adulthood for illegitimate children. At a home for unwed mothers in New York, for example, girls were given professional casework services at the time of their pregnancies; 85 percent, over a 10-year period, had no more illegitimate children. The other side of the coin is seen in the results of a Maryland study. Out of 100 of the girls who *did* have more than one illegitimate child, only two received casework services at the time of their first pregnancies.

Our country's public-welfare or "relief" programs can no longer simply dole out money checks to destitute families. The Kennedy Administration has made changes to encourage prevention and, where that is too late, rehabilitation—a fresh start. For instance, Chicago has launched a massive attack on illiteracy. A citywide network of training and education prepares the mothers of children receiving ADC funds, and the school dropouts on ADC rolls, for specific jobs. Many ADC mothers in public-housing projects are being given training to help them take better care of their children.

New welfare legislation adopted by Congress last July makes additional important provisions. Extra Federal funds to states encourage and enable the states to provide more counseling, work-training projects and other forms of constructive aid to ADC mothers. Child-care centers will be established for the children of working mothers.

To strengthen the welfare program and help prevent abuses, the new legislation allows welfare officials to withhold relief checks from able-bodied persons who refuse to work on community projects and from parents who squander relief funds intended to help their children. Payment would then be made to a responsible third party who would provide for the children.

Americans are compassionate and realistic people. A great living program of human renewal has begun in our land. It deserves all our support, for it seeks a very American solution—to help people to help themselves.

"SOMETIMES LIFE JUST HAPPENS"

Who are the unwed mothers living on taxpayers' money? Scarlet women? Chiselers? Or victims of life? Or maybe something of everything? A report from a Journal staff writer who visited their homes—and found out.

By MARGARET PARTON

"Sometimes it seems like life just *happens* to you," said the haggard woman in the gray housedress and the starched white kitchen apron. She lifted a corner of the apron and wiped the tears from her eyes. "You try to rise up and you think you have your foot on the right step, and it turns out to be wrong. . . ."

A month ago I might have suspected the tears of this mother of five illegitimate children, all living on Aid to Dependent Children payments. Like most members of the public, I had read the stories of immoral women living on taxpayers' money, of chiselers, of corruption in relief programs. And I had half believed the reports, and wondered if they were true.

But now I believed the tears. I was nearing the end of a countrywide tour during which I visited the homes of twenty mothers of eighty-three illegitimate children, read through mountains of statistics, studies and documents, talked to dozens of welfare directors and social workers. But most of all I had focused on the women themselves: how they happened to be where they were, what their homes were like, how they raised their children, how they viewed their own lives.

I found no clear-cut answers to the total problem of illegitimacy and relief in the United States (which is only a small part of the entire welfare picture). But I learned a lot about a few women whom society would call "Jezebels":

- That all the women I talked to, heard about or read about had deep problems long before they looked to their fellow citizens for help, and that welfare did not create, but inherited, these problems.
- That among these problems are the men who father the children and then disappear. In most states there are laws requiring a father to contribute to his child's support, but in many cases the laws are unenforceable: fatherhood cannot be legally proved; the man cannot be found or, if found, is penniless.
- That most of the women would far rather be married than be on relief.
- That despite their grave sins they are *women*, who share the loneliness and yearning of all women, if not always the same values.

But most of all I learned that each and every woman is an individual human being, with her own particular life led and life to lead—a far cry from a cold statistic.

"I Want for Them to Love Each Other."

Olga Dussey (all names have been changed) lives with five of her six living illegitimate children in a ramshackle wooden house on the outskirts of Gary, Indiana. Orange peels and old beer cans lay embedded in the mud of the front yard; a torn piece of plastic covered the glass pane in the front door, and ripped lace curtains hung at the windows. ("I think curtains just make a home," Olga said later.)

The small living room contained two pieces of black sectional furniture, a coffee table, an overstuffed brown chair with the springs falling out, two big cream-and-green lamps with plastic covers over fat pink shades, and an ash-tray in the shape of a puppy. On the brown-flowered pink wallpaper two Popeye cartoons were taped, evidently colored by one of the children. Beyond an arcade two pretty high-school girls knelt on the floor, using their mother's double bed with its pink chenille spread as a desk for homework. Beyond the bedroom were a small kitchen, cold and bare-feeling, a dark hall, a small bathroom, and another bedroom where all five children sleep. It was completely filled by two double beds placed side to side, and a crib.

Olga was a tiny Negress, merry of face and body. Although she was only about forty, her curly hair was graying, and she had lost two front teeth. The children were immaculately dressed, but Olga herself wore a stained gray skirt out at the hem, a red jersey blouse full of moth holes, and a pair of scuffed gray bedroom slippers. She has been on and off relief ever since 1938, when her first illegitimate child was born.

"My father deserted my mother when I was eight years old," said Olga, comfortably cradling her latest child—a solemn eight-month-old boy—as she talked. "So I mostly grew up alone with my mother. I don't ever remember her kissing me. But she was awful strict. I remember one time when I was about fourteen I come home from a dance at nine-thirty instead of nine, and she made me stand up in a corner all night long. And in the morning—whoosh!—she hauled off and hit me with a shovel.

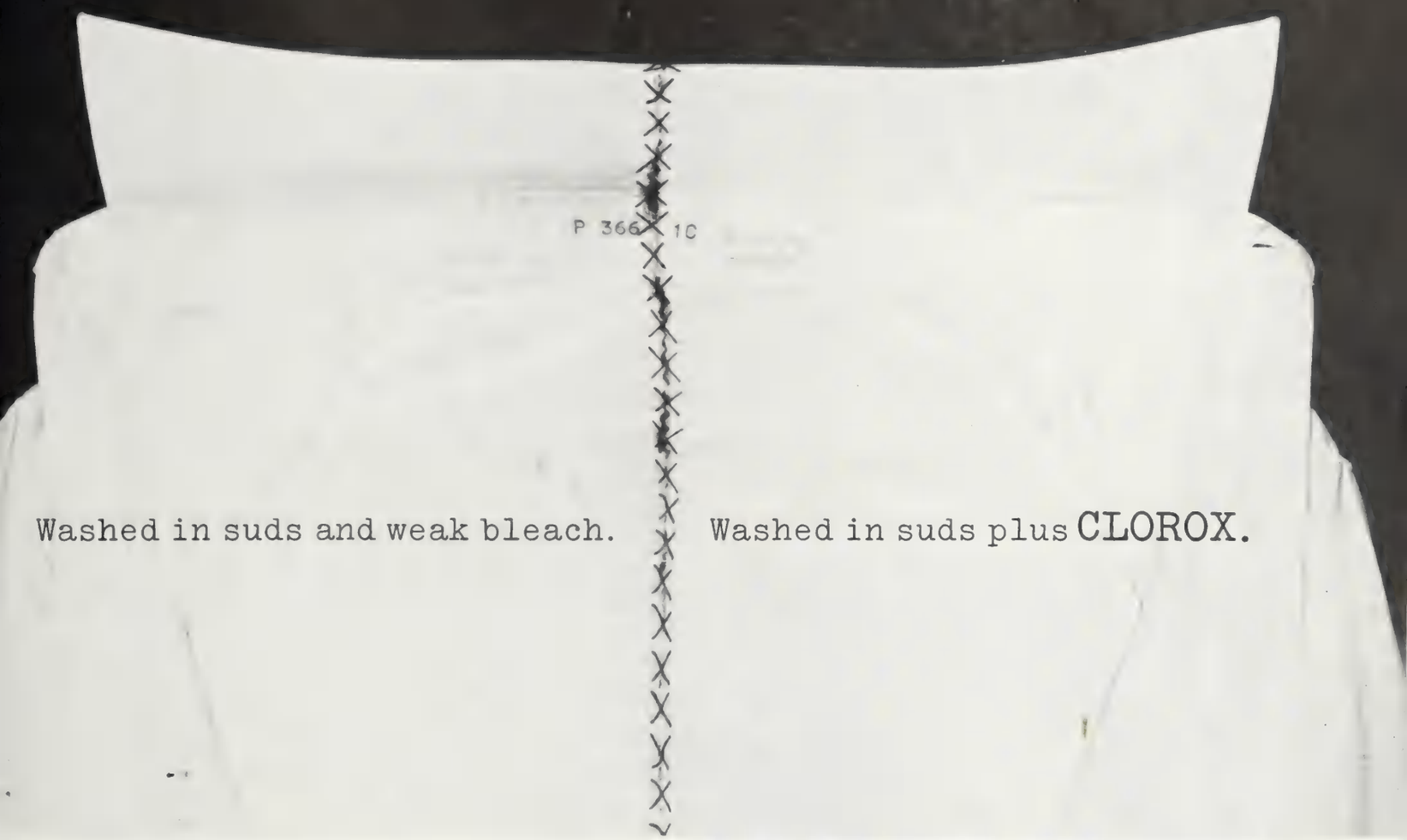
"It wasn't until after I had my first baby that I understood what made babies—the doctor told me. My mother just didn't talk about those things.

"Well, when I was seventeen I met Clyde and we started going around steady together. When I discovered I was pregnant, he wanted to marry me. But I was young and wild—after all those years of my mother being so strict—and Clyde, he acted more like a man of forty than a man of twenty-four. And I just wasn't ready to settle down.

"Well, I guess he finally just got tired of begging. He met another girl and married her. But I will say this for

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Washed in suds and weak bleach.

Washed in suds plus CLOROX.

You can see the difference!

The shirt above was normally worn and washed several times. After the last wearing, it was cut in two. Half was laundered with detergent and a weak bleach, the other half with the same detergent . . . plus Clorox bleach.

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CLOROX gets out dirt weak bleaches leave in



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"SOMETIMES LIFE JUST HAPPENS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

him: he took the baby we had together and raised him. And he's a fine boy now—in the Army, and he's going to study to be a doctor when he gets out. He's twenty-four.

"Well, then I met Mr. Manning, and I fell in love with him. He was an older man—somehow I seem to like older men. And, well, we talked a lot of getting married. But he was mixed up in some case—some woman had committed suicide because of him, taken poison or something, and he said we better not get married until it all blew over. And then one day he just took off and disappeared."

Mr. Manning was the father of Olga's first three daughters.

"After a while I met Mr. James. He was a nice man, too, but the trouble with him, he was mixed up with some woman who had some kind of hold over him, see? When she found out we was going together she started telephoning me and using terrible language, and she started following him down the street and shouting. And it was kind of embarrassing, understand? So finally I telephoned Captain Peary at the police and I don't know what he did, but anyway the phone calls stopped. But it wasn't no good, anyway—finally he had to go back to her. She was too strong."

Mr. James was the father of Olga's fifth child, a girl.

"Well, next I met Mr. Bayne. He's another older man—he only fifty-seven now, but I swear his eighty-year-old father look better than he do. But he's a nice man, see? Only trouble with him, his wife is in an insane asylum and I don't know rightly how it is, but you can't get a divorce from an insane person, or maybe it takes seven years, or something. Sure, I'd marry him if I could, but I can't."

Mr. Bayne was the father of Olga's last two children: the eight-month-old baby and an older boy who was burned to death when a heater exploded on March 17, 1961, in the wooden shack where she and the children were living. Since that time Olga has never been able to stay at home on the seventeenth of any month, and the caseworker knows better than to look for her that day.

"Seems like life kinda *does* things to you," says Olga vaguely. "But still, a lot of it was my own fault. If I had only married Clyde in the first place ——

"What do I want for the future? Well, I want for my children to grow up educated. I'd even like for the boys at least to go to college. And most of all I want for them to love each other and help each other. The worst thing is to be all alone and have nobody to help you. That's what I tell them."

Driving back to the welfare office, the caseworker sighed deeply. "Olga's almost a classic," she said. "Her people were Mississippi Negroes, and so were most of the men who fathered her children. And the pattern of life they accept was taught to them a hundred years and more ago, when white slave owners sold fathers and husbands down the river, and left the women to raise the children. The Southern Negro male still takes off whenever he loses a job; unemployment, lack of job skills and poor education are big factors in the illegitimacy picture. And the Southern Negro woman usually accepts his departure philosophically because that's part of her culture. After a while, because she's normal and human, she gets lonely and takes another man. Pretty soon there's a new baby getting Aid to Dependent Children."

In the next week I saw many variations on the "I wanted to marry him but ——" theme. There was a middle-aged woman who simply hadn't known that you have to get a divorce from a first husband before you take a second. There was a handsome young woman who was happy because after thirty more hours of study she would complete a beauty course (financed by the Chicago welfare administration) and be able to go off relief and support her three small children. "I want to stand on my own two feet!" she exclaimed. There was Miss Johnson who has had five children by the same man and who said wistfully, "Twice we were near to getting married."

But they weren't all that weary and that beleaguered. They weren't always honest either. "We don't try to pretend that we don't have chiselers on the relief rolls," said the welfare commissioner. "They are a very small fraction of the total case load; but contrary to the public belief, we *do* try to catch them. Would you like to see how?"

"*Who's Going to Feed the Kids?*"

A neighbor had reported that an elderly man was living in Ruby's flat and that together they held parties for teen-agers and sold them beer, and that Ruby herself went away almost every weekend. Ruby has three daughters, six, four and three, by three different fathers, and they all receive Aid to Dependent Children. Ruby also has a history of prostitution.

On a bleak Sunday morning, Mr. Cimbalo and Mr. Larson, a team of special investigators for the Cook County Department of Public Aid, knocked on the door of Ruby's basement apartment. I had been invited to accompany them.

After a while the door was opened by a dark young woman in flowered pedal pushers, a crumpled blue shirt and orange scuffs. She looked as if she had put them on in a great hurry, and she also looked angry.

"You people come around bothering me all the time," she snorted. "I don't know what I do, you should bother me!"

The two men didn't answer, but walked into the combined living room and kitchen to the right at the foot of the stairs. Across the small room was a rear door, slightly open. Mr. Larson strode to it swiftly and looked out.

"You have a man in here, Mrs. H.?"

"No, I don't have no man here."

"Funny there should be a man's footprints going out into the mud," he commented. "Mind if I look around?" The girl flung herself into a

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"SOMETIMES LIFE JUST HAPPENS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

chair by the kitchen table and shrugged her shoulders. Mr. Larson and his big flashlight disappeared into the other rooms.

The living room had a badly worn brown-linoleum floor. A single bed with a dirty chenille spread stood against one wall, and a brown overstuffed couch against the opposite wall. On the red-Formica-topped kitchen table at the other end of the room stood a record player. A stack of long-playing records lay on the floor nearby, with one by Louis Armstrong and Duke Ellington on the top. A television set stood in a corner, and a pink princess telephone on an end table. This is a status symbol in Ruby's set.

"Where are the children?" asked Mr. Cimbalo.

"They with my mother for this weekend."

"We hear you yourself go away almost every weekend. That right?"

"Tha's a lie!"

Mr. Larson came back into the room. "She's got two cases of beer back there," he reported. "Seems kinda funny, living on relief with two cases of beer."

Ruby flamed up. "They was left over from my birthday last September!" she shouted.

"You sure you don't keep that beer to sell to teen-agers?"

"What teen-agers? I don't know no teen-agers."

"H'm," said Mr. Cimbalo, and went off to look at the rest of the flat for himself. Ruby puffed disdainfully at her cigarette and Mr. Larson started rummaging in a living-room closet.

Ruby's bedroom opened off the pitch-dark hall. The children's room was next to their mother's. The walls were battleship-gray, and undecorated. The large double bed, where all three slept, was covered with a spread which almost matched the color of the walls. But on a pole in the open closet space hung about twenty small dresses, pink and blue and yellow and white, dotted swiss and organdy—all clean and starched and pressed.

In a storage area across the hall Mr. Cimbalo noted two small and shiny bicycles.

"Where did you get the bicycles, Mrs. H.?" he asked.

"Friend give them to me."

At this moment the back door opened, and a powerfully built old man wearing a rumpled brown suit and a blue beret shuffled in.

"'Morning, folks," he said brightly.

"You the man who's living here?" asked Mr. Cimbalo.

"Oh no, oh no. I don't live *here!*" said the old man. "I come to fix up my record player." He proceeded to sit down comfortably and start tinkering with the record player.

Mr. Larson emerged from the closet with a large black suitcase, which the old man admitted was his. It was crammed almost to overflowing with a jumble of shoes, dirty clothes, neckties, old facecloths and framed photographs.

"Do you *still* say you don't li here?" asked Mr. Cimbalo.

"Oh no, sir, no sir, I don't live her I just keep that old suitcase here swore the old man, rising and run maging around in the suitcase wit earnest aimlessness. "I'm a Mosle and we Moslems can't tell you no lie I just keep that suitcase here 'cause got to take it to Omaha."

"Why you got to take it to Omaha?

"I'm goin' to give it to her father said the old man, gesturing at Rub

Mr. Cimbalo, looking rather ha assed, switched back to Ruby. "Yo ever been arrrested?" he asked.

"Sure I been. You know I been Some other girl I was with in a stor she lifted a woman's purse, see? An they pick me up, too, although I go nothing to do with it."

Mr. Cimbalo gave up. "I thin you're lying," he told Ruby sternly "We've got a lot more checking to d on this, but you'll be hearing from us."

Ruby sprang from her chair an followed us out of the room. "Al right!" she screamed. "All *right!* Yo take my money away, all right! Bu then I say you just come and take m babies too!"

"She doesn't really mean it," sai Mr. Cimbalo, heading his car towar the next call. "She's a lying littl devil, but she loves her kids and take care of them after her fashion, the way they all do. And if she gets kicked of relief for the violations, who's going t feed the kids?"

There were other visits, other stories. The proud story of the illegitimate boy who had grown up on relief and who had gone on to win laurels at the Rome Olympics. The serious little girl doing housework while her mother (who had never been married) was at the university, completing a course financed by the Federal Government and the taxpayers of Milwaukee. Glimpses of what intensive casework can accomplish—when there is enough public understanding, and enough money to employ enough caseworkers to give the individual help which each of these extremely individual women needs. And the growing realization that help and understanding are sometimes slow in coming because the average taxpayer is generally unaware that he, too, benefits from welfare programs. Can he imagine the social and moral damage which would infect a community in which destitution went unrelieved?

"I Was the Girl From Across the Tracks."

On a side street, in a small wooden house in a Kansas town, lives Mrs. Helen J., mother of two illegitimate children and one legitimate child.

"We don't know too much about her," said the county director of welfare. 'We have five hundred relief cases in this county, and only eight caseworkers. All we can do is check eligibility and handle emergencies as they arise."

Mrs. J., a tall, blond girl with a low, melodious voice and a good figure, wore a magenta blouse with magenta lace ruffles, burnt-orange-and-magenta wool pedal pushers. Her eyes were a clear blue, and younger than her twenty-four years.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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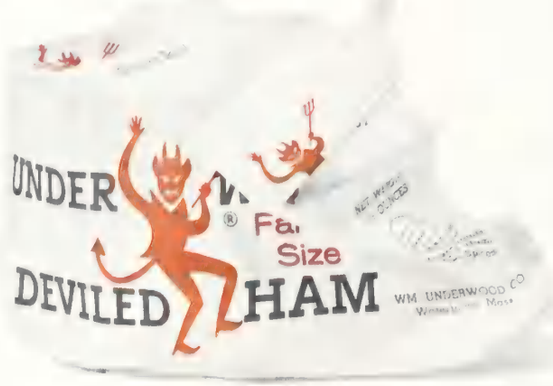
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"SOMETIMES LIFE JUST HAPPENS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

"I guess I grew up like everybody else," she said, settling down on the green-flowered chintz couch and shooing the children out of the room. "My father worked in a traveling job for the county and we didn't see him much. My mother did baby-sitting jobs. I have three sisters and two brothers. My parents were pretty strict with all of us. Too strict, some people say.

"I quit school after the eighth grade. I don't know why—nothing seemed to interest me, I guess. And I just thought, why not go to work and earn all the things I want? I sure was wrong; if I'd stayed in school and learned something useful like bookkeeping I might be in an office right now, instead of stuck *here!*

"Anyway, I was working as a domestic in rich people's houses, and for the first time I saw how you could live—if you had the money. Well, Larry's father was a local boy I'd known all my life. Only his people had money, see? And I was like the girl across the tracks. And so, well, he started dating me. And I will say this for him: he never did promise to marry me. But I got pregnant. I was just eighteen. And do you know what his family did? They rushed him out of town, and kept him away four years. He came back then, but it was too late to prove anything or charge him with anything.

"He's still here in town. Sometimes when I go uptown I meet him on the street and he won't look in my face, or speak to me. He drives by here every day, and I'm sure he must have seen Larry playing out in front—but we never hear from him. I'd like to blow his head off, and I know he's acted bad—but sometimes I think he's the only man I'll *ever* love.

"Well, anyway, I went on living with my parents after the baby was born. And since I couldn't work when he was so little and my parents didn't have enough, I went on relief.

"The next year I met a Canadian who was working here. We got married, but when I was three months pregnant the Government found out he was here illegally, and sent him back to Canada. For a long time he kept writing me, but suddenly he stopped. And since he's in another country I can't make him pay any support or anything. I finally got a divorce and went back on relief. But I stayed on living alone with the kids. My mother's kind of the bossy type, you know?

"The third baby? Well, I guess maybe I was lonely or something. Anyway, he was a town boy too. He was going around with another girl, and he kind of started going around with me secretly—without her knowing. Then when I found out I was pregnant I telephoned and told him. He said, 'I'll be right over!' But he never came, never came at all. And the next thing I knew, he'd married the other girl. People kept telling me I should give the baby for adoption, but after she was born I said to her, 'OK, I'm responsible for bringing you int the world and I'll take care of you And now of course I wouldn't give he up, or any of them up, for anythin

"I don't want to stay on relief—want to get off just as soon as I car But I only went through eighth grad and I haven't any job skills, so befor I could work I'd have to learn some thing. I'd like to do that, but wh would take care of the children? M mother works, so she can't, and m sister has kids of her own.

"And oh, boy, would I like to ge away from this town! It's so small tha what people don't know, they gues And two of my children's fathers righ here in the same town! What will tell the children when they get olde and start asking questions?"

The shadows of old barns lay lon across the sunset-mellowed hills as w drove back to Topeka. "So you see w have it here in Kansas, too," said th welfare director at last. "And tha girl's story isn't much different fron the nationwide picture. The bossy dominating but basically unlovin mother and the nonentity of a fathe appear over and over in the back ground of promiscuous women. An then there was the failure to teach th girl any values beyond the most super ficial and mercenary. What most peo ple forget is that human beings aren' born with a complete set of mora values—they have to be put in from the outside. And if parents and ou society fail to do this, where are th values going to come from?"

Darkness, Filth and Little Hope

Mattie P., who lives in a crumblin stucco bungalow in a derelict neigh borhood of Denver, Colorado, was one of the people of whom the welfare director spoke. Not only have no values been "structured" into her, but the pattern is beginning to repeat itself in the second generation.

At birth, Mattie was placed in an orphanage by her alcoholic Negro mother. She grew up in an adoptive family which considered her "very dull," and more or less washed their hands of her when she blandly produced her first illegitimate baby at the age of twenty-three. That was Lily, now seventeen and the mother of he own illegitimate child. Since then, Mattie has produced four more and supported them on Aid to Dependent Children payments. Mattie feels terribly guilty about each baby, and until the last possible moment pretends to the caseworker that she has a tumor. Lily, who has made her own decisions in life since she was seven and who has already acquired a record as a prostitute, is handsome, defiant and full of sassy bravado.

"There's some hope for Lily," said the caseworker as we knocked at the door. "At least she's tough and crafty, and might have the intelligence to learn a better way of life. As for Mattie, our only hope is that if she leans on us for support she will have more strength to give to the growing children. It's the *children* we have to think about."

Mattie and Lily hate each other, but under the pressure of housing shortage live together with the children in a kitchen, bedroom and hallway. Mattie, a tall, gangling woman in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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"PROFESSION: HOUSEWIFE"

Education may be "the jewel in the pocket" that gives richer meaning to a woman's life.

There is this to be said for the lot of the housewife: it is not an obscure calling. These days we are news. Not since high-flying Icarus sailed too near the sun, melting off his wax wings and so setting the science of aviation back several thousand years, has so much discussion gone on about a single profession.

Radio panels debate our position in the world, television sponsors whistle for our attention. Advertising campaigns are planned with us in mind. Psychologists analyze our motives. Foundations examine our needs and industry gears its output to their findings. Ashley Montagu admires us (at least as women) while Margaret Mead accuses us of escaping from our civic responsibilities into the warm nest of "fecundity." We are praised, abused, consulted, quoted, advised. We are seldom ignored.

The latest group to turn the microscope upon us for their own purposes are the colleges. And the colleges—especially the women's colleges—are very cross with us indeed. They say we are misusing our opportunities. They charge us with betraying our education. The argument runs something like this:

Four years at a good university or college is an expensive proposition for both the student and the institution. Although placement in such schools is growing steadily more competitive, a larger and larger percentage of American girls are now either studying there or readying themselves to apply. Once enrolled they will—if they are to keep up with curricular demands—work hard, learn much, come out educated and informed young women. Yet what, ask the critics, happens to most of them? They either marry immediately or else work for a year or two and *then* marry, tossing their skills and talents onto the domestic scrap heap. All that hard-got gold of knowledge will waste unused. Or, to change the figure slightly, that many-faceted jewel will be popped carelessly into the pocket of a kitchen apron, there to slither about with the small change of daily living until it tarnishes or is lost.

The young scientist will not proceed with science. The Greek major will no longer parse Euripides. Government will get scant help from promising history specialists. Students of everything from archaeology and art to zoology will settle down into the suburban or the urban round, with their skills rusting, their minds deteriorating, their capabilities withering away.

One educator has gone so far as to submit a stern plan. She formidably argues that a college girl should be forced to sign a pledge with the college before she gets her diploma, promising a certain number of years of professional work to be paid, seemingly, to industry or the state, like conscience money, after she graduates. No job, no degree. Thus the girl will be put on terms of equality with the young man forced to do his military service before he dares relapse into civilian life. It is a Spartan scheme with all sorts of horrid totalitarian overtones. One has only to recall what happened to Sparta to reject that nonsense.

Dr. Mary Bunting, of Radcliffe, has made a more sensible suggestion. In fact, she has gone beyond suggestion and invented a full-blown working arrangement. Women who have been away for a while from the academic world can now return to Radcliffe as fellows or researchers, to teach, study, write, paint, or discover a new star in the Galaxy. They are housed and subsidized, and so coaxed back into nondomestic usefulness. Here is a commendable idea and one which will benefit both colleges and housewives emeritus.

It will benefit the latter, that is to say, so long as it does not unsettle them before their time. For what is wrong with the first plan and suspect about the second is the limited, utilitarian approach, a kind of philosophical myopia. They imply two erroneous beliefs: first, that being a housewife is not a noble, useful and rewarding career; and, second, that education has no value unless it is brought to the marketplace.

The first proposition is a holdover from the feminist movement which enchanted our grandmothers and great-grandmothers. They fought real battles and helped abolish real injustices. They won, for women, working freedom, equality of educational opportunity and the vote. But a crusader has always to cling fiercely to one side of an argument only or lose his fire. The old warriors who fought in those skirmishes lost sight deliberately of the pleasure and gratifications of domesticity per se, which we have rediscovered. They instilled in their descendants a sort of Puritan thrust the feeling that a woman has no right to be anything less than a public citizen.

"Females of the world, unite!" was written on their banners. "You have nothing to lose but your chains."

Unfortunately, by "chains" they meant the demands of kitchen, nursery, the home.

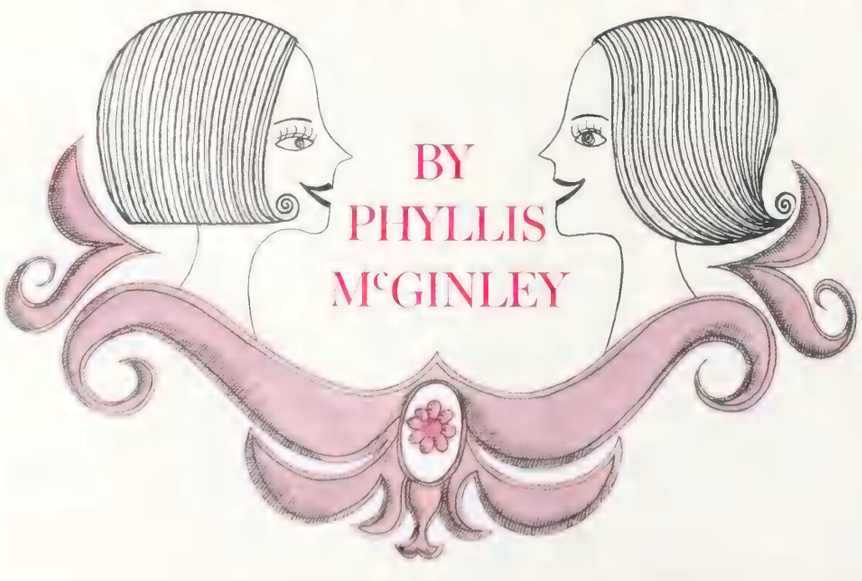
We are their heirs even though we have half forgotten the frame of mind which induced such thinking. In our generation we have been able to stop battling for public rights and relapse into household life with relief, much as a dolphin, escaped from the net, gratefully leaps back into the natural sea. But the doctrines they fought for still unconsciously plague us. As even an atheist is haunted by a sense of original sin, we emancipated housewives of this century are beset by a feeling of guilt if we simply stay home and mind the hearth. To bring up a family is not enough. To keep house, assist the schools, become Gray Ladies in hospitals—to cosset a husband, take our children to orthodontists, embellish a garden, attend concerts, entertain our friends—is insufficient. We must somehow impress our personalities and our accomplishments on the outside world.

"I was head of my class in English literature," one laments. "Now I have scarcely time to open a book. Is it wrong of me to stay so involved with the house and the children?"

Or, "Of what use was my education? Four years of college and a *magna cum laude* degree—and I've CONTINUED ON PAGE 38

© 1962 by Phyllis McGinley. Ladies' Home Journal has purchased magazine rights to Phyllis McGinley's new book-in-progress: "Profession: Housewife." Chapters will appear regularly in the Journal prior to book publication by the Macmillan Co.

WHY EDUCATE WOMEN?



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WHY EDUCATE WOMEN?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

never earned a penny of my own. It seems such a waste."

They will go on believing it a waste so long as they are told so by those they think of as their betters.

Do not misunderstand me. I have nothing at all against housewives who use their education and their brains outside the home. I have, from time to time, used mine. Our nation in many departments would come grindingly to a halt if women did not serve it. Let housewives, if they have energy and ability, be domestic "moonlighters." By all means encourage them to write books, run factories, direct traffic, play the stock market, give to the poor, assist the League of Women Voters, design machines or decorate other people's houses, if it gives them pleasure or enhances their lives. I will even agree that nurses, doctors, engineers and lawyers who clamor for admittance to overcrowded professional schools should somehow manage to put their training to use. There is a real shortage of such colleges and a real need for such talents When girls undertake that training they may be elbowing aside some man who would eventually better return society's investment. How they are to work out the debt I do not know. It is a problem for the colleges, society itself and their consciences. Perhaps in such fields Dr. Bunting's plan would be particularly profitable. After women had reared their families, they might well return to the courts, the hospitals, the factories, and put their skills to work.

What I do object to is the charge that a liberal-arts education is on a level with technical training—that college women are guilty of a misdemeanor when they are employed only in the home. I do not like to see our profession so assailed or its adherents made to feel ashamed of their vocations.

Particularly, I resent seeing education held so cheap. It is that second proposition which seems to me subversive—the heresy that knowledge has no value unless it can be measured against earning power or public works.

For a liberal-arts education is not a tool like a hoe or a blueprint or an electric mixer. It is a true and precious stone which can glow just as wholesomely in an apron pocket as when it is put on exhibition in a jeweler's window or bartered for bread and butter. Learning is a boon, a personal good. It is a light in the mind, a pleasure for the spirit, an object to be enjoyed. To what barbarian plane are we descending when we demand that it serve only the economy? And how has the world progressed if that very female education which was so bravely demanded for a hundred years is to be denied to the people it was meant to benefit?

Four centuries ago there lived in England a man named Sir Thomas More who was that nation's most just judge, greatest chancellor and liveliest conscience. He was a reformer, believing that knowledge, next to virtue, was the most desirable thing in life. He also held the iconoclastic notion that women were intellectually as capable as men. So in spite of the prevailing patterns of his day, he gave to his daughters the same education he gave his son. He taught them Greek, Latin, logic, philosophy, mathematics and astronomy. Certainly he had no expectation that Margaret or Cecily or Elizabeth would become classics professors or clerks and accountants. He just hoped they would be fortunate and happy wives. He wanted them to be able to wear learning like a bracelet on the arm or a diamond at the throat. They had as much right to the jewel, he felt, as men. There were critics in his day (among them, Henry VIII) who rather thought the girls were wasting their time. What good were such accomplishments to young women who would spend most of their adult lives rearing children and supervising the making of puddings and cheese?

But, "What a delight is truth!" said More. And he went on making Latin puns for Margaret's amusement and discussing Livy with Cecily as calmly as he later lost his head for a principle.

It is an ironic commentary on this century that we have sloughed off the social abuses of the sixteenth, yet retain its sense of education values—or, rather, have lowered them. For men of that time genuinely cherished the arts as adornments. If their chief professions were statecraft, war and theology, learning was their recreation. It should be ours today, with the vital difference that it ought to be the recreation of two sexes instead of one.

To assert that housewives have no right to the simple joys of knowing is to denigrate everything best in civilization. Are we going back to the medieval thesis that education unfits a woman to change a diaper or make a lemon-meringue pie? Are we to believe that because a girl has studied the Stuart dramatists she will be less well equipped than her uneducated sister to prod a grapefruit at the grocer's or scour a sink? Or are we, on the other hand, to give credence to the idea that prodding grapefruit and scouring sinks are unworthy occupations for an educated human being? Both notions seem to me the wildest sort of reaction.

Surely the ability to enjoy Heine's exquisite melancholy in the original German will not cripple a girl's talent for making chocolate brownies. Nor will the fact that she likes to read a cookbook keep her from taking pleasure in rereading Keats. Provided she has not been taught that cooking and using a vacuum sweeper are degrading, each talent will supplement the other. She will be able to judge a newspaper item more sensibly, understand a politician's speech more sagely, talk over her husband's business problems with him more helpfully, and entertain her children more amusingly if her brain is tuned and humming with knowledge. Perhaps Plato will turn out to be as useful to her as Dr. Spock, and Chaucer wiser than a marriage counselor. To have written a senior thesis on the frescoes of Giotto may seem at first glance no practical training for someone who will put in most of the succeeding fifteen or twenty years feeding sandwiches to Cub Scouts or driving little girls to dancing class. Yet in what way is it a waste? The glories of Renaissance art will still be there in her consciousness, ready to entertain her when television palls. An acquaintanceship with global geography might extend her awareness of world problems and make her a more useful citizen. Knowing how to translate Proust might improve, sa her cooking; and botany sharpen h gardening abilities. I don't say th would. They might.

But if those attainments never in her years as a housewife proved to ha the slightest practical or marketable a plication, they would be still dear a valuable. They would add another d mension, an extra richness to existenc

When I was a freshman at college California, I took a course call "Latin-American History." It w taught by an inspired and passiona man who loved his subject. Because his eloquence, I have forgotten scarce a date or an episode from that chronic of adventure. The feats of Pizarro's ti band, overcoming half a continent wi a vest-pocket army as greedy as it w gallant; the romantic story of the In emperor who fell in love with his co quered princess and so brought abo the division of his kingdom and its d struction; the fate of Atahualpa, son that love affair, who believed the Spa ish promises: they all live in my mind they did years ago. Although my spe ing is generally so erratic that I a likely to put two c's in "necessity" if n body nudges me, I can still write o their exotic names correctly.

That knowledge has never been of t slightest assistance to me in either ear ing a living or keeping my house. I don even get around to using it for dazzlin my dinner partner at a party. "Rea any good books lately about the co quest of Peru?" is hardly the sort gambit to assure the success of an ev ning, when what the man on my righ wants to talk about is his golf score.

But I would not part with that po tion of my education for half my ow kingdom. I am grateful for such fra ments as still float about in my men ory. They are part of my dowry, precious to me as my grandmother's si ver spoons, and as ready to be passe on to my descendants if they want then

The heads of men's colleges are n worried about imparting a mass of ur functional classical facts to their unde graduates. Indeed, the drive is all in th other direction. Industrial managemen begs for applicants with a solid know edge of the humanities. Medical school ask for candidates educated in som thing besides science. Law schools in plore beginners to bring with them command of English syntax.

Surely the profession of housewife d serves as well from society. We wh belong to that profession hold the fat of the world in our hands. It is our in fluence which will determine the cultur of coming generations. We are the peo ple who chiefly listen to the music, bu the books, attend the theater, prow the art galleries, collect for the charities brood over the schools, converse wit the children. Our minds need to be rich and flexible for those duties.

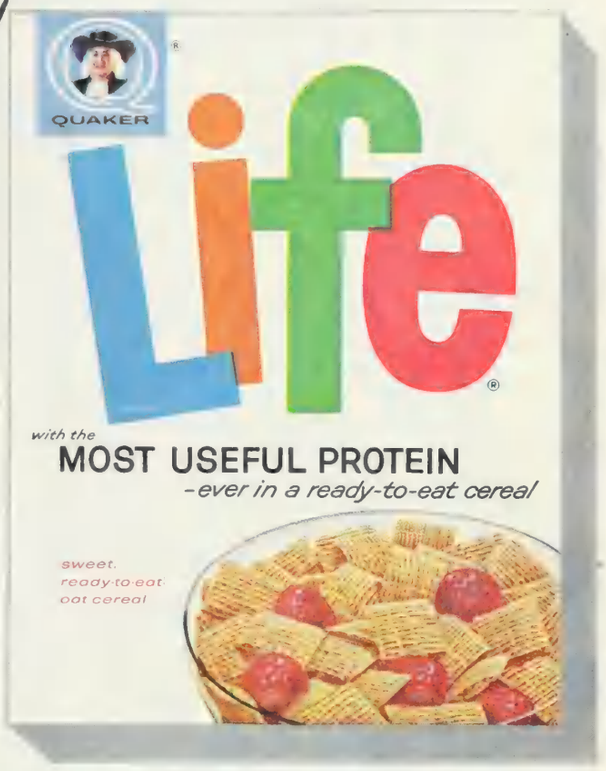
And even if we had no such duties, w could still honorably wear our educa tion as the ornament it is, with no othe excuse than that it becomes us. Or if w prefer to keep it in an apron pocket t finger like an amulet, that is also ou right. The jewel need not wear out o lose its value or grow dull there, so lon as we understand its worth. It is some thing we have earned by our own ef forts. And not even the clamor o household voices nor the complaints o a fulminating college dean can destroy for us our joy in its possession. EN

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ality of protein you get in *meat* and *milk!*
like good things to eat . . . enjoy Life.

T A DIFFERENCE IN PROTEIN...



proteins are "They just uild up your ecause they ave the right t of certain ial protein its.

Some proteins are "hard working." They build, repair and maintain the body. But working, *useful* proteins aren't stored in the body. You need them every day.

Life gives you "working" protein. The *useful* kind of protein. Even before you add milk, Life's protein is 100% as useful as the protein in meat and milk!



The Quaker Oats Company



The five most-wanted cures

Not long ago a noted scientist made a speech in which he listed America's five "most-wanted" cures. At first look his list seemed wholly utopian, the stuff that medical researcher's dreams are made of: a drug to cure cancer; a drug to maintain emotional equilibrium; a penny-a-day birth-control pill; a "virus killer" to kill viruses as antibiotics kill bacteria; a "youth pill" to delay man's aging process and prevent such degenerative diseases as arthritis. But the dreams were so great, the possibility of achieving them so breathtaking, that it was impossible not to ask the question, "How close are we to having these 'most-wanted' cures?" Much closer than we think.

A medical researcher knows the sustaining power of hope. He also knows that even hope can be a poor prescription when it comes in too-much-too-soon doses. So the words he chooses to speak of his progress are apt to be spare and careful. But a tone of voice can carry excitement, and these days most do. It rings in such statements as:

"It is highly likely that before another year has passed we may well find that some human cancers are caused by viruses."

"Scientists the world over are rapidly zeroing in on some of the key problems of rheumatoid arthritis."

"A 'youth pill'? You can't say no in advance to something that is theoretically possible."

"Within five years, possibly sooner, we should have an effective vaccine or vaccines against most strains of the common cold."

"Development of a single vaccine which would afford protection from as many as 100 different viruses," forecast by Jonas Salk, M.D.

It even rings in a flat statistic. Sixty-two years ago the average newborn baby in the United States had a life expectancy of 47 years—today it is 70 years. This is in great part due to the fact that over the years scientists have brought the great infectious diseases under control. Today it is hard to find one who will say that it is impossible to do the same thing with the great chronic diseases.

NEWS ABOUT CANCER, MOST WANTED OF ALL THE WANTED CURES. This year, the National Cancer Institute at Bethesda, Maryland, has a brand-new focus. Most of its great resources are being devoted to answering one question, the one most frequently asked in cancer research today: "Is cancer caused by a virus?" Many scientists are already convinced that it is. They feel that proof will not be long in coming now. But they know the job is far from simple. "The virus we find will probably be unlike any virus we now know." Best guess now: "It will be many viruses, not just one, as cancer is many diseases, not one."

This marshaling of NCI forces is described as a great step forward by Dr. C. Gordon Zubrod, director of intramural research. "In asking for 'a cancer cure' we have really been asking for a hundred different cures. Now, with this focused-down program, scientists can do specific things, learn how to control one form of cancer at a time. Some, like choriocarcinoma, are already being controlled." (Choriocarcinoma, a form of cancer which attacks pregnant women, is rare in the United States, far less rare in Asian countries, which lends far-flung meaning to the discovery of a drug to control it.) "When we treat choriocarcinoma early we can approach 100-percent cure."

Unfortunately the drugs which are so successful in treating this one form of cancer have not so far shown the same success against other forms. "But that won't always be so," Dr. Zubrod says confidently. "Some of the answers we find will lead to other answers."

For the first time a cancer has been brought under control through use of drugs alone, and no one seriously doubts now that others will follow.

First target of the new focused-down attack: leukemia.

"Most scientists feel that acute leukemia will be the next to come under control," says Dr. Zubrod. "Events of the past year have convinced scientists that they can make real progress in this area. They have found three new drugs to prolong—greatly prolong—the lives of patients suffering from acute leukemia, which strikes many young children." (In some cases, survival rates have risen from two to three months to two to three years.) "These drugs work even in patients who have outworn other drugs. And still more hopeful drugs are now undergoing tests. The outlook is brighter in other ways too. Scientists are developing methods of controlling the two major causes of death in leukemia—hemorrhage and infection."

One of the new experimental drugs shows exciting promise in adult leukemia patients. Twelve out of a group of twenty showed complete remission of the disease when treated with it. The drug is difficult to use at the moment, but if it follows the current pattern in chemotherapy research it will lead to other, less toxic drugs.

A note of hope links both aspects of the new focused-down program at NCI—virus research and control of leukemia: "Leukemia is likely to be the first form of cancer proved to be caused by a virus. And once you have a virus you can work toward immunization."

Hopeful reports come from other areas of cancer research—hormone therapy, investigations into a possible immunity factor, more effective surgery and radiation. Large-scale environmental studies are under way to provide a great backlog of knowledge about how a million Americans live and whether there may be anything in our living habits that triggers cancer. The cancer-vaccine experiments of Sweden's Dr. Bertil Bjorklund are being watched with no less interest because they have been called "controversial" and "too long a leap too fast." Everybody wants a cure for cancer—or many cures for many kinds of cancer, if that is the way it is to be—and nobody really cares where it comes from. And, in the words of one noted doctor, "There is a tremendous air of optimism and excitement in cancer research that was not present even five years ago."

WHAT ABOUT THE "EMOTIONAL EQUILIBRIUM" DRUG? It might seem that this is already reality. More than 13 percent of all prescriptions written by doctors are for tranquilizers—"happy pills." Tranquilizers have helped bring about a revolution in the treatment of mental illness. They help treat alcoholism, ease preoperative tension and postoperative discomfort, lessen the pain of serious illness and childbirth while reducing amounts of anesthesia or other drugs needed. But tranquilizers have their limitations. No one really knows how they work or what possible long-term effects they may have. They do not really cure mental illness, though they may aid a cure by making a seriously ill patient reachable. They do tide you over a stressful period—pain, illness, bereavement or extreme emotional tension—but they do not solve your problems permanently: they only allow a respite until you are better able to work out a solution.

In the opinion of experts, the tranquilizer has its value in specific situations, but the hope of a "happy pill" that you can swallow each morning like a vitamin pill and live happily ever after is not a very realistic hope. "There will always be problems of living that come from living. Evading them temporarily may be all right—may even be a good thing at times—but attempting to evade them permanently would probably make most people begin to wonder, 'Isn't there something better that I can do for myself?'"

HOW CLOSE ARE WE TO A "CHEAP" (PENNY-A-DAY) BIRTH-CONTROL PILL? "The Pill" costs about $3.50 a month. Upwards of a million women are now using it. In clinics the pills cost less. One clinic, treating patients on relief, operates at a cost of 5 cents a day per patient. England's National Health Service provides the pills for 28 cents a month to any woman whose doctor prescribes them. At present, it is not suggested that "The Pill" be taken CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

By BETTY COE SPICER

4-way NORGE uses GAS to dry anything safely from heavy denim to embroidered cashmere

...EVEN YOUR HAIR



IF YOU CAN WASH IT, GAS CAN DRY IT! This Norge is so safe and gentle you use it to dry your hair. It gives you four separate ways to dry: with or without heat, with or without tumbling. Includes a special drying rack for delicate things. All drying is a breeze with a Gas dryer!

Gas for your laundry means more speed, more safety, less money!

A Norge laundry like this lets you do anything washable in *perfect safety!* Norge Service-Simple automatic washer gets everything beautifully clean. It does a better job because your Norge water-heater is *Gas*, speedy enough to assure all the hot water you want! You *know* washables won't shrink or fade from baking in blasts of too-hot air—this dryer is *Gas* . . . fast but gentle, kinder to clothes because it *blows* moisture gently away instead of baking it out. And money? Gas saves you money every time you use it. Installation costs less. Maintenance is less, too—a flame *can't* wear out!

AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION

LIVE MODERN FOR LESS WITH GAS

Making Marriage Work

BY DOROTHY CAMERON DISNEY

THE ALCOHOLIC PARENT

Making marriage work is never easy when alcoholism is involved. And when there are children in the family, the trial by ordeal that confronts a loving wife and mother can be virtually intolerable.

There are many wives who would be willing to carry on an unequal partnership were it not for the youngsters. But they are loath to subject their boys and girls to demoralized homes, parental quarreling, sleepless nights and hideous days. Divorce, for the children's sake, seems the answer.

ANN'S STORY . . . One night a year ago Mrs. Miller (this is not her real name) saw her daughter, Ann, climb out her bedroom window and scuttle through a back garden to the alley. The girl was carrying a large brown-paper bag. In the alley she lifted the lid of the family's trash can and removed empty gin bottles.

"I followed Ann a half mile to a building excavation," said Mrs. Miller, "and saw her heave away her parcel. And then I knew! She was trying to conceal from neighbors just how much her father drank. I had been so preoccupied with my own misery that I hadn't realized what was happening to the child. Right there, right then, I decided to get a divorce."

But next day Mrs. Miller did not go to a lawyer. She went to her pastor. He suggested that she and her daughter investigate a pioneering organization named Alateen, founded only four years ago to give youngsters like fifteen-year-old Ann guidance in a topsy-turvy world. It has been rightly said that alcohol addiction damages not only the compulsive drinker himself but everyone in his household.

On a recent rainy Saturday afternoon I met sparkling-eyed Ann on the steps of a small church. I followed her inside to the room where a dozen teen-aged youngsters awaited us.

"Until I joined Alateen," said Ann, "I was busy feeling sorry for myself and couldn't think straight. I was so ashamed of my father's boozing and so mad at my mother for not stopping him I spent hours in my bedroom where I could brood in privacy. I pleaded with my mother to get a divorce so we could raise our shades, live like normal happy people."

Every youngster present at the meeting had an alcoholic parent. Each knew at first hand how uncontrolled drinking can wreck marriages and devastate families.

Alateen now has 150 branches scattered through 50 states. It is an offspring of Alcoholics Anonymous and an allied organization, Al-Anon, to which wives, husbands and friends of alcoholics belong. Alateen accepts the principles and philosophy of AA and the basic AA tenet that alcoholism is an illness that can be arrested but never cured. With this acceptance comes understanding and, more often than not, a sharp reduction in self-pity.

"Things are better now," said Ann. "Oh, I don't mean dad has quit drinking. He hasn't. Just the same, things are better. I've learned from these other kids that my case isn't unique. Lots of them are worse off than I am."

The meeting opened with a prayer for serenity and courage. In the hour that followed, the boys and girls—members range in age from twelve to nineteen—exchanged bits of hard-won information, shared common experiences. In the main, typical teen-age dilemmas were explored. Yet it was meetings like this, Mrs. Miller told me, that helped to save her marriage. A wiser, calmer Ann eventually urged her mother to the final decision not to seek a divorce.

PRACTICAL ANSWERS . . . Alateens are not evangelistic groups dedicated to the reform of erring elders. One rule the new member learns at once: you cannot scold, plead, reason or threaten an alcoholic into sobriety; such an approach only makes matters worse. The best approach is the approach of toleration. An understanding that a drunken father is a sick father (one Alateen tells another) will not only help you to live with him but help him to live with you and with himself.

I met Fred, a skinny fourteen-year-old, in an industrial section of Brooklyn. His mother, who holds the family together, is a department-store clerk. His father is a part-time accountant.

"It is pretty tough," said Fred, "to feel respect or affection for anybody like my old man. When I came home the other day he was slumped on the sofa and I knew he was hitting the bottle again. I didn't say a word, just looked at him and started upstairs. Maybe he read my mind. Anyway, he pulled a table lamp out of its socket and threw it at me. I was used to ducking and I wasn't hurt. But what does a kid do when his dad becomes violent?"

Alateen has a practical answer to that frequently asked question:

"Get completely out of his way until he is rational again. Then talk it over with someone who has the knowledge and experience to assist you. This may be an AA member, your clergyman, doctor or a close relative.

"An alcoholic can become irritable, overemotional, brutal to the people he loves most. If you cannot avoid or ignore violent incidents, try your best to believe they would not have happened if your father were himself."

Some of the youngsters at the meetings I attended had never had a close friend. They needed and desperately craved companionship—for misery not only loves company but profits by it. They feared to invite acquaintances to homes where an unpredictable parent might be silly or outrageously drunk. Loneliness usually results in a distorted sensitivity, and many chip-on-the-shoulder young people had shunned company because of snubs that existed only in their imaginations.

HAPPIEST HARVEST . . . The friendships which grow out of Alateen are perhaps its happiest harvest. Some of the chapters hold picnics, dances, hi-fi get-togethers. But these are kept separate from the regular weekly meetings, which have serious purpose and are conducted on that level. The members, who are in search of moral support and counsel, want it that way.

Those within the family circle of an alcoholic live always in a climate of anxiety and suspense. They feel beaten and hopeless. Out of frustration there may arise convictions of personal guilt; because of the very elusiveness of the malady, they become convinced that in some way they must be responsible for the loved one's condition. This is a misconception children frequently bring to Alateen discussions. As soon as members become aware that their feelings of personal guilt are without foundation, they have already taken a long step toward mental health.

The primary function of Alateen is to help bewildered young people solve their own problems. Its strongest partisans, however, are mothers (or fathers) who are attempting, under almost insuperable difficulties, to rebuild or maintain marriages shadowed by alcoholism. As they see their children gain in self-knowledge, self-confidence and self-respect, they feel a lightening of the unequal burdens that are inevitable in an unequal partnership. An imperfect home, Alateens told me frankly, is better than a broken home.

In one of Alateen's booklets I ran across the words of wisdom which deserve a hearing in all households where frictions and dissension exist:

"Remember, *both* your parents need your love and loyalty. . . . Try not to add needlessly to their burdens. Try not to take sides if there are quarrels, for no matter what your parents may say to or about each other, it will aid them greatly if they know you love them both."

Alcoholism is a special problem, but that advice has universal application.

Those wishing further information on Alateen may write to P.O. Box 182, Madison Square Station, New York 10, N.Y.



NEXT TIME IT'S ICE CREAM... "SUNDAE" IT WITH CRANBERRIES



Just spoon Ocean Spray whole berry sauce out of the can onto ice cream. Or use this tangy-sweet topping over puddings, custards, whipped cream desserts. Ocean Spray whole berry or jellied sauce. **HEIGHTEN THE FLAVOR, BRIGHTEN THE PLATE WITH OCEAN SPRAY**

you'll never yank at a girdle again!

Maidenform's exclusive easy-action back keeps this girdle precisely where it belongs







new concertina®*

by maidenform®

You've never worn a girdle like new Concertina.* This "easy-action" back (exclusive with Maidenform) stretches just as far as you do. This extra "give" means the waistband and legs stay precisely in place. No need to yank or pull new Concertina because it can't slip and can't ride. S, M, L, XL. Power Net Girdle or Pantie, 6.95. Long Legs, 8.95.

* PATENT PENDING BY MAIDENFORM, INC., MAKERS OF BRAS, GIRDLES, SWIMSUITS



Afraid of dyes?

Fed up with rinses?

You need Tecnique—

the color conditioner!

Highlights your own hair color without changing it!

ecnique beautifies! What other hair coloring an promise you so much. Gives hair shimmer-g highlights without drastic color change, ithout a tell-tale "dye line." Blends in gray rands evenly, to give hair a natural look.

ecnique means no touch-up problem! Works s beauty *deep* into your hair. Lasts up to 8 eeks. Won't rub off or streak. And there's othing for you to keep up. You make the mple application when you *want* (not because ou have to) to keep your hair at its loveliest.

ecnique conditions your hair! Fine, gentle ils add new softness—leave your hair feel-ng lush, supple, easier to manage.

ecnique is shampoo-simple! You just hoose your shade from 12 Tecnique olor-Tones. Don't change the color of our hair, highlight it with Tecnique,® he color conditioner.

.00 plus tax. © 1962. SHULTON.

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEED

Tecnique®
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Strong Yet Safe – Gives Hours of Continuous Relief from Minor

ARTHRITIS PAINS



Reduces swelling and inflammation so it's easier to move afflicted limbs again

Arthritis may attack young people as well as 'oldsters.' No cure has yet been found. But medical research has now definitely established that the *strong* yet *safe* medication in Anacin® gives hours of *continuous* relief from arthritis minor pains – even chronic pain of this nature arising from deep in the joints.

It has also been found that Anacin has a most effective anti-inflammatory action that reduces swelling and inflammation – a basic cause of arthritis suffering. In *minutes* pain is relieved so it's easier to move about. This increased motility is *most important* because it helps keep joints from 'locking' or 'stiffening.'

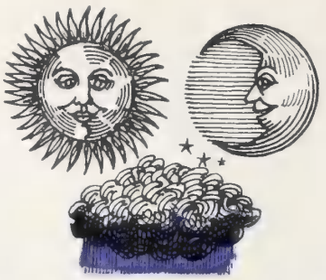
The reason Anacin Tablets are so effective is that they contain *strong* yet *safe* medication. Remember, aspirin or buffered aspirin contains *only one* pain reliever. But Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, a combination of *three* medically proven ingredients. And Anacin does *not* upset the stomach. Buy Anacin today for fast, prolonged relief! Take as directed.

ANACIN®

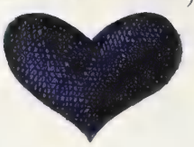
contains extra pain-relieving medication not found in aspirin or buffered aspirin

LARGEST SELLING *Pain Reliever*





I LOVE HIM, BUT...



BY JANE GOODSELL

He bought himself a banjo three years ago, but he's never learned play it. He's got a marvelous camera with a light meter, a range finder a a close-up attachment, but he hasn't figured out how to work it. He has basementful of tools, including six different kinds of saws, but he called a carpenter to build a little shelf for the back porch.

One day, while he was rummaging for a bottle opener in a kitch drawer, he picked up my twenty-nine-cent melon-ball cutter and sai "What's this?"

I explained what it was, and he said, "Do you ever use it?"

I confessed that I didn't because—well, because it was easier not t

He said, "Then what did you buy it for?"

• The sofa arrived from the upholsterer's, newly covered in bright blu linen, and it looked stunning. Overcome with excitement, I began shiftin furniture to see if I couldn't find a better arrangement. I pushed the pian over to the window wall, placed the barrel chairs on either side of th fireplace and switched the sofa to the opposite end of the room. When finished, the room looked much larger but somehow cozier.

When my husband came home, he tossed his hat on the sofa and sai "What's new, honey?"

• Molly, our six-year-old, awoke at three A.M. with a temperature 102.5°. I dumped her into a tub of lukewarm water, dried her off an tucked her back into bed, while my husband chain-smoked and muttere about calling the doctor.

I explained that little children get higher fevers than adults and, any way, she seemed to be feeling better now. When he reached the stage smoking two cigarettes at the same time, I said, "All right, call the docto You won't go to sleep unless you do."

So he phoned the doctor and said, "I hate to call at this hour, but ou little girl has a high fever and my wife is awfully worried about her."

• I asked him to tell me frankly whether I had the figure to wear hip rider pants.

He made me promise not to get mad, and then he told me. Frankly

• My birthday was only a few days away, and I yearned for a flowere cashmere sweater. Naturally, I didn't want to come right out and ask fo it because it's much more fun to be surprised.

But I dropped hints like a bridesmaid scattering rice. I remarked that flowered sweater would go beautifully with my white silk dress. I men tioned the amazing coincidence that my age and my sweater size would b exactly the same on my next birthday. I clipped out a newspaper adver tisement, marked it with red pencil, and left it lying beside the telephon for three days.

On my birthday he gave me a book he'd been wanting to read and check because, he explained, he had no way of knowing what I wanted

• When I reach the absolute end of my rope, turn purple and scream tha he's the most difficult, contradictory and impossible man in the whol world, and that I wish I'd married someone else instead, he puts his han under my chin, kisses me on the end of my nose and says, "I like a woma with spirit. Did you know that your eyes turn green when you get mad?"

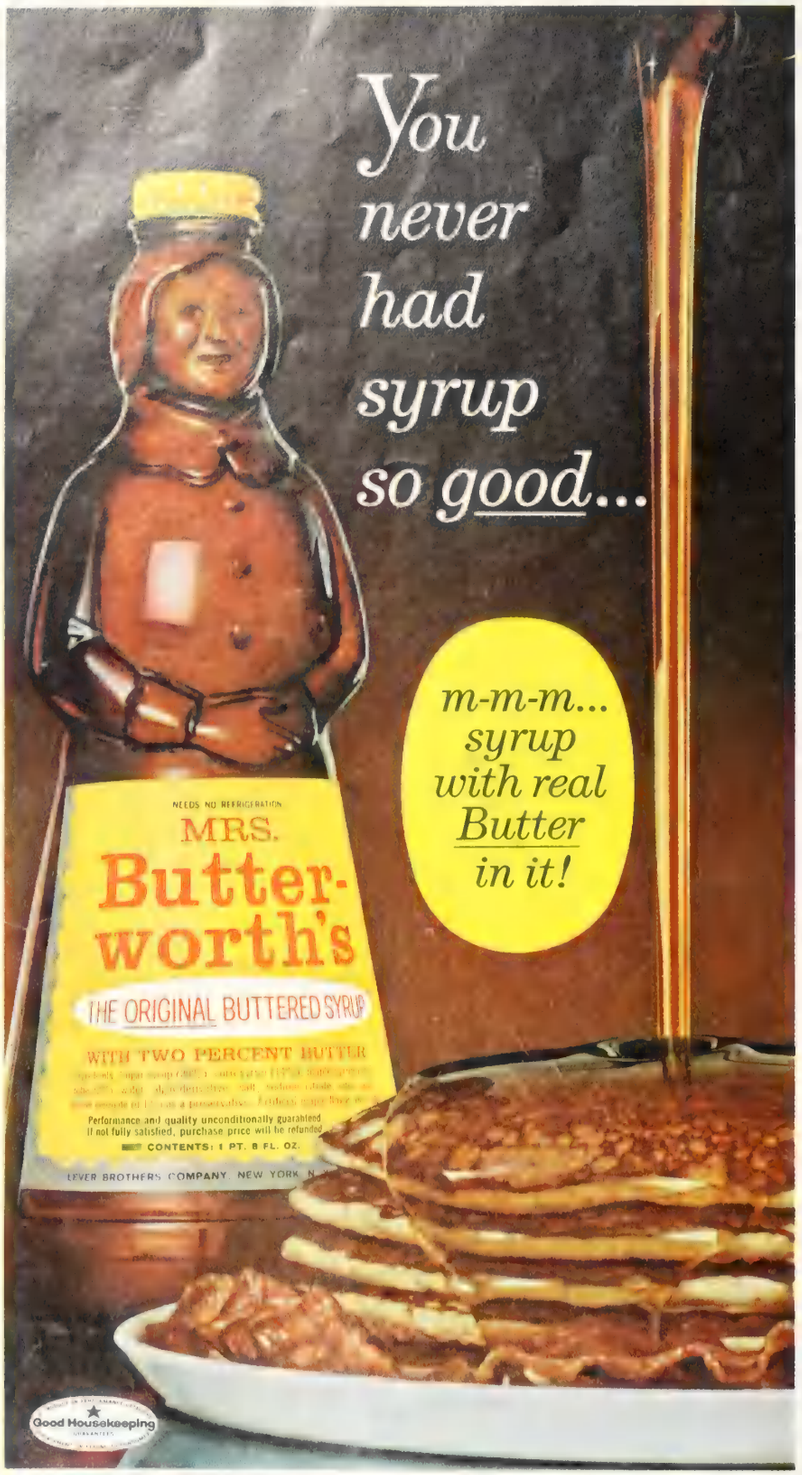
And that's the most infuriating thing of all. I can't stay mad at him

© 1962 BY JANE GOODSELL



...and it pays off every washday

This 1963 Heavy Duty Laundromat is rigged—you simply can't lose. The Westinghouse Laundromat® Automatic Washer pays back part of its purchase price with every wash because it uses only *half* the bleach and detergent that agitator washers do. (Take a look, every detergent manufacturer says it right on the box!) The Laundromat not only uses less water and detergent but it uses them *more efficiently*—by putting gravity to work. Its revolving tub lifts clothes up through the wash water, then gravity plunges them down for another dousing . . . up and around *fifty-seven* times a minute. The Heavy Duty Laundromat cleans clothes—never customers. It's available only at your Westinghouse dealers. *You can be sure . . . if it's* **Westinghouse**



Only Mrs. Butterworth's original recipe gives you this luscious new taste!



Mrs. Butterworth's uses full-flavor creamery butter for pure melt-in-your-mouth goodness.

Mrs. Butterworth's gives you a wonderfully rich, mapley taste in this richer pouring syrup.

Mrs. Butterworth's blends butter and mapley syrup so perfectly you get the same delicate flavor in every drop.

Get premium quality Mrs. Butterworth's Syrup in the attractive figurine bottle. It's the best thing that ever happened to pancakes, waffles, French toast.

QUICK TRICKS

Golden Sundaes . . . Nothing is more delicious on ice cream than Mrs. Butterworth's Syrup. Make party-specials with chopped nuts.

Journal about home

Thanks to many new products, you can forget the frenzy of old-fashioned fall cleaning. Easy does it!

FLOOR POLISHING AND RUG SCRUBBING aren't the backbreak they once were. From Westinghouse comes a new electric machine to ta the elbow grease out of both. For rug cleaning, it carries half a gallon fluid cleaner, dispensing it onto the brush as needed. Its orbital action gen massages carpets (a splash-guard dolly prevents spattering). The machi scrubs and polishes floors, leaves no streaks or swirls. Note from our hon making department: buffing adds luster and life to one-step clean-ar polish jobs too (it hardens wax coating). Price of the machine: under including scrubbing and polishing brushes, disposable buffing pads.

IF YOUR TABLETOPS HAVE "RINGITIS," you may be interested a new preventive: a spray varnish that resists rings, even discoloration fr spilled boiling liquids, alcohol, citrus juices, grease. Sapolin's U-Spray Instant Satin varnish adds a soft, hand-rubbed look to furniture, floo woodwork, can be wiped clean with a damp cloth. (Be sure surfaces a clean, dry, dustfree *before* spraying.) Each 16-oz. can, $1.79.

QUICK REFRESHERS are clip-on tubes of Eastman plastic which hi rusty shower rods, room-divider and closet poles. Available in black, whit blue, pink, lavender, yellow and gold, Pole-Cap will fit all standard pol and, with scissor trimming, towel racks, drapery rods. It's scratch- moistur and heat-resistant. About $2 per five-foot length.

PAINTING WINDOW FRAMES? Mrs. Joyce Hayes, of Florenc Oregon, suggests a solution for unsteady hands. Rub lard along the pan edging the casing. Any overlapping fresh paint will easily wipe off.

THE NEWEST LOOK IN WINDOW SHADES is a shadow effect. Fro Du Pont comes a new Tontine shade cloth with white-on-white desig Finely woven of Dacron and cotton, the material is long-wearing, washabl At night, when lighted from the front, the pattern is subtle. By day, wi sunlight shining through, the design emerges distinctly (it's opaque, t fabric translucent). Five designs are available: Lacette (a floral), Coins (r peated rows of stylized coins), Tudor (traditional), Stix and Dundee (bot contemporary). The shade cloth is available through shade dealers in width up to 42", prices comparable to other decorator shades.

A WOMAN MUST HAVE HELPED design the new dishwasher tha takes care of smallest complaints. One feature is the top rack that lifts o to accommodate turkey roasters; it also has two silver baskets to be use without lids or with (so small pieces don't float away). There's also a built-i hot-water booster (don't worry if the family has exhausted the supply Braille control dials. There are three washing cycles (it's the newest trend including a prewash that is safe for nonheat-resistant plastic and can doub as a plate warmer. Waste King's Imperial 900 costs $400 to $500, dependin on model (under counter, freestanding, convertible).

WHAT-WILL-THEY-THINK-OF-NEXT? DEPT. A portable pian this one a 64-note, 81-pound, all-transistor electronic model from Wu litzer. To travel, piano packs 39" x 21" x 8". To play, it stands 34" high Added advantage: when plugged to earphones, only the pianist hears th music. Cost: about $485 with bench, earphones, porta-cover, battery pack

WAFFLES HAVE CHANGED! Dominion's new automatic sandwic toaster/waffle iron does a curlicue design instead of the old crisscross.On th flip side of each waffle grid, 168 square inches of temperature-controlled sur face for grilling everything from steaks to sandwiches. (Under $35.

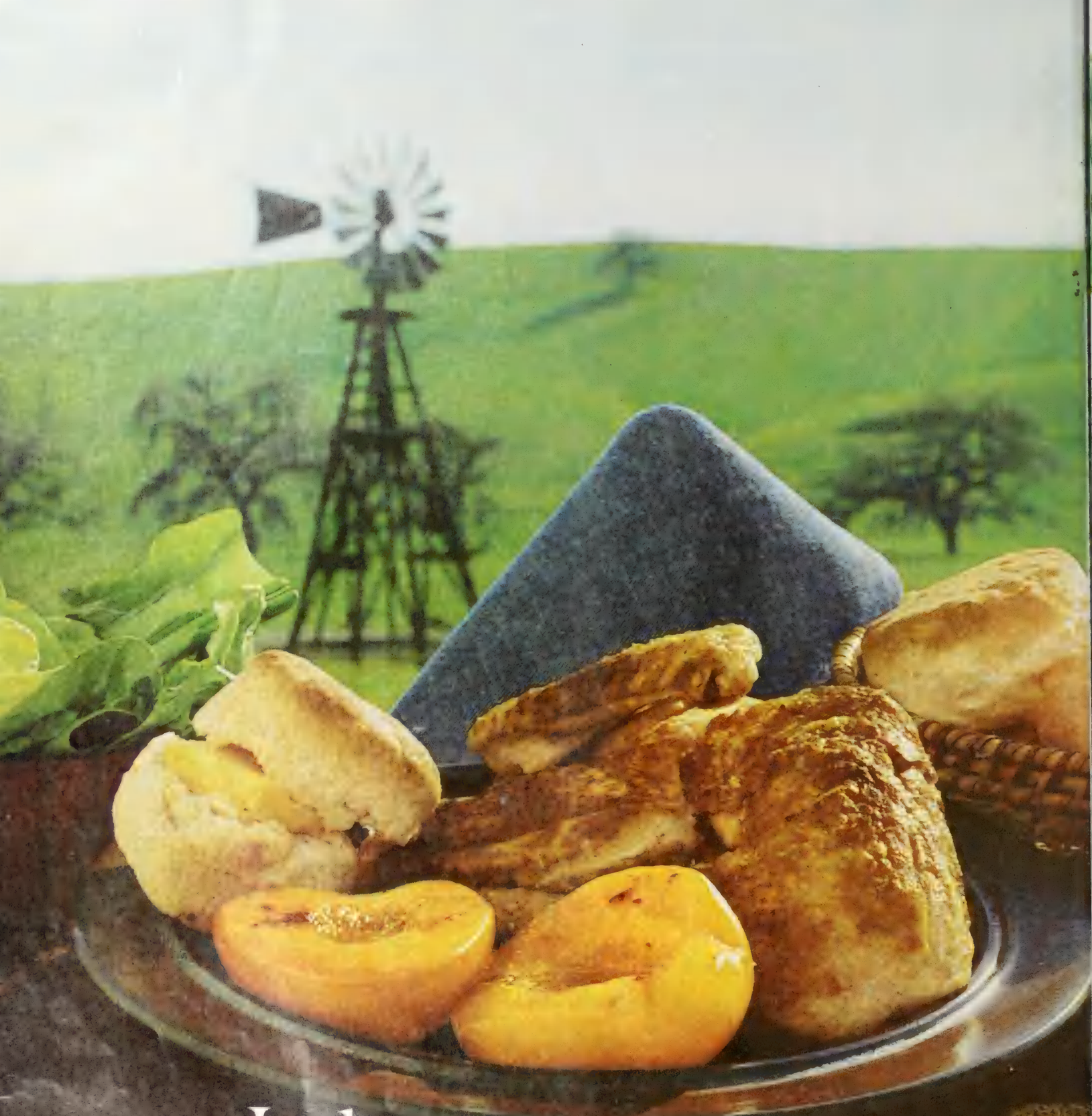
WE'VE JUST CAUGHT THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT from an enchant ing set of papier-mâché magi in royal purples, blues and gold. Anyone ca make them, we're told by Binney & Smith, manufacturers of Crayol crayons and Artista tempera paint. All you need are mailing tubes, news paper strips, paste, paint and/or crayons. Plus a venturesome spirit, w might add. There's a second set of figures made of wood scraps (spools jump-rope handles, drawer pulls), now packaged unpainted, and sold i dime stores. Designs are easy enough for children to do. For free instruction write: Trudy Vilaska, Binney & Smith, 380 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y

AND WHILE WE'RE IN THE HOLIDAY MOOD, there's a fre booklet that shows delightful ways to decorate with golden pot-scrubbers Write: Kurly Kate Corp., 2215 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 16, Ill.



our white thumb does show through everything...every time you bake ith Gold Medal, the flour so fine, so trustworthy you don't even ave to sift! No surprise then, that the beginning of baking confi- ence... confidence to try any recipe... starts with Gold Medal Flour.





Look what you can do with cling peaches hot!

WESTERN RANCH DINNER... Bisquick biscuits, hot cling peaches and fried chicken Outdoors...indoors, what a handsome sight to come home to, the perfect partnership of California cling peaches and chicken, with a basket full of hot fluffy Bisquick biscuits on the side. You'll find that canned cling peaches (served hot to bring out their half-tangy, half-sweet fruit flavor) do the very MOST for crispy old-fashioned fried chicken. **HERE'S HOW: Use your favorite frying method. 5-10 mins. before done, drain excess fat from pan, add drained peach halves. Heat 5-10 mins., sprinkle peaches with thyme or rosemary, or serve plain. If you prefer, sprinkle peach halves with brown sugar and broil till tinged with brown. REMEMBER: Only cling peaches hold their flavor, perfect shape and sunny color during heating.**

CLING PEACH ADVISORY BOARD

Family money management

BY SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

onsultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America

en today are taking on increasing responsibilities as family money gers. Most of them do a wonderful job, but sometimes it helps to an expert beside you. In a new *Journal* service, Mr. Margolius will time to time answer on this page letters concerning the many complex ial problems that modern families are forced to meet.

AT IS THE CHEAPEST WAY TO INCREASE INSURANCE?

concerned about our insurance coverage. We have four children and re repaying $2800 in education loans. My husband is twenty-nine. He vo small policies—one for $2000 and another for $5000. Our payments 9 a quarter. I am considering increasing this to $10,000, still not much, ave been told that we may lose too much by changing to make it while."—Mrs. C. H., Bennington, Vermont.

you were just starting out, Mrs. C. H., one large policy would be advisable than several small ones. Most companies give "economy discounts on $10,000 policies, and some even on $5000. For example, ompany charges $21.25 for $1000 of ordinary insurance, and only 5 per thousand for $10,000 policies.

owever, changing policies in midstream requires careful comparison ts, because you usually pay a new "acquisition cost." Also, your older es may have some advantages such as more generous provision for rting to retirement income.

ere are other ways to increase your insurance at less expense. Your nt policies are what are known as ordinary or whole-life insurance. rst suggestion would be to add an "income rider." Your insurance any will add such a rider to policies issued after 1953.

income rider on policies totaling $7000 would pay your family $70 th for the remainder of twenty years from date of issue of the original es. This would cost you $33.60 a year ($4.80 for each $10 of monthly e), or after normal dividends, about $26.

is is the equivalent of $10,000–$12,000 of insurance (the exact amount ds on the dates of issue of the original policies). With your present es, you would have a total of $19,000.

contrast, increasing your present policies to $10,000 by purchasing more of the same type of insurance would cost $60–$70 a year more. ou indicate, this still would not give adequate protection for your y.

e income rider is really a form of decreasing term insurance. It is an ensive way to provide a lot of insurance while children are young, is when they need insurance protection most. When the period of ction provided by the rider ends, you and your husband will still have of permanent insurance.

MONEY FOR THE FIRST ANNUAL PREMIUM

nted that it's an excellent idea to pay premiums annually instead nthly," writes Mrs. G. H. of Milwaukee, "where does that enormous come from the first time?"

ou can usually save 8 percent by paying the premium annually. While re saving for that first large premium, if you do plan to buy a new , you can arrange preliminary term insurance in the interim for up to ays at a small charge. For example, preliminary term insurance for ays can be had for about $2.75 per $1000 of coverage.

existing policies the only alternative is to start a special savings nt with even small deposits until you accumulate the first annual ium. Another method sometimes used is splitting one policy into al. Instead of a $6000 policy, you buy three $2000 ones and stagger ue dates. But this may not be an advantage if you are buying a large nomy-size" policy at special rates.

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New Brillo

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in it!



NEW! Cuts grease faster . . . shines pans brighter!



Has rust resister, too!

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Presto! Pushbutton Spray-Steam Iron

does more fabrics without pre-dampening than any other!

Good-bye sprinkling. Discover the joys of the steamingest iron yet! Let Presto's new Spray-Steam system put a fast and crisp finish on pieces you used to pre-dampen.

Here's the first iron to *spray* with *steam*. Right from the soleplate Spray Vent comes a continuous spray of *steam*. No water to sputter, splash your hands or spot delicate fabrics. And all the moisture goes into the fabric. No water drops to stay on the surface and evaporate before your iron can get to them.

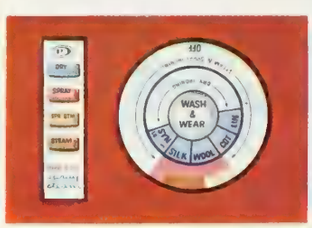
And when you use the combination Spray-Steam setting shown in action above, you're getting at least *twice* the steam provided by any other iron!



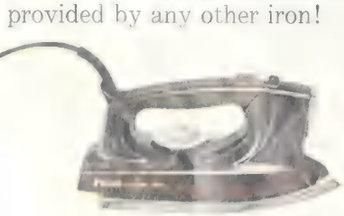
Exclusive soleplate spray vent pushes a steam spray deep into the heaviest fabric. No pre-dampening or water to spot and evaporate.



Ironing goes faster with 20 steam ports all over the big masterful soleplate. Holds more water (9 oz.), steams longest . . . up to 40 minutes!



Just color-match push buttons to the dial for the kind of ironing you want: (A) Spray, (B) Steam, (C) Spray-Steam, or (D) Dry. Wide range of steam and dry settings for wash and wear, delicate synthetics.



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NATURAL CHILDBIRTH: FACTS AND FALLACIES

Mothers and doctors using natural-childbirth methods now have the favorable evidence of 20 years of American medical experience to support their choice.

A bold departure from established ways is often seriously misrepresented or misunderstood during the period of its greatest growth. Irrelevant charges are hurled against it especially at the time when the old must defend itself hardest, because so many find good in the new. So it was with the idea of cleanliness during the occasion of childbirth. Doctors once believed childbed fever was caused by diet or the smell of certain flowers. After Pasteur's work, a few physicians began washing their hands before delivering babies, and saw in their own practice a dramatic drop in the incidence of infections. In the face of the evidence, other doctors had to sneer more loudly than ever at the invisible creatures called germs. So it is today with the kind of obstetrical care called "natural childbirth." Established practices die hard; misrepresentations cluster about the new.

The *Journal* was among the earliest supporters of natural childbirth in America, and we are proud of the part we have played in its increasing acceptance over the last twenty years. Its growth has been an exciting one; the astonishing welcome given it by mothers was sure evidence that it met a human need. Over the years, greater and greater numbers of responsible physicians have come to provide this kind of care, and in the light of experience have joined mothers in their enthusiasm.

Now the carefully assembled, conservatively reported, but overwhelmingly favorable medical data of twenty years' experience are on the record for any doubter who cares to look. The *Journal* supports natural childbirth today because it has been proved to be—for most women who wish to use it, and barring specific medical indications against it—a safe, sensible and emotionally rewarding way to have a baby. Our support has always been given with our first concern in mind: our readers. When an irresponsible and factually inaccurate attack on natural childbirth is widely published, we are, again, concerned for our readers. Every woman who is about to have a baby needs sound information, not misinformation, to help her decide whether or not it is a procedure she wants for herself.

Natural childbirth can be defined as *a philosophy of maternity care under which the mother is educated to use her own physical, emotional and mental resources to help make the process of normal childbirth easier, pleasanter and more satisfying.*

Any definition that attempts to fix *how great* a mother's contribution should be is misleading, and almost invariably comes from detractors of the method. The physicians in this country who have delivered thousands upon thousands of mothers by natural childbirth are, on the record, unanimous on this point. They, and the mothers, are enthusiastic because they have found that *any* skillful participation by the mother is rewarding.

Is a mother's participation *all* natural childbirth is about? Essentially, yes—but the implications are immense. Natural childbirth is the very opposite of "primitive" childbirth. If mothers are to participate skillfully and satisfyingly, they must be educated and assisted all along the way. Education begins early in pregnancy and equips the mother with practical information about the physiological and emotional events of pregnancy and childbirth. It gives her techniques for dealing with them. It casts light into all the dark corners that might breed fear. It includes constant support during labor. The truly exciting aspect of natural childbirth is that the human body, heart and mind respond so well to this preparation. Doctors find that the well-prepared mother almost invariably ends by participating positively, to a very large degree, in the actual delivery. Her contribution is voluntary. It is neither a chore nor a frightening process; it is something she knows how to do.

"Natural childbirth is postulated on more, not less medical and nursing care." Hazel Corbin, director, Maternity Center Association, New York, N.Y.

"Almost everywhere, disinterested observers comment on the extraordinary change of atmosphere that occurs in labor and delivery-room suites when personnel are trained and there is a large proportion of trained patients. This atmosphere so perfuses the environment that even the untrained patient is affected by it." C. Lee Buxton, M.D., chairman, Department of Obstetrics and Gynecology, Yale University School of Medicine: "A Study of Psychophysical Methods for Relief of Childbirth Pain," W. B. Saunders Co., 1962.

It seems sensible to prepare for an experience as momentous as childbirth. If the preparation requires special education and encouragement during pregnancy and labor, many doctors, hospitals and nursing staffs now thoroughly believe in providing them. The results are as dramatic as was the washing of hands in the nineteenth century.

"There is a marked decrease in the incidence of prolonged labor, a reduction in the need for analgesia and few complicated deliveries. . . . Most important, mothers will become enthusiastic participants in life's greatest adventure, and it can be a labor of love." M. Edward Davis, M.D., Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology, University of Chicago.

In view of these recorded successes, why is natural, or prepared, childbirth still a subject of controversy? Most of the controversy arises from the fallacies that attended its growth.

It is a fallacy that prepared-childbirth participants are expected to "endure" pain.

"Labor is not a contest with prizes for stoics, and there should be no necessity CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

PHOTOGRAPH BY HERB SNITZER



THE HOUSE

There was a loud roaring and Mrs. Plomer's car arrived. "Oh, he's gone clean off his head," she shouted. "It's Ginger with him, barefoot and been out all night, no doubt."

By SONYA DORMAN

The house was quiet at last, because his mother had left to have a cup of coffee with Bessie Johns before they went to church. He'd better get out before his mother returned, though, or he'd have to listen to, "Oh, if only your pa was still alive"; or maybe, "If only you'd get married to a decent girl, only none would have you." Not to mention a rehash of the morning's sermon and an admonition to at least appear as if he believed in God, even if he didn't. Jim Plomer poured himself one more cup of coffee, and lighted a cigarette, planning to enjoy the peace as long as possible. Colton's tractor was at the garage for an overhaul, but it could wait until tomorrow. This afternoon, instead of working, Jim would drive over to the lot where the old barn stood, and see how his house was coming along. Drive right through town so everybody could know where he was going.

Bob Colton had said, "You're crazy, to build yourself a house and leave your ma all alone. What do you want with a house?"

If they didn't understand what he wanted with one, there was no point to his trying to



ERIK BLEGVAD

explain: "Now I got to have a place where I can drive a hook into the wall and hang my own coat on it, without anybody telling me yes or no. I got to have something I can put my hand on, and feel it's real, and it's mine."

Jim Plomer's imagination told him that this kind of answer was worse than useless. He knew they talked about him, the men sitting around in Billy's Store on a lazy Sunday, speaking out slowly into the hot gloom. They laughed at him—maybe because their shoes fit so tight that they couldn't try on someone else's, he thought.

Was that good? Jim asked his coffee cup. Was it good for you to fit so tight into your own shoes you could never fall out of them?

When the phone rang Jim swung himself around in the wooden chair and lifted the receiver down from the wall. It was his mother, calling from Bessie's.

"No, I am not going to church," he said to her. He dropped the receiver, letting it dangle against the wall while he could hear his mother's voice crying doom on him. As he sat in the wooden chair his muscles twitched in response to his busy mind; any moment he would leap up and begin to wrestle with the phone box on the wall. Before his very eyes flakes of plaster began to rain down, and loose wires snapped. A fine sound of destruction roared in his ears, and imaginary clots of flying plaster plopped into the cup in his hand.

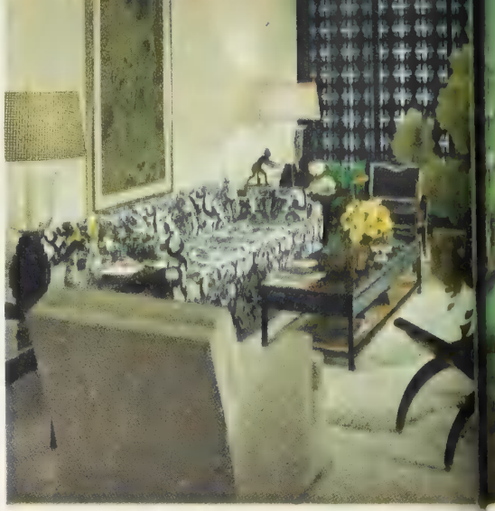
Jim gently picked up the screaming receiver and set it back in place. "That'll fix you," he said. He lifted his feet high to avoid the invisible debris on the floor, and went down the back steps and across the yard to his car.

He drove through the town square, with its tall elms and grass-grown center triangle, and as he passed Billy's Store he slowed down. The men in there represented most of the families in the area, which was still good farm country, although the gap between the little town and Westwood Center was being rapidly closed by housing developments. It was at the end of the development road that Jim was having his house built. CONTINUED ON PAGE 125

THE JOURNAL'S COLOR QUARTET

By CYNTHIA KELLOGG
DECORATING EDITOR
with Alice Kastberg

BASIC BLACK combines with today's favorite background color, off-white, to create the newest neutral scheme. It does for your room what a basic black dress does for you—provides a dramatic foil for accessories. In the case of the room, the accessories could be colorful paintings, books and decorative objects; a handsome area rug or spectacular flower arrangement. Note how the yellow flowers and porcelain birds glow in the black-and-white room at the right. Reds or greens would also be marvelous accents. This scheme can create a formal masculine feeling, as in the room we show, or an informal, feminine one; as for example, in a bedroom with black-and-white toile patterns. Shown below are some of the new furnishings to help you create the new neutral background. Trends to note are: a medieval pattern (new) on the window shade (newest place for pattern in a room), the tablecloth check for upholstery and draperies, the modern pewter designs, the octagonal ironstone dinner plate, the filigree "bubble" light in plastic.



Black-and-white room was designed by Hector Gra.





ue and white freshen a green room. By Michael Greer for Barbara Kraus.

SPRING GREEN

son, now it streaks through the new collections of furnishings from bed linens to furniture itself. Despite its brilliance, it can create a cool atmosphere, as in the living room at left. Here, the green idea was carried all the way to the walls and ceiling, painted to match the draperies and upholstery. To relieve this dramatic monochromatic scheme, blue, a "natural" with green, was used in a patterned valance and area rug. Other ways to establish a spring-green background are suggested below in fabrics, a rug, wallpaper and a window shade. You could use smaller doses of this lively color, perhaps with the accessories we show, in almost any color scheme. Don't stop with the living or dining room—you will find such green delights for the bedroom and bath as sheets and towels. Note also the trend to reproducing antique ceramics for decorative objects and tableware, as the copies of a French dinner plate, a lettuce-leaf platter with a rabbit cover, and a tiny "cauliflower" tureen.

AMBER BROWN is an upcoming color that will shoot to the top next year. This warm, home-loving color family includes the old golds and burnt oranges, coppers and brasses, butterscotches and chocolate browns. See how wonderful they are with the woods of the furniture, floor and shutters in the room at right. They are especially good for living rooms, since they make people relax and stimulate conversation. And this color range is a favorite with men. You can find lots of furnishings in these shades right now. In addition to fabrics, papers, a rug and a window shade, we show two other ideas for dressing the background in ambers—a shaggy, modern tapestry and a cutout antiqued tin eagle. Trends to note here: the crewel pattern (left) for draperies and upholstery; the silver chest, pretty enough to use as a living-room accessory; and on top of it, vermeil flatware inspired by the White House service; a tabletop (beneath the pitcher) covered in fabric-under-plastic.



Amber room by Architectural Interiors in Lincoln Towers, N.Y.C. Furnishings, Macy



n by Keith Irvine in Col. Serge Obolensky's home.

CHINA BLUE

is a new, deeper shade of a color that, happily, goes on and on. The most popular color in furnishings today, it has always been a favorite with women. The new shades, inspired by the vogue for collecting Delft, Meissen and other blue-and-white ceramics, have nothing babyish about them. As the setting at left illustrates, these are colors with character. A blue-and-white pattern in matching paper and fabric was used almost everywhere in the room, including drapery around the entry to a dressing room. A solid rug, bed skirt and pillows underline the blue. This country-fresh scheme would be quite at home in the city and would be wonderful in dining rooms because blue makes food look appetizing. Our roundup of furnishings in these shades includes other news: upholstery fabric that looks like homespun (extreme right), printed plastic for upholstery (the paisley just behind the cage), ceramic floor tiles, copies of an antique birdcage and Chinese Export urn.

PHOTOGRAPHS:
INTERIORS BY HANS VAN NES
STILL LIFES BY JAMES MOORE

FOR SHOPPING INFORMATION,
TURN TO PAGES 132 AND 133.

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO MARRY A KENNEDY

Sincere, unaffected and nonathletic, beautiful Joan Kennedy refuses to be overwhelmed by America's First Family.

Last summer a slender, golden-haired girl in brief geranium-pink shorts and a flowered top was lounging on her terrace overlooking blue Nantucket Sound. "Tewksbury," she said aloud. "North Chelmsford." She frowned in concentration, studying a road map. Joan Kennedy, a New Yorker and the family's most recent bride, was memorizing the location of every city, town and crossroads in Massachusetts in preparation for her husband Teddy's senatorial campaign.

Beside her on the manicured green lawn edged with wild roses and honeysuckle, two bare, tanned babies tumbled happily in the warm morning sun. Their nurse, Miss O'Dowd, stood near scolding gently in French, "*Mais non, mon chéri!*" as the infant boy crawled near the hot flagstones. The children's mother looked up from her studying, then continued to gaze at her rosy-cheeked babies with a look of warm satisfaction.

Kara Anne Kennedy, two and a half, a sweet, rather serious little girl, has her mother's long blond hair and topaz-green eyes; Teddy Jr., a year old, resembles his father.

"My husband was afraid our daughter might inherit his legs," explains Joan candidly, "but fortunately Kara is fine-boned and slender. Teddy Jr. looks like a good future Harvard football end, thank goodness."

Their sunbath over, the children were led over the edge of the high bluff to bathe at the private secluded beach below. Later they were joined by young John Kennedy, a year older than his cousin Teddy Jr. His nurse, Miss Shaw, is a long-time friend of Miss O'Dowd. As the President's sturdy son toddled into the warm shallow waters of Hyannis Port with his nurse, a security officer appeared on a sand dune and stood watching. A small white telephone on the terrace rang and Joan Kennedy picked it up instantly. An exuberant male voice came over the phone:

"Saddle up, Joansie! We've got a two-o clock tea at Lowell, then another one at four. There's a banquet tonight in Boston and after that a coffee in Lawrence. We should be back at Squaw Island" (he pronounced it Squawr) "tonight. Did I tell you six are coming for lunch tomorrow? Could you get lobster?"

Joan was jotting down quick notes: "White piqué suit—black cocktail dress—8 lobsters." When the staccato voice finished, she bubbled enthusiastically, "Wonderful, dear! I'll be up on the first plane.



DI PIETRO

"It makes me mad when people say Ted's in politics just because of Jack," says Joan. She reads six newspapers to keep up with her in-laws.

"I'm going to see my *husband!*" she ran in to tell her cook ecstatically. "I haven't seen him in six days!"

"I lead an absolutely last-minute life," Joan explained later as she packed a suitcase in her pink-and-white bedroom. "That's why I never put anything back in my closet that needs pressing or cleaning and why I keep a cosmetic bag always packed and ready." As she talked, she sprayed her blond hair and wrapped it rapidly in big curlers, then wound a turquoise chiffon scarf around her head. "It's so hard on your hair when you swim every day. . . . I like to look neat and well-groomed at these affairs. . . . I worry about looking too young. I don't want to look *old*, but well, you know, *mature*.

"Hyannis Port is so convenient to everywhere," she continued. "The husbands fly up weekends from Washington or New York or Boston—and Sargent, who heads the Peace Corps, arrives from Tanganyika or *anywhere*." Joan is so used to boarding planes that she keeps two shopping lists in her small neat handbag, one for Boston and the other for New York. Although her next year's address is currently in doubt—Teddy would like to add Washington to his regular commuting routine—Joan says they will in any event keep their Boston brownstone and of course their summer place at Hyannis Port, "A forever house; a home we bought to live in our entire lives."

Within an hour Joan was ready to board the Boston plane. She drove herself to the public airport at Hyannis in a rented Ford. ("I don't have a car at the moment, and can't

by Betty Hannah Hoffman

"Ted's exhilarated by crowds," but Joan often seeks solitude. She enjoys 'the sense of repose" of Cape mornings spent with Kara Anne, 2½, and Teddy



decide whether to buy a new one or a secondhand one," she explained.) As she backed out of her driveway, she glanced across the street at the handsome long, low gray-shingled house the President's family rented last summer from singer Morton Downey. ("It has more privacy than Jack's house down near his parent's place, and it has a heated pool, good for his back," says Joan.) A security officer standing at the entrance waved as she drove past. Behind him, throwing a ball with Caroline, was the First Lady, wearing tight Capri pants and what looked like an old red Harvard sweat shirt.

Joan drove down the high isolated bluff where her house and Morton Downey's are situated (known locally as Squaw Island, although it is not an island) and along a sandy road with no houses, running between a golf course and the sea. A half mile down this road toward the boat basin is the Joseph P. Kennedy home, known as the Big House, although it is not significantly bigger than any of its neighbors, having six bedrooms and a servants' wing. It sits in a close cluster of handsome houses by the water's edge, separated only by low walls and beautifully tended lawns and flower borders. Next door is the Robert Kennedy place with extensive jungle gyms on its spacious back lawn.

Here rain or shine last summer the Kennedy sisters assembled in the late afternoon to exchange news. If it was wet, the children threw pillows at one another in the big playroom at the Robert Kennedys'. The tall Kennedy sisters included Eunice Shriver, Jean Smith and Pat Lawford (when she flew in from Hollywood) and sisters-in-law Ethel and Jacqueline and Joan. "Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy make no distinction between their daughters and their sons' wives," explains Joan. "They make us *all* feel like daughters. Age doesn't make any difference either. Eunice is thirty-nine, but her youngest child is only a year and a half. I'm twenty-five, but we feel like contemporaries."



WIDE WORLD

"We did it!" Ted won Senate endorsement from Mass. Democrats. "White House influence!" said his rival.

Jean Kennedy Smith adds, "And we *hate* that phrase 'the Kennedy clan.' We always say *the family*."

Although the Kennedy women, husbandless during the week last summer, dined together every night, Joan denies that their fiercely devoted family life ever became overwhelming. "There was always so much to talk about," she says.

At five o'clock the Kennedy girls, as they call themselves, would drift into the Big House to visit former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, recuperating from a serious stroke which left his speech impaired. "We called this the cocktail hour," Joan said, "although none were served. My father-in-law is such a warm, lovable person," she added, "and so fond of his grandchildren." So far he has twenty, the oldest being Ethel's Kathleen, who is eleven, and last summer at least eighteen were whooping it up regularly outside his bedroom window.

To keep the children busy, a young Harvard student was hired to teach the older boys and girls how to catch and throw a ball. They also fished, swam, golfed, waterskied and played tennis. The three- and four-year-olds often visited the Kennedy farm, some fifteen minutes from "the Compound," where Caroline's pony Macaroni was stabled, as well as several spirited horses from the Robert Kennedys' farm in Virginia. "This is truly a kids' paradise," believes Joan.

All the Kennedy wives and sisters, with the exception of Pat Lawford, arrive in Hyannis Port the Fourth of July and stay through Labor Day, returning for a family Thanksgiving dinner. Last November, after a big holiday dinner, the family gathered around Joan at the piano and sang lustily, "even the President." Joan plays "long-hair and short-hair music" as she describes it and also by ear. Ted urges her to the piano at every opportunity. She is the only Kennedy girl with musical talent. "A beautiful pianist," says a former college classmate.

As soon as the little Thanksgiving concert was over, the family went outdoors, children and grown-ups, for kick-the-can, hide-and-seek and touch football. As Dave Hackett, a friend of Bobby's, wrote in his *Rules for Visiting the Kennedys:* "If you don't want to play, don't come. If you come, play, or you'll be fed in the kitchen and nobody will speak to you. Don't let the girls fool you. Even pregnant,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

BEGINNING 17 PAGES MOTHERS & DAUGHTERS

"Gone, gone again is summer the lovely, gone like a silver fish from the hand ——" wrote Edna St. Vincent Millay.

Like summer, a daughter is a lovely thing, and in these pages we have tried to catch her as one would a summer's day.

Beauty and grace are part of her (one of the easiest ways to tell a daughter from a son), and here is a primer for her early beauty, fashions for her early grace.

Summer brings bounty to the table with a joyousness matched only by a daughter bringing her first batch of cookies.

But beware. Like summer, a daughter cannot be caught and held—not even for as long as a son. By the time she is three, she has her feminine opinions, often exasperating, as Jeanmarie Coogan reminds us in *Kate's Girl.* When she is closest to you (as in *When Your Daughter Pretends She's You*), she is most ready to depart.

For if she admires and loves you, she must leave you to have a home of her own, preferably with a daughter in it. "Gone, gone again is my daughter the lovely, gone like a silver fish from the hand ——" It is into womanhood that she goes. And is this not what we all want for our daughters?



KATE'S GIRL

BY JEANMARIE COOGAN

y mother wanted-a beautiful, talented, rich, singing and danc-, child-movie-star daughter—with spunk. She got a stringbeany kworm. I wanted a demure, ladylike mother. What I got was all, flamboyant Irish tomboy who whistled through her teeth.

y mother couldn't stand me when I was little. This seemed e a perfectly sensible arrangement to me, because I certainly ıldn't stand my mother. We were neither what the other uld ever have chosen for a life companion.

The mother I had in mind for myself was middle-aged and dium-sized, with marcelled brown hair pulled back in a bun. e wore an apron, baked a lot, was serious and soft-spoken, ng hymns and played the organ. Before her marriage she had en a schoolteacher or librarian.

My real mother, who was nineteen when I was born, was a l tomboy with flyaway blond hair and the wide shoulders, rrow hips and long legs of an athlete—which she was. Be- use of her looks people always thought she was Scandinavian, t her temperament was strictly Irish. No matter how despair- ; others became, my mother could always find a bit of fun the grimmest circumstances, and she had a great shout of augh that exploded like firecrackers. An old invalid neighbor often told me, "I love to hear your mother laugh." That old neighbor lived two houses away. Other mothers stood on the porch and called their children home in a shaky soprano trill. My mother leaned out a window, put two fingers to her lips and produced a signal whistle that could be heard in the next block. I was never late for dinner. I would have had no excuse.

My mother was a very plain cook and seldom baked, but she was a great all-around handyman. Long before do-it-yourself became fashionable, my mother papered and painted our house, patched the shed roof and fixed leaking faucets and broken hinges because she had to. But she also enjoyed it.

My mother had had to quit school to go to work and help out at home and she had never learned the quiet pleasures of reading. Her idea of a good time was to crowd a lot of people, preferably relatives—of whom we had thousands—into our small house, provide a few drinks, lots of cold cuts, dancing in the early part of the evening, singing toward the end, and fun and jokes all night long. Far from being a hymn singer, my mother, as she rocked me through nights of asthma attacks, lullabied me with *Melancholy Baby* and *Three Little Words*.

If my mother wasn't what I had in mind, I was even farther from her beau ideal. I wasn't even the right sex. My mother

STRATED BY GEORGE MOCNIAK

CONTINUED ON PAGE 107



TOPS



Finding an amusing or colorful fabric is half the battle in dreaming up a gay and unusual Christmas present. Ponyskin pullovers with jersey sleeves make the most delightful mother-and-daughter costumes. Our unfitted tops present no size problem. Worn with matching jersey slacks they are a gay combination. To make any one of our skirts to give, you need only two important measures—the waistline and the length (these can be picked up in casual conversation). We especially like the hand-knit checkerboard skirt because it is made in separate pieces and then joined (to knit on trains and planes or while watching television). Fleecy fabrics are in abundance, and our yellow skirt is bound in wool braid. This could easily be made in an evening. Our plaid mohair would be a welcome addition to any wardrobe—easy to make too. To charm the small fry on your list, our ticking apron lined in calico is practical—especially as a coverall for leotards and a T shirt or a simple dress. We suspect your only trouble will be finding that such pretties are hard to part with; but you can always make another for yourself—later.

Child's ponyskin set, Vogue Design No. 5716.
Mother's ponyskin set, Vogue Design No. 5714.
Yellow fleece skirt, Vogue Design No. 5612.
Plaid mohair skirt, Vogue Design No. 5612.
Child's ticking apron, Vogue Design No. 5718.
The knit skirt is a Journal Pattern, No. 2969.
See page 135 for back views and order instructions.

By NORA O'LEARY, PATTERN EDITOR

Photographs by Richard Heimann



& BOTTOMS



BOTTOMS

& TOPS

The most unexpected Christmas gift is often the one best liked. And, a present that you make yourself is always the most appreciated. Imagine the delight in receiving an upholstery-cotton skirt—it's just one length of fabric and makes a real conversation piece. Bright velveteen slacks are almost an "at home" uniform for young elegants. (Vogue has a foolproof pattern.) A fluffy mohair skirt in a delicious color would delight even the most difficult to please. And to delight your smaller friends, what could be more adorable than a patchwork apron that buttons on each shoulder? (This is a wonderful way to use up pretty leftovers.) The patchwork idea could be used for shirts and skirts as well. A good way to get key measurements from your friends is to compare your own measurements with theirs. They'll never suspect what you have in mind. Even a novice knitter could knit our mother-and-daughter harlequin sweaters. We have used the most unexpected color combination of lavender, coral, green and yellow. They can be combined with slacks in any of the shades and they make charming "after ski" costumes.



Tapestry skirt, Vogue Design No. 5420.
Velveteen slacks, Vogue Design No. 5714.
Pink mohair skirt, Vogue Design No. 5714.
Patchwork apron, Vogue Design No. 5718.
Harlequin sweaters come in a Journal Pattern, No. 2970.



RICHARD AVEDON

DIAHANN CARROLL

Elegant and incandescent star of Richard Rodger's "No Strings," daughter of a New York subway conductor. "Suzanne will be a city child because I must be near the theater. When I work abroad, she'll come, too, with a tutor. The important thing is that we're together. I'll teach her the power of simplicity; plain foods, uncluttered clothes, sincere convictions. Most of all I admire alive, involved people like the Harry Belafontes and Paul Newmans. Their kids are Susie's playmates. If she wants a career in show business, fine. It's been a wonderful life for me. She can marry a man of any shade, green with purple polka dots, or a white man as I did—so long as they love each other. But I hope she grows up in a more socially mature America. As Negroes learn to speak up, to make their needs known, they will be accepted or rejected as people."

What I want for my daughter



JOSEPH DI PIETRO

EILEEN FORD

Vibrant, versatile ex-model who with her husband runs the world's largest model agency. "I hope my three girls will feel socially at ease. When a grown-up says, 'I wasn't accepted,' she really means, 'I wasn't acceptable.' I'm a fiend about manners. And our house overflows with company. It's a great big scary world. If a girl gets used to adults early, it gives her a special kind of confidence. I hope my girls contribute. I want them to be busy people. Projects keep you happy. But I hope they never work as hard as I do."



DI PIETRO

ANNE FOGARTY

Chic and gamine, she runs East Hampton and New York homes and her own clothes-designing firm. "I believe in specialists. A good nurse is more adept at child care than I am. Missy will have tennis, sailing and swimming lessons to help build her body. Modeling school will teach her how to stand, sit and move gracefully. I expect she'll be a debutante, but I hope she won't want a big wedding; too nerve-racking. I want a good classical education for her, then I selfishly hope she'll marry young and have twenty children for me. She will have a strict clothing allowance. I'll certainly tell her never to be afraid to wear the same thing over and over, but she must always look immaculate."



BETTY ROSENZWEIG

EILEEN FARRELL

One of the century's greatest sopranos, a happy Staten Island housewife married to a policeman. "At the Met I'm known for my Irish temper, but Kathi has never heard me swear. I consider my most important job teaching my children right from wrong. To worship money is wrong. Once Kathi asked me to bring the Cadillac to her school. I told her to walk home. Children are the point of living. What's a career? A trunkful of tarnished costumes. Because of my family, I won't tour with the Met, go to parties or entertain. Summers our family lives in a cabin in the Maine woods without a maid or telephone. I want Kathi to remember a happy family together; not a bowing prima donna on a stage."



DI PIETRO

NEHZAT BENGELLOUN

Vivacious and charming wife of the Moroccan ambassador on her first visit to America. "Here in Washington, D.C., Abela speaks Arabic with us, eats Moroccan food, and says her Islamic prayers daily. Above everyone she respects her father. Like American girls, she will have the chance to go to college, to take a job, and to choose her own husband. But she will not be given their freedom, especially in cars. Our Abela is a *très tendre* little girl. In all things we will help her choose the best of two worlds, the old and new."

A PRIMER FOR BEAUTIES UNDER 10

BY BRUCE CLERKE, BEAUTY EDITOR

SHOPPING LIST FOR BEAUTY ITEMS

talcum powder
pomade stick
baby oil
hand lotion
kids' nonstinging shampoo
ribbons, barrettes and rubberbands for hair
comb and brush
decorated sticky bandages
a Scrub and Brush gold-star chart
a large box of gold stars
free samples of all kinds
a lovely box to keep Everything Together

SHAMPOO



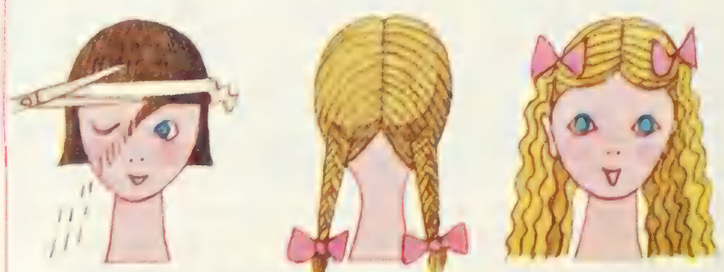


Once you're in the bathtub, a shampoo is an easy next step. Measure the shampoo in the bottle cap and drizzle it over your wet hair. Tickle your head hard, all over, with your fingers. When the shampoo is tired of bubbling, dunk your head in the tub and start over again. When you're sure it's clean, rinse your hair under the shower or with a shower-spray attachment. Hair squeaks like new shoes when it's been perfectly washed and rinsed.

HAIRDOS



Ways to keep your hair out of your eyes: make a Yo-yo-size bun on top, a braid in the middle of your forehead (smooth back and anchor with a ribbon), or try this Hong Kong pen-pal's hairdo.



Recipe for straight bangs: Cut a piece of cellophane tape and lay it straight and just so—right across hair you want to cut. Besides holding hair flat, tape acts as guide: clip right across its edge. Princess hair is tightly braided hair let down just before a party.

BATH





A bath is the first beautiful thing you learn to do for yourself. You can make elegant bath accessories out of the plastic bottles dishwashing detergents come in. Decorate them with nail polish (the colors mommy won't let you use on your nails) and fill them with your own shampoo (which just happens to make a very good emergency bubble bath) or baby oil, which is very smoothing for winter-rough knees. The bottles will float should you drop them in the tub.

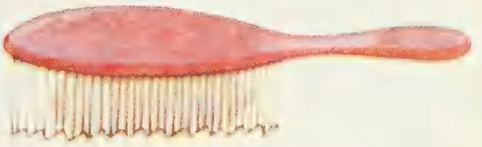
BRUSHES



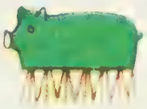
Both beauty and brushes start with B. Toothbrushes



keep your teeth pretty as add-a-pearl necklaces.



Hairbrushes make hair shine. There's a special size especially made to fit your hand.



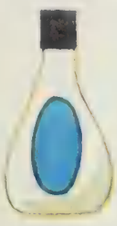
Nailbrushes are very good tools to use for scrubbing up elbows and knees. And for erasing inkstains. Bath brushes reach where you can't reach but mothers can see easily.

HANDS

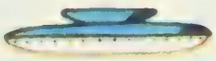




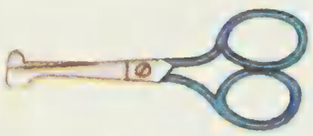
Clean hands always rate a gold star. A nailbrush coaxes the dirt out from under your nails.



Hand lotion smooths away chap and keeps dirt from sticking. Using a buffer is like shining



your nails with white kid gloves. You can learn to cut your own finger and toe nails with blunt-



end scissors. Always cut straight across. Pink polish is **only** for toes—to match your pajamas—



and to help you practice for when you grow up. With an emery board you can slick down



any of the rough edges that are left on your nails—the ones that catch in your mittens.

EXERCISES



It's good to stretch out on the floor after you watch TV. Lie flat, arms straight behind you. Stretch right arm as far back as it will reach. Then left, choochoo style.

Sit legs folded. Arms up straight. Head tilted back. Stretch your right arm up, reaching high toward the ceiling, relax and then reverse and reach up with your left arm.





Lie flat, knees bent. Pull your left knee up close to your chest. Then—just the way a bug walks—begin to put it back in place while you bring up your right knee.

Sit, legs straight and apart, hands on legs. Lean (keep your back straight and imagine you're a door closing) forward to reach toes. Do each seven times for luck.



Illustrated by Harlow Rockwell





photographs by RICHARD HEIMANN

THE SHORTER DAYS

This is the season for rusty-colored leaves, lazy Sundays, long walks and marshmallows. It is the time for the first fuzzy sweater, bright scarves and red cheeks. Most of all, it is the season when, if you do not live in the country, you wish more than anything that you did. The JOURNAL asked a group of beautiful young mothers who do to pose with their daughters. They are in the kind of clothes they love and wear the most. Left, Mrs. A. Willard Mellor, who lives in Locust Valley, Long Island, and her eight-year-old twins, Allison (left) and Susan. Mrs. Mellor is one of those rare lean, long-legged beauties for whose type the original slacks were certainly designed. She wears them here in an almost black green corduroy with matching cobbler's apron (for gardening tools or just fun) worn over them; by Elizabeth Phelps. Also matching in color, her imported Shetland-wool pullover. The twins, too, are in corduroy, but their pants have elasticized waists to allow for growing. The tops, woolly sweaters and shirts.

By CATHERINE di MONTEZEMOLO
FASHION EDITOR

LEFT—PANTS AND COBBLER'S APRON AT: LORD AND TAYLOR, N.Y., THE CLOTHES LINE, GROSSE POINTE, MICH.; SPORTING TAILORS, BOSTON, MASS.; YOUNG'S GOWN SHOP, PORTLAND, OREGON. SWEATER AT ALL LORD AND TAYLOR STORES. BELOW—SKIRT AND JACKET BY STELLA SLOAT AT: BLOOMINGDALE'S, N.Y.; I. MAGNIN, WEST COAST; RICH'S, ATLANTA.

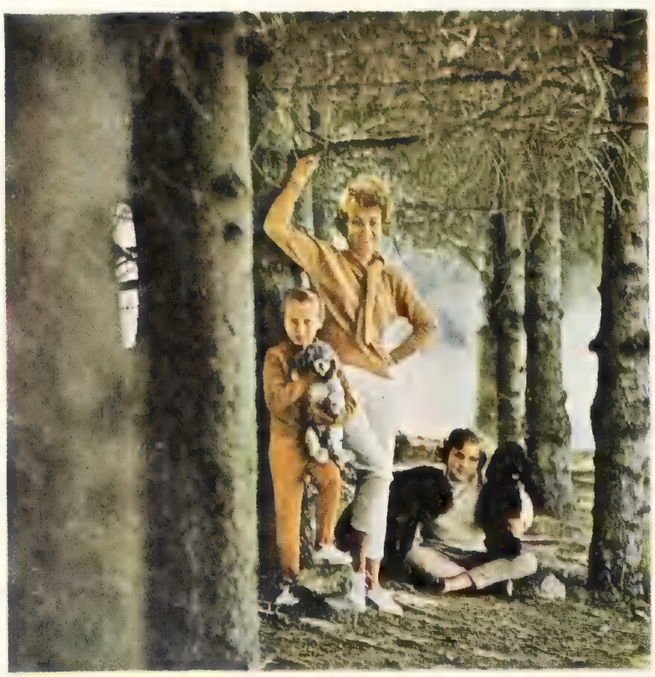
FOR INFORMATION ON GIRLS' CLOTHES, SEE PAGE 128.



Mrs. Thomas E. Murray II and Helen, aged 8, of Nyack, New York. Mrs. Murray, an auburn-haired beauty, is also the mother of three strapping sons. Rather than slacks, pullovers and jackets with easy skirts like this one in butter-colored herringbone wool tweed are her everyday uniform. By Stella Sloat.



Mrs. Max N. Edwards, of Georgetown, wife of the assistant to the Secretary of the Interior (with Karen, 7), wears muted green-plaid wool slacks, matching coat and pullover by Pendleton.



Mrs. Richard N. Colhoun, of Stamford, Connecticut, with Nancy, 13, and Susan, 6. Mrs. Colhoun also has three sons, and among other uncountable activities is working on a pilot's license. She wears a loose scarf-necked toast wool pullover by Evan Picone.

THE SHORTER DAYS

Country fashions are with us—as long as we're with them. In short, they simply undergo gradual, yet definite, changes. For example, the young women photographed here all said that their slacks are cut much looser and straighter now, that they always wear their sweaters on the outside, and they prefer today the much more muted softer colors. Right, Mrs. Alexander T. Baldwin, Jr., of Bedford Village, New York, is wearing a chamois-colored hooded cashmere jacket sweater by Hadley. Her daughter, Nina, aged 6, is in a classic gray wool cardigan.

TOP—PENDLETON AT MARTINS, BROOKLYN, N.Y.; THE DIAMOND CO., CHARLESTON, W. VA.; JORDAN MARSH, BOSTON, MASS.; LIPMAN-WOLFE, PORTLAND, OREGON. BOTTOM—EVAN PICONE SWEATER AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, N.Y.; RICH'S, ATLANTA; BULLOCK'S-WILSHIRE, LOS ANGELES. RIGHT—HADLEY SWEATER AT BERGDORF-GOODMAN, N.Y.; JULIUS GARFINCKEL, WASHINGTON, D.C.; RANSIHOFF'S, SAN FRANCISCO. FOR INFORMATION ON GIRLS' CLOTHES, SEE PAGE 128.



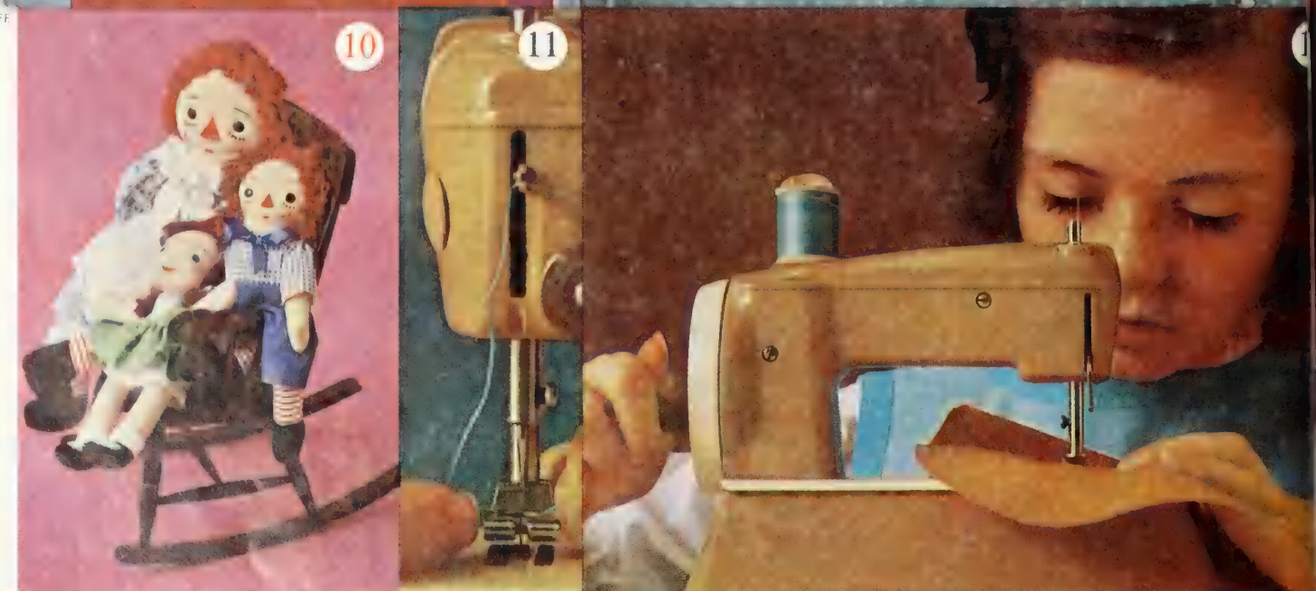


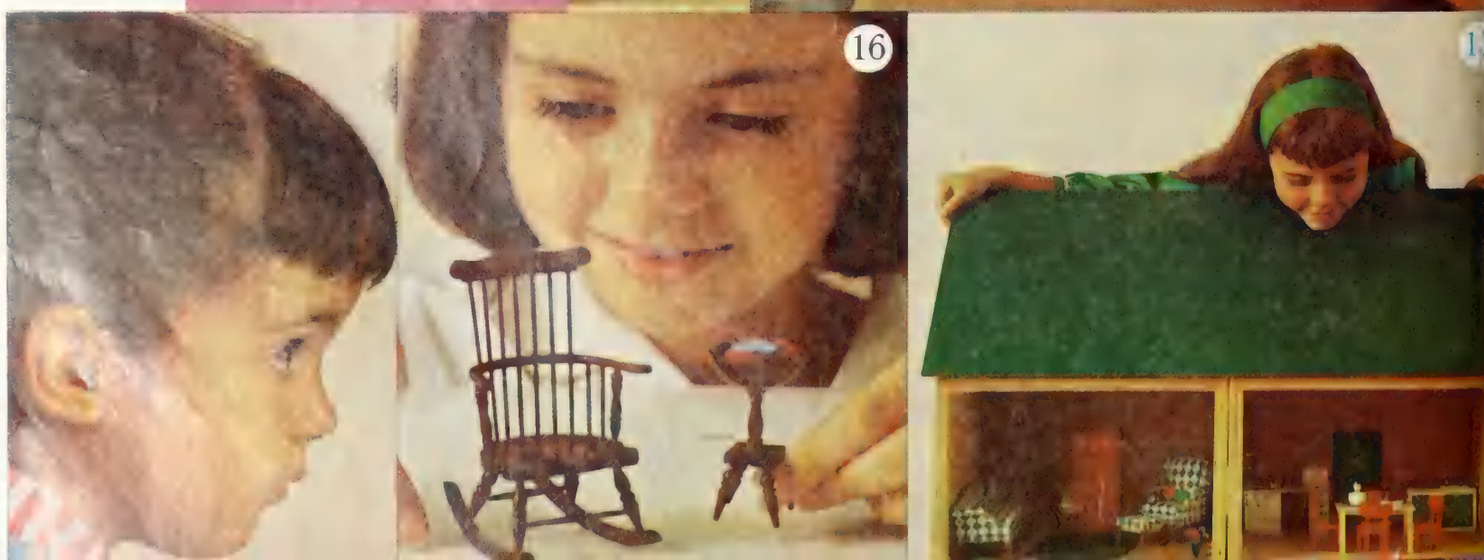
VHEN YOUR DAUGHTER PRETENDS SHE'S YOU

BY MARGARET DAVIDSON
Home Management Editor



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEN SOMOROFF







lessons in housekeeping. There will be spatters, spills and sobs. But comfort and companionship from mother will soothe the smallest housekeeper, spur her to try again. A child who plays creatively now may become a creative housekeeper later. Tools and toys can help children explore the world of homemaking. Experts suggest:

- Simple toys without fancy detail (children love to improvise) but with several uses.
- Toys that take use and abuse (as a toy breaks, so may the child's heart).
- Little girls need large playthings for tiny, fumbling fingers; older ones like small treasures.
- Toys suited to the individual (each little girl has her own interests and abilities).
- No sharp edges, splintery surfaces, paint that isn't guaranteed nontoxic.

For the Beginner, up to 6 years, give simple unbreakable toys. Dr. Glenn Hawks, of Iowa State University, says too much realism at this age stifles imagination. Preschoolers like rag dolls, (1, 10 with child's rocker); doll-buggy miniatures of mommie's (4); nonelectric irons, sturdy boards (5); play toaster (7); wooden range, sink with suds well, refrigerator that opens, all scaled to size as mother's are (8). Toy phones are fun (13); sets encourage conversation, says Dr. Clara Melville, of Cornell.

















For the Learner, young school-agers 6 to 9 years old, little editions of big appliances have fascination, and at this age little hands are agile enough to handle them. A baby bath with a built-in spray (2); dolls to dress (3); little cooking pans (9); furnished playhouse (17) give first lessons in homemaking.

For Mother's Helpers, from about 9 years (the juniors are doers too), use their own little working models or try out mother's tools. For example, it's a lightweight travel iron for pressing doll clothes (6); a small hand machine for stitching a doll dress (11, 12); rolling pin, cutters for making, baking cookies (14); tiny but authentic copies of antique furniture—start of a collection (16).

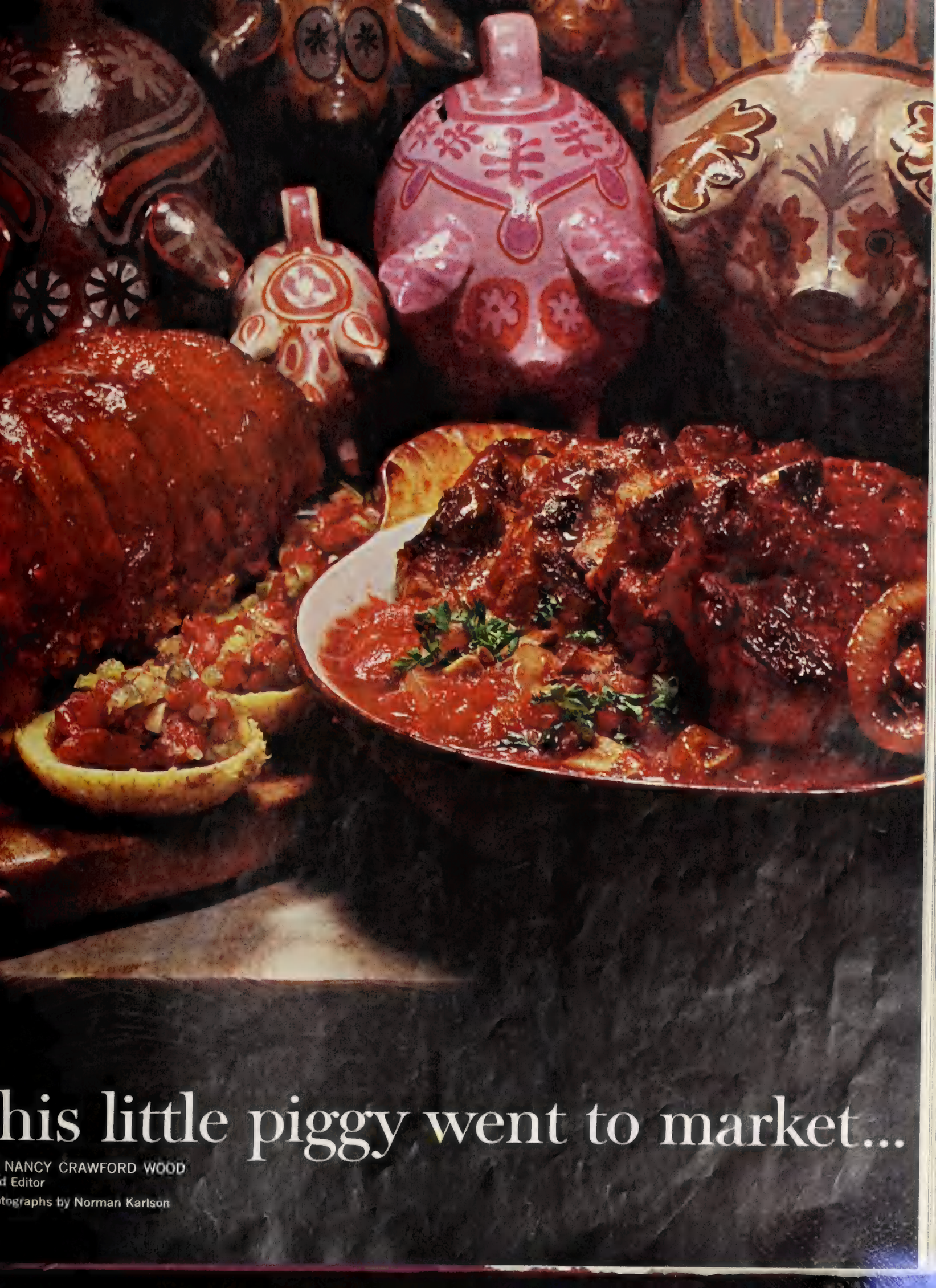
Every Child loves a tea party, and when better to learn the napkin goes on the left? The table (15) grows with the child. Cleaning tools, small replicas of mother's (18,19), are fun to use, good for room grooming.



WONDERFUL WAYS WITH PORK. How welcome a tender roast of pork with rich brown gravy—right now when October puts a frost in the air and an edge on appetites! There's crusty fresh ham, plump with an apple-currant stuffing; a juicy double loin, boned, glazed and filled with curried rice. Pork Chops Pizzaiuola are sliced thick, then simmered long and slow in an herb-and-tomato sauce (added interest: sweet Italian sausages). A smoked loin of pork is roasted on a bed of scalloped potatoes, crunchy brown on top, creamy within. And try savory pork meatballs California style, with chopped toasted walnuts, a touch of ginger. Beginning here: a portfolio of great pork recipes for you to try and to treasure.

PORK CHOPS PIZZAIUOLA: (1) Rub 8 thick loin chops with a mixture of ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 1 crushed garlic clove. (2) Brown both sides slowly. (3) Remove to paper towels, drain all but 3 tablespoons fat from pan. (4) Add 2 medium onions, sliced, and 1 pound mushrooms, sliced, and sauté until golden. (5) Stir in 2 tablespoons plus 1 teaspoon spaghetti-sauce mix, 1 teaspoon sugar, ⅓ cup tomato paste, 1 crushed garlic clove, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper. (6) Add chops, cover and simmer about 1 hour and 45 minutes or until chops are tender and sauce thickened. (7) Remove 2 Italian sweet sausages from casings and brown. Drain and stir into the sauce. Makes 8 servings.

OVER



his little piggy went to market...

NANCY CRAWFORD WOOD
d Editor
tographs by Norman Karlson



this little piggy stayed home!

DERFUL WAYS WITH PORK

CONTINUED

PORK MEATBALLS CALIFORNIA STYLE

unds ground
thinly sliced
ions, including
e of the green
poon
dered ginger
spoons soy
e
poon salt
os loosely
ed fresh bread
nbs
3 tablespoons milk
3 tablespoons toasted chopped walnuts
1 egg, slightly beaten
¾ teaspoon monosodium glutamate
¼ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons cooking oil

x all above ingredients together ex-
e oil. (2) Chill for about 1 hour and
ape into small balls. (3) Brown gently
cooking oil until golden on all sides.
over and continue cooking for 5
s.

thinly sliced
ots
age (10-oz.)
e frozen green
s, thawed
spoons sugar
vinegar
3 tablespoons soy sauce
1 cup chicken broth
5 teaspoons cornstarch with a little water

d the carrots and beans, re-cover and
5 minutes more. (6) Add the remain-
redients. Heat, stirring gently, until
ed. Makes 6 servings.

SMOKED LOIN OF PORK BOULANGÈRE

ked pork loin
.), center cut
s thinly
d potatoes
coarsely
oped onion
finely
oped parsley
oons seasoned
spoon pepper
½ teaspoon savory
½ cup chicken broth
½ cup light cream
1 tablespoon prepared mustard
3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine

ss together potatoes, onion, parsley,
epper and savory. (2) Mix chicken
cream and mustard. Pour over
es and mix well. (3) Spoon potatoes
large shallow baking dish, brush with
butter or margarine. (4) Lay the
at side up, on top of potatoes. (5)
in a hot oven, 400° F., until potatoes
owned and tender, about 2½ hours.
6–8 servings.

UXEMBOURG PORK CHOPS AND SAUERKRAUT

nd bacon
(1-lb.-13-oz.)
rkraut
15-oz.)
esauce
espoon brown
r
spoon dry
tard
¼ cup dry white wine
Dash pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
6 medium-size shoulder pork chops

ut the bacon slices into pieces, then
until crisp. (2) Drain on paper towels
d to sauerkraut along with the apple-
brown sugar, mustard, white wine
epper. (3) Turn into a shallow cas-
13″x9″x2″. Sprinkle with paprika.
uté the chops in some drippings until
re golden on both sides. Place them
of the sauerkraut in the casserole.
over and bake in a moderate oven,
F., for about 1 hour. Makes 4–6
gs.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 102



Tricks with treats

MOTHER-DAUGHTER HALLOWE EN COOKBOOK

BY JEAN ANDERSON and MARY JANE ENGEL

It's Allhallows week
And ghosts aim to sneak
Around the house looking
For what you've been cooking.

We've recipes here
For this time of year;
They're treats with a trick
And so easy and quick!



Who ever heard of a Halloween cat
That couldn't scare even the tiniest gnat?
The witches and goblins all booed him
And onto the table they shooed him.
"He's coconut, frosting and cake," they said
And ate up his ears, his tail and his head.

HALLOWEEN CAT-CAKE

(1) Make and bake 1 package chocolate-cake mix by package directions in 2 round 9″ cake pans. Cool.
(2) With a ruler and toothpicks, mark a circle 1″ in from the edge of one layer. Cut along toothpick line with a good knife, then remove toothpicks.
(3) Carefully transfer inner circle to a tray. Place the 9″ layer just below it. Now you have the cat's "head and body." For the tail, place ½ of the 1″ circle trimming next to the body. Cut 4 triangles from remaining cake for ears and feet.
(4) Prepare 1 package fluffy white-frosting mix and "glue" on tail, ears and feet with some of it. Now frost the whole cake. Sprinkle well with coconut.
(5) To make the face, collar, bow and claws use jelly beans and candy corn. All cats need whiskers—cut them from licorice "shoelaces."



Popcorn balls are a goblin's delight.
It's something to hear as they gather round,
Making what seems a most fearful sound.
Together they chorus, "munchy-crunch-crunch."
And that's the way goblins eat up their lunch.

CARNIVAL POPCORN BALLS

(1) In the top of a double boiler melt, while stirring, 36 vanilla caramels with 3 tablespoons water.
(2) In a big bowl, using a fork, gently mix 6 cups popped corn, with the melted caramels.
(3) Wet your hands and shape mixture into medium-sized balls. Roll each in shredded coconut, multi-colored sugar candies, chocolate "jimmies" or finely chopped walnuts.
(4) Insert wooden skewers deep into balls and tie with black and orange ribbons. Makes about 12 popcorn balls.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Tricks and treats



CONTINUED

Make an orange a pumpkin?
It isn't really hard to do
If you just know a trick or two.
Fill an orange with sherbet,
Freeze it, then serve it.

JACK-O'-LANTERN FROSTIES

(1) Cut a thin slice of peel from the bottoms of 6 thick-skinned oranges.
(2) Cut a 1" slice from the top of each (these will become the hats).
(3) Using a spoon, scoop out pulp and white membrane from each orange. Force pulp through a strainer for juice. (Save the juice to drink.)
(4) Make faces on the shells, gluing on gumdrops and studding with whole cloves. Fill with orange sherbet.
(5) Toothpick a red gumdrop in the center of each "hat" and set "hats" on sherbet at a jaunty angle. Freeze until ready to serve. Makes 6.



Whether they're big or whether they're small,
Haystacks of chocolate are best of them all.
Witches are known for their sweet teeth, too,
So won't you please try to save <u>them</u> a few?

HALLOWEEN HAYSTACKS

(1) In top of double boiler melt 1 package (6-oz.) glazed chocolate bits over *hot*, not boiling, water.
(2) Remove from heat and stir in ½ cup shredded coconut and ¾ cup cornflakes.
(3) Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheets and chill until firm. Makes about 20 stacks.



Witches make the wildest brews!
And the best of the bunch
Is a cold cider punch
With apples a-bobbin'
To tempt each hobgoblin.

BOBBING APPLE PUNCH

(1) Mix well, then chill 1½ cups orange juice, 1 quart apple cider, 1 cup pineapple juice, and 2 tablespoons sugar (be sure it dissolves).
(2) Pour in a large punch bowl and add 1 quart cold ginger ale, 6–8 small shiny red apples, slices of 1 orange—use cloves to make a pumpkin face on each.

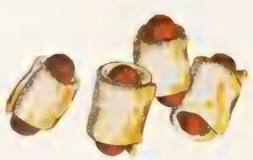
Makes 2½ quarts.



Let's sing an eerie serenade
To ghosts and goblins on parade.
Here they come, one by one,
Having Halloweenly fun.
They don't know we've played a trick
And made them cookies on a stick.

GHOSTS AND GOBLINS LOLLIPOP COOKIES

(1) Make 1 box all-purpose cookie mix by directions and add ½ cup peanut butter.
(2) Shape dough into 1" balls. Place on greased baking sheets.
(3) Cut colored drinking straws in half and insert one in each cookie. Flatten dough into a circle and press it over straws to secure them.
(4) Bake at 375° F., 10–12 minutes. Cool a bit and remove with spatula to wire rack.
(5) Mix 2 cups confectioners' sugar with ¼ cup water until smooth. Use a little more water if needed. Put ½ of the icing in a separate bowl and color orange with red and yellow food coloring.
(6) With a brush or small spatula, frost half the cookies white, the rest orange.
(7) Make faces on each with chocolate bits, licorice "shoelaces" and cinnamon drops. Use a little egg white to "glue" them on. Paint edge of cookies with egg white, roll in chocolate "jimmies" or multicolored candies to make "hair." Makes 2–2½ dozen cookies.



When goblins grow cold
(And they do, we've been told)
Witches will wrap them in blankets.
These goblins are happy although they can't show it,
For they're hot dogs in pastry and know it.

WEE GOBLINS IN BLANKETS

(1) Put in a mixing bowl all at once 1½ cups biscuit mix and ½ cup plus 1 tablespoon milk.
(2) Stir with a fork to a soft dough. Beat about 20 strokes (the dough will be sticky).
(3) Turn onto a cloth-covered board lightly dusted with a little biscuit mix. Roll dough around a bit so it will be less sticky.
(4) Work dough gently with your hands in a folding-back, pressing-forward motion about 10 times. This is called *kneading*.
(5) With a floured rolling pin, roll the dough into a rectangle 10" x 12".
(6) With a ruler, mark the 12" side every 3" and the 10" side every 2". Cut along these lines with a knife. You will have 20 pieces.
(7) Separate links in 1-pound package cocktail frankfurters.
(8) Wrap each piece of dough around a frankfurter, letting ends peep out. Pinch dough together where it meets.
(9) Bake seam side down on a baking sheet about 12–15 minutes at 450° F. Makes 20. END



you get 25¢ for trying

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"SOMETIMES LIFE JUST HAPPENS"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

a gray cotton skirt and red paisley blouse, was ironing in the kitchen as we entered. In the bedroom beyond the hallway Lily, wearing a highly transparent pink-and-white peignoir and hair curlers, was polishing her nails.

In the kitchen the caseworker was asking Mattie whether she had found more suitable living quarters. Yes, she said slowly, she'd found a three-bedroom place at $70 a month—$15 more than this one cost. All right, said the caseworker, take it. Welfare would pay.

"Landlords weep about high taxes," the caseworker said bitterly as we drove away. "Yet they are the ones who are responsible for bleeding welfare with rents like that. But we've got to find decent places for people to live if we don't want to see a whole new generation like Lily and Mattie grow up."

More cases. More "clients." More social workers. The woman who hunched over and crooned more to herself than me: "When your man's gone off and left you, it's awful lonely. A woman just *needs* a man." And the counterpoint of the crisp, amused voice of a welfare director, commenting on the charge that women deliberately have babies in order to be eligible for an extra $12 a month: "I certainly would consider it a compliment if they thought of the Welfare Department at *that* moment!"

"*I'm Not Sure It Would be Moral to Marry.*"

"The girl we're going to see isn't exactly typical of our cases," said the social worker as she zipped her little car up and over the rolling hills of California's Marin County. "Among other things, she was once a San Francisco beatnik."

The neat redwood cabin stood at the foot of a flight of log steps in the midst of a redwood grove. Linda Lubar opened the front door and she led us into the living room. The room was filled with books, paintings, sculpture and beat-up comfortable furniture. It was about as far from a Denver slum as you could get—and still be on relief.

"My father was a sea captain," Linda said. "We never saw much of him—either he was away at sea, or else he stayed behind the paper at home. He earned a lot of money, but he drank a lot too.

"I had one younger sister. Neither of us could get along with my mother. I can look back now and see that she was mentally sick—psychotic, really. And she was a secret drinker. Sherry. Half the time she was in a kind of frenzy, trying to rule us and make us follow the crazy laws she laid down.

"Well, I got almost all the way through high school, but a month before I was to graduate I just couldn't take it anymore at home. So I lit out and went to North Beach to live—that's where the beatniks were, only we didn't call ourselves beatniks then. Bohemians, I guess. Well, I had no skills so I supported myself by a series of jobs—waitress, nightclub photographer, machine operator, anything I could find.

"Then I got pregnant with Cris. I guess I was lonely and frightened, looking for love.

"My mother never even came near me when I was having the baby, and my father was drinking up all his money. But I will say something for Cris's father: he was an older man who just couldn't break up a fifteen-year marriage, but he's been very honorable about making payments for Cris's support. Cris has had a lot of emotional problems, and he's in therapy now at the same free clinic I go to.

"The trouble with Cris is that after he was born I went on working, and just parked him around with different people. That's one reason I'm on assistance today—I'll *never* leave another child while he's still very little!

"Eight years ago I met Henry Lubar, and we've been lovers ever since. I consider myself married, and I call myself Mrs. Lubar. We've had two children—Jane, who is five, and Eric, the baby. Henry is wonderful with *all* the children, but he's a sculptor, and what sculptor makes much money? So if we got married, how could he support us all? I might continue to get assistance for the older child, but it would be so little we couldn't manage on it.

"Look, this whole problem isn't a questi of illegitimacy—it's a question of marria and morals. I'm not sure it would be mo for me to marry Henry at this point—we qu rel too much, and neither of us has resolv our inner conflicts. He's in therapy too—had a *terrible* childhood, worse than mine!

"What would I like for the future? We when Eric's of school age I *suppose* we oug to move closer to town so that I could ge job and go to work and stop living off reli Of course when I talk about the future I'm ju putting the whole thought of the bomb asi There's immorality! Look what they're doi to our world, our children! And they ta about *us*!"

Driving back, the gentle social worker w had sat silent through most of Linda's ta looked tired and drained. "She's so positi and so vital that I'm always exhausted after see her," she said. "The trouble is, she *bats* life without any real effect. She criticizes s ciety without studying it, and without a deep sense of reality. But she's progressed lot since I took over her case three years ag Maybe she'll even get married!"

Olga, Ruby, Helen, Mattie, Lily, Linda. S women and twenty-one children. Twenty-o children who are growing up, growing up America, growing up to be citizens. How d they get there, and what do we do with then

If you listen to the people who have studi the problem in depth, you hear many explan tions, not one (for truth is always comp cated):

- Illicit sex is a problem at *all* levels of s ciety. According to one California welfa official, for every illegitimate child who lan on ADC there are ten who don't, and fif abortions.
- The population of our country is increasi at a dynamic rate, and our problems increa in the same proportion.
- Men in America (and by all means not on the Negro male) seem to be abandoning the role as the responsible mainstay of the famil
- With automation increasing, there are few and fewer jobs for the unskilled, whether ma or female. A man who can't find a job ten to skip town; a woman with children goes o relief.
- Many unions and many industries refuse t recognize Negroes as capable fellow worker How, then, are they to support families?
- The average mother of an illegitimate chil has left school after seventh grade. How is sh to compete economically in our technologica world?
- And even if she could, who is to give dail care to her small children? Laymen frequentl suggest that the children should be taken fro their mothers and placed in foster homes, bu professionals are convinced that unless a hom is unbearably degraded, it is emotionall healthier for a child to remain with his mothe Also, foster homes are expensive and mos welfare budgets simply couldn't stand th added strain if they were to be widely used And for Negro children, who form a large pro portion of the total problem, they are almos unobtainable.

These are shorthand notes to a nationa problem which is, and remains, emotional an individual. There is no one "solution." Bu there are things which can be done, and the begin with the kind of understanding I wa helped to find during my travels.

I think we need to know more about th springs of the human heart, and its desperate twisted behavior when it is deprived of pa rental love.

I think we need to stop thinking of peopl as "good" or "bad," and remember they ar usually made the way they are by the circum stances of their lives.

I think we need to support our public-wel fare officials, and our dedicated, hardworking unappreciated social workers. Yes, even if i means more money, more taxes. If there is any answer, it lies in the direction of rehabilitation and, as far as the rising generation goes, o prevention.

And I think we need to remember a word many of us seem to have forgotten: compas sion. Who are *they*? Without compassion, who are *we*?

END


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Suddenly a light flashed on: an enormous, blinding light. Dazzled, I cried out, cowering against the rock. ILLUSTRATED BY BERNIE FUCHS

BY MARY STEWART SYNOPSIS OF PART I: *"Nicola," my Cousin Frances often warned me, "your reckless heart will get you into trouble." And on my first day of vacation in Crete, I strayed into the wild hills and into the life of Mark Langley. Mark and his young brother Colin, I learned, had chanced upon a shocking scene in the hills above Agios Georgios: three men and a woman in the act of murdering a fourth man, who appeared to be English. When they saw Mark and Colin, the murderers shot Mark in panic, and fled with the frightened boy. Eventually rescued by Lambis, the Cretan guide who had been anxiously awaiting the brothers back at their boat, Mark was now hiding out in a little shepherd's hut, too weak from lack of blood to search for the kidnapers, sick with fear for his brother's life, and himself in danger from the murderers who would surely hunt him out at last.*

Hoping to help, I went down to the village of Agios Georgios, and soon guessed that the guilty ones were Stratos, owner of the little hotel where Frances and I were staying, Stratos's sister Sophia, and his assistant Tony. The fourth must be Sophia's brutal husband Josef, who was still in the hills hunting for Mark—or holding Colin captive.

But where could he be hidden? On pretext of looking for wild flowers, I searched—and found Colin in the ruddy tower of an old windmill. He had been kept prisoner there until Sophia, without explanation, set him free only hours before. Jubilant, Colin and I started for the shepherd's hut and Mark, only to stop, puzzled, at a mound of fresh earth, circling vultures. . . .

"It can't be Mark, it can't!" I cried in horror as Colin began to dig frantically at the mound. But we both recognized the distinctive tear in the cuff of Mark's dark gray trousers.

CONCLUSION: I'm not clear about what happened next. My own cry, and Colin's exclamation, were followed sharply by another sound that split the still air with its own kind of terror. A shot.

I simply stood there, stupid and sick, with Colin, startled into immobility, kneeling at my feet. Then he moved. He seized me by the shoulder and shook me, not gently.

"Did you hear the shot?" He jerked his head seaward. "It came from over there. It must be them."

I merely stared. Nothing that he said seemed to mean very much. I felt sick and cold.

"I'll have to go after him," Colin said grimly. "I—can come back for him later." Another jerk of his head, this time toward the grave. His face still had that stunned, sleepwalker's look, but the gun in his hand was real enough.

It brought me stumbling to my feet. "Wait. You're not going alone."

He was already scrambling up the side of the gulley, where the cover was thickest. I followed. If he had the least fear of Josef and his rifle, he didn't show it, but forged unheedingly through CONTINUED ON PAGE 88

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Vee-Form by Modess.... *because*

maternity shapes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86

a stony wilderness of thistles, and swung himself up among the trees at the gulley's edge.

We paused at the lip of the hollow, peering down through the bushes. Nothing moved; the air hung still. Below us now we could see the track running past the door of the ruined church, which stood in a sea of weeds. Mallow and vetch, spurge and thistle had washed already half up the crumbling walls. Even the roof was splashed with green, where the broken tiles had let fern seeds in to mantle their faded red. A wooden cross, bleached by the sea winds, pricked bravely up from the central dome.

Colin was staring past me. As I turned to look, his hand shot out to grip my arm. "Over there, see? I saw someone, a man. I'm sure I did. Do you see where that streak of white runs down, above the knot of pines? Keep down, and watch."

I flattened myself beside him, narrowing my eyes against the bright afternoon glare.

"Yes, I can see him now. He's coming this way. Do you think ——"

Colin said sharply, "It's Lambis!"

He had half risen to one knee, but I pulled him down. "You can't be sure at this distance. If it was Lambis, he'd be keeping under cover."

Colin subsided. The small figure came rapidly on; he was certainly making no attempt at concealment. But Colin was right. It *was* Lambis. Fifty yards behind Lambis, another man was emerging from the knot of pines. I recognized him, too: the loose breeches and bloused jacket, the red Cretan cap and the rifle.

I said hoarsely, "Colin—behind Lambis—that's Josef."

For a full half minute, paralyzed, we watched the two men: Lambis, unaware of his danger, coming steadily and rapidly on; Josef, moving more slowly, behind him.

Beside me, the gun clicked as Colin took off the safety. "Shall I fire a shot?" he whispered. "It would warn Lambis."

"Wait!" My hand closed on his wrist again. I said, unbelievingly, "Look!"

Lambis, it seemed, knew quite well that he was being followed: he paused, turned back and waited, apparently unperturbed, for the other to catch up with him.

The two men stood talking for a few minutes, then I saw Lambis's arm go out, as if he were indicating some path, and Josef moved off downhill again, alone.

Lambis stood watching him for a moment, then turned toward us, and came rapidly on his way. His course would lead him straight to the church. And—I saw it as he came nearer—he now had Josef's rifle.

Colin and I looked at each other.

"*Lambis?*"

Neither of us said it, but the question was there, hanging between us, in the blank, frightened bewilderment of our faces. Had he used Mark and Colin as the cover for bringing his caïque here, for some purpose connected with Stratos and his affairs?

Beside me, Colin drew in his breath like a diver who has just surfaced, and I saw his hand close round the butt of the gun. He leveled it carefully across his wrist, aiming at the point where Lambis would appear on the track beside the church.

It never occurred to me to try to stop him. Then I came to myself. I put my lips to Colin's ear. "For heaven's sake, Colin, hang on!" I told him. "If you fire that thing, you'll bring Josef back."

He hesitated. Lambis came out into the clearing below us. He was walking easily, without even a hand on his knife—as well he might, I thought bitterly. I remembered the way he had followed Josef out of sight yesterday—to have a conference, no doubt.

Lambis paused at the door of the church to light a cigarette. I saw Colin fingering the gun. There was sweat on his face, and his body was rigid. But he waited.

Lambis turned, and went into the church.

Colin was getting up. As I made to follow, he whispered fiercely, "Stay where you are!"

"But, look ——"

"I'll manage this on my own. You keep hidden. You might get hurt."

"Colin, listen, put the gun out of sight. He doesn't know we saw him with Josef—if he thinks we don't suspect him, we can get the rifle from him. *Then* we can make him talk."

As clearly as if the boy's face were a screen, and a different picture had flashed onto it, I saw the blind rage of grief give way to reason. It was like watching a stone mask come alive.

He pushed the gun back out of sight under his cloak, and we went toward the church. Colin called out, in a voice whose breathlessness (I thought) wasn't entirely faked:

"Mark? Lambis? Is that you?"

Lambis appeared in the doorway, his eyes screwed up against the sun. He started forward. "*Colin!* My dear boy—you're safe! Nicola—*you* found him?"

I said, "Have you anything to drink, Lambis? He's just about done."

"Is Mark there?" asked Colin faintly.

"No. Come inside out of the sun. Sit the boy down, Nicola—I'll get him a drink."

He stooped over Mark's haversack, rummaging for the flask. The rifle stood against the wall by the door. As Colin straightened I let his arm go, and moved to stand over the rifle. I didn't touch it—I'd as soon have touched a snake; but I was going to see that Lambis had no chance to grab it. Colin's automatic was leveled at Lambis's back.

Lambis straightened and turned, saw the gun. His face changed, almost ludicrously. "What's this? Colin, are you mad?"

"Keep your voice down," said Colin curtly. "We want to hear about Mark." He waved the gun. "Go on. Start talking."

Lambis stood like a stone. He was looking scared, and I didn't blame him. Colin's hand wasn't all that steady, and he did indeed look more than a little unhinged.

"Nicola," said the Greek sharply, "what is this? Have they turned his brain?"

"Nicola," said Colin, just as sharply, "search him. Lambis, stand still, or I promise I'll shoot you here and now!"

Needless to say, I had never searched an one before, and had only the vaguest rec lection, from films, how it was done. I four the knife straightway, in his pocket, a dropped it into my own, feeling like a chi playing pirates. I stood back.

Lambis said furiously, in Greek, "Tell hi to put that thing down, Nicola! What are yc playing at, the pair of you? Are you mad too?

"We found the grave," I said in English.

The anger seemed to drop from him, an his face looked strained all at once. He sai hoarsely, "It was an accident. I would hav you to understand that. You know I woul not mean to kill him."

"*You* did it?" I said. And something brok inside me. I forgot the need for quiet, and m voice rose sharply. "Accident? Then I sup pose it's an accident that you're runnin round now on the hillside with that swine wh shot at Mark and wanted them to murde Colin? Don't try to pretend you're not in up to your neck, because we *saw* you — No, let me finish! You want shooting out c hand, and I shan't raise a finger to stop Coli doing it, but first of all we want to know jus why you had to pretend to save his life you filthy Judas! Was it because I happene along? If I'd stayed—he was such a marvelou person—if only I'd known—I'd have mur dered you myself before I'd have let you hur him! If only I'd stayed!"

The tears came, then, uncontrollably, bu the blurring of my vision didn't prevent m from seeing, over the stupefaction of Lambis' face, the flash of a different expression, as hi eyes flickered to something just beyond m

A shadow moved in the doorway. Bagg breeches and a Cretan cap. A man coming i fast, with a knife in his hand.

I shrieked, "Colin! Look out!"

Colin whirled and fired. The shot thudde into the doorjamb, and the noise slamme round and round the walls. Then Lambis ha Colin's gun hand; his other arm was tight round the boy's body; the gun went flying to the floor I never moved. In the same moment I crie out, I had seen the newcomer's face.



ot had stopped Mark just inside the
Lambis let Colin go, and stooped to
ne gun. Colin stood blinking against
looking dazed and stupid, as if a
uld have knocked him over.
," Mark said.
Colin was in his arms, not saying a
making a sound, you'd have sworn
breathing.
have they done to you? Hurt you?"
heard that voice from Mark before.
y shook his head.
e really all right?"

we'll go. This is the end, thank God.
straight to the caïque."
t hear if there were any more. I
d walked past them, and out of the
The tears still blurred my eyes, and
de me stumble; I dashed them away.
ed more over this affair than I re-
d having done for years. It was time
of it. It was over.
I had gone thirty yards I heard Mark
e. "Nicola—please wait! I can't go
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eaddress, that cradled his left arm.
d very different from the unkempt
yesterday; relief and happiness al-
appearance completely. The "he-
tume suited him disturbingly well.
a"—he sounded breathless—"don't
please; I've got to thank you ——"
right." I gave him a smile of a sort,
ed away again. "You and Colin had
down to the caïque, and away."
please." He was standing in front of
squarely in the middle of the path.
you run away like that? You must
—"
se it's all over and done with, and
want me mixed up in it anymore.
Lambis and Colin can go to your
d sail away."

"But, my dear, it's you who've done everything, while I was about as useful as a pint of milk! Look, don't be upset ——"

"I'm not upset at all. Don't be absurd." To my fury, I was beginning to cry again. "We thought he'd murdered you. We found that grave, and . . . *it* . . . had your clothes on. It was quite horrible, and I was sick. If that isn't enough to upset me ——"

"I know. I'm desperately sorry that you should have come across that. It's Josef; you must have guessed that. Lambis killed him yesterday morning, when he followed him down the hill, remember? He came suddenly round a bend of that gully, and there was Josef having a drink, with the gun laid to one side. Josef pulled his knife, but Lambis was on top of him, so he didn't get a chance to use it. He went down, hard, with his head against the rock, and that was that. We took everything else he had, and buried the boots."

"I . . . see. Yesterday? When Lambis sent me away, for the food—he told you then? You never said a word to me!"

"Of course not. But you see why we didn't dare to go down and stir up the local police? We didn't even know who the man was. Lambis was worried sick."

"If I'd known ——" I was thinking about the specter of Josef which had stalked so frighteningly behind my shoulder this last twenty-four hours. "You could have trusted me."

"It wasn't that! I just didn't want you involved."

That did it. I said furiously, "Involved? Heaven give me strength, *involved?* I suppose I hadn't been involved enough already? I'd been scared to death by Lambis, I'd spent a perfectly beastly night with you, I'd dressed your horrible shoulder, and cooked and slaved and—and *worried* myself silly! About Colin, I mean. And all you could think of was to get rid of me because you were too bossy to admit I *could* help! Well, Mr. Godalmighty Mark Langley, I *did* find Colin, and if he'd still been locked up in that windmill I'd *still* have found him! I've found out more than you and Lambis have in *days*. *You* didn't tell me anything, so of course I thought he'd murdered you, and Colin and I were going to shoot you both, and you're jolly lucky we didn't!"

"I'll say we are. That bullet was pretty near on target as it was."

"Stop laughing at me!" I cried furiously. "And don't think I'm crying about *you;* I never cry, it was only that awful body . . . and . . . and ——"

"Oh, Nicola, darling, I'm sorry. Truly I am. I'm not laughing. I'd give anything if you hadn't had that shock. But we'd been planning to go down to search the village, and I thought Josef's clothes might just help to get me by, in the dark, if I was spotted. Then today I waited up here to see if any of them would come up to look for Josef. I reckoned they might mistake me for him at a distance, and with a bit of surprise on my side I could perhaps have got them disarmed, and made them talk. Pretty feeble, but it was about all I was fit for, after last night." He grinned. "But in any case you must admit that my own clothes were pretty well past it. Those pants were hardly decent as it was."

"I saw the tear in them when Colin pulled the earth off. And the s-sock had a h-hole in it." And I sat down on a stone and wept bitterly.

He dropped down beside me, and his arm went round my shoulders. "Oh, Nicola, this is just the sort of thing I was trying *not* to let you in for." He shook me gently. "You're a wonderful girl, and if you hadn't come along when you did, we'd have been sunk."

"W-would you?"

"Certainly. I might be dead, and Josef would certainly have found me in the hut, and Colin might never have found us. What's more, you saved me from getting shot last night, though you didn't know it. I was in that shed, along with the cat, when you stopped to have a smoke with your fierce friend in the lane."

"I know. I went back later. There was blood on the wall."

"You went back?" His arm tightened, and I heard his voice change. "You *knew?*"

"My fierce friend—Stratos—is Josef's friend. He's one of them. I told you I'd found them."

There was a sharp silence. I heard him draw his breath to speak, and said quickly, "I'll tell you all about them. But tell me about you first. When I found the blood last night I thought . . . I'm not sure what I thought. Are you really all right?"

"Yes, perfectly. I knocked my shoulder there in the dark, and it started bleeding, but it stopped soon enough."

"Was it you who fired that shot?"

"Yes, to guide Lambis to me. We'd arranged to meet at the church. Did that frighten you too?"

I shook my head, then stuffed the handkerchief away into my pocket, rubbed the back of my hand hard over my eyes, and smiled at him.

"All right now?" he said gently. "That's my girl." His arm tightened again in a quick, hard hug, then he let me go. "Now come back with me, and we'll have our council of war."

The two others were waiting near the church. As we came up, Colin was laughing at something Lambis had said. Lambis had his knife out, and was whittling away at a curly piece of wood, carving it into a shape that looked like a lizard. The haversack was open between them, and Colin was already rooting through what food was there. He waved my wine bottle at Mark as we approached.

"Hurry up, Marco Polo, it's nearly all gone."

"Then I suggest you leave some for Nicola."

"It was for you," I said.

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"'My wine is dew of the wild white rose,'" misquoted Mark. "No, drink it yourself."

As I obeyed, I saw Colin grin at Lambis's puzzled look. "Don't listen to Mark. That was just Keats. Go on, Lambis, this one's a classic; say 'What *are* Keats?'"

Lambis grinned. It was obvious that he was used to being Colin's butt. "Well," he said placidly, "what are they?"

Colin opened his mouth to whoop with mirth, then quickly shut it again. "So I should think," said his brother. "If you did but know it, Lambis's English is a darn sight better than yours. Now, attention all, this is serious, and we haven't a lot of time. Nicola, here's a place to sit."

As the Greek moved aside to make room for me, I smiled at him a little shyly. "Lambis, I'm sorry, I truly am. It was only because we'd had such a shock, Colin and I. I said some awful things. Can you forgive me?"

"It does not matter. You were a little disturbed with seeing the dead body. Such things are not nice for ladies." And on this piece of understatement Lambis grinned amiably.

"Well," said Mark crisply, taking charge, "we can't keep you long, so if you could bear to start ——"

I felt suddenly shy. "A lot of it may mean nothing. Shall I just tell you all that's happened, and let you draw conclusions?"

"Please. Even if it's irrelevant."

I told them then, as briefly as I could, all that had happened since I had left the mountainside on the previous day. When I had finished, there was silence for perhaps a minute.

Then Mark said slowly, "I'll try to sum up, shall I, from the fragments we've got? I think the bits that Colin overheard provide the clue to the rest. The main thing is that something Stratos had, and had promised to divide later, was 'hot.'" He glanced at Lambis. "That's thieves' language; it means that they had stolen property in their possession, which could be identified if found."

"In the plural," I said. "'They' were hot."

"Yes, in the plural. Things small enough, in the plural, to be portable; small enough to come through the customs; things small enough to hide, even in Agios Georgios."

"Jewels?" suggested Colin, bright-eyed. I could see that, for him, this was becoming simply an adventure—something to be talked about next term at school.

Mark gave Colin a fleeting grin. "All the treasures of the East; why not? But it doesn't matter terribly what it is; all *we* need is a coherent story that we can present to the police in Athens—something that'll tie Stratos and Co. up good and hard with Alexandros's murder. If we can establish the fact that Josef was a criminal and a murderer, then Lambis will get away with justifiable homicide, or self-defense. And that's all I'm bothered with at present. Now, Colin heard them say that any investigation would 'get back to the London affair.' Let's see how much we can assume. Stratos and Tony came from London six months ago, and brought with them this 'hot' stolen property. They have arranged to settle here, probably until the hue and cry has died down, then Tony will take his share, and go. You know"—looking up—"it does sound as if the loot must be considerable."

"You mean because it's worth a long wait."

"Exactly. You can't tell me your friend Tony wants to spend years of his life in Agios Georgios. Stratos must be the leader, or senior partner, and Tony doesn't know where it is hidden. Then we come to Alexandros."

"He came looking for Stratos," I said. "He knew Tony, and talked English to him, and Tony took him along to meet Stratos."

Colin rolled over eagerly. "He was their partner in the robbery, and came to claim his share, so they murdered him!"

"Could be," said Mark. "But Stratos did appear quite happy to cut his sister in, so it doesn't seem likely that he'd murder a partner just because he claimed his share."

I said hesitantly, "Couldn't it be quite simple—that it did happen much as Colin says, but that they did quarrel, and Stratos just lost his temper? Mark, you saw the actual murder. You said they were shouting."

"Well, yes, they were arguing violently, then the whole thing seemed to explode. The murder does seem likely to have its roots back in this 'affair,' whatever it is. I imagine that Stratos probably and Tony certainly hold British passports. It would be interesting to know if we have an extradition treaty with Greece."

"I can tell you that," I said. "We have."

"Ah," said Mark. He glanced at his watch. "Let's cut this short. I think we've got all we need. If the police here slap a watch on them immediately, they may find the stuff—and there's your motive . . . *and* Lambis in the clear for attacking a potential murderer."

"The police'll have to be quick," I said uneasily. "Stratos must know Colin'd go straight for help."

"If he knows he's escaped. But Sofia might keep her mouth shut for a while, for her own sake."

"They *were* going to kill me?" Colin said.

"I don't see how else they'd be safe," said Mark frankly. "They could be fairly sure I was lying dead somewhere. Without Lambis, I would have been."

"Sofia," said Colin suddenly. "Will she be all right when they do find out I've gone?"

Mark glanced at me.

I said slowly, "Stratos might hit her in a temper, but he'd never kill her. And she's used to rough treatment, poor soul. What's more, the fact that she did save you may save *her* from quite a lot, once the police inquiries get going." I glanced at Lambis. "And you—you can be pretty sure she'll be happier and better off as a widow than she ever has been since she married that beastly waster."

"That is good to hear," was all Lambis said, but his expression was lighter.

Mark was getting to his feet. I noticed all at once that he was looking tired. There were lines from nostrils to mouth, and a shadow round his eyes. He put a hand down to me. "I wish you hadn't to go down there."

"The way I feel now," I said frankly, "if it weren't for Frances, I'd go down to your caïque with you now, and hightail it straight for Athens! But cold reason tells me n them will suspect that I know anything.

"I'm sure they won't." But the look h me was doubtful. "The only thing is, I feel we can set off now for Athens w making quite certain that you and cousin really are safe."

I realized then why he was watching doubtfully: he was waiting for me to ass independence. For once I had not the lea sire to do so.

We had begun, as we talked, to walk s back down the slope. "What will yo when you leave?" I said. "Go to Herakl

"I'd like to get straight to Athens. I im the embassy will rally round with flags when they hear one of their ewe lamb witness in the middle of a capital crime."

"They'll be furious, more like," I sai fully.

"I don't want to leave the place to without knowing you're all right," Mark

"But once I'm clear away from here can take it for granted."

"I'm not taking anything about your s for granted."

It was odd, but his cool assumption sponsibility never raised a single bristle a stir. All I felt was a treacherous glow s where in the region of the stomach.

"Lambis will go with you now, to se safe down to the fields. Colin and I'll here in the church. I—I'll rest till La gets back. Then we three are going dow the caïque, and we'll put straight out shore. After dark we'll put in nearer, ar off for a while. The sea's like glass. D know anything about the coast west o village?"

I said, "There's a bay the children c the Dolphins' Bay, past the second hea along from the village. There are rocks ning right out into deep water; it mus deep alongside, because the children tol you could dive from them."

"Fine," Mark said. "Now, when yo down there this evening, if you think th the least thing wrong—any sort of suspi

any danger—then we'll be waiting at the mouth of your Dolphins' Bay till—what shall we say?—two in the morning. No, half past; that should give you time. Have you an electric torch? Good. We'll have to fix a signal—say, two long flashes, then two short, then pause half a minute, and repeat. That do?"

I grinned at him. "Corny."

Mark laughed. "It's the best we can do, short of putting into Agios Georgios and scaring every bird within miles."

"It won't be necessary, anyway," I said. "It's just a flourish, to go with your pirate's rig. Now I'll go. . . . Anybody coming?" This to Colin, who had mounted some sort of decaying buttress outside the church wall, and was raking the hillside with Josef's glasses.

"No."

"Then I'll be off. Heavens, *what* excuse can I give for staying out till now?"

"You told me," said Colin from above us, "that you were supposed to be collecting flowers. Have this for a start . . . and this . . . and this." He had already yanked half a dozen random weeds from the overgrown stones above his head. "And I'm sure *this* one's as rare as rare." He stretched to pull down a straggling handful from a high vertical crack.

"Frances is going to be very impressed by that lot," said Mark dryly. "And so's Stratos, come to that."

"Why not? All these are probably howlingly rare in England."

"Including the dandelion?"

"Well, Londoners." Colin scrambled down, unabashed. "They won't know any better. You can tell them it's a Cretan variety, only found here at two thousand feet. There, Nicola"—he pushed the bunch of exotic weeds at me—"and don't forget this is '*dandeliona Langleyensis hirsuta*,' and fearfully rare."

I accepted them gratefully, refraining from pointing out that *dandeliona Langleyensis* was, in fact, a hawkweed. "Thanks a lot; I'm sure Frances will love them."

"Then we meet in Athens?" said Mark.

"If we don't all forgather in Dolphins' Bay tonight," I said cheerfully.

Lambis left me at the steppingstones, which was just as well. Tony was waiting for me at the shrine, sitting among the verbena.

"Hullo, dear. I was trying to make up my mind to come and look for you. These aren't the hills to be messing about on by oneself."

"I suppose not." I sat down beside him. "But I did so want to see the church."

"Oh, so that's where you've been?"

"Yes. Mr. Alexiakis said it was easy to find, so I went over. It's a long way, but it's well worth the trek, isn't it?"

Tony blew a smoke ring. "I wouldn't know; I've never been farther than this. Mountains are not, but not, my thing."

"No? They're not Frances's thing either. She broke her ankle once, so she doesn't do much scrambling now." This was true.

"So she said. Are those for her?"

"Yes." I allowed myself a dubious look at the flowers in my hand. Even the eye of faith could hardly have called it a selection to excite a botanist. "I don't know if she'll want any of these." I looked hopefully at him. "Do you know anything about flowers?"

"Well, that's a dandelion, for a start. Really, dear ——"

"Hawkweed; quite a different thing. Variety *Langleyensis hirsuta*, and only found above two thousand feet."

"Oh? Well, you seem to have had quite a day. Are you rested? Shall we go down?"

We left the lemon grove, and skirted the field where the corn mill stood. A swift glance showed me that the door was tightly shut. I looked away quickly, my mind racing. Had Tony come up here to meet me, perhaps to find out where I had been and what I had seen; or had he come up to the mill? Did he know that Colin was no longer there? If so, did he suspect Sofia, or would he assume that Josef had taken the boy up into the hills to silence him?

But whatever he knew, or didn't know, I must say and do the natural thing. "We took some ciné film up here this morning; Frances got some lovely shots of that mill."

"Was Sofia up here?"

"Mr. Alexiakis's sister? Yes, she was. She's very nice, isn't she? I'd never have taken her for his sister; she looks so much older."

"That's the difference between the fleshpots of Soho and the empty fishnets of Agios Georgios. Especially if your husband's a fisherman who won't fish. Josef's idea of bringing home the bacon is to slope off into the hills armed to the teeth like a Cretan brigand."

I laughed. "Have I seen him yet? Does he play backgammon at the hotel?"

"Not he. No, he's off somewhere just now on a ploy of his own. I thought you might have seen him up yonder. Did Sofia let you into the mill?"

For one frantic moment I wondered what to say. I stooped to pick an iris, and this gave me the moment I wanted. "Into the mill? Yes, she did. Frances got some lovely shots of the interior."

The desire to take medicine is perhaps the greatest feature which distinguishes man from animals. SIR WILLIAM OSLER

Tony's light eyes showed nothing but mild interest. "You saw the whole works, then? How nice. The millstones and all that?"

"Oh, yes. She showed Frances how they worked."

"Ah," said Tony. He smiled at me: Tony, to whom it didn't matter whether or not Colin had been murdered in the small hours of the morning; Tony, the passerby on the other side; the chess expert who was enjoying a game that made my palms sweat with the effort of being natural. "Well, dear," he said lightly, "there's the bridge, not far to go now. You'll just about have time to change before dinner. *and* it's octopus, which you'll adore, if you've a taste for flavored India rubber."

So the game was over. Relief made me as gay as he was. "Oh, Tony, and I'm ravenous!"

"I gave you each enough lunch for two."

"You certainly did. I ate nearly all of it, what's more, and left the rest for the birds. I hope you didn't want the bottle back?"

"No. I hope you buried it out of sight? It offends the gods of the place," said Tony blandly, "if undesirable objects are left unburied hereabouts."

"Don't worry, I buried it under some stones—after pouring the correct libations with the last of the wine. One for Zeus—and my own private one for the moon spinners."

"The what?"

"The moon spinners. Three ladies who spin the moon away every month, to bring a good dark night at the end of it. The opposite of the hunter's moon—a night that's on the side of the hunted things."

"A night of no moon," said Tony. "Well, isn't that interesting? What my dear old father used to call a night for the Earl of Hell."

I raised my eyebrows. "That seems an odd expression for a vicar."

"A what?" For one glorious moment I saw Tony disconcerted. Then the pale eyes danced. "Oh, yes. But then my father was such an *odd* vicar. Ah, well, I dare say your libation will work. There'll be no moon tonight. Black enough," he added cheerfully, "to hide anything. Or anybody."

As soon as Tony and I entered the hotel, Frances came hurrying in. Tony disappeared through the door behind the reception table. He left it ajar. I heard Stratos's voice say something in soft Greek.

Frances's eyes were on my face, worried and questioning. "Are those for me?" She was conscious, as I was, of the open door.

"Yes. If only you'd come a little bit farther up, I found the very thing we were looking for! Here, hawkweed *Langleyensis hirsuta*."

I detached the common little hawkweed from the bunch, and handed it to her. I saw a spasm pass across her face, to be followed





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swiftly by something like understanding. Her eyes came up to mine. I nodded, every muscle of my face wanting to grin with triumph; but I fought them into stillness. I saw her eyes light up.

"It should be all right, shouldn't it?" I said, touching the yellow petals. "It's quite fresh and undamaged."

"Darling," said Frances, "it's a treasure. I'll put it away. I'll come up with you."

I shook my head at her quickly. It might be better not to look as if we wanted to hurry off together into privacy. "Don't bother. I'll join you at dinner; and let's pray it's soon—I'm starving."

I ran upstairs to my room and kicked off my dusty shoes. Only now did I begin to realize how tired I was. My feet were aching, and grimed with dust that had seeped through my canvas shoes. I pulled off my frock, then went over to the window and leaned on the cool stone sill, looking out.

Soon Lambis's caïque would slip past in the darkness toward the Bay of Dolphins, with three people on board who had their faces and thoughts thankfully set for Athens, and the end of their adventure. And meanwhile I was tired, hungry and dusty. If Stratos's hotel would run to a hot bath ——

I bathed fast, then hurried into a fresh frock. The bell sounded just as I was slipping on my sandals. I ran out, almost colliding with Sofia on the landing.

I had apologized, smiled and asked how she did before it struck me, like a fresh shock, that this very day I had seen her husband's grave. She walked into my room and stooped to pick up my shoes. "I will take these down and brush them. They are very dirty. You went far today, after I saw you at the mill?"

"Yes, quite a long way, right across to the old church. Look, don't bother about those old things ——"

"It is no trouble. Did you meet anybody . . . up there?"

I wondered if it was Josef she was worrying about, or Colin. I shook my head. "Nobody at all."

She was turning the shoes this way and that in her hands. Suddenly I remembered Josef's foot projecting from that grave. I lingered for a moment longer, fretted by that feeling of guilt which was surely not mine, then, on an awkward "Thank you," I turned and hurried down the outer stair and round the side of the hotel to where Frances awaited me with a vermouth for herself and a *tsikóuthia* for me.

I lifted the glass to Frances, and at last allowed the triumph of the day to reach my mouth and eyes. "It's been a lovely day," I said, "a wonderful day. Here's to . . . us, and our absent friends."

We drank. Frances regarded me smilingly. "I'll tell you something else, you ignorant little blighter. Among that first-class bunch of weeds you brought me you have put, by—I am sure—the merest chance, a thing that is really quite interesting." A few plants stood in a glass of water at her elbow. She detached one of them gently. "It was clever of you to bring the root as well. Careful, now."

The plant had round leaves, furry with white down, and purple, trailing stems, vaguely familiar. "What is it?"

"*Origanum dictamnus*," said Frances. "Give me the polythene bags, will you? I'd like to get *Origanum* safely under hatches."

"Oh, I forgot them. I did get them from your room, but I dropped them in my jacket pocket, and then came down without it. I'll get them now."

In the hallway I caught a glimpse of Sofia, with my shoes in her hand, vanishing through Stratos's office door. She had left my room very tidy; my jacket hung behind the door, the discarded dress lay neatly over the chair back. Frances's polythene bags weren't in the first pocket I tried—when was anything, ever?—but I found them in the other, and ran downstairs again.

Dinner was a cheerful meal, and even the octopus passed muster, as we ate it under Tony's apparently anxious surveillance. The lamb which followed it was wonderful.

"Oh, Tony, may we have coffee on the terrace, please?" Frances said. "If you're ready, Nicola?"

"I think I'll get my jacket," I said as I rose. "Give *Origanum* to me; I'll put him out of harm's way upstairs."

I laid the polythene bag with its precious plant carefully on my table, and lifted my jacket down from behind the door. As I put it on, something—something hard—in one of the pockets swung against the table with a dull thud. I put my hand in, and touched cold metal: the sharp blade of a knife.

The cold shape met my palm with the tingle of a small electric shock. Then I remembered. I brought the thing out of my pocket and looked at it. Lambis's knife; the one I had taken from him during that ghastly, serio-comic skirmish up there in the ruined church.

I was turning to put the thing out of sight in my case when something occurred to me that brought a little formless fear slipping over my skin like ice water. When I had come up to get the polythene bags for Frances, surely I had felt in both pockets of the jacket? Surely I had? I frowned, thinking back. Then certainty came: I could not have missed the knife. It hadn't been there.

Sofia. It was the only explanation. Sofia must have found the knife when she hung my jacket up. She had taken it—why? only to return it quietly while I was at dinner? *Why?*

I sat down abruptly on the edge of the bed, furious at the wave of panic which swept over me, trying to think coherently.

Lambis's knife. Nobody here would recognize it: nobody here had seen Lambis, or even knew of his existence. The knife could not possibly link me with the affair; not possibly.

Why, then, had Sofia done what she had done? Simply because, I told myself, it wasn't usual for the ordinary, innocent woman tourist to carry an unsheathed and very business-like knife. But there was no reason why I should not have bought such a thing as a souvenir; it was rather pretty, with the copper hilt worked with blue enamel, and a sort of filigree chasing on the root of the blade. If anyone asked me, I would say that I had bought the thing in Chania, because I knew I should want some sort of tool to dig up plants for Frances. That was why I had taken it with me today.

The thing slipped from my fingers and fell, to quiver, point down, in the floorboards. I was sitting on the bed again, my hands to my cheeks, my eyes shut in a vain effort to blot out the picture my memory had conjured up.

Lambis, relaxed in the sunshine beside Colin, whittling away at the little wooden lizard. After we had left the church; after I had taken the knife from his pocket. He hadn't missed it at all; his own knife, his accustomed knife, had had a wooden handle.

And this knife? This enameled copper affair that I had taken from his pocket, and forgotten to return? This pretty, deadly bit of Turkish enamelwork?

"*He pulled his knife*," Mark had said, "*and then went down hard, with his head against the rock, and that was that. We took everything else he had, and buried the boots.*"

Josef. Josef's weapon, marked and notched into unmistakability. Found in my pocket by Josef's wife. Shown to Tony; shown to Stratos. Then quietly slipped back where Sofia had found it.

I sat there, fighting off the waves of senseless panic. After a bit I put the knife in my suitcase, steadied myself and went down the stairway.

Frances was sitting with the coffee under the tamarisks. Behind them was the black, murmuring sea and the black, blank sky. The night of no moon. I thought of Stratos with a murder weighing on his mind. I didn't really pause to ask myself what he could be planning to do, or whether I had a respite until tomorrow. I knew only that somewhere out in that same blackness was a lightless caïque, with Mark on board, and that, come hell or high water, Frances and I were getting out of this place tonight.

"Keep to the rocks if you can," I breathed to Frances. "The shingle will make a noise."

ed, soft-shoed, along the smoothed
e rock, where the mats of ice dai-
our steps. The night was so dark
id oblong of the hotel was hardly

sure there'll be no moon?" whis-
es.
The sky was black velvet, obscured
of cloud drawing slowly across
hite Mountains. Later, perhaps, it
hick with stars, but now it was
and comforting for the hunted.
spinners had done their work.
out beyond the black horizon the
oon was waiting to unspin in
ht toward the shore. But not to-
y a yard away lay the edge of the
foot, taking a foot, always mov-
only as a faintly luminous line of
he only guide we had.
e had traversed the curve of the
wering in front of us was the high,
e cliff that stuck out into the sea,
nto deep water that lapped hol-
its base, creaming up among the
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ded the only way round.
of exercise, I cannot recommend
uitcase for a mile or so along sand
at dead of night, and then edging
long a narrow path where a false
an plunging into a couple of fath-
that, however quiet, is toothed
with jagged fangs of rock.
back as I reached the point. The
of light from the village had dis-
he bay we had traversed showed
p of darkness.
behind me, said breathlessly, "Out
hts. All over the place."
light fishers," I told her. "They
with spears. They're a long way
se we were too low to see them
y."
d bay was paved with beautifully
and that showed up well in the
provided safe walking. We made
and in ten more minutes we had reached the second headland. I made my way cautiously round the cliff, then down to the hard sand of the Bay of Dolphins. I could see Frances feeling her way carefully down to where I waited.

"All right?"

"Yes." She was beathing rather heavily. "Is this the bay?"

"Yes. The spit of rock runs out from the far side of it. Now we can use the torch, thank heaven. Here"—I pressed it into her hand—"you'd better have it. Give me your case."

The beam of light looked brilliant after the unalleviated blackness; it threw the sand and rocks into such vivid relief that for the first few moments the sense of distance and proportion was distorted.

That was how it seemed to me, and I suppose to Frances, for suddenly, with a bitten-off exclamation of pain, she seemed to lurch forward, then pitched down onto the sand as if shot. The darkness came down like a blanket as the torch flew from her hand, to be doused on the nearest rock with the ominous, the final sound of breaking glass.

I dropped the cases and was down beside her. "Frances! What is it? What happened?"

Such had been the havoc wrought on my nervous system during the last three days that for a mad moment I expected to find her dead.

But she was very much alive, and swearing. "It's my blasted ankle. Did you ever *know* such a fool, and I had the torch too. Is the thing broken?"

"I'm afraid so. But your foot ——"

"Oh, it's the same old ankle. It's all right, don't worry, it's only wrenched; the usual. If I sit here a moment and swear hard enough, it'll pass off. Hell, and I'm wet! You were right about the rock pools; the sand just seemed to shelve straight down into one. Now, if the torch has gone ——" She broke off, aghast. "Nicky, *the torch!*"

"Yes, I know. It can't be helped. He—he'll surely come close in to look for us, anyway, and we can hail him."

"If we see him."

"We'll hear, surely?"

"My dear girl, he won't use his engine, will he?"

"I don't know. It'll be all right, Frances, don't worry. If the worst comes to the worst," I said, falsely cheerful, "I'll stagger back with the cases and unpack, sharpish, then go and tell them we've been having a midnight swim, and will they come out and collect you."

"Yes," said Frances, "and then they'll come streaming along in force, and run into Mark and Co."

"Then it'd be over to Mark. He'd like that."

"Maybe. Well, give me a hand now, and help me up, will you?"

"There. Manage? Good for you. I'll tell you what: I'll dump the cases here, back against the cliff, and we'll get you along the 'pier' if we can—as far as we can, anyway."

It was a slow, dreadful progress across the bay. Frances hobbled along nobly, and I tried to seem confident and at ease; but I was flaying myself mentally for having tried this final escapade at all. Perhaps I had been stupid to panic so, over the discovery of Josef's knife. Perhaps there had never been any danger except in my own imagination. If I'd kept my head and waited till tomorrow —— But here we were in the dark, committed.

It must have been all of thirty minutes more before I had got Frances out along the ridge of rock. She fetched a long sigh of relief, and I saw her bend, as if to massage her ankle.

"You were marvelous," I told her. "Will you give me the lighter now?"

She felt in her pocket and passed it to me. I went a little farther along the rock ridge, found a flat place to stand, and faced out to sea. Then I cupped a hand round the lighter, and flicked it. Flicked it again. And again.

When my thumb was sore with trying, I allowed myself to realize what had happened. I remembered the splash with which Frances had fallen, and the way she had wrung out her coat. The lighter had been in the pocket. The wick was wet. We had no light at all.

I stood there, biting my lips, trying to think, straining eyes and ears against the darkness.

Then I heard it; or thought I did. The slap of water against a hull; the rattle of metal somewhere on board.

Well beyond the encircling arms of the bay, a light came past the point from my right, bearing eastward. A small boat, not using an engine, moving slowly and erratically across the black void, the light making a dancing pool on the water. One of the light fishers, standing in nearer the shore; that was all. I thought I could see a figure outlined against the light, crouching down in the bows. With the light boat so near, I dared not risk a hail for Mark to hear.

I went back to Frances, and told her.

"Then we'll have to go back?"

"I don't know. He'll have seen the light boat too. He may think we daren't flash our signal because of that. He—he may stand in to the bay, just to see." I paused, in a misery of indecision.

"Look!" Frances said sharply. "There!"

"That's it!" My voice was tight in my throat. "That's Mark. He's not coming in. He's doing just what he said he would: waiting. He would expect us to signal now, if we were here. And we can't afford to wait any longer to see if he will come in. It's ten past two already." I dropped my coat on the rock beside her, and my shoes went to join it. "I'm going out after him."

"My dear girl! You can't do that! Look, can't we risk shouting? He'd hear us, surely?"

"So would anyone else within miles, the way sound carries over water. I daren't. Anyway, we've no time to try. Don't worry about me; the water's like glass in the bay."

"I know, the original mermaid. But don't for pity's sake go beyond the headland. I can see the whitecaps from here."

My frock, and the jersey I had been wearing over it, went down on the pile. "Now don't *worry*, I'll be OK. Heaven knows I'll be thankful to be doing something." My petticoat dropped to the rock, and I stood up in briefs and bra. "Not just the correct dress for calling on gentlemen, but highly practical. Here's my watch. Thanks. See you later, love."



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I let myself down into the water without a splash. The first shock of it was cold to my overheated body, but then as the silky water slid over the flesh I reacted with the inevitable shiver of pure pleasure. The filmy nylon I was wearing seemed hardly to be there. I thrust away from the rock into the smooth, deep water, shook the hair back from my eyes, and turned out to sea.

I swam steadily and strongly, making as little splash as I could. As I left the shelter of the inner bay I could feel that the breeze had stiffened slightly; I could see foam creaming at the bases of the rock stacks, and now and again a whitecap slapped salt across my mouth.

Another fifty yards or so, and I paused, resting on the water. I could no longer see the outline of the caïque—if I was to find it, I would have to leave the line of the ridge, and swim across the open bay, with the tip of the headland as a guide.

I hesitated there, treading water, strangely reluctant, all at once, to leave for the undiscovered darkness of the open bay. I suppose there is nothing quite so lonely as the sea at night. I hung there in the black water, frightened, doubtful, half incredulous of the fact that I was there at all; conscious only that behind me was an alien country where I had behaved foolishly, and where folly was not tolerated; and that before me was the limitless, empty, indifferent sea.

But I was committed. I had to go. And, if they weren't there, I had to come back.

I took a breath, and turned away from the rock ridge, bearing steadily seaward. I swam fast. It might take me ten minutes to come within distance of a soft hail. And in about ten minutes he would up anchor, and go.

I had traveled, I suppose, not more than thirty yards when I was brought up sharply in my course by the sound—unmistakable, and near—of metal on wood. A boat's sound.

I stopped, treading water again, conscious now of the fast beating of my heart. Another moment of deep fear, loneliness and confusion swept over me with a cold splash like spray. But I dared not hesitate. I must try a hail now. . . . But, if it were *not* he ——

Then I saw it, unmistakably, and near. Lambis was coming in after all, without the signal; no doubt to reconnoiter the ridge before finally turning for the open sea and Athens. I put my head down, made a diving turn, and went at my fastest crawl back toward the ridge. My hand touched rock, I surfaced, clung, and turned, with my body held against the stack by the lifting water.

I had crossed the boat's course with plenty to spare; she was still slightly to seaward of me, but closing in, bearing for shore. I shook the water out of my eyes, tightened my grip on the rock and hailed her.

It came very breathlessly: "Ahoy there! Sailor!"

Silence. She was passing, soon to be lost again in the darkness. I could feel her wash lifting me against the rock.

I let myself go with it, hauling on my hand grip as I did so. I dared not leave the rock, for fear of being run down. I called again, not caring how loudly.

"Ahoy! Ahoy! *Náfti!*"

She came up as sharply as a checked horse. Then the high prow slanted, swung, and she veered head on to me.

I gave a little sobbing breath of relief. It was over. And of course it was Mark. No other boat would have put into this bay, along this perilous ridge, in this unlighted and stealthy silence. Only a few minutes more, and Frances and I would both be safely aboard.

Then, suddenly, a light flashed on; an enormous, blinding light; a pharos of a light. Straight above my head twin massive lamps were suspended in nothing. The beams, converging in a glaring ring, stabbed down onto the water, onto me. I was blinded, pinned down, held dazzled in that appalling light.

I cried out, cowering back against the rock, and at the same moment I heard him shout. It was a rough voice, and it spoke in Greek. Fear stabbed through at a purely instinctive level, and I dived away into the dark beyond the floodlit pool. I had seen, in that sharp, immediate flash of terror, what this was: it was a light boat, too small for an interisland caïque. And I knew whose light boat: Stratos's *Psyche*.

I heard Stratos shout: "*You? I knew it! And Josef?*" He was standing there now, brilliantly lit beside the lanterns, and the trident flashed as he drove it down, straight at me.

No time to think, certainly no time to cry out through the choking swirl of water. The trident went by me with a hiss; bubbles ripped back from the blades in a sparkling comet's tail. I twisted aside, kicking my way frantically out of the merciless light.

The spear reached the bottom of its run, jerked the rope tight; then he hauled it back as the boat swerved after me. The rope touched me as he dragged it up; the small graze, even through the rip of the water, touched the skin with terror, like a burn. I had a glimpse of him, towering beside the lanterns, hauling in the glittering coils of rope with rapid, practiced hands. I jackknifed away again, toward the deep, black water.

For a split, crazy second I thought of diving under the boat; then I knew it would be a dive to certain death: if the screw didn't get me, I would be a sitter for Stratos and the light as I came up. As it was, this could have only one end, and that a quick one. Another half minute of this dreadful, uneven hunt and I should be done, gasping on the surface, ready to be spitted.

Full in the glare, I turned to face the spear. The long shaft gleamed golden, the barbed blades glittered. His other hand was on the tiller. If the spear missed this time, the boat would run me down.

I gulped air, watching for the first flash of metal as his muscles tensed for the throw. The flash came; I turned and dived for the darkness. Nothing followed, no blades, no rope; he must have missed. I held myself under as long as I could, thrusting down and away, steeply, into deep water.

The moment came when I had to turn upward. I was rising toward the light . . . it was everywhere . . . the sea paled to a green, to a wavering of blue and gol with the ripples of the boat's passage.

Just before I broke surface I sa shadow towering above a shadow, t thwarts, huge, distorted, wavering lik of cloud. He was up there, waiting, still poised. He would get me now as and exhausted, I surfaced for the l

The spear drove down, a flash ar million flashing and glittering points stars, water drops, splashing foam, t of my water-filled eyes. There was a dreadful jarring, a curse. The wor and flashed, and was extinguished, a sive shape of blackness surged up me and the light. That last, long taken me into the wake of one of t of the rock ridge. The spear, strik maturely, had hit it, and the prow of boat, following me too closely, had with a jarring graze, and was ev roughly headed off by the rock, swer away.

The moment's respite, the solid ro own element were enough. My min as air poured into my body, and I s was safe, as long as I kept among t

The boat turned again, wheeling fo of the stack. I dropped back into the plunged round into the darkness at side. I reached out for a handhold again until she could come around.

Something caught at me then, ho back from the rock; something u water. It was thin and whippy as a sn it wrapped round my legs, dragging like the weight roped to the feet c condemned to die by drowning.

I fought it with the new strength instinctive terror. This was the sw nightmare, the very stuff of horror; t the tentacle, the rope of a net. . . . It fast, pulled me down, choking. And light was coming back.

Then it vanished, switched off. The darkness, printed with its image stil and dazzled. The darkened light bo



veen me and the stars, as if hesitating, , suddenly, her motor was gunned, and jet of white foam that shot from her n almost dragged me off my rock. In place came, gently, a biggish shadow, riding lights steady at mast and prow. omeone said, "Hang on, sweetheart," and eone else said, in Greek, "God protect us, sea lady."

ands reached, grabbed. The side of the ue dipped, and I was lifted in, and what- it was that had twined round my legs and l to drown me came too.

aguely I was aware of Mark's voice and ds; something dry and rough rubbed me rtly into warmth, something sharp and natic was forced down my throat, and k cursed steadily under his breath in a I hadn't thought he was capable of. Then e the dry roughness of a tweed coat round bare shoulders, and I was sitting up, with k's sound arm round me, feeling the nth of his body comforting my own, and ching his coat to my nakedness.

Stay quiet; it's all right, just stay quiet." shook, clinging to him. "The spear," I "the weeds."

know. It's all right now. He's gone." Re- rance seemed to flow from him in tangible es. "It's all finished; you're quite safe." *Mark!*" Colin dropped down beside us. is stuff that came up with her. It isn't ds, it's a length of rope, with a float, and a of lobster pot at the other end."

said, "He has *scháros* pots laid along e. I forgot. That was all it was, then. It felt ible, like weed."

But there's something inside." Colin nded excited. "Not fish. A package."

ark let me go. Gingerly he thrust his rs in, and brought out a package which he on the boards. Colin leaned close. Lambis, his place beside the engine, peered in their shoulders. The three faces were e, absorbed, as Mark unwrapped the age. There was a gasp from Colin, a grunt Lambis. Mark picked up a chain, very ily ornate, and worked in gold; Colin picked up an eardrop with a hoarfrost glitter round a flash of green. "I said it was jewels," he said breathlessly.

Mark let the gold-and-ruby necklace trickle back into the mouth of the bag. "It begins to make sense now, doesn't it?"

"'The London job,'" I quoted.

"Big deal, eh?" Colin sounded awestricken. He was turning the emerald drop from side to side, letting it catch the light. "I wonder how many pots he's got?"

"That's a question that can wait for the police. Let's put these things back." Mark pulled the drawstring tight and began to tie it.

I said slowly, "He must have thought that's what I was after. He came out here to check over his pots, and found me beside them."

"What *were* you doing in the water?"

"We broke the torch, so we couldn't signal. I was coming for you. I—*Mark!*" I put a hand to my head, which was only just beginning to clear of the sea noises and the confused terror of the chase. "I must have gone crazy myself. Get Lambis to put back to the rocks! There's ——"

"You're hurt?" Lambis interrupted me sharply. "That is blood, no?"

"No." I felt nothing; my flesh was still cold and too numb to feel pain. But as Mark snatched up the lantern, and swung its light round to me, I saw that there was, indeed, blood on my thigh, and a dark line of it creeping down onto the deck. "He must have got me with the edge of the spear," I said faintly, beginning to shake again.

Mark leaped to his feet. "I'll not stand for this!" He towered over us, possessed, apparently, by sheer, uninhibited rage. "I'm damned if we cut and run for Athens after this! We're getting after him, if it's the last thing we do! Lambis, can you catch him?"

I saw a grin of unholy joy split the Greek's face. "I can try."

"Then get weaving!"

I began feebly: "Mark, no ——" But my protest was drowned by the roar of the caïque's engine as she jumped forward with a jerk that set every board quivering.

I heard Colin shout, "Man, oh *man*, Lambis, cool it wild!" as he dived into the cabin.

Mark dropped back to his knees beside me, saying, simply and rudely, "Shut up. We're going back, and that's that. Do you think I'd have sat there and let them do all they've done, if they hadn't had Colin to hold me to ransom with? What d'you take me for, a bloody daffodil? Now sit quiet and let *me* bandage *you! Colin?* Where the—oh, thanks!" This as the first-aid box hurtled from the cabin door. Mark caught it and pulled it open. "And find the girl something to wear, will you? Now, keep still, and let me get that tied up."

"But, Mark, what are you going to do?"

"Do? I'm going to hand him over to the police myself, personally, and if I've got to paste the living daylights out of him, well, that'll suit *me!*"

There is only one way to improve one's work—love it. PHILLIPS BROOKS

I said meekly, "Do you have to be quite such a sadist with the Elastoplast?"

"What?" He stared at me blankly. He really was looking very angry indeed, and quite dangerous. Then the black look faded, to be succeeded by a reluctant grin. "Was I hurting? I'm sorry." He finished quite gently.

"Will these do?" Colin emerged from the cabin, clutching a thick, fisherman's knit jersey, a cotton-mesh shirt and a pair of jeans. "You can put them on in the cabin."

The cabin was warm after the smartly moving breeze on deck. I rubbed my cold flesh vigorously with the rough towel, then wriggled into the jeans. They must be Colin's; they would be tight on him, and were even tighter on me. The jersey—Mark's at a guess—was wonderfully warm and bulky. I pushed open the cabin door and peered out.

A rush of starry wind met me, the roar of the motor, the slap and race of water. We had swerved, close in, round the second headland, and were tearing across the mouth of the bay toward Agios Georgios. The caïque jumped and bucked like a bolting horse as the crosswind met her round the headland.

Colin turned and saw me, and flashed a torch. "Oh, hullo! Were the things all right?"

"Fine. The pants are a bit tight, that's all; I hope I don't split them."

"They don't look it, do they, Mark?"

Mark turned, looked obediently and said, simply, "Boy, oh *boy!*"

"Well, well," I said, "you must really be feeling better."

"Sure. Try me. Just one hundred percent —— *There he is!*"

I dived after him to the side, peering to starboard. Then I saw it, too, barely a hundred yards ahead of us, a small shape hurtling into the curve of the bay.

The note of the caïque's engine changed, and Lambis spoke, urgently and quietly: "Here, we go in now. Colin, light the lamp again; he must have seen us now. When we get in, you make her fast; I will go to help Mark."

Stratos had seen, cut his engine, and the boat lost way abruptly, slipping alongside the rocks. I saw him, the figure of my nightmare, rope in one hand, boathook in the other. Then his boat jarred to a rocking halt as the boathook flashed out and held her.

"Ready?" Lambis's voice was almost inaudible, but it affected me like a shout.

"OK," said Mark.

The three of them must have worked together at berthing the caïque many times before. This time, done fast, and in semidarkness, it was surprisingly slick.

Stratos was already on shore; I saw him, caught momentarily in our lurching lights. Then Mark, in a standing leap from the caïque's bows, landed beside him.

As the Cretan swung to face the challenge, Mark hit him. I heard the blow connect, sickeningly, and Stratos went staggering back.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104



WHAT IT'S LIKE TO MARRY A KENNEDY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

they can make you look silly. If Harvard played touch, they'd be on the varsity."

Joan was totally nonathletic before her marriage to Teddy almost four years ago. But on any summer day at the Compound she may be invited to: play three sets of tennis, or eighteen holes of golf, or to water-ski. Or she may sail with Ethel to Great Island with a parcel of four- or five-year-olds, to be becalmed for several hours—as has happened more than once—on the hot trip back with the half-eaten remains of two dozen peanut-butter sandwiches.

Joan and Ted often go water-skiing on weekends with the President and his wife. Joan, a novice, skies in a straight line, without attempting fancy maneuvers. One day while Teddy was at the wheel of the small motorboat and Jackie was watching Joan's hand signals to see if he should speed up or slow down, the President unexpectedly took over and gave it the gas, easily outstripping a boatful of the press and his security officers. "I was scared to death, and worried if Jack knew what he was doing," recalls Joan, but she managed to keep her balance. "I'd forgotten that Jack once handled a PT boat."

Joan is modest about her athletic ability. "All the Kennedy sisters are terrific tennis players, and so is Ethel. Jackie and Ethel also ride a lot. I don't ride at all, and although Teddy is terribly patient about batting a tennis ball with me, I never expect to be as good as they are. My golf's a little better; when the girls are shooting in the forties, I'm in the sixties, but they all give me generous handicaps."

"The family's been spending summers here for thirty years," explained Jean Kennedy Smith, a tall, lithe woman with intelligent blue eyes and an attractive smile. "We all beg swimming lessons at four, tennis at six, a golf at eight. So naturally we all learned the sports rather well.

"We consider Joan fantastically pretty," s continued, "and all tease her constantly abo her perfect figure, especially the men. T amazing thing about her is that she is unaware of her good looks and so unspoil by them. Joan has a great sweetness. She candid, and not gregarious; in fact, quite ind pendent. All the Kennedy girls feel she is t ideal wife, never ruffled, never complainin She's very good for Ted; calms him down. terribly devoted couple."

"Lately the sisters have been teasing n about being a recluse," admits Joan. "This because Teddy and I ate alone one Sund night instead of joining the group."

Joan was raised in conservative, Republ can, prosperous Bronxville, a suburb of Ne York, with one younger sister, Candy, no married to a Yale man and living in Houstoi Texas. Her mother comes from an old Ne York family of English origin, the Steads; h father is Harry Wiggin Bennett, an advertisin consultant who numbers among his ancesto one of the early governors of New Englan As a small boy Joan's father spent his sun mers at Hyannis Port in a large ocean-fror pink brick house easily visible down the beac from Joan's present bedroom window.

A good student, who enjoyed studyin Joan skipped the girls' hockey and footba games at Bronxville public high school spend her afternoons practicing the piano an doing her homework. She reached her preser height of five feet seven when she was twelv "I was terribly skinny," she admits candidly "with braces on my teeth. Teddy laughs whe I tell him how homely I was, but the truth I didn't date much at all in high school."

When Joan's braces were removed at six teen, she blossomed into a beautiful youn

SHOW TO THE YOUNG

Benjamin Franklin, as a very young man, made up a list of ways to win friends and influence people for his own personal guidance. His psychological approach to successful conversation is just as effective today as it was 200 years ago:

"I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own. When another asserted something that I thought in error, I denied myself the pleasure of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition; and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases his opinion would be right, but in the present case, there appeared to be some difference.

"I soon found the advantage of this change in my manners; the conversations I engaged in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I proposed my opinions procured them a readier reception and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be right.

"And to this habit I think it principally owing that I had early so much weight with my fellow citizens when I proposed new institutions or alterations in the old; and so much influence in public councils, when I became a member; for I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my point."

MARY ALKUS

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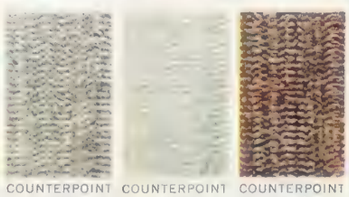
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During her freshman year at Man- College she was presented to New ty at the Gotham Ball and again at the Cotillion. She modeled one whole ing commercials on the Eddie Fisher Como television shows; "such fun ch different kinds of people." She ted a career, however, and held no es—"I'm not the leader type." Dur- mmer of her sophomore year she rope for three months with five ge friends, "the most glamorous, summer." By organizing the trip an earned her own way free, then he "fantastic pay" she had earned l on presents for her friends and

s a giving person," says her close nné Brokaw Shaw. "If something happens, you want to tell Joan first ou know she'll truly rejoice with has an interesting personality; she le and can get up before a group of ed and give an impromptu speech lievable poise. Yet she also enjoys e."

ime Joan was a senior at Manhat- n English and music major with les, most of her friends were engaged , but Joan had never gone steady, she had bevies of beaux. "Teddy ave come along at a better time," ow of their first meeting when she wenty-one. "He was my first and

ppened, she almost missed meeting right October day in 1957 when the amily visited her college. Rose Ken- gone to Manhattanville, as did her ean, who roomed with Ethel there. y was giving the college a new n, and Teddy, studying law at the of Virginia, was asked to make the speech.

s busy typing an English theme and skip the ceremony. Afterward, a t to her room and persuaded her attend the Kennedy tea "because ss you, you'll get demerits and you campused." So Joan reluctantly yping, changed into a light blue eater and skirt and went to the

otted her instantly across a crowded asked me who she was," Jean Ken- h recalls. "I had met Joan at a party before so I went over and chatted said, 'I'd like you to meet my little

houldered young giant, six feet two to two hundred pounds, loomed sister. Joan gazed up at a lopsided, and friendly smile and into a pair of aising Kennedy blue eyes.

gh they talked for only a few min- phoned Joan that night from Vir- several times again before their first g his Thanksgiving holidays. Then ristmas vacation at Stowe, Vermont, her first ski slope with Ted at her lt so little and the mountain looked oan remembers. "I kept falling down g snow in my boots and up my was aching, cold and miserable. But l in love with Ted on that ski week- as always there to pick me up and n, with such patient, sweet encour- Now I really enjoy skiing and can slope he can; only a lot slower, of

ng her graduation from college, invited to Hyannis Port to spend a the elder Kennedys. She found nedy "a deeply religious woman who s her beliefs. She's generous with her always thinking of her children." made to feel part of the family once, and it was at Hyannis Port proposed. It was a formal declara- owed by a visit to Joan's father to pproval before the engagement was d in September, 1958.

white-and-gold wedding with blaz- rysanthemums in November of that a reception afterward for about a people. Cardinal Spellman married pair, and brother Jack was best man. A professional movie crew recorded the whole affair. ("The bridegroom was 'bugged'," giggles Joan, "with a microphone behind his lapel.") When she is feeling especially sentimental nowadays, she can sit in her own living room and watch her wedding ceremony in living color, complete with the "I do"s and organ music.

Joan's presents from the Kennedys included "distinguished, unusual things," such as a handmade wooden model sailboat from the Bobby Kennedys, an oil painting, and some lovely jewelry from Mr. Kennedy Sr. Joan had chosen a handsome sterling-silver pattern, but so far has accumulated only five place settings. "When I get to Washington, you'll get your silver," Ted promised recently, adding with a touch of Yankee practicality, "You'll need it to entertain."

Joan has little good china, her most recent gift from Teddy being a Steinway grand piano. This summer Mrs. Kennedy Sr. came to her rescue.

"Rose Kennedy is a string saver, the way I am," says Joan. "Nothing gives her a bigger thrill than having some old dress made over. Naturally, she has lots of china, having raised nine children, and having been an ambassador's wife. So when one of her breakfast sets gets whittled down, she gives the remaining dishes to me."

One Saturday night this summer Joan entertained eighteen Kennedys and their house guests for dinner. She served a twenty-four-pound rolled roast beef, prepared by her college girl from Mississippi, hired as a summer cook and mother's helper. "It looked like the side of a cow." The buffet table was set with odds and ends of stainless steel from the Big House and Joan's own kitchenware. "The house guests might have noticed things didn't match, but not the Kennedys," says Joan.

"All the Kennedy girls own beautiful things and have wonderful taste," she continues, "but they don't bring them to the Compound. None of us throws away comfortable old clothes; we bring them here. Teddy is still wearing his Harvard football sweat shirts and my sailing outfit is a pair of slacks so old that they flap around my ankles like bell-bottomed trousers. Ted rarely ever criticizes me, but if I should buy a dress or sweater he doesn't like, he'll say teasingly, 'It looks great—for the Cape.'" (Joan's wardrobe is a small, modest one. She owns no mink—only two cloth coats for winter and a nine-year-old beaver.)

Joan and Ted spent the first year of their marriage in a small servantless cottage in Charlottesville, where Joan did everything, including the cooking. She looks back nostalgically to this period when Ted was busy with law school—"he seemed to be president of everything"—but at least came home to dinner. They had only a three-day honeymoon following their wedding, as house guests of Lord Beaverbrook in Nassau, but the next summer they spent six weeks on "a fun trip" to South America, including skiing in the Andes. ("Easier than Vermont," believes Joan, "because there are fewer trees to crash into.")

No sooner had they returned to the Big House at the Compound than Ted was drawn into the strategy of planning his brother's 1960 presidential campaign. Ted had successfully managed John Kennedy's 1958 senatorial campaign; he was now given the Far Western states to "explore," to seek out possible delegates to the national convention, and to see how they felt about electing his brother as President. From October, 1959, until the election in November, 1960, Ted was largely away from home, flying between Washington and the West.

In the fall, after the Big House had been closed for the winter, Joan moved back with her family in Bronxville to spend two months alone awaiting the birth of her first child, Kara Anne. As she lay in the hospital, she realized that if she didn't travel with Ted she would rarely see him. She knew that she would have to conserve her energy: "Jackie and I decided long ago we just don't have the stamina of the Kennedy girls." But she realized that being a Kennedy, although pleasant and privileged, entails stern responsibilities. Explains Joan, "Several of the sisters are nervous about flying and Ethel lost both her parents in a plane crash. Yet Ethel flew around the world with Bobby, leaving seven children at home."

Joan was determined to pull her own weight. Within a month after her first delivery, she was on a plane with peppy Ethel and indefatigable Jean speeding for the Kennedy caravan in West Virginia. This was Joan's first hard look at tar-paper-shack poverty and some of the mountaineers' openly hostile anti-Catholicism. Yet the impression which remained with her was "the wonderful friendliness of West Virginia."

In the following frenzied months of campaigning, Joan joined Ted in Arizona and New Mexico and Wyoming, and lived out of a suitcase in Washington State and San Francisco for months at a time to be near him. The Democratic Convention was "terribly exciting" for her mainly because Ted was down on the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99



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For 6 servings: Mix 1½ cups pineapple tidbits and juice, ½ cup coarsely chopped green pepper, ½ cup sliced celery, ½ cup coarsely chopped pimiento, ¼ cup vinegar, ½ cup water, ½ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, few drops tabasco in saucepan. Bring to boil. Combine 3 tablespoons cornstarch with water to form paste. Add to vegetable mixture. Boil 1 minute. Add 2 regular size 6½ oz. cans or 1 Giant Size 12½ oz. can White Star tuna. Heat to serving temperature. Serve over Chinese noodles.

UED FROM PAGE 97

on floor with the Far Western dele- Los Angeles, Frank Sinatra enter- l the Kennedys and proved himself an nally thoughtful host. "He was for- ing out chairs and lighting cigarettes. ed all the cute blondes to make sure nnedy was comfortable. Mr. Sinatra," erved, "seems to have a yearning for ility."

e eve of Election Day, Joan and Ted n the West Coast to Hyannis Port to ith the family in the Big House. It -thirty the next morning before they wearily and jubilantly to bed; within ours, sightseers had inundated this utpost of Boston gentility. Prince l, shaving in the new President's n, was appalled to gaze out the win- o the stolid gaze of several dozen seekers a scant thirteen feet from his kie at once ordered a tall Normandy ilt along the side of her house; and white sentry boxes sprang up like ms around the Compound.

asked if the Kennedy family's rela- oward Jack changed when he became of the United States, Joan laughed "Heavens, no! Jack still dishes it out s it like the others."

after Election Day, Ted flew off to r six weeks on a fact-finding tour with ate Foreign Relations Committee. was gone Joan busied herself finding Boston, where Ted had accepted a ssistant district attorney of Suffolk He waived a moderate salary to be a man because, Joan explains, "Ted ob as a means of gaining experience vork and also as a public service." n sat in court watching him represent in a variety of cases involving felo- beries and assault.

he wasn't acting as a prosecuting Ted was lecturing at clubs on his rip. He began by making luncheon dinner speeches. Finally he became in demand that he frequently finished ch at nine o'clock and then left to second audience.

ow had her "skinny, narrow Boston ne" near fashionable Beacon Hill ouse-hunting for a summer place on . "We didn't care especially whether the Compound or not," she says. portant thing was the site, and

rch of 1961 they found the perfect st half a mile from the Big House. queline and Jean Smith had looked over and decided it was too small for t Joan and Teddy loved on sight the room gray-shingled house which one on a high bluff, with a view of et Sound from every window. They a whole wall on the ocean side and ding glass doors to the terrace. Joan the spacious living room with vivid ll-to-wall carpeting; the walls and e a warm white, a perfect background arly-American antiques found in the nnedys' attic, and many bright oil s. "And at last we found the perfect Ethel and Bobby's wedding present, r two years we had in storage," ex- Joan. The handsome sailing-ship good five feet long, now fills an entire low.

rs the young Kennedys threw two drooms into one to make a huge edroom, with room for a king-sized ed, a white nylon-velvet chaise longue all French white-and-gold desk where es to spend her mornings writing to and family. Two picture windows the changing blues and greens of the r below. The carpet is a bright pink, white with a faint blush of pink. s away so much he told me to go nd decorate it any way I wanted to," plains the elegant pink-and-white edroom.

two years Ted's been campaigning ys a week, eighteen hours a day. He ne every night, no matter where he is, n he manages to get home I wait up and we take a long walk to help him He's so appreciative of everything I do," she believes. "I get awfully tired after a long day of campaigning, but then he leans over and whispers, 'You're a hit' or 'You're a wonderful help' or 'Everybody loves you.' Then I feel so good! I'm really sharing this campaign with him; when his tummy gets upset, mine does too."

When asked to give his opinion of Joan as a campaigner, Ted at first refused, saying it would not be appropriate for him to discuss his wife with a reporter. A bit later, however, he admitted that she was "a tremendous asset." He mentioned her flexibility, her willingness to go anywhere at a moment's notice, and her great interest in people. "You can't hurry Joan through a crowd because she insists on giving her full attention to each person she talks to," he added. "This sincerity of hers comes through, especially to women who might—well, you know—resent her."

Plenty of blood has been drawn in the current Massachusetts senatorial fight, involving three handsome, intelligent, vigorous scions of three nationally prominent families, the McCormacks, the Lodges and the Kennedys. The most painful part of the skirmishing to Joan were rumors that Ted had been kicked out of Harvard for cheating. "He did have his best friend take his Spanish exam for him, but he was only a freshman at the time," she bristles defensively. "He was not thrown out, but asked to take a year's vacation. Instead, he enlisted in the Army as a buck private for two years. Then he came back and finished Harvard with honors, which I think is pretty wonderful."

"There are both advantages and disadvantages to being the President's brother," mused thirty-year-old Ted, lounging on his terrace in a pair of old slacks and a shrunken T shirt. His nasal, clipped voice, with its strong undercurrent of authority, could be that of the President. Even in old clothes Ted is impressive.

"For the past four years I've been on the inside of great national and world decisions and knowing how they were reached," Ted explained. "This is a unique advantage. The disadvantage of my position," he continued slowly, "is being constantly compared with two brothers of such superior ability."

"I'm very, very proud of Ted because he takes all this mud and never slings it back," Joan said later. "Ted's a considerate person, especially to women. He's never short or ugly. He's also a man's man, with hordes of loyal friends. He was born knowing how to get close to people. Not only does Ted have more energy than anyone I know, but he seems to derive this energy from people. I just can't imagine Teddy in some quiet law office somewhere," she adds somewhat wistfully.

What kind of life lies ahead for Joan? If Ted fails to make the Senate this year, Joan feels the chances are he'll try again in 1964. She says she and Ted want a large family—"as big as Ethel's"—but inevitably much of the responsibility in raising them will fall on her slender shoulders. When she was six months pregnant last summer, Ted flew off on a fact-finding tour of Latin America. When Joan went into labor six weeks early, it was nip-and-tuck whether she would make the seventy-five-mile car trip to a Boston hospital in time. Ted was away, as usual, and it was hours before he even knew that his first son had arrived.

Joan's natural instinct is to be frank; she is discovering, however, that in politics one must be evasive sometimes without offending. And as she becomes a recognizable celebrity, she will no longer be able to stroll into Hyannis Port to buy a lipstick, or to travel on commercial planes with her hair in curlers. (Airline hostesses on the Hyannis-Boston-New York run address her familiarly as Joan and say she is one of the nicest people they've ever dealt with.) She is beginning to be seen on Boston television frequently, and soon she may not be able to slip flats on to match Ted's long restless stride along the Charles River or Boston Common at midnight. A well-known Boston jewelry store probably won't see her this year bargain-hunting at the postholiday sales for half-price presents for the following Christmas.

She is discovering, painfully, that not everyone can be trusted, especially the press. When she invited some newsmen to tea at Squaw Island recently, one of them copied down her unlisted phone number, and subsequently her sleep was interrupted a dozen times a night with calls from all over the country for "statements." Another time a magazine photographer submitted for publication some family pictures he had solemnly promised Joan were for her eyes alone. "I'll never let that man on our property again!" Joan vows, eyes flashing.

When a friend remarked recently that if Teddy goes to Washington she will see even less of him, Joan groaned, "Oh, don't tell me that!" She is torn between her desire to lead a secluded domestic life with her babies and her equally strong urge to help Ted realize his driving ambitions. Somewhere in this tug-of-war her sweet, sincere and trusting nature is bound to be affected. One thing is sure: in the turbulent years ahead she will need every ounce of moral and physical strength that lies behind that fragile and feminine exterior.

END



The Short Cut Cookbook



By ELAINE HANNA

A savory bouillabaisse in fifteen minutes? A Viennese mocha torte in ten? It's easy—if you use the magic of canned and frozen foods, instants and mixes. A well-stocked freezer and a cupboard of packaged items can save you hours of preparation and pot watching. Try them, rely on them as short-cuts to effortless, superb eating.

PLANTATION CASSEROLE: (1) Into a 2½-quart casserole empty 1 can (12-oz.) boned chicken, 1 package (10-oz.) frozen peas and carrots, 1 can (1-lb.) cream-style corn, ⅓ cup grated processed American cheese (those little rotary hand graters are a whiz at this), ½ cup evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon each Worcestershire sauce and salt, a dash of pepper. (2) Stir gently to mix. (3) Sprinkle another ⅓ cup grated American cheese on top. (4) Arrange 8 to 10 packaged refrigerated or mix biscuits over the surface. (5) Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., about 25 minutes or until bubbly and biscuits golden. Then bring to the table! Makes 6 servings.

HAM AND POTATOES AU GRATIN: (1) Empty 1 package (6½-oz.) potatoes au gratin into a 2-quart casserole. Add 2 cups boiling water and stir. (2) Mix 1 envelope (1-oz.) cheese-sauce mix with 1 cup milk and stir into casserole. (3) Add 1 pound cooked diced ham, 1 can (4-oz.) chopped pimientos, 1 tablespoon each steak sauce and prepared mustard. (4) Cover and bake in hot oven, 400° F., 30 minutes. (5) Uncover, top with French-fried onion rings from 1 can (3¼-oz.), bake 2–3 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

QUICK TUNA BOUILLABAISSE (and this is!): (1) Heat together in a large saucepan 2 (10-oz.) cans frozen oyster-stew soup, 1 pint fresh or frozen scallops, 2 (6-oz.) cans tuna, drained and flaked, 1 package (1-lb.) frozen ocean-perch or haddock fillets, 1 teaspoon each instant minced onion and parsley flakes, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ⅛ teaspoon seasoned pepper and a pinch of salt and powdered saffron. (2) Simmer, covered, until fish fillets flake and flavors blend. Serve with crusty hot French bread fairly dripping with butter! Add a crisp green salad. Makes 6 servings.

Hamburger is a quick-change artist. Team it with herbs, team it with spices; sauté, broil or bake it—truly it's a cook's best friend.

BASIL MEATBALLS WITH RED-WINE GRAVY: (1) Mix together 1 pound hamburger, ½ cup soft white bread crumbs soaked in a little water and squeezed dry, 1 teaspoon each salt and basil, ¼ teaspoon each seasoned pepper and dried grated lemon rind, ⅛ teaspoon garlic powder and 3 tablespoons water. (2) Shape into 12 balls. (3) Sauté in 2–3 tablespoons cooking oil until golden and almost done. (4) Add 1 can (10¾-oz.) beef gravy and ¼ cup red wine. Cover and simmer 5 minutes. Makes 4–6 servings.

INDIVIDUAL MEAT LOAVES: (1) Mix 1 pound hamburger, ¼ cup packaged toasted bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon instant onion flakes (aren't they wonderful?), ¼ cup powdered cream, ½ cup water, 1 can (3-oz.) chopped mushrooms, drained, 1 teaspoon each salt, parsley flakes and orégano, ¼ teaspoon celery salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. (2) Divide into 8 equal portions and place in muffin pans. (3) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 25 minutes until golden. Makes 8 servings.

BEEF MEXICAINE: (1) Heat 2 tablespoons cooking oil in a large skillet, add 1 pound hamburger, break up with a fork and sauté a few minutes. (2) Stir in 1 can (1-lb.-3-oz.) tomatoes, ½ cup condensed consommé, ¼ cup tomato paste, 1 envelope instant chili mix and 1 can (1-lb.) red kidney beans. (3) Cover and simmer 20 minutes, stirring. Makes 4–6 servings.

With cocktails try DEVILED CHEESE SPREAD: (1) Mix 2 (4½-oz.) cans deviled ham, 1 package (8-oz.) cream cheese, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon prepared horseradish, 1 teaspoon instant minced onion and ¼ teaspoon liquid hot-pepper seasoning.

A sauce can nudge the simplest meat or vegetable into the realm of classics. Try it!

RED CLAM SAUCE for spaghetti (it's almost as easy as opening a can): (1) Heat together, stirring, 2 (7½-oz.) cans minced clams, 1 can (8-oz.) tomato sauce, 1 can (1-lb.) tomato purée, ¼ to ½ teaspoon instant minced garlic, 1 teaspoon each orégano and basil and a few drops liquid hot-pepper seasoning. Cover and cook, stirring occasionally, for about 20 minutes. Serve hot over any pasta. Makes about 1 quart sauce.

SPROUTS WITH CHESTNUT SAUCE (e so good with turkey!): (1) In a saucepan mix cup canned chestnut purée, ¼ cup water, teaspoon each powdered dill and summer s ory, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine and 1 t spoon lemon juice. Cover and simmer 10 n utes, stirring now and again. (2) Cook 1 pack (10-oz.) frozen Brussels sprouts according package directions. (3) Drain, add sauce a mix lightly. Makes 3–4 servings.

GLAZED CARROTS AND ONIONS: (1) H together 1 can (1-lb.) whole carrots and 1 (1-lb.) whole white onions. Drain. (2) Me while, heat ½ cup each maple-flavored syr and apple juice in a large skillet, stirri until most of the liquid has evaporated and caramel syrup remains. (3) Add carrots a onions to skillet and stir gently to glaze even Makes 6 servings.

SAUCE GLORIA: (1) Mix until smooth 1 pac age (3-oz.) softened cream cheese, ½ cup cru bled blue cheese, 2–3 tablespoons evaporat milk and ¼ teaspoon powdered dill. (2) Heat a double boiler. Serve over cauliflower, brocc or asparagus. It's sensational! Makes 1 cup.

SOUR CREAM HOLLANDAISE: (1) In double boiler heat ½ cup dairy sour cream, egg yolks slightly beaten, ½ teaspoon salt and dash of white pepper, stirring frequently. Remove from heat and add 2 teaspoons lem juice. Serve over asparagus, broccoli, articho bottoms, or cauliflower. Makes ¾ cup.

SPICY APPLESAUCE RELISH: (1) Mix t gether 2 cups applesauce, ½ cup each chopp celery, seedless raisins, cinnamon candies a prepared horseradish. (2) Chill well. It's the pe fect relish for pork and poultry, particularly tu key and duck. Makes 4 cups.

SWISS NOODLES (wonderful with a rare roa of beef and a cool green salad): (1) Cook 1 pacl age (8-oz.) medium-wide noodles by package d rections and drain. (2) Crush enough Swi cheese and ham-flavored crackers to make cup. Stir into noodles with 2 cups dairy sou cream, ½ teaspoon caraway seed and ¼ te spoon paprika. That's all there is to it. Mak 6 servings.

CONTINUED ON PAGE



GOOD COFFEE IS LIKE FRIENDSHIP: RICH AND WARM AND STRONG

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How to become famous for your coffee. See page 122 *Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall St., N. Y. 5, N. Y.*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

Bread, freshly baked and hot enough to melt butter, dresses up a meal quicker than any other addition. Blessed be the brown-and-serves!

PECAN CINNAMON ROLLS: (1) Arrange 12 cloverleaf brown-and-serve rolls in a 9″ layer-cake pan so that the rolls just touch one another. (2) Mix together ½ cup honey, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ cup brown sugar and ½ cup broken pecans. (3) Spoon over the tops of the rolls. (4) Bake in a hot oven, 400° F., for 15–20 minutes. Serve right from the oven! Makes one dozen breakfast or tea rolls.

SPICED-RAISIN-AND-PRUNE-FILLED ROLLS: (1) Mix together in a bowl 5 chopped stewed prunes, ½ cup seedless raisins (plumped in a little hot water), ⅛ teaspoon cinnamon, dash cloves and 2 tablespoons sugar. (2) Separate the biscuits from 1 package refrigerator biscuits. Flatten each a little and put 1 teaspoon fruit mixture in the middle. Dampen the edges with milk and seal to form a ball. (3) Place in an 8″ layer-cake pan so they just touch one another. Sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a very hot oven, 450° F., 12–15 minutes or until golden.

A gourmet meal deserves a glorious ending. And again, the "doing" need not be difficult.

COCONUT-CREAM PIE: (1) Crush 22 gingersnaps with a rolling pin to fine crumbs. Mix in ¼ cup melted butter or margarine and 2 tablespoons sugar. Press against the sides and bottom of an 8″ pie plate to form a crust. Chill. (2) Mix 1 package instant vanilla-pudding mix with 1½ cups cold milk. Beat until mixture begins to thicken. (3) Stir in 1 can (3½-oz.) flaked coconut and 1 cup cream dessert topping. (4) Spoon into pie shell. Chill. Decorate with more topping and a light dusting of gingersnap crumbs, if you like. Makes 6 servings. (The kids will go for this one!)

PEACHES AND HONEY: (1) Drain 1 can (1-lb.-14-oz.) cling-peach halves. (2) Place in a bowl and add ¼ cup light honey, ½ teaspoon lemon juice and 3–4 tablespoons Madeira. Mix gently and chill. Makes 4 servings. Just (1) heat and (2) *eat!* It's a little like the exotic Near Eastern dishes.

PINEAPPLE-RICE DELIGHT: (1) Cook 2 cups rice (the quick-cooking kind) using apricot nectar instead of water. Cool slightly. (2) Stir in ¼ cup sugar, 1 can (13½-oz.) pineapple tidbits (include syrup) and ½ cup heavy cream. Spoon into serving dishes or parfait glasses and chill well. Top with whipped cream and serve. Makes 6–8 servings.

STRAWBERRY TURNOVERS WITH ORANGE CREAM: (1) Bake 1 package frozen strawberry turnovers by package directions. (2) Top with a mixture of 1 cup dairy sour cream, ¼ cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons grated orange rind and a dash of nutmeg.

FIVE-MINUTE "FUDGE" FROSTING (devotees of the "gunky" frosting school will adore you for this one): (1) Melt 2 (6-oz.) packages semisweet chocolate bits in ¼ cup hot water over boiling water. Remove from heat and add ½ cup evaporated milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, and 2 tablespoons rum if you like. Beat with a rotary or electric beater until thick and glossy. Chill a few minutes if the mixture seems too thin to spread easily. Makes 2 cups—enough to jazz up 12 cupcakes or cookies. To frost a dark chocolate-fudge cake (and there are wonderful mixes for them), simply double this recipe.

VIENNESE MOCHA TORTE (a spectacular dessert—best of all, you can make it well ahead and refrigerate till serving time): (1) Split a quick-frozen chocolate cake into two layers. (2) Spread strawberry preserve on the unfrosted layer, and sprinkle with rum or coffee liqueur. (3) Put the two layers together and frost the outside with 1 cup whipped cream flavored with 1–2 tablespoons instant coffee and a little more rum or coffee liqueur.

END

WONDERFUL WAYS WITH PORK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

SWEET PEPPERS AND PORK

- 2 pounds lean shoulder of pork, cubed
- 1 tablespoon bacon drippings or cooking oil
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 1 can (10½-oz.) condensed consommé
- 1 teaspoon monosodium glutamate
- 2 tablespoons soy sauce
- 1 clove garlic crushed
- ½ teaspoon b
- 2 large green peppers
- 1 large red pe
- 4 large firm ri tomatoes
- 5–6 teaspoons cornstarch

(1) Sauté the pork in the drippings or oil golden on all sides. (2) Sprinkle the sugar the pork, add the consommé, monosoc glutamate, soy sauce, garlic and basil. Cover and simmer about 1½ hours, until is quite tender. (4) Seed the peppers and cut them into pieces about the size of a q ter. (5) Core the tomatoes and cut them pieces about the same size. (6) Add the pers to the pork, re-cover and heat fo minutes. (7) Add the tomatoes, re-cover heat for 2 minutes. (8) Uncover and stir in cornstarch, which has been mixed into a l cold water. (9) Heat, uncovered, stirring tly, until the sauce is thickened. Serve rice. Makes 6 servings.

SHOULDER OF PORK NORMAND

- 1 shoulder of pork (5-lb.), boned and tied
- 1 tablespoon seasoned meat tenderizer
- 1 tablespoon anise seed, crushed

SAUCE:

- 1 cup apple jelly
- ½ cup cider
- ½ teaspoon gr lemon rind
- 1 tablespoon lemon juice
- 1 tablespoon cornstarch
- Red food colo (optional)

(1) Sprinkle meat with the tenderizer, foll ing the directions on the label, then rub crushed anise and let stand at room temp ture for an hour. (2) Place pork on a rack an open pan and roast in a slow oven, 325° for about 4½ hours. (3) If you have a m thermometer, insert it before roasting. should read 185° F. when the pork is do (4) Remove meat to a platter and glaze w apple-cider sauce. Makes 8–10 servings.

Sauce: (1) Melt jelly and cider together. Add the grated lemon rind, lemon juice a the cornstarch, which has been mixed int little cold water. (3) Heat, stirring constant until thickened and clear. Tint with fo coloring, if you like. (4) Use part to glaze meat. (5) Drain all fat from the roasting p (6) Add a little water, just enough to disso the brown bits left in the pan. Mix in remaining sauce, heat and pass with the me

JAPANESE SPARERIBS WITH SESAME SEEDS

- 2 sides barbecue spareribs (3 lbs.)
- ½ cup soy sauce
- ¼ cup brown sugar
- 2 small cloves garlic, crushed
- 2 tablespoons grated fresh ginger root, or 1 tablespoon powdered
- 1 tablespoon monosodium glutamate
- ¼ cup dry white wine
- 5 tablespoons sesame seeds

(1) Have your butcher crack the ribs. (2) P into a large roaster, where the ribs can lie fl and add just enough water to cover. (3) Cov and simmer for 40 minutes. (4) Remove me cool and cut along ribs into serving piece (5) Place ribs in a bowl and pour over the the remaining ingredients, which have be mixed together. (6) Marinate for about hours, turning ribs occasionally. (7) Remov ribs from marinade and place on rack in broiler pan. (8) Broil, using the lowest rack i the broiler, until ribs are browned, about 7–1 minutes. Baste frequently with the marinad Turn ribs and continue to broil and bast another 7–10 minutes. (Watch carefully. Th sesame seeds have a tendency to clump t gether in the marinade. Before broiling, se arate them with a fork and sprinkle them ov the ribs.) Makes 4 servings.



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ROAST SUCKLING PIG
H BRANDY-CHESTNUT DRESSING

kling pig
-20 lbs.)
Butter or margarine
Salt and pepper

ash the pig well and wipe dry. (2) Insert od block in the pig's mouth (it will be ed by a red apple after the pig is roasted). ub the cavity with salt and pepper, then th prepared dressing. (4) Sew up the slit. range the pig, as you would like to have ear on the platter, on a rack in an open ng pan. (6) Rub well with butter or mare and season. (7) Puncture the skin in l places so the fat can cook out. (8) the ears and tail with aluminum foil. oast in a slow oven, 325° F., about 3–3½ . Brush with more butter or margarine if sary. (10) When the pig is tender, transfer a warm platter. (11) Pour off all the fat ake a gravy from the brown juices in the n of the pan. This can be flavored with e brandy, if you like. Makes 10–12 serv- *To carve:* Cut off the small hams first, down through the backbone, separating ops. Cut the hams into small pieces, and you serve be sure that everyone has of both meats and the marvelous skin.

ING:
nd sausage meat
s chopped onion
o coarsely chopped
ery
spoon powdered
me
spoon
rjoram
espoon salt
e garlic,
shed
4 cups toasted fresh bread crumbs
1 can (2-lb.) chestnuts, drained
½ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
3 tablespoons brandy

auté the sausage meat until done. (2) off most of the drippings. (3) Add the and celery and continue cooking until re tender. (4) Turn into a bowl, add the ning ingredients and toss well, breaking e larger chestnuts into bite-size pieces. ste for seasoning. Makes 8½ cups.

ICK PORK-GOULASH SUPREME

nds leftover pork
into 1" cubes
espoons cooking
nions, peeled and
nly sliced
e garlic, crushed
spoon salt
aspoon pepper
1 can (10½-oz.) condensed beef bouillon
1 can (8-oz.) tomato sauce
½ teaspoon thyme
½ teaspoon ginger
½ cup dairy sour cream

rown the meat in the oil in a heavy pan utch oven. (2) Add the onions and garlic cook until onions are golden, stirring . (3) Season with salt and pepper. Add eef bouillon, tomato sauce, thyme and r. (4) Cover and cook slowly about 20–30 tes. (5) Thicken with a little flour-and- paste. (6) Stir in sour cream; heat a few minutes. Serve with noodles. Makes 6–8 gs.

ROAST FRESH HAM
TH APPLE-CURRANT STUFFING
Shown on page 78

sh ham (10–11 lbs.)
FING:
o sliced scallions
me green tops too)
p butter or margarine
s toasted
sh bread crumbs
cups peeled, red and chopped
ples
o grated
rrots
o currants
½ cup finely chopped parsley
2 teaspoons salt
½ teaspoon cinnamon
1 tablespoon grated orange rind
GLAZE:
1 cup firmly packed light brown sugar
¼ cup honey
1 tablespoon lemon juice

lave your butcher remove the bone from ham, making a pocket for your stuffing. He will leave part of the shank bone in, to help the ham keep its shape. Have the skin left on. (2) Sauté the scallions in the butter or margarine for a few minutes. Turn into a large bowl. (3) Add the bread crumbs, apples, carrots, currants, parsley, salt, cinnamon and orange rind. Mix well; the dressing will be quite dry. (4) Pack it into the ham; but not too tightly. The ham when stuffed will regain its original shape. (5) To close the filled pocket, pull the edges of meat together, insert a row of medium-sized skewers. and secure with twine. (6) Place ham, fat side up, on a trivet in a large roasting pan. Bake for 35 minutes per pound in a moderate oven, 350° F. Remove some of the fat occasionally as it collects. (7) Half an hour before ham is done, remove from oven. Pour off all drippings from the pan. Save some for the gravy. With a sharp knife, cut the rind from the roast and score the fat. (8) Place ham directly in pan and spread with mixture of sugar, honey and lemon juice. Baste frequently during last half hour of roasting. (9) Make gravy in the usual way. Season it with salt and pepper and a little grated orange rind. Makes 12 servings.

GLAZED DOUBLE LOIN OF PORK
Shown on page 80

2 (4-lb.) loins of pork
STUFFING:
1 box (8-oz.) curried-rice mix
½ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons minced parsley
GLAZE:
1 can (8-oz.) tomato sauce
½ cup catsup
½ cup vinegar
⅓ cup brown sugar
½ cup light corn syrup
1 cup condensed consommé
1 tablespoon cornstarch
¼ cup orange liqueur

(1) Have your butcher bone both pork loins. (2) Cook the rice according to package directions. While it is cooking, sauté the onion in the butter or margarine until golden. (3) When rice is done, add the onion mixture; stir in the parsley. Mix gently. Cool. (4) Place one loin of pork, fat side down, on your working board. Sprinkle it with a little salt and pepper. Spoon rice on top, a little at a time, pressing it together well. Make it as level as possible. (5) Place other loin, fat side up, on top of stuffing. Using twine, tie the two boned loins together tightly, about every two inches. When it is ready for the oven, the pork will be long and cylindrical in shape. (6) Place carefully on a rack in a roasting pan. Roast in a moderate oven, 350° F., allowing 35 minutes to the pound. (7) For the glaze, combine tomato sauce, catsup, vinegar, sugar, corn syrup, and ½ cup consommé. Bring it to a boil and simmer for about 5 minutes. Mix the cornstarch with a little cold water and add. Cook another few minutes until slightly thickened. Add the liqueur and simmer for 15 minutes. (8) Forty minutes before roast is done, pour off pan drippings, remove rack and place pork directly in pan. Pour over ⅓ of the glaze and roast 20 minutes. Add ⅓ more of the glaze and roast remaining 20 minutes. Baste occasionally during these intervals with glaze in roasting pan. (9) When roast is done, remove to cutting board or platter. Garnish with artichoke bottoms filled with onion-pimiento relish. Heat remaining glaze a few minutes with remaining ½ cup of consommé. Pass sauce. Makes 10–12 servings.

DOUBLE MINCEMEAT PORK CHOPS

6 double-rib pork chops
1 cup prepared mincemeat
½ cup peeled, cored and coarsely chopped apple
¼ cup coarsely chopped pecans
1 tablespoon minced onion
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Salt
Pepper

(1) Have the butcher make pockets in the chops. (2) Mix together the mincemeat, apple, pecans, onion and lemon juice. (3) Stuff mixture into pockets and secure with toothpicks. (4) Put chops into a shallow open roasting pan. Sprinkle with salt and pepper. (5) Bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., until tender, about 1½ hours. Turn once during baking and drain off excess fat. Makes 6 servings.

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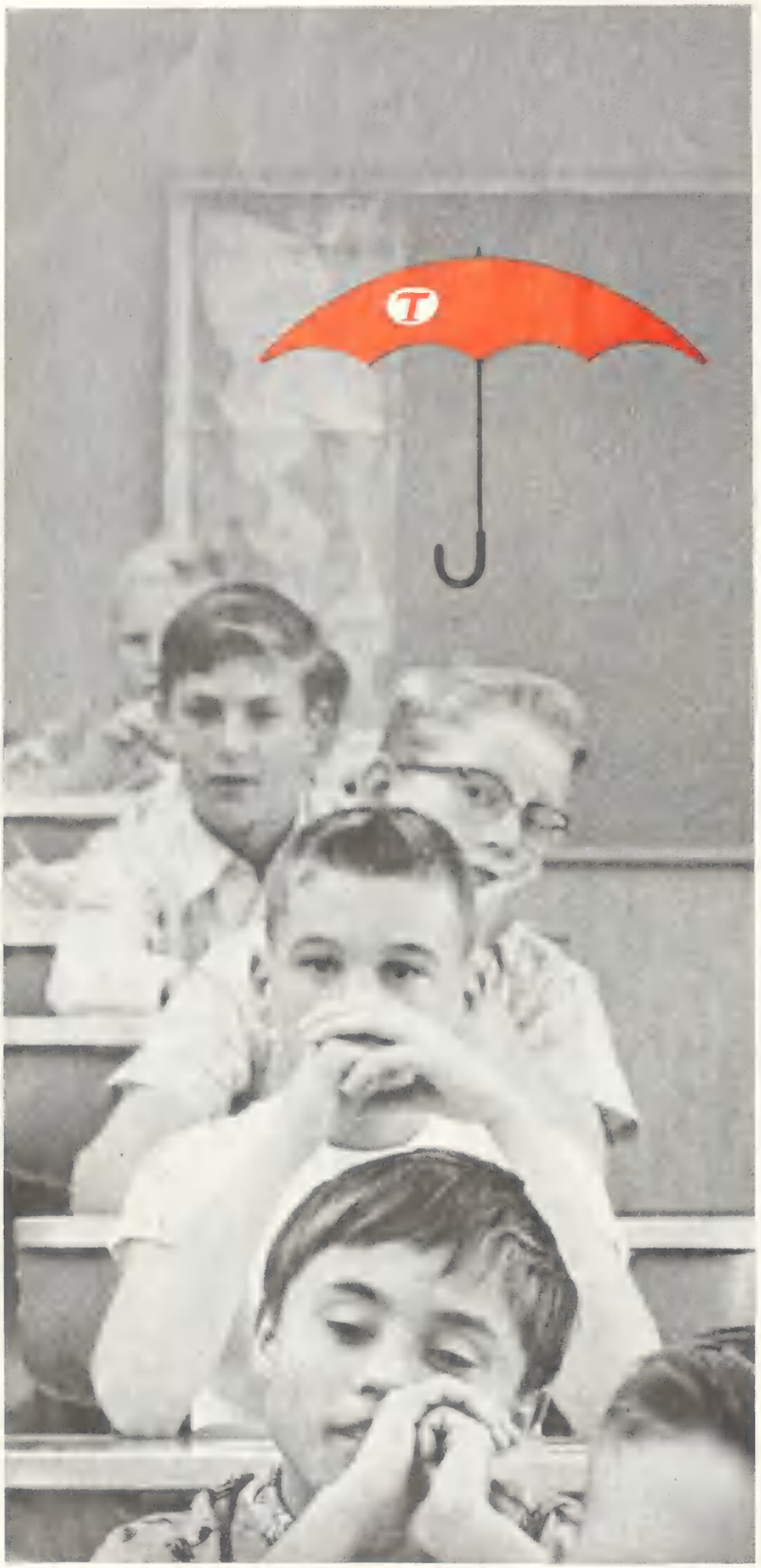
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The TRAVELERS INSURANCE Companies HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

Mark jumped after him, and then they were beyond the reach of our lights, a couple of plunging shadows, somewhere in the scented darkness under the tamarisks.

Lambis pushed past me. Colin said urgently, "Here, *you* tie her up," shoved a rope into my hand, and jumped after Lambis, belting across the gravel into the darkness where the roughhouse of the century was now playing havoc with the peaceful island night. Someone shouted from a nearby house, dogs barked, cocks crowed, a woman cried out, shrill and frightened. Stratos's homecoming could not have been more public if he had had television cameras and a brass band.

Shaking like a leaf with cold, nerves and reaction, I managed somehow to find the boathook and crawl out onto the rock. I went stiffly to my knees, and began to wind the rope round the stanchion. I remember that I wound it very carefully, as if the safety of us all depended on how neatly I curled the rope round the metal. Then feet came running, lightly. I heard a quick tread on gravel, then a glimmer of light from one of the advancing lanterns touched him. It was Tony.

I was full in his way, sitting there numbly, holding my rope. He neither touched me nor turned aside for me—simply jumped straight over me, so lightly that one almost expected Weber's long harp *glissandos* to pour spectrally from the wings.

"Excuse me, dear." His voice was quick and high, and only a little breathless. Another leap landed him in the frantically rocking *Psyche*. There was a jerk at her rope as he cut it, the engine burst raucously into life, and *Psyche* lurched away from the rock so sharply that she must have shipped water.

"—— high time to leave" I thought I heard the light, affected voice. "Such a *rough* party."

Then lights everywhere, and men shouting, and the dogfight was coming my way.

Here was Mark, with a stain spreading across his shirt, reeling backward from a blow. Stratos aimed a kick at his head, which went wide as Lambis knocked him aside; and then the pair of them hurtled through a crackling fog of tamarisk boughs, to fetch up hard against a tree trunk.

Stratos must have seen Tony, heard *Psyche*'s engine, and thought the boat was ready there, and waiting. He swept aside the tamarisk branches with one powerful arm and, knife at the ready, came racing for the edge of the sea.

Then he saw me, crouching there over the stanchion, and in the same moment the knife flashed. Whether for me or the rope I was never to know, for I lifted the rope I was holding, and it caught him full across the shins.

I have never seen a man come such a cropper. He seemed to dive forward, full length, toward the rocks. The breath was driven out of him in a gasping cry, then, out of nowhere, Mark plummeted down on top of him in a flying tackle, rolled over with him, th his arms drop, and got rather unstead his feet.

"One more to you," he said, and gri Then he pitched down on top of the Cr unconscious body, and went out like a

The cabin of the caïque was very full. were Mark, rather white, and newly band myself looking, in Colin's pants and M enormous sweater, like a beatnik after a night; Lambis, looking tough and colle Colin, with a bruise on his cheek, silent rather close to Mark's side. With us, a tiny cabin table, sat the headman of Georgios, and three of the village elder men dressed in the savage splendor of heroic costume. These were our judge side, along the rocks, sat the jurors, the male population of Agios Georgios.

Four men had taken Stratos up t hotel. Tony had, in the general confusio clear away with the utmost ease and—i reported—all the loose cash from the But it should be simple, they said, to pic up. I rather doubted this. The coolhe Tony, with his genius for disassociating self from trouble, at large in the Aegean a good boat, and the coasts of Europe, A and Asia Minor to choose from?

It had not taken long for the four of tell our story. Over Josef's death there grave looks, and some headshaking, could see that the main climate of opinio on our side.

When Stratos later recovered consc ness, to be confronted with the discove the jewels in his fishing grounds, the bo Alexandros (which was in fact found b in the field by the mill), the defection of and, finally, the death of Josef, he too easiest way out for himself, and told a which, in essentials, seemed to be the t

He and Alexandros had for some years partners as "fences," or receivers of s goods, with Tony as a kind of assis Stratos, running an honestly profitable restaurant in Frith Street, had provide impeachable cover, and he and Alexan had apparently had no connection other a friendship between compatriots. Things gone on prosperously for a time, unti affair of the big Camford House robbery

But Stratos had the good businessman stinct for getting out of the deal at the moment, and, well before the robbery at ford House, he had set about realizing assets, ostensibly to retire to his native vil Alexandros—who could see only that a hi lucrative partnership was packing up in moment of its greatest prosperity—bit opposed Stratos's move. The inevitable pened: tempers snapped, knives were dra and Alexandros was left for dead in a alley while Stratos and Tony innoc

CONTINUED ON PAGE



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104

embarked that same night on the flight for Athens.

Recovering slowly in a London hospital, Alexandros held his tongue. As soon as he was fit, and was sure that the police had not connected the obscure stabbing with the Camford robbery, Alexandros in his turn retired—armed—to his native land.

Stratos swore, and continued to swear, that he himself had never intended murder. It was Josef who had killed Alexandros, Josef who had shot at Mark. As for Colin, who had been dragged off in a moment of panic-stricken confusion, Stratos swore that it was he himself who had given the order for Colin's release, and here (he said, and nobody doubted him) his sister would bear him out.

And, finally, the attack on me. Well, what did anyone expect? He had gone to make a routine check of his spoils, and had found a girl whom he suspected of some connection with Josef's mysterious absence, diving after his pots. He had only been trying to frighten, not to kill me.

By the time dawn broke, Agios Georgios had settled happily down to the greatest sensation since the Souda Bay landing. I sat, weary, drowsy and warm, with the cut in my thigh throbbing painfully, and my body relaxed into the curve of Mark's arm. I had long since stopped trying to follow the thick, rapid Greek. *Leave it to Mark*, I thought sleepily; *leave it all to Mark*. My part in it was over; let him cope with the rest, then, soon, we could all sail away, free at last to salvage what remained of our respective holidays.

A memory cut through the smoky cabin like a knife blade of cold air. I sat up abruptly, out of the circle of Mark's arm.

"Mark! *Mark*, we've forgotten Frances!"

He blinked. "Do you mean to tell me —— Dear heaven, she must be back there in the bay!"

"Well, of course she is! She's sittin on a rock with a twisted ankle. Oh dea could we?"

"Pull yourself together," said Mark "Look, sweetie, it's barely an hour anc since we picked you up. If we go straigl there now ——"

"It's not that! She'll be wondering happened! She must be half out of her

"Not she," he said cheerfully. "She haul you in. She was yelling for help wh were in the water with Stratos after yo was the noise she made that brought Then once we got near enough there w much to do, and I clean forgot her. O she threw a rock at Stratos."

"*Did* she? Good for her! Did she hit

"Did you ever know a female to hit an That she aimed at, I mean? She hit me, Mark. He got to his feet, and address concourse in Greek to the effect that was another English lady to be rescue we must immediately go and fetch her.

Instantly every man present was on h Not a man in Agios Georgios but would died on the spot sooner than stay b Those light boats that possessed e caught up with us, lights blazing. Thos had not bobbed valiantly in our wake. of us loomed the bigger mother shapes *Agia Barbara* and the innocent *Eros*. It noble procession.

To Frances, sitting nursing her sore on her lonely rock, we must have been a sight: a pack of lighted boats swinging the headland, our lamps yellow again growing dawn.

Mark hailed her cheerfully: "Ahoy Andromeda! Perseus here, with apol but there was a little matter of a drago

I ran to the side. "Frances! Are yc right? I'm most dreadfully sorry ——"

"How nice to be rescued in style," Frances. "I'm glad to see you, Perseus. Y a little late for the other dragon but, a see, he did me no harm."

Mark's brows knitted. "The other drag

"Tony came to collect the remainder jewels. The Camford House robbery, I u stand." Frances was bland.

Mark looked at Frances. "Do you me tell me that while we've been sitting jabb like monkeys in Agios Georgios, he's c walked away with the rest of the jewels

"Not all of them; only one potful. I know how many there are, and neither di He didn't even know where the pots were and of course, even with the lights, it w easy to find them. He hauled up four in and only one of them had what he was loo for. The rest were fish pots, quite genuine was quite—er—picturesque about them. we heard the flotilla coming, and he cu losses and went. He said he'd got quite en to make the whole thing worth while."

"'He said'? You mean he saw you?"

"He could hardly avoid it, could he least one of the pots was almost at my Don't look so horrified, my dear; he was polite, and quite amusing. He simply nicely out of range—not that I could have begun to try to stop him—and tol all about it. He really did seem pleased Colin had got safe away."

"Small thanks to him," I said tartly.

"So I told him. But I gather you've qu lot to thank Sofia for. She wouldn't have g to turn the lot of them in, Josef and he included, if they hurt Colin. Master T passed that on to me, so that I could put word for her. And he sent you his l Nicola; he was sorry to have to pass ou your life, but you'll get a picture post from the Kara Bogaz. And I was to tell how much he approves of your trousers."

"Well," said Mark, "that's one thing which he and I see eye to eye. Aren't you c ing off your rock? I know we're pretty crow but I can guarantee Lambis to get you b without foundering, and Colin makes smashing cup of cocoa."

Frances smiled at the three of them. She out a hand, and Mark jumped to the ri and helped her to her feet. "Thank y Perseus. Well, Nicola, so this is your Mar

"Why, yes," I said.



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TE'S GIRL

INUED FROM PAGE 63

o incredulous to find I wasn't a he had to ask her sister to think name for me. It was her way, er, to make the best of things, ne soon decided I was the big- attest baby in the nursery and ore worth while.

d besides, she had confidence in ure. Having come from a family , she anticipated many oppor- s to use all the good boys' she had thought of and, after ppearance, even a few girls' as a backstop. One year after born, however, an emergency ion that saved her life destroyed ssibilities of her ever having an- child. My mother was then years old. This explains a lot now, but I didn't know it then. new was that it was hard enough one child to my mother, and wasn't up to being ten.

e getting up in the morning. My r awoke bright and cheery. I But my mother decided that mmer's training could change Every morning for three months other would wake me with a kiss ad me over to the window where d have to say, "Good morning, sunshine." My begrudging de- was a direct contradiction to rds, and by the end of the sum- ny mother admitted it wasn't to work.

l spunk. Spunk was very big ny mother. When I would come g in crying because someone st hit me, she would get down knees to be my size. "Look," ay, "put up your fists like this." an't," I'd wail hopelessly. t up your fists," she'd command. t wail louder. Then my mother cock her right, ready to land *me* out of sheer despair.

mother had many plans for me, f which was that I was to be ful, talented, rich, singing and g child movie star. With spunk. d this end, I was enrolled in La Palme's School of the Dance I was three years old. I took e and group lessons in toe, tap, and acrobatics. By the time I ur years old, I was getting the lessons free because Miss La was using me for demonstra- This was a good time for my r. I was doing well beyond her st dreams and she was busy tak- e to and from lessons, costume s, rehearsals, parish-hall shows, n's-clubs recitals and talent at local theaters.

ther of us had any way of know- is was all to come to an end I was enrolled in school, but a e thing happened to me in first I learned to read. *Dick, Jane Baby* now came full-bodied into orld because I had the key to the door. It was a heady experi- but it was gradual. From my l reader I went on to cereal at breakfast, advertisements on rolley, medicine bottles in the oom. Then, little by little, the n began to show itself.

hat do you mean, 'just as soon finish this page'? You get out and practice that new routine Then, "We'll be late for the re- al because you had to stop at the y. I'm sick of having you hang d that place." Then, "Will you ose books *away!*"

d finally a show of righteous when she came upon me read- stead of rehearsing on the night recital. "Dear God," she cried, g upon the Highest Authority to ss my betrayal, "reading. Sitting there reading. And that Shirley Temple out there making a mint." Tears filled her eyes and she turned away. Finally the ultimatum: "Listen, it's got to be the reading or the dancing lessons. Now, what's it going to be?" Her face showed a mixture of hurt, despair and puzzlement as I said, "Reading."

That weekend, when we were visiting Aunt Margaret, the whole tale was retold.

"Well, maybe it's all for the best, Kate," said Aunt Margaret mildly. "I mean, look at her. She's almost seven, kind of string beany, the two front teeth missing. She's no Shirley Temple."

"All right," my mother shot back, "but she *could* be Jane Withers."

When my friends came to play with me, my mother always horned in to ask if they could sing or dance or recite. Pestily enough, all my friends seemed to think they could. Jane Saunders sang "You blow through here, the music goes round and round" for one whole summer. My mother never tired of the little show, but Jane got a black mark in my book for that and I was glad when she moved. My mother called us names like Dolly Dimple and Sadie Blake and Pussum Catsum. She was always saying something dumb like, "Any ice today, lady? No-o-o-o. Giddap!" or, in a broad stage-Irish accent, "Does your father work? No, he's a cop."

I answered all these insanities with an exasperated, "Mo-*ther*."

And my mother would shake her head. "Jeanmarie, you are the only six-year-old crank I know."



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1. Beat till creamy ½ c. soft butter, 6 tbs. sugar, 6 tbs. brown sugar, ½ tsp. vanilla, ¼ tsp. water. Beat in 1 egg. 2. Sift; mix in: 1 c. plus 2 tbs. sifted flour, ½ tsp. baking soda, ½ tsp. salt. Add ½ c. chopped California walnuts. Spread in greased 13 x 9 x 2-inch pan. 3. Sprinkle with one 6-oz. pkg. (1 c.) NESTLÉ'S® SEMI-SWEET Chocolate Morsels. Bake at 375°F. for one minute. Run knife through dough to marbleize. Bake 12 to 14 min. more. Makes 24 squares.

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The differences between my mother and me were never so apparent as when it came to clothing. For Easter I dreamed of having long pigtails, a huge cartwheel hat with streamers, and a sailor-suit jumper. My mother, who had never even heard of *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, saw that I got a shingle haircut and tight-fitting cloche that matched a provocatively simple-looking coat. I'll bet a hundred people one year asked me the color of my coat and of that hundred only a handful had enough nerve to remark, "Chartreuse? What kind of color is that?"

Not only were my mother and I at odds about what *I* wore; we didn't see eye to eye about my mother's dress either. One Halloween when I came in from trick-or-treating, I found my mother dressed in a peculiar costume. She wore a light green satin shirt and dark green satin trousers with large squares of yellow silk sewed here and there to look like patches. This was topped by a neckerchief and large yellow cap of the same material. The cap was set at a roguish angle. I asked:

"Mother, what are you supposed to be?"

"An apache, honey. Like a Paris tough guy. I'm going to a party at Uncle Bud's."

"At Uncle Bud's? Mother, you're not going on the bus like that? People will see you." I could feel myself getting teary.

"I certainly hope so; I paid three dollars to rent this costume."

I could see my mother getting cross, but so much seemed at stake. "Mother," I wailed, "why couldn't you go as something pretty—like Cinderella?" The minute I said it, I knew I was wrong.

"Cinderella," she snapped. "That simp." I should never have tried Cinderella. My mother had never liked Cinderella. No spunk.

I had one last hope. My father, who was sensible like me, was due in from work in a few moments. Surely he would take my mother in hand. And he did. As he opened the door, my mother called out, "Allo, babee! It's me—Toughie Pierre," and did a little pirou show off her costume. And my father, w a hundred dollars hard cash wouldn't ha into a masquerade costume himself, just back his head and laughed. Not only tha he escorted my mother to the party. C bus. That was one thing odd about my f he seemed to think everything abou mother was just great.

My mother and I had no such illu about each other, but our scenes with sho and crying on both sides lessened as I older. By high school we found that not could we stand each other, we were begi to understand each other—a little. I we an all-girls' high school with a well-publi athletic program. Athletics were alway portant in my mother's family. In the 'twenties when my mother was growin Dennehey was a well-known name in Phil phia sporting circles. My mother's bro Tod, played with the Phillies awhile, ar nine others in the family—boys and gi played for various semipro baseball, foo basketball, softball and track teams. For years before they were married, my mo and her sister dominated the scoring colu in the women's sport leagues. Whenever were out with my mother's family, stranger was sure to come over and ask o them, "Say, isn't your name Dennehey? member seeing you play ——" My mo was very pleased when I made the va basketball team at school, but was dism to learn that the game had been toned d since the 'twenties and that now the gu weren't allowed to shoot, but only recove ball. I was a guard. After the game my mo asked, "When are you going to play forwa and I answered, "Never."

"But, Jeanmarie, you'll never get to sco she persisted.

I answered, "I know." My mother n enjoyed the game quite as much after tha

Dreams die hard and it was very difficul my mother to give up her idea that I wa least the Eighth Wonder. In one thing I be to meet her standards, and that was spunk. This was never so apparent as wh was graduated from high school and nounced that I had won a partial scholar to college.

My father was a private in the Army at time and my mother had to work to sup ment the allotment. She earned $24 a weel a stitcher in a bookbindery. Even with summer and after-school jobs, we were barely making it and college had never o crossed her mind. When I made my annour ment, she was speechless for a moment then she asked, "But what about The Bel

I have to explain here that in our neighb hood it was every mother's dream that her would grow up and get a job at The Bell T phone Company. It was clean, respectal well-paying and "a girl can advance." T meant that almost every mother in the nei borhood had an unmarried sister who worl for The Bell, had advanced to chief operator better, and was in a position to keep her m ried sisters decently dressed in her cast- clothes. This sister was also on call for all sm loans, and many a mother with a large fami small income and/or drinking husband bless The Bell every night before closing her eyes sleep.

It took a lot of spunk for both of us to tu our backs on The Bell. But that was just t beginning. Now I would need money. M mother began looking around for another jo Since the war the labor market had opened u and one day she came home and announc proudly, "Jeanmarie, you're going to college She had got a job paying $60 a week, a ph nomenal sum for us in those days. And sl earned every penny of it. She was cleanin cars on the Pennsylvania Railroad. It was dirty, backbreaking man's job, but my moth never complained. She had worked hard all h life and for once she was getting paid h worth. Partly because I had never physical worked hard in my life and partly because her own attitude, I never questioned that m mother should work so hard for my drean

Once in college, however, I did work hard my studies and made honors, but this didn please my mother so much as when I wa



n to attend various student conven—all expenses paid. My mother had been r as Atlantic City a few times and it ed very glamorous to her that I should be to New York or Chicago. It seemed orous to me too. My classmates would ogether and decide what I should wear would board the train wearing someone's 's fur jacket, another friend's new skirt, carrying another friend's matching lug- I would look like one of those All-Amer- girls who pose for soft-drink ads—the kind l who had a recreation room in the base- the Sunday *New York Times* delivered me and a mild, soft-spoken mother who, e marriage, had been a schoolteacher or ian. That's how I looked.

e day when I announced my trip, my er consulted her schedule and said she d be working in the railroad yards at the my train would be leaving and she would out and wave. On that day I had just d myself *and* my books *and* the fur jacket he luggage when the train gave a lurch tarted to pull out. I scanned the railroad several times, but it seemed empty. ly on a far-distant track I could make out a small figure shielding its eyes and waving its hand. It was my mother. I waved vigorously, but the sun was in her eyes and, unable to see, she just kept waving her hand slowly back and forth. I saw her, her blond hair pulled back in a bandanna, the big heavy coveralls she wore, the thick-soled shoes, her work-hardened hands; the borrowed finery on the seat beside me, the floor I was standing on which could have been scrubbed by my mother—and all of a sudden it seemed terribly important that my mother see me and know I was answering her. I stood up and waved and waved, but the small figure just kept shielding its eyes and waving unseeingly until we were out of sight.

The Irish code of conduct permits one to be flamboyantly emotional in public, but in private one's deepest feelings are held in great reserve. Yet I know that day I could openly have told my mother how much I loved her.

That chance never came again. My mother died a few years after I was graduated from college. Between my growing up and my mother's death, however, I came to know what joy it can be to live with someone who is completely different from you. We could never say the words, but my mother knew how I felt about her; I knew how she felt about me.

A few months after my mother's death, something happened that pleased me very much. I was at a convention at the other end of the state when a stranger came up to me.

"This might sound crazy," he said, "but is your name Dennehey?"

I said, "No, but my mother's was."

He snapped his fingers. "You're Kate Dennehey's girl. I haven't seen her since she was a kid. Why, I used to play ball with Tod—oh, I knew all the Denneheys. Great people." He shook his head, smiling. "Oh, you're Kate Dennehey's girl, all right. I'd know you anywhere."

I laughed and said, "Thank you. That's the nicest thing that's ever been said to me." And I meant it with all my heart. END

THE HORN ON THE HILL

By ZOË AKINS

he vine on the gray stone wall is red;
he soil stark black instead
f dressed in pasture green or golden grain;
he days are short again;
pon the circling mountain range the rain
hat presently will fall will turn to snow;
he elk will venture seeking food
here the hunters go
arking their trail with wild things' blood.

rom leaf-brown hollows and from scarlet hill
he biblical scents of burning firewood fill
he drifting currents of the evening air,
nd lovers who in April were a pair
ow feel a separate and sharp awakening
eener than their first passionate surrendering
nder the moon and blossoms of the spring;
he dreamer in the sun now shakes his dreams
ut of his eyes, his blood—
or this is the season serious as food.

outh time, love time, dream time are streams
nto the rushing current of completion fed;
nd in their stead
he stirring quickness of the autumn rouses
he dwellers in the far-spaced farmland houses
o kill the deer, to turn the soil,
o fill the clear cold days with warming toil
hat they may earn the lovely sight
When coming back from work or hunt or fray—
Hungry and very tired in a good way—
Of early home lamps in the curve of night.





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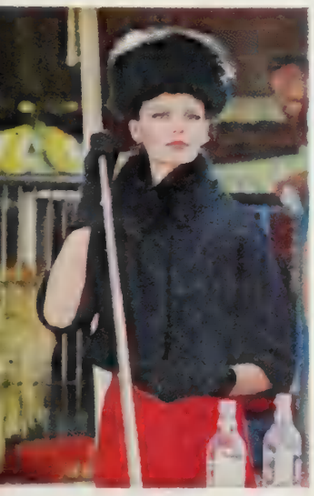
B R E C K

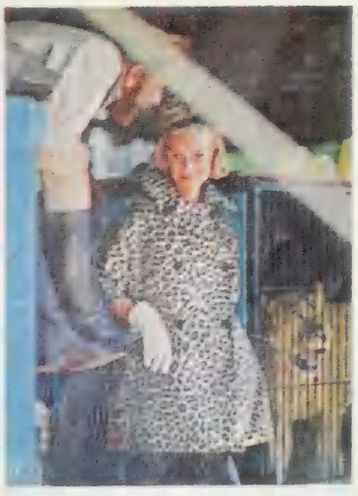
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New Super Hold, New Gentle Hold, Original Breck Hair Set Mist: 2 oz. size 65¢; 8 oz. size $1.50. Plus tax.

FRANKLY FAKE

RICHARD HEIMANN





Some of the most fabulous "furs" of the season aren't fur. We show you three of the most exciting, all so fantastically genuine in effect that the most discerning eye could be fooled—especially when worn with a real fur hat. Unbelievably, all three coats are variations of the same design—each in a different length. Our full-length trench coat is in a silvery-beige fake hair seal. Our double-breasted fake leopard with side pockets is fingertip-length, and our black imitation Persian lamb is waist-length and lined in bright-red taffeta. All are Vogue Design No. 5717. If you have been dreaming about a fur coat but can't afford one . . . why not make one?

The return of the trench coat is welcome and makes an exciting all-purpose fake hair-seal coat. Can also be worn unbelted. Fur hat by Sally Victor.

A fake Persian-lamb waist-length collarless jacket goes prettily over bright wools. We have added a real black-fox circlet and a matching hat.

Our double-breasted fake-leopard coat has great style, unlimited use. Details: braid buttons, stand-up collar and side pockets in the seams.

FOR VOGUE PATTERN BACK VIEWS, SIZES AND PRICES, SEE PAGE 135.

CAN YOU RAISE YOUR CHILD'S I.Q.?

BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

I've come to realize, from talking with parents, that many of them have misconceptions about intelligence testing. If they hear that their child has received an IQ score of 114, for instance, they think that this means he has an exact amount of a very concrete endowment—almost as if he had been born with precisely 14 percent more brains than the average child. Before we can talk realistically about intelligence, it's necessary to undo any idea that it is this specific.

Intelligence is a vague, general concept. No two people would define it the same way or agree about which of their mutual friends had most or least of it. But perhaps you think that research psychologists have pinned it down exactly. Not by a long shot. They are all in agreement that what we choose to call intelligence is not one quality, but a collection of various mental abilities. But each psychologist who has developed a test has selected a somewhat different assortment of them. The Stanford-Binet test evaluates such mental functions as vocabulary, memory, arithmetical reasoning, the perception of similarities and differences. The scores in these different abilities are simply averaged together in order to arrive at a single IQ figure. No higher authority, no Supreme Being, told Mr. Binet that intelligence consists of just these particular qualities. In fact, Mr. Binet didn't set out to test or to define intelligence at all. He had a humbler task. He was an educator who was commissioned by his government to find some method to identify those children who would not be able to profit from ordinary schooling. But this job eventually led him to try to find a system that would classify all children according to their learning abilities.

Mr. Binet attempted to select tests that would assess not the amount of *knowledge* a child has acquired from past learning, such as the facts of history or the multiplication tables (which nowadays can be evaluated by "achievement tests"), but rather the ability to tackle new problems. The trouble is, however, that if you include tests involving word definition, arithmetical reasoning, memorizing a string of numbers, a person's ability to perform these tasks depends only partly on his capacity to cope with new tasks (his intelligence); it also depends on his past learning in school and home (his knowledge).

Another psychologist, named Wechsler, in attempting to lessen the influence of accumulated knowledge and experience, developed a test only half of which evaluates "verbal" abilities; the other half evaluates the capacity to solve nonverbal "performance" problems, such as working puzzles and mazes.

A research psychologist who is developing a new kind of test selects the capabilities he believes important, makes up test items which seem appropriate for children of different ages, tries them out on thousands and thousands of individuals who represent a cross section of the entire population. He finds the items which a large number of middle-of-the-road individuals at each age can just succeed in passing. A child at the age of six who passes these



CARTIER-BRESSON

"Intelligence tests for children are unwise when parents are just eager to hear a high numerical score. It suggests a worship of intellect for its own sake, which sometimes results in an idolization of the child and a lopsidedness in his development."

"normal" six-year-old items has an intelligence quotient of 100. If he passes those same tests only at eight years of age, his IQ is $^6/_8$ of 100, or 75. If a four-year-old passes the six-year tests, his IQ is $^6/_4$ of 100, or 150. I'm oversimplifying these examples, since most individuals don't score as neatly as this. Even a very average six-year-old is likely to fail a few six-year-old items and to pass a few seven-year-old items.

Not only will every child make a different score on each type of intelligence test he takes, but if he takes the same test more than once he'll probably receive a somewhat different IQ score on each occasion. His score will depend on such factors as how his spirits are on that day—whether he's preoccupied or alert, whether he's co-operative or balky. A majority of individuals don't vary greatly on the same test; their IQ scores at different ages will stay within a range of 5 or 10 points, after they are of school age. But a small proportion may go up or down 15 points or more in their scores over a period of time if their adjustment changes drastically.

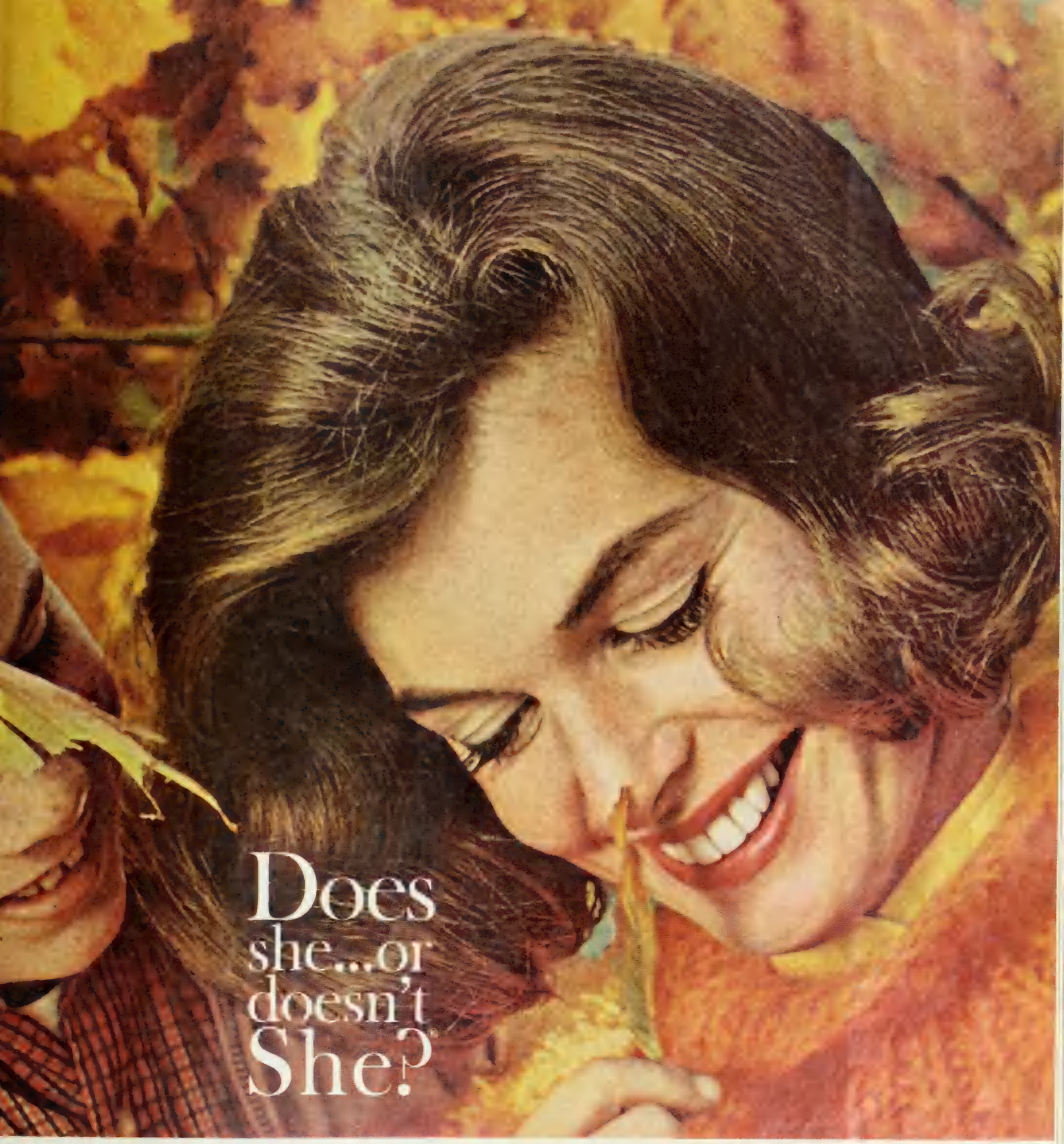
Where does intelligence come from? No one knows for sure. Early experience with intelligence testing showed that, generally speaking, bright parents have bright children and dull parents have dull children. So it was a natural assumption that intelligence is inherited. The fact that average parents occasionally produce a very bright child, and vice versa, would still fit with the laws of inheritance. But as the years passed and as psychologists had opportunities to deal with unusual groups and unusual individuals, it became appare that environment can have a dramatic influenc

Some of the children who had spent their ear est years in understaffed orphanages of the ol fashioned type, with little attention or affectio became mentally defective according to tests, matter what their parents' intelligence had bee When children were removed from poor enviro ments and placed in stimulating ones, their te scores improved. Successful psychiatric treatme of a very unhappy or nervous child would som times boost his IQ score considerably. To me, t most interesting study of all concerned a group illegitimate children whose mothers had IQ scor ranging from 40 to 75 and whose fathers we known to have been unskilled laborers who had ha on the average only eight grades of schooling These children had been placed for adoption soo after birth with families of average intelligenc and means. The average of these children's IQ tes scores, later in childhood, was 104. Another stud indicated that children adopted into families whic provided extra cultural and intellectual advantage tended to have higher IQ's. All psychologists agre today that environment plays an important role i the development of intelligence, though some woul put more stress on inheritance than others would. am much more impressed with the factor of environ ment than with inheritance. I believe that what we call high or medium or moderately low intelligence is, in most cases, determined primarily by the kind of life a child has experienced from birth onward.

The child who develops a superior intelligence is usually the one whose family makes it easy for him to be curious and imaginative and thoughtful. I'm not talking about the coaching that over-ambitious parents might give him, such as deliberately trying to teach him extra words or to interest him in a chemistry set at a premature age. Parental efforts to force intellectual development are not healthy and may even backfire. I am thinking, rather, about the atmosphere in the family which naturally enjoys books and stories, enjoys talking about ideas and about how things work; the family which encourages the use of play materials, the invention of new activities, the carrying out of projects; the family which makes it easy for a child to inquire about everything he sees because those in it like to give explanations; the family which occasionally goes on an excursion to see something different, like a farm, a zoo, a museum.

We who have grown up in educated families take it for granted that all children have these stimulating experiences. But a majority of children have them to only a limited degree. Toward the lower end of the educational scale there are families in which the children have almost no playthings, hear only a meager vocabulary, see no reading material and are told no stories. The conversation they hear is confined to simple statements and commands about familiar household matters. The outside world of events and technology is rarely mentioned. Abstract ideas don't exist. If the children ask questions about the unknown,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 114



Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure![DN]

On a clear crisp day, in brightest sunlight, or in the soft glow of a candle, she always looks radiant, wonderfully natural. Her hair sparkles with life. The color young and fresh, as though she's found the secret of making time stand still. And in a way she has. It's Miss Clairol, the most beautiful, the most effective way to cover gray and to revitalize or brighten fading hair color.

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STRETCHABILITY
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for maximum protection

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LESS BULK
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Curity washes softer, smoother in quality products like Ivory Snow, Ivory Flakes or Dash Detergent. Don't forget Curity dress-up diapers and double duty night diapers, too. At leading stores and diaper services.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112

they may be kidded or put off, so they soon quit. It is this kind of environment rather than a poor inheritance which is mainly responsible, I think, for the moderately low scores these children make. The kind of school they will enter—whether it will be able to stimulate their interest—will make some difference, but it comes too late to change them greatly.

You may be wondering how, since I am emphasizing environment, I would explain the occasional child who ends up with an intelligence distinctly above that of his parents and brothers and sisters. I can only speculate, on the basis of families I've known, since I have no statistics. Of course I'm not denying inheritance altogether. However, I suspect that a much more potent factor is the interplay between the temperament a child is born with and the very special individual relationships he forms with the members of his family. For instance, there is the child who almost from birth is more curious and bold. No warnings or injuries discourage him for a minute. As a result, he may have many more stimulating experiences than his cautious brothers and sisters. Another very different child may seem to derive extra mental stimulation from the circumstance that, because he is not a roughneck like the other children in his family, he finds great satisfaction in talking with his mother about everything under the sun, in getting her to read to him and to take an interest in his projects. The help he gets from her in his early years—in becoming an imaginative and thoughtful person—may, in the end, with the further influence of teachers in school, carry him beyond his parents' intellectual level.

Before we go further we should try to distinguish between low intelligence that results from an unstimulating environment (or limited inheritance) and that which is due to various types of physical impairment of the brain (which doctors sometimes group together under the term "organic brain disease"). I think an unstimulating environment probably accounts for a great majority of the intelligences which are only moderately below average. Brain damage is probably the cause of all the severe retardations and of a minority of the lesser ones. The brain can be injured or slowed in its development by a variety of influences such as German measles early in the mother's pregnancy, mongolism, insufficient passage of oxygen through the placenta during birth, delayed breathing after birth, encephalitis, absence of the thyroid gland.

Now I want to discuss mental testing in infancy. In the first two years of life we ought to use the term "developmental tests" rather than "intelligence tests," because the behavior evaluted in infant tests is of a quite different kind from that noted later, and there is surprisingly little connection between them. In the first year the baby has to be largely evaluated on what we call motor development: the age when he holds his head up steadily; follows objects with his eyes; reaches for them with his hands, passes them from hand to hand, picks them up between thumb and finger; sits up, stands, walks. He is also judged in his use of sounds and words, and in the development of social responses such as smiling, playing peekaboo. Infants vary considerably in the age at which they succeed in motor skills, as most parents know. But most parents don't know that there is almost no relationship between earliness in these items and superiority in intelligence tests in later childhood. That is to say, there are children who are rapid in motor development who turn out to be average or even dull in the school years. And there are babies who worry their parents because they are so slow to reach and sit up, who turn out to have superior intelligence later. These aren't the exceptions either. When I worked in the Rochester (Minnesota) Child Health Project all babies in town received their checkups in the same well-baby clinics; and for a couple of years all children were given Stanford-Binet tests at 2½ years of age. A doctor on the staff averaged the IQ's at 2½ years of age of all the children who had been in the slowest group in their motor development in their first year and found that the average IQ was above 100.

Now this doesn't mean that there is no need for concern about *any* infant who is drastically slow in his motor and social development. Among a thousand babies who are very slow in the first year there will be a few who are that way because of brain damage, and those individuals will usually have low IQ's later in childhood also. But that Rochester study showed us that there were so few of these organic cases that they did not bring the average IQ below 100. Another way of putting this is to say that the overwhelming majority of babies who are moderately slow in developing motor skills are not impaired in their brains, and they will have just as much chance of being average or superior in intelligence as babies average or rapid in motor development.

In former times some conscientious adoption agencies used to give developmental tests to babies, with the idea of "matching" the more advanced infants with the more intelligent adopting parents. We now realize that this was a futile effort in most cases. In fact, a few agencies compounded the mistake by keeping babies in institutions or foster homes for a number of months in order to check them with more tests before placing them for adoption. Nowadays all up-to-date agencies place babies as soon after birth as circumstances and law permit, since what babies need most for their intellectual, emotional and physical development is a motherly kind of devotion.

In the one-to-two-year-old stage, developmental tests have about the same value as in the first year. In addition, they begin to give hints about whether the child will probably

ENCOUNTER

By VIRGINIA BRADY YOUNG

Do not feel constrained
to talk about the weather.
I have enjoyed the life
we did not live together.

end up at the average, low or superior level, but not with any exactness. The child's score in the second and even in the third year may be pulled down considerably by mistrust of the psychologist or by an uncooperative mood.

In the two-to-six-year-old period tests begin to evaluate the intellectual functions like breadth of vocabulary, memory, awareness of similarities, as in the older child or adult. They should be able to detect not only the child who has brain impairment or who has been seriously neglected, but the one who has been living in an unstimulating environment, however affectionate. Tests at this age give a fair prediction of what the individual's intelligence will be in later childhood and adulthood, but not nearly so accurate a prediction as can be made a few years later.

What are some of the uses and misuses of intelligence tests in the school years and later? They are particularly valuable during an investigation of why a child is doing poorly in school. There are many factors in school failure—intellectual, social, emotional, as well as specific disabilities in reading. In many cases there are two or more factors interacting with each other which are hard to disentangle. The child who is intellectually limited, the child who has social problems, the child who is bright but cannot learn to read are all apt to develop secondary emotional problems which in turn interfere further with school performance. But tests of intelligence will give fairly clear-cut answers in most cases as to whether a child is in the wrong class and up against expectations beyond him, irrespective of whether there are other complicating factors.

Intelligence tests are used frequently, too, in guidance clinics when a child is brought for behavior problems aside from school difficulties. In many of such situations it is a great help to all concerned to be able to know for sure whether a low or high intelligence plays any part in the picture. It is sometimes surprising to find how far off the parents, the teachers, and even the child-guidance staff, may be in guessing at a child's intelligence. One wh is actually superior in intellect may appear du because of emotional blocks. And I remembe a girl who impressed her parents and doctor as bright because of her social responsivnes but who was found to have an IQ of 70.

I myself think it's an unwise use of intell gence testing when parents request it not be cause anything is wrong but because they sus pect their child is unusually smart. I don mean that it's unnatural for them to be please with evidence of brightness, in our kind o civilization. But if they are just eager to hear high numerical score, it suggests to me a wor ship of intellect for its own sake, which some times results in an idolization of the child an a lopsidedness in his development.

A limitation of intelligence will limit th careers that are open to an individual. A pro fessor of mathematics or physics has to b intellectually superior. But there are hundreds of useful and self-respecting occupations oper to not only average but even dull people There is no connection between superior intelligence and superior happiness. In fact, an individual who is average and well adjusted may be able to be more productive in the world than the one who is superior and a real misfit. (On the other hand, there is no basis for the common belief that a very bright child is more apt to be maladjusted.) But what I am getting at is that parents who overvalue intelligence may do a disservice to their very superior child by pushing him off the track of his natural development, and to their average children by making them feel inadequate. It is easy to see why parental pride in intelligence is increasing, in view of the direction in which our civilization is moving; but I feel that it is as unwholesome as pride in social position or wealth or beauty. It is certainly right for parents of a bright child to want him to have an education and an occupation that will challenge his best capabilities, because these will foster *his* sense of fulfillment in life. But when they cherish his intellect too exclusively, it is really for their own gratification more than for his.

You may have wondered why psychologists usually resist telling parents exactly what a child has scored on a test. In the first place, they realize how frequently parents misinterpret this figure to be a precise, permanent evaluation of the child's total ability. More importantly, they are apt to jump to conclusions about just what this predicts for the child's future career and happiness. If the score is higher than they had imagined, they may automatically expect him to do better in school and in job choice than he is capable of doing, considering his total personality. And if the score is lower than they guessed, they may become pessimistic about his future, ignoring how well he functions in actuality.

I mentioned several years ago in an article on mental deficiency a case which made a profound impression on me. I saw in a clinic an attractive, happy boy who was the apple of his parents' eye. They had brought him in, not because they had the slightest complaint about him but because the schoolteacher suggested it for the reason that for a couple of years he had not been able to keep up with the class. His IQ turned out to be about 70. The school was right in suspecting that he needed a different placement and in wanting confirmation of this. But what struck me was the realization that a majority of parents would have become anxious and miserable long before this stage, and would have probably made the child unhappy, too, by letting him sense how much he disappointed and worried them. (The child would have been sensing his inadequacy in school, also, if his teacher had not been skillful in suiting a flexible curriculum to his abilities.) In other words, it is we parents who create a large part of the problem when a child's intelligence is less than we expect, through our pride in intellect. I would call it our false pride. If parents have an inner security and a capacity to love humanity, then they can enjoy any child of theirs for what he is, whether whole or handicapped in any way. And this, of course, is what gives him a spirit which will make the best of his endowment.

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to answer letters personally. However, he is delighted to receive suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—Ed.



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These Avon gifts will make Christmas dreams come true for boys and girls. They're so original and enchanting. Some are soaps . . . some are toys that hold fun-to-use Avon products and become endearing playthings, such as the bubble-bath-filled Concertina that plays real music. Only your Avon Representative brings you these Christmas gift selections. She will be calling soon at your home to show you Avon's exciting new Christmas gifts.

AVON cosmetics
RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

Carter's has a gift for getting them to bed.

A snap-snap here, snap-snap there—and off to bed on Safety-Step feet. The soft cotton knit feels so comfy, cozy. Carter's generous cut allows lots of sleeping room. (With extra snaps to grow on.) And the sturdy washability of these no-iron sleepers makes mother so proud of the way they look saying good night.

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JUST CREAM—
IDITY!

NUED FROM PAGE 26

ously a preparation that would con-
e skin's natural humidity, and with it
ness and flexibility, has become a nec-
adjunct to our modern-day living. In-
gly enough, the formulas that science
with do not necessarily attempt to re-
st skin moisture. Instead, moisturizers
thin occlusive film on the surface of the
hich serves as a regulator or thermo-
r instance, when the surface moisture
w ebb, the film helps prevent further
ation; when the natural replacement
in balance, the film takes up and dis-
he natural moisture into the air, allow-
supply to build up from underneath.
turizers per se—in cream or lotion
are maintenance rather than treatment
s for your complexion, since they are
ated for the primary purpose of main-
the skin's humidity and with it its firm-
ness and contours. They may supply all the care young or normal skins need, or you may find your skin also needs the extra emollients found in such special-purpose products as eye and throat creams. Dry and older complexions certainly benefit from the pluses offered by dry skin and bio-additive preparations to augment the daily use of a moisturizer.

You'll find moisturizers blended especially for day and night care of your skin. Those recommended for day care can be worn under your usual makeup foundation. Products recommended especially for night care generally have extra emollient supplements added which might interfere with the color or staying properties of your foundation.

Since the moisturizer film is thin, transparent and nonsticky, it can be readily incorporated into many products where it acts as a booster, helping to hold the surface humidity at a point where other ingredients in the preparation can function at optimum efficiency, which explains its frequent appearance in many beauty products, including the ones our reader mentioned.

f moisturizer products follows:

anufacturer	**Product**	**Recommended Usage**
izabeth Arden	Velva Moisture Film	under makeup
von	Creme Supreme (for dry skin)	night care
	Dew Kiss	under makeup
rriet Hubbard	Formulayer Moisture Cream	night care
er	Formulayer Moisture Lotion	under makeup
auty Counselor	Fountain of Beauty	under makeup night care
nne Bell	Moisture Lotion	under makeup night care
arles of the Ritz	Revenescence Lotion	under makeup
	Revenescence Cream	under makeup
	Velo-Derma 770 Lotion—(for dry and mature skin)	under makeup night care
cqueline Cochran	Flowing Velvet	under makeup night care
ty	Vitamin Moisture Balancer (for dry and normal skin)	under makeup night care
	Vitamin Moisture Balancer (for oily skin)	under makeup night care
uBarry	Moisture Petals	under makeup night care
ances Denney	Multilayer Moisturizer	under makeup
ax Factor	Cup of Youth	night care
orothy Gray	Secret of the Sea Emulsion	under makeup
	Satura—Vitamin A (for dry skin)	under makeup night care
	Satura—Vitamin A and Hormones (for dry and mature skin)	under makeup night care
rbara Gould	Act of Beauty	under makeup night care
ndrew Jergens	Moisture Cream	under makeup night care
anolin Plus	Lanolin Plus Liquid	under makeup night care
stée Lauder	Estoderme Youth Dew	under makeup night care
lexandrade Markoff	Alexana	under makeup
rince Matchabelli	Polyderm Moisturizing Lotion (for dry skin)	under makeup night care
ermaine Monteil	Super Moist Beauty Emulsion	under makeup
lerle Norman	Aqua-Lube	under makeup night care
ond's	Moisture Base	under makeup
ohn Robert Powers	Moisture Control	under makeup night care
evlon	Moon Drops Foundation	under makeup
	Moon Drops Moisture Balm (for dry skin)	night care
elena Rubinstein	Skin Dew	under makeup
	Skin Dew Night Cream	night care
	Herbessence Skin Life Emulsion	under makeup
candia	Artesian	under makeup night care
oni	Deep Magic Dry Skin Conditioner	under makeup night care
ussy	Moisture Lotion	under makeup night care
	Moisture Cream	under makeup night care
ardley	Velvet Skin Moisturizer	under makeup
HYPO-ALLERGENIC PRODUCTS (especially for the cosmetics-sensitive skin)		
lmay	Deep Mist	under makeup night care
r-Ex	Moisture Lotion	under makeup night care
Marcelle	Moisture Creme	under makeup night care



any minute now . . .



today, tomorrow . . . suddenly



that laughing, learning, curious,



determined baby of yours



is going to stand up on two feet



. . . and fall down!

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THE SHOE THAT UNDERSTANDS CHILDREN

I HATE TO HOUSEKEEP

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

new sheet. Then use press-on tape. If it's an old sheet, it will tear again shortly in a new place. You might as well face facts and use it as an ironing-board cover or cleaning rags. Or you could make some curtains out of it, sometime when you're snowed in.

And for heaven's sake, don't scrub dirty cuffs and collars with a brush! Don't scrub them at all. Wet them, then dip them in your bucket of soap or detergent, then throw them into the washer. Or soak them for fifteen minutes in a basin of hot water to which you've added bleach. *Then* throw them in.

THINGS YOU CAN OFTEN NUDGE YOUR FAMILY INTO DOING

". . . *But in my heart, Truman will also go down in history for his attitude toward his undergarments—he washed his own.*"

—LILLIAN ROGERS PARKS

Husbands needn't concern us too much here. Husbands, with few exceptions, do what they want to do and what they think they ought to do, in fairly equal amounts, and they are not easily changed.

Also, they are illogical. Many a husband goes whooping off on a business trip, happily washing his own drip-dry shirts all the while he's gone, only to turn all helpless and fluttery at the sight of those same shirts when he gets back home, and *you* have to wash them.

Only you know what your own husband can be talked into doing. If you come, as I do, from a long line of Southern belles who feel that it is someone else's job to empty the wastebaskets, you may be able to get this fact across to him. Then again, you may not.

Or you may find, as I have found, that he likes to sharpen knives. This seems to bring out the warrior in some husbands. If you get him a nice little electric knife sharpener as a gift, someday, he may surprise you by keeping the kitchen cutlery in pretty fair shape. If he doesn't, and if you don't know how to work the thing yourself, you can always take the butcher knife out in front of the house and give it a few swipes against the concrete curbing. This may frighten the neighbors, but it will put a fair edge on a blade.

Still, these are mere odds and ends. It is the children in the family who can help the most, because here you can call the shots. It will both strengthen their characters and sweeten your disposition if you do.

Look at the things a five- or six-year-old can do! He can:

1. Make his own bed every day. It will be a sloppy little nest at first, but it will improve with time.
2. Put his clothes back in the proper dresser drawers. You can explain clearly which drawer is for what. Then, when this goes in one head and out the other, as it very probably will, you can cut out magazine pictures of shirts, underpants and so on, and paste them on the appropriate drawer fronts.
3. Put his toys back in his toy chest, *every single one.*
4. Water the house plants.
5. Empty ashtrays.
6. Feed his puppy or his kitten or his goldfish.
7. Set the table.
8. Unset the table, *one thing at a time.*

Doing these chores can be the reason he gets his nickel-a-week allowance, if you like that system. However, many children have done them just because they jolly well had to, and they lived through it perfectly OK.

Then look at what a teen-ager can do, in addition to those things. He can:

1. Empty the wastebaskets, if your husband didn't.
2. Vacuum the car inside.
3. Wash the car.
4. Polish brass and copper.
5. Lay fires.
6. Vacuum rugs and floors.
7. Sweep and de-spot the kitchen floor.
8. Shine the silver. If you have him use silver cream, give him a pipe cleaner for getting in between the tines of the forks.

And if it is a girl teen-ager, she can do any or all those things, in addition to ironing her own clothes, and your napkins and guest towels.

Of course you needn't have a teen-ager in the family to get all this service, if you are willing to pay a modest sum for it. Indeed, most children work better for other mammas than for their own. And most teen-agers need money for nylons and movies. I even know one who is saving up for college.

LARGER ISSUES: APPLIANCES AND SORE THUMBS

A helpful thing to know about electrical repairs is that a man usually gets faster results than a woman does when calling a repair firm. There is something about the deeper voice, I believe, that works better. Any man who is handy will do—the milkman, if he stops in about the time the washer conks out, or the middle-aged paper boy—just so he has a resonant baritone.

This leads us, unluckily, to some electrical equipment itself. In a gingerly fashion, therefore, let us touch upon it.

Any piece of reasonably new equipment is farther advanced than is the random house-wife. Although its many gadgets and possibilities fill her with innocent delight when the man explains them in the store, she doesn't do anything about them when she gets it home. She is a little scared of the rotisserie in her new pink double oven, so she continues to buy her chickens ready-rotissed. Then she uses her big top oven to thaw the food and the bottom one to warm the plates.

Another thing: whenever she acquires a shiny new status symbol—let's say that pink double oven—it comes complete with an illustrated booklet.

Not knowing the model number of her oven, she hunts through the booklet to find one that *looks* like it. Usually she finds something that looks like it but not exactly—the timer is on the left-hand side instead of the right, or the burners are different. So, as she reads the instructions, she is never entirely sure they're talking about hers, and her sense of mastery is incomplete from there on. Or else she *does* find her model, which is XL-57, and she reads all the directions, with a gathering sense of triumph, until she collides with the final parenthetical remark ("These instructions do not apply to Model XL-57"). It is thus that the manufacturers of appliances manage to maintain their happy state of one-up-manship.

Freezers and Refrigerators

A good thing to do with your freezer is keep your sneakers in it, on hot summer days. Wash the pair you're not wearing in the washer, dry them in the dryer, then freeze them in cellophane bags. When you first put your fresh-frozen sneakers on, they'll keep your feet cool for a couple of hours, even in very hot weather.

Frozen bread thaws so fast it's no bother, and it's one of the few things you can refreeze without hurting. Just drop the frozen slices into the toaster and toast. Or, if you want to serve it untoasted and you're hysterically anxious to thaw it out, you can hold a hot steam iron over each piece.

Don't ever feel too guilty because you haven't many goodies in your freezer or your refrigerator. Remember, when you keep specialties around all the time, they cease to be special and become staples. And remember way back when little children thought ice cream was a treat?

Dishwashers

No sensible girl expects to cash in a dream at full face value. When the dream is a dishwasher, it is important to realize that a few disadvantages come along with it.

For one thing, not so many confidences are confided. Many's the good feminine heart-to-heart talk that used to be held at the kitchen sink while the ladies did the dishes. There is something about suds, time and tea towels which gets you right to the heart of the matter, choke, conversationally speaking.

This doesn't happen when you have a dishwasher. I really don't know how mothers ever get acquainted with their daughters today, in dishwasher families.

Also, your bridge club is apt to land on you more often, without feeling conscience-bound to help clean up afterward.

You'll probably need some more flatware and china, too, if you're to use the thing intelligently—*i.e.*, turning it on only once a day.

But most women find that its little drawbacks are far outweighed by its virtues, which I have already pointed out.

The Care and Feeding of Sore Thumbs

A decorator once told me that every room needs a sore thumb, to prevent the room from being a too-pat example of the department-store decorator's art. This is a comforting thought, on occasion, to most random housewives.

One sore thumb among many which I have been faced with is a large white bulldog that likes to sleep on a Victorian rocker. However, this problem was easily solved by a small mousetrap. If you put one—ready to snap—on the piece of furniture your animals are fondest of, they'll love it no longer. The mousetrap doesn't permanently damage the



When fever makes her big eyes sad

Behind those brooding eyes is a feverish, achy little body. Happily, there's a quick way to relieve her distress . . .

Give her the aspirin recommended 4 to 1 over any other by Children's Doctors

in a national survey . . . *among those who named a particular brand.*

When your small daughter is hot
om fever . . . it will probably
me as no surprise to you if your
octor recommends St. Joseph
rin For Children.
But it *may* surprise you to
how *many* doctors favor
asked over six thousand
children's doctors if they
ecommended any special brand
aspirin. If so, which one.

Overwhelming favorite

surpr ing 42% answered. *And*
those who specified a brand
-third of all who replied!)
whelming *81% specified*
h Aspirin For Children
el.
er 4 times as many doc-
mmended it! St. Joseph Aspirin For Children has the dosage most doctors favor . . . the orange flavor and creamy texture kids prefer . . . the safety cap for toddlers' protection. And . . . it was the very first aspirin to offer all of these important features.

Be ready with quick relief

The next time one of yours has a cold or fever, or is restless from minor aches, be ready with the best—the mother and child's favorite—St. Joseph Aspirin For Children. (In Canada, ask for St. Joseph Bebetine For Children.)

• • •

WHY SHOULDN'T YOU HAVE THE BEST, TOO?

For yourself, get regular 5 grain St. Joseph Aspirin. Its Triple-Aid Action works wonders for the relief of adult pain, fever, headachy tension.

Yes, of all who cited a preference, over 80% named St. Joseph Aspirin For Children . . . more than all the others combined!



Quality Products of Plough, Inc.

s, you understand. It just gives them a
and long-lasting respect for that partic-
fa or chair.
now that animals have sneaked in
as they will, the moment you open any
it's just as well to admit that a little
in the shampoo water does wonders
hite poodle. Also, if you want to make
kitten feel supremely at home, touch
ws with tuna juice.

TO BE HAPPY WHEN
RE ABSOLUTELY MISERABLE

there happens an occasional day, like
y before you have a baby, when your
th is as the strength of ten, and you
amazed at all the big unpleasant jobs
tually *did*.
n there are other days which lose their
ntum before they ever get any, and the
ort of job you are up to is a small one,
irling your cowlick.
reason for these occasional periods of
ng and staring while the work piles up
ally malaise of the spirit. It can stem
ny one of three or four thousand deep-
causes which there isn't room to tackle
much as I'd like to have a try.
, we might consider some random anti-
which random housewives have found
l, before we get down to the actual
ss of how to make the fur fly.

o Comfort Yourself
being the daily affair it is, full of jobs
re done only to be done all over again,
ndom housewife is often prone to
lusspanik, or fear of being locked in the
t night, after the gates are closed.
h several children of assorted shapes
zes hanging at her hemline, and few
to talk to (little children, however be-
are notoriously poor conversational-
he tends to overestimate the big bright
going on around her, all gaiety, song
nce, and here-we-go-gathering-nuts-in-
Life, as she is living it, tends to look
y around the edges and even in the
.
hese times you must realize—should you
e troubled by this—that it isn't all that
d bright out there, nor is it roses, roses
way; and that the people who are out
re also getting their share of the uni-
thump.
hese moments, too, you may take three
deep breaths. Then you can reread
iastes III, and realize that it's true as true
or everything there is a season, and a
or every purpose under heaven. And if
fillment of your own purposes seems to
kering with increasing uncertainty, you
nsider the fact that Ogilby, who trans-
Homer and Vergil, knew practically no
Latin or Greek until he was past fifty. And that Daumier didn't start painting until he was over forty. And that Grandma Moses began painting in her seventies.

I also know a woman who just learned to water-ski at the age of sixty-one, and looks handsome in her bathing suit too. You see, there is world enough and time.

And you can bear this in mind: Sigmund Freud once said that he did his best work in a condition of moderate misery.

Oh, there are numerous things you can bear in mind!

Of course there are the expensive small therapies: the new record, the book, the professional manicure, or the fabulous new hat, if you like hats—which last is the standby of the cheer-up specialists.

But the fabulous new hat assumes, of course, that you have some excitement to wear it to. If you don't, having one can have a depressing effect on you. Often, it is better to get a brave new pair of whatever you wear around the house.

How to Comfort Yourself
When You Have Acted Like a Jackass

Everyone does this occasionally, and you shouldn't feel too upset about it unless it happens quite often, such as three times a day, in which case you must simply get used to it. Remember, other people like you as well or better for it, because it makes them feel so superior; so you've at least spread a little sunshine. And at the *very* least, you've served as a bad example.

And so—assuming that you're now in the proper frame of mind to accomplish something—let's look at the matter of

How to Do a Lot of Things at Once

Let us say you feel it's important, for some reason, that tomorrow you make five dozen cookies for the Bluebirds, wash and iron the bedroom curtains, write a long chatty letter to the family, and shorten a skirt, which is a frolicsome Monday for you, but there it *is*.

Now, here is where the efficiency experts say, "Make a list!" Then, with a high-hearted feeling of accomplishment, you cross off each job, one by one, as you get it done.

Of course that's one way. But for the random housewife, it seldom works too well. Often you get such a feeling of virtue from merely making the list that you don't feel compelled to do any of the things on it.

No, you need a bigger bur under your bustle.

So. The night before, as you're going to sleep, you visualize the results you aim to achieve: the family letter written, the cookies made and packed, and so on.

Then, next morning you forget whatever your fourth-grade teacher told you about

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*Bristle texture improved by addition of 2% by weight of Stannous Fluoride, combining brushing qualities of natural bristle with strength and resiliency of nylon.

We WHITE BRISTLES are gentle. We massage gums as you brush . . . help keep them firm and healthy . . . help combat gumline trouble. Adult's and child's sizes. Also with Fluoride*.

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ASK ANY WOMAN

BY MARCELENE COX

rait: She had the kind of face that
be used only in church.

frequent polishing that, without too
effort, keeps a woman's silver, brass and
ge sparkling bright.

MODERN MAN

hat a tangled web he weaves
aveling highway cloverleaves.

ugh a bride may be carried over the
old, she's expected to stand on her own
et forever after.

ors cannot be known accurately in arti-
light; neither can partners for life be
in moonlight.

Even with those new hinges that can hold a screen or storm door open at any angle, my husband, with arms loaded, still asks me to "Hold the door, please!" And I, knowing that as the years go by such idiosyncrasies endear a person more, rush to do as requested.

Sooner or later, every bride learns that at the exact moment of serving dinner her husband will do one of three things: put in a long-distance call; decide to take a shower; or disappear completely.

An experienced mother is one who knows how much territory can be covered in washing a boy's face before he starts to yell.

If you think environment is all, consider the water lily producing its gold from the muck of a pond.

It seems to be as difficult to get a fancy pot holder into active use as it does a pretty guest towel.

THE DELICATE TOUCH

One mother finds that to answer a child's objections with a quick rhyme sometimes eases the situation. Example:

"*Do I have to carry an umbrella?*"
"*I think you'd better . . . fella.*"

STOP PAIN INSTANTLY
COMBAT INFECTION-PROMOTE HEALING
WITH SOOTHING
Campho-Phenique
(PRONOUNCED CAM-FO-FIN-EEK)
USE IT FOR FEVER BLISTERS
COLD SORES, GUM BOILS

Fever blisters as well as gum boils and cold sores heal faster when you apply Campho-Phenique. Wonderfully soothing, too, for poison ivy and itching of insect bites.

Campho-Phenique is also highly effective when applied to minor burns, cuts, scratches, sores. For Campho-Phenique is a Broad Spectrum Antiseptic . . . kills the many kinds of bacteria and fungi that most often cause infection.

Used on pimples, Campho-Phenique helps prevent their spread and re-infection.



finishing one job before starting another, and *you start all four projects at once.*

You stamp and address an envelope and write a paragraph or so of the letter.

You sift the dry ingredients for the cookies.

You slide the curtains off the rods, into a sullen heap on the floor.

You set up the sewing machine and wind the right thread onto the bobbin, and you set up the iron and the ironing board.

And now you're royally stuck. You've brought yourself to the point of no return. You'd feel a little foolish about rehanging the curtains without washing them. You certainly can't unsift the dry ingredients. You're definitely not about to waste all that good bobbin work. And there is the desk, with the letter well started, stamped, addressed ——

You must forge ahead, that's all, and, often as not, you do.

HOW TO LOOK AS GOOD AS THE LORD INTENDED

Now, you're lucky if you care a lot about your clothes and how you look in them, or if you don't care at all.

If you care a lot, you give the matter creative thought and regular, painstaking attention. You develop, gradually, a sixth sense which sometimes enables you to understand what the fashion experts are talking about. And you're never caught with your hemline down and your only good gloves in your other coat pocket.

It is equally advantageous not to care at all. If you feel this way, you can wear your leather motorcycling jacket with your Tyrolean dirndl, ankle socks and medium-heel pumps, and feel perfectly happy about the whole thing. Areas of serenity are scarce enough anyway; and if this happens to be one of yours, enjoy, enjoy!

It is the in-between person who is in trouble, the lady who cares only moderately most of the time, but hugely once in a while. But—not having done her homework, so to spea she is never exactly prepared. It is for troubled spirit that the following notes meant.

For a number of years I have been sp modically in and out of the Fashion World it is correctly called, for it is indeed a rare world unto itself, with its own language, toms, confusions and mythology.

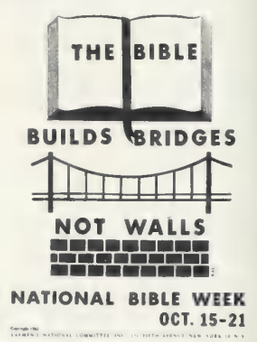
In my somewhat nervous forays into i have never ceased to marvel at all these, no the curious naïveté-cum-shrewdness of happy children who inhabit it. They beli the funniest things. Or, at any rate, they pect *you* to believe the funniest things.

Not long ago, for example, I read a fash article which stated that the well-groom woman cleans out and straightens her ha bag at the end of every day, adding a bit cotton dampened with cologne to keep fresh-smelling.

Now this is patently ridiculous. The logne bit is all right, if it appeals to you, though the little wads of damp cotton tend gather tobacco crumbs and fuzz. But, as ev woman knows, the contents of a handbag, l good whiskey in a charred-oak barrel, rip and improve with age. Let decently alone, it should be, a handbag becomes a t treasure-trove of forgotten riches—forgott but stored against the day you unexpecte find yourself with nothing but time and y pocketbook on your hands, waiting at the port, say, or quieting a little child in chur

In my own fair-sized field of acquaintan which includes some fairly fancy fema groomed to *here*, I have never known one do anything so foolish as to clean out handbag every day.

Indeed, the fashion people inhabit a nev never land. And yet, somehow, they keep going! And with one pronunciamento a another, they manage to keep many wom vaguely ill at ease much of the time about wh they're doing and wearing. Their marvelo



double talk even euchres these ladies into bu ing clothes that make them feel more ill at ea than ever, once they get them home.

Thus, the fashion experts keep the economy rolling. (At least it was still rolli when I checked the paper this morning. The days you feel that you must look quick.)

For instance, they do this. They tell you th is the year of the Lean Leggy Look. To pro it, they show you a group of short-jacket short-skirted plaid suits on a group of m nourished models who would look lean a leggy wearing circus tents, for they are all s feet two, with not a hip in the lot.

So, hopefully, you try on a new plaid sho jacketed, short-skirted suit. But even thou you are reasonably content with your five fe five inches and your hundred and eighte pounds, you find that the suit turns you n Lean-Leggy but Short-Squatty. The pocke have been masterfully placed to widen a g where she least wants to be widened. Then t brief jacket spotlights your newly broaden base, and the waistline has been shrewd manipulated to add a good three inches your own.

And if you are of the short-squatty persu sion to begin with, the little plaid suit tur you into a baby tractor, and you move out that fitting room low to the ground, your gea grinding.

You see, the fashion experts won't fa simple facts. They won't admit that tho

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



Formfit Highlight, lovely new cotton bra, lifts a new way. Light, free-moving, yet firm as never before. Reason: elastic lower half of cup is all Lycra spandex, self-reinforced. Lycra band curves firmingly up around cups.

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HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL,
Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

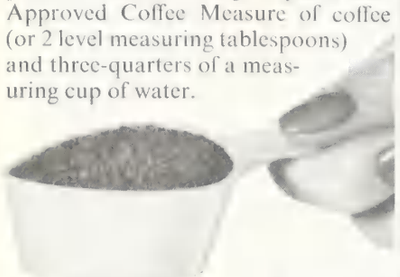
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

When you buy coffee:

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

When you measure coffee:

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 120

starved models are the *only* people who could conceivably look lean and leggy in those fat-making suits.

And they won't admit that some people can't look lean and leggy anyway, no matter what they put on, nor is there any reason they should. There is room in this world for all kinds and shapes of people, and everybody has charm for somebody.

You see, we continue to bump into a philosophic point: perhaps looking skinny isn't the be-all and end-all. Which brings us right up to the matter of whom you're dressing for—yourself or your audience. Fashion experts always assume you have an audience.

Well, you usually do, but often it's not an audience you care much about. Like the clerk at the hardware store when you rush down, in your clam diggers, to buy another pint of paint thinner.

Maybe you are a Round-Bottomed Pants-Stretcher who—so far as aesthetics are concerned—shouldn't wear anything bifurcated. It's true that even the best-designed pants can't camouflage a lavishly designed lady. It's equally true that pants are the only thing to paint in. So paint in them. Fashion, and how you look, is not the primary consideration at all times.

Then again, the fashion experts periodically come up with graceful articles entitled something like *Be Timeless—Go Classic!* But until they define their terms more clearly, this is a lot of laughs. These days the eager fashion people seem to call anything a classic which doesn't have KISS ME, KIDDO in fluorescent paint down the front.

Now, a classic is, or should be, something that doesn't change; something that will look as good in 1982—assuming that you and it and the world hold together—as it does this minute.

But about the only items I can think of, offhand, that fit those specifications—the way styles are booted around now—are handkerchiefs, overalls and deerstalkers' caps. While this might be an effective ensemble, it isn't one you could wear everywhere. And so far as your other things are concerned, the hemline is bound to do you in, and pretty promptly too; and if the hemline doesn't, the shoulders will.

Take the classic cashmere jacket I bought, not many seasons ago, and for a handsome price, too, thinking I could wear it—as they say—forever.

I did wear it happily, for quite a while. Then one day, in town, I wondered who the football type walking along beside me was, and then found it was me, strolling along beside myself in the plate-glass window, looking like a fullback for the Los Angeles Rams. The shoulders were somewhat padded, you see; and though I removed the padding, they still rode high, for I seldom gain weight on the tops of my shoulders.

Speaking of the eternally nervous hemline, as we just were, a bit of good news has come to my attention. *Your mink coat should be an inch longer than current clothes are. And as the hemlines climb north, you can turn it up as much as 2½ inches without harm. Feel better now?*

However, this is the only cheering fact I know about hemlines, which—like heroin—are easy to take up but hard to drop.

You know how it is: you're left with a sharp crease, which turns into a shiny line; and you can't sew rickrack on everything.

You can sponge that shiny line with vinegar and warm water, but unless you're a lot better at it than I am, it won't get you far. So once those hemlines plummet, after a steady rise of several years, it's bye-bye little classic, as every woman knows.

Then, periodically, the fashion people will do a piece of The Ensemble, or The Costume.

You get this all at once, if you can afford to, or else you add one Superb Piece each season (spending a large wad on each Superb Piece). But even though you do this, it seldom remains a costume very long—another fact the experts won't face.

The average woman goes through a season much the way a little child goes through a day, and you know how that is.

In the morning, you dress Peewee in his crisp navy-blue shorts and his cute white middy blouse with the red-and-blue starred collar, and white socks, and red tennis shoes. A real ensemble.

By 11 A.M. he's spilled grapejuice all over his shirt, so you remove it, substituting a plain pale-blue T shirt—not quite so sharp but still OK. By 1 P.M. you notice he's lost a shoe somewhere; and so you give him, along with some well-chosen words, his old yellow thongs. Then, around 3, you substitute his old brown seersucker shorts for the navy ones, which got soaked in the sprinkler, and there goes your ball game. Absolutely no ensemble at all.

That is the story of most ensembles.

A lady, too, starts the season in a fair blaze of glory: a new beige silky gabardine suit, keyed to her last fall's alligator pumps and bag; a coffee-colored silk blouse, echoing doeskin gloves, and a truly hat-type hat which looked tremendous in the millinery department. All millinery departments have patented mirrors which make you look three times better than you actually do, which explains some of the funny things you see on the streets. (Should you ever come to, at home, with something unreturnable and absolutely wild on your head, you can explain that your old college roommate picked it up for you in Paris. A foreign pedigree helps many hats a great deal.)

Well, she wears her ensemble on a couple of occasions, and these are the times when she ought to run into her old beaux and never does.

Then, the next dress-up occasion, she doesn't want to wear the high-heeled alligator pumps because she's going to be standing all afternoon. So she wears her lower-heeled brown kid shoes, which leaves the alligator bag hanging in midair, so to speak, but it's full of her charge plates and she hasn't time to change purses anyway, though she remembers to omit the hat, which would look silly with the walking shoes.

Then, next time, she discovers that the coffee-colored blouse is at the cleaners, so she wears a paisley blouse which mysteriously throws the gloves out of gear and looks like the devil with the hat. But she has to wear the hat because her hair-dressing date isn't until tomorrow—and this, needless to say, is the day she *does* run into her old beaux, one per corner.

It must be admitted, however, that the ensemble system of dressing is the best one for the random-type dresser, because—once she assembles everything and puts it all where she can find it—she needn't think about it anymore. People who know about these things tell me that it's the only way for her to ensure having a well-turned-out look when she needs one. Keep certain things *together*, even if you have to keep them out of temptation's way, in your husband's office safe, and make sure yo wear them with nothing else.

Next is the important matter of what item of apparel you can cheat on—that is, bu cheap and get away with—and what items yo can't. (It's unwise to buy *anything* cheap whe you're feeling penniless, unless it's an as tounding bargain, like a $159.00 dress fo $9.95. Otherwise, when you wear your littl cheapie, you'll just be reminded of how brok you are. Speaking of bargains, the best way t tell if you really have one is to see if you enjo wearing it without *telling* anybody it's bargain.)

I posed this question to several wome whose style judgment I implicitly trust. Th consensus was this:

What You Can Cheat On

1. Summer shoes. Throw them away a summer's end.
2. Cocktail dresses, especially bright ones Just remove that awful rhinestone clip. It take a trained eye to discern the difference betwee a flame-colored $22.95 number and a flame colored $98.95 number, particularly after couple of drinks.
3. Formals. Dance floors are usually pretty dark.
4. Jewelry, if you choose carefully.
5. Handbags, ditto. This wasn't true a fe years ago, but now the plastics people hav improved their fake leathers to a truly amazing degree.
6. Hats.
7. Underwear, depending on your audience if any.
8. Summer cottons or synthetic dresses. Dis pose of them at the end of the season becaus at that point the cheap ones have usually los their bounce. If you don't dispose of them you'll continue to wear them bounceless, an they'll look their price.
9. Cosmetics, depending on your persona needs.

What You Can't Cheat On

1. Girdles and bras, unless you don't actually need to wear them anyway. If you do, the good ones are precisely engineered, and en gineering doesn't come cheap.
2. Shoes, unless you wear them a dozer times only and throw them away. The trouble with cheap ones is that they lose their spu rious good looks very rapidly, but they won't quite fall apart, so you go on wearing them
3. Belts.
4. Tailored suits, coats, dresses.
5. Anything made of alligator or lizard.
6. Nylon stockings. Finding the right brand, size, gauge and denier for yourself can take some doing; but once done, they look much better than the discount-store type or factory seconds.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124



"Better not mention to my wife that you're a professional rainmaker."

1962

Now, the modern pancake: what makes it so old-fashioned?



Pillsbury Extra-Light Pancakes... the first really modern pancake mix. It's a new recipe. With a remarkable new idea in leavening that keeps the batter creamy-light, so you get consistently light pancakes the whole batch through. With a blend of three flours: soft wheat for tenderness; corn and rye for color and mellow taste. Makes wonderful old-fashioned pancakes. And that's the paradox. How can a pancake that's so modern be so old-fashioned good? Next time you crave old-fashioned pancakes, try the modern pancake mix: Pillsbury Extra-Light Pancakes. Then you'll know.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

7. Perfume.
8. Furs.
9. Gloves, except for short white cottons.

Some women do very well, in this matter of cheating, by distracting the eye. They'll put an enormously expensive belt or pin or buckle on a plain $10.98 dress, and this fools new acquaintances nicely. They never suspect that the dress doesn't match the object in quality.

It doesn't fool your old acquaintances though. They just think, *That old thing again; isn't it a shame she can't buy herself some clothes?* However, they like you anyhow, and they're not going to tattle.

How Not to Buy Things

When you are shopping with someone else and your own bank account is overdrawn, it's wise to wear a torn slip and a wilted bra. Then it will be easier not to try things on.

THE HOSTESS WITH THE LEASTEST

Giving a party is often—as so many things are—a matter of timing.

One of the best times to give a party, or so a friend of mine feels, is when the house is torn up. When the painters are busily painting and the plumbers plumbing, your guests can't expect much of you. They feel it's lucky you even found the whiskey, let alone an ice cube to drop into it, and you're also credited with valor under terribly adverse circumstances.

Though few people remodel often enough to handle all their social obligations in this fashion, it is a good thing to do whenever possible. Otherwise, the freewheeling housewife—full of vague unease anyway when guests are expected—tends to turn into a compulsive ceiling sweeper and mantel duster. She becomes immensely aware of things she hasn't done that she probably should have, like vacuuming the hot-air registers and dusting the old cans of peas on the far right end of the top shelf of the pantry. Unless the house is in a pleasant state of excusable chaos—in which case nothing makes any difference anyway—she is apt to wear herself out with these chores, at a time when simply getting the food and drink ready is trouble enough.

Then there are other approaches.

I also know a lady who depends heavily on candlelight. Not just at the dinner table, mind you, but everywhere. She has some lovely old wall sconces which take candles, and some beautiful candelabra and a collection of quaint candlesticks. When you go to her house for dinner, you'd think she'd never heard of Thomas A. Edison. Not only does the house look most attractive, lit in this fashion, but she needs to do little if any prehousecleaning; for you can't see into the corners or, indeed, more than three feet ahead.

Actually, the important thing to remember to clean, before guests arrive, is the telephone. Telephones get an intimate, grimy look which is immediately noticed by guests, but not by hosts, who are used to it. And you know how often the telephone is used at a party—to check baby-sitters or call taxis or—depending on how good the party is—to say "Hiya, Booper, ole socks" to somebody's old college chum in Akron, Ohio.

However, the comforting fact is—and let's never forget it—people *huddle*. In a 40-by-50 living room, large enough to park four Cadillacs without dimpling a fender, eight guests will congregate and stay congregated in an area 10 feet square. It is the gravitational force of mutual attraction—the same force that keeps planets spinning, tides surging, Sputniks circling, and holds the universe together. Newton's law will have to be repealed before people will scatter in a large room.

So don't clean up everywhere else.

However, the big thing to keep in mind—no matter how repellent the idea seems at first—is the advantages of giving *two* dinner parties, on *two successive nights*.

Giving only one dinner at a time is like having only one tonsil out at a time. You have all the pain twice, not to mention the trouble and expense. (Little consideration will be given to expense here, by the way, because if you ever stopped to figure out what a party cost, you wouldn't give it. We'll just mention in passing that you can give two dinners for the price of one and a half, because of the odds and ends. The flowers, if you went that far, the chicory, endive, raw mushrooms, outsize pecans, and so on, all of which probably weren't used up the first night.)

But the main thing you save is trouble—the driveway swept, the wax fruit dusted, the entree made.

To put things in their logical order, let's first briefly consider the matter of drinks.

There is one trouble with the ever-level pitcher of Martinis. It is too easy to fix, and the host—carried away with his genial role—is apt to keep refilling the glasses of his guests until their scuppers are awash. (Many a wife has noticed in pretty amazement how her husband—sluggish as he may be about fetching her a glass of water, any cozy evening at home—leaps to his feet with glad cries and fast replenishments whenever he sees a cocktail glass less than three quarters full.)

I know a lady who discovered that her husband was a little less anxious to build another pitcherful so promptly if they we… Daiquiris. (Crushing the ice and squ… lime juice takes more doing than … vermouth, and for this reason she w… bottled lime juice in the house.) S… split second while he hesitates, she … dinner.

When you ask a guest whether … water or soda, and he hesitates or s… either one," he really wants soda. … being tactful, you see—afraid the s… much trouble, or you don't have a bo… If he really prefers water, though, … promptly, "Water."

Should you ever care to make … after-dinner brandy, by the way, y… so. Fill a pint Mason jar a third of … with raisins. Then fill the jar with bo… rye whiskey, and let it set for a week.

It has a nice fruity flavor, and the r… tremendous later in spicecake or fru…

Now the party is rolling, and a few … marks should wrap up all you need to … ber for the rest of the evening. Al… cooking itself: there's hardly a dish … jects to being interrupted when it's tw… done cooking. It's usually better to fi… cooking just before serving than … cooked it completely and then reheat …

And a word about desserts: In a … book of mine (*The I Hate To Coo…* Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1960 … was wholly concerned with the un… subject of cooking, I earnestly recom… skipping the whole matter of dessert… for Irish Coffee and/or Oddments … little cakes, sugared nuts, and so on). … now, with truth or honor, contradict … My heart leaps down when I behold a … coming my way with a Set Piece—a … cake or something flaming. I know if … eat it her eyes will start to fill; and if I … it, I'll wish I hadn't. It seems to me u… place anyone on the sharp horns of t… ticular dilemma.

In my estimation, *petits fours* and … mints have never been surpassed, beca… lucky guest can nibble or not, as he … and the lucky hostess didn't have to … work on that particular department … dinner.

That's it. And it was a nice party, rea… two of them. Or one of them.

And one of these days you'll put the … back together again. In your own r… fashion, that is. Which works pretty w… you, at that, when all's said and done. (T… when *is* all ever said and done?) A… putting houses together again, there is n…

Yes, one of these days.

But not now. Not tonight.

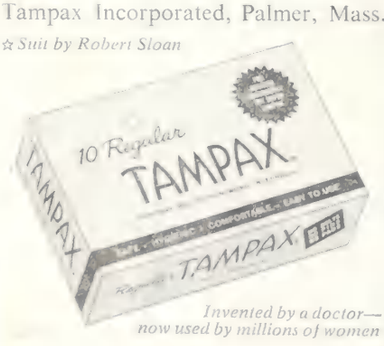


Young Ladies

realize Tampax® is an important accessory to fashion, too. Invisible in place, it permits you to wear the slimmest styles with aplomb. Unfelt, it adds to your poise, your sense of security. There are no odor problems, no disposal problems, no problems of any sort. Why not agree with the millions of young women who say that internal sanitary protection is the only kind of protection they would ever use.

Tampax is available in your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super and Junior)wherever such products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

☆ *Suit by Robert Sloan*



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

THE FIVE MOST-WANTED CURES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

indefinitely. Some doctors feel that a new contraceptive foam may prove a cheaper, more practicable method for long-term use.

WILL WE HAVE A "VIRUS KILLER" TO KILL VIRUSES AS ANTIBIOTICS KILL BACTERIA? It does not seem beyond possibility to Dr. Jonas Salk, creator of the Salk antipolio vaccine. Speaking at a recent medical meeting, he outlined a fascinating theory. Many of the diseases of later life, long thought to be noninfectious in origin, may have their roots in virus-caused childhood diseases, he suggested. Attacks of these diseases (known or unknown) may produce no clinical symptoms at the time. However, they may invade the central nervous system, weaken resistance to disease, then lie dormant in the body for years until triggered by stresses of later life. (We know that some viruses *can* lie dormant this way, among them chicken pox and the virus that causes cold sores.) When these viruses reappear, it may be in the form of one of the so-called degenerative diseases. A multiple vaccine might be prepared from "ten, or even a hundred, different types of viruses," said Dr. Salk. "Administered during childhood, this multiple vaccine might provide protection against disease at all ages."

We already have a four-in-one vaccine to protect against polio, whooping cough, diphtheria and tetanus. A five-in-one which includes protection against measles will be available soon. A front-paged announcement of the isolation of the virus which causes rubella (or German measles) promises long-sought, now-imminent protection against this disease which has presented its greatest threat to the unborn child whose mother contracts rubella early in her pregnancy. A twelve-in-one vaccine is in experimental use. A flu vaccine is widely recommended for older people, expectant mothers, patients suffering from chronic ailments.

That near-cliché, "a cure for the common cold" (in this case not a cure but a preventive vaccine), is predicted at the National Institutes of Health "within five years, possibly less." Tests have been under way for some time.

▪

WHAT ABOUT THE "YOUTH PILL" TO POSTPONE AGING AND DELAY DEGENERATIVE DISEASES? "Theoretically possible," says medical-research consultant Dr. Frederic Damrau. "We are learning about the process of aging. Research is going on in many different places. Research programs are like jigsaw puzzles—you may find one piece of the picture, somebody else another. And if you can fit all the pieces together, sooner or later the picture is clear."

Some interesting bits of the jigsaw puzzle:

The National Institutes of Health's study on aging has produced a number of promising clues, raised a number of exciting que… among those conducting the study. (A… them, "Is aging due to cell changes—an… *these changes reversible?*") No early an… are guaranteed, but again the ring of e… ment is there.

At one of the country's largest che… firms, biochemists have arrested the … process of mice and baby chicks for perio… six to nine months by altering the balan… amino acids in their diet. When the p… of suspension was lifted, the mice and c… resumed normal development with no … dence of ill effects.

Also being watched with interest: tests u… "reverse" hormones—small doses of male … mones for women, female hormones for … Some experts find the results "remark… hopeful."

Until the pieces of the puzzle can be bro… together to give us that clear picture of … man ages and what can be done to delay … process, Dr. Damrau has a suggestion. L… ing a "youth pill," much can be accompli… by a youth *program* of sensible diet, adeq… exercise and a sound mental attitude. The… one real difficulty in this, he admits wit… rueful smile: "Persuading people to start … youth program when it will do the … good—while they are young. What teen-a… is interested in a program to avoid the he… problems of old age? In your teens you d… think that old age is ever going to happe… you."

Only the finest

is Stokely's Finest

Garden-fresh Stokely's Green Beans can be served in many interesting ways. For example...



Green Beans Crunchie

Heat Green Beans in their own liquid. Drain and add 2 tablespoons melted butter and ¼ teaspoon chopped chives. Top with crispy, crumbled bacon. Crunchie and tasty!



Green Bean Salad

Mix Cut Green Beans with French or Russian dressing, add chopped chives, thin cucumber and radish slices. A salad that's cool, nutritious and different.



One of 150 Stokely-Van Camp foods for you to enjoy

Removes old wax without rubbing!



Just pour and spread...wait 5 minutes...



...wipe away old floor wax!



IT REALLY WORKS! Amazing, new Bruce 5-Minute Wax Remover is that easy! There's no messy mixing...no rubbing. Bruce does all the hard work for you. Completely removes old, discolored, dirt-embedded wax and makes linoleum, tile, vinyl or any other non-wood floor clean as new again. It really works!



NOW...FOR THE BRIGHTEST SHINE OF ALL! Your just-cleaned floor will look bright as new with high-gloss Bruce Self-Polishing Wax. Independent laboratory tests show Bruce outshines all other leading self-polishing waxes. Won't yellow or scuff. E. I. BRUCE CO., INCORPORATED, MEMPHIS, TENN.

FURNISHING NEW

The work of Messrs. Chippendale, Sheraton and Hepplewhite, which made late eighteenth century a golden age in furniture design, has always been p ular in this country. This year you can get handsome copies without breal your budget. Until now, if you wanted "English mahogany," you had to costly antiques or poorly made reproductions. New copies are scaled to fit day's smaller rooms, and they come in a warm, honey-brown finish which, are told, is closer to the color of the original pieces. These finishes, as wel delicate proportions and details, will create a light, contemporary look in de rating, with nothing of the museum feeling that reproductions created in past. Several companies are making these English styles, but the Davis Cabi Company has achieved some minor miracles in regard to price. Its Chippend side chairs start at $49; a small Chippendale desk that could double nicely a toilet table is $149; its Georgian bed (single-bed size), with an elegan carved "pediment" top on its headboard, is $135.

The most difficult furnishing to buy, we think, is lamps. If your furnishings traditional, countrified styles—Early American or French Provincial—yo problems could be solved in a new collection of lamps and fixtures copied fr antiques in the Henry Ford Museum. Among the assortment of lamps is c copied from a tea canister in pewter, a material again popular in accessori The base is engraved with American eagles, and the height, including t shade, is about 30". It costs $78.

A copy of an old lantern for use as a ceiling fixture looks as antique as t original. It is brightened with a faced lacquer red on the inside. Price: $ Chandeliers, usually so costly, reach a new low price in this group—$85 fo country-style design in old butternut with four metal arms to hold the lar bulbs. Altman's has the collection in New York; for other stores write the ma ufacturer: Norman Perry, Inc., Plymouth, N.H.

It's a great year for plaid (as you noticed on our September cover). In furnis ings, it covers rooms from top to bottom. You will see plaids on upholster furniture in stores now. Underfoot, you can find rugs such as Cabincraft "Country Plaid." Woven in pastel colorings, as blue, off-white and pale gree the rug resembles the heaviest linen you can imagine. Actually, it is made rayon and cotton. A 6'x9' size costs about $75. Simmons has decked out its ne studio beds in a cheering tartan pattern in blue and green, striped with red ar white. A new idea here is to have a separate coverlet for the mattress, inste of upholstering it in the tartan, to give the studio bed a "decorator" look an of course, permit you to leave the bed made up. A single studio bed, wit bolsters as well as coverlet, costs about $100. You might try the plaid idea curtains, as the Tomlinson furniture company did in one of its model room This was a dining room in which the walls were painted a light royal blue t match the chair upholstery. The curtains were a sheer red-and-white pla cotton which gave a bright, airy look to the room.

This year it's a man's world, at least in decorative accessories. We've bee noticing the "hunting lodge" trend in decorator rooms, where animal heads an antlers are trimming the walls. Jo Mead, who reproduces antique decoration says that the demand for masculine-looking accessories is so great that she copying such items as a statue of General Kitchener with all his medals and, t hang on walls, American coins in a huge, billion-dollar size. Actually, thes man-size accessories reflect the trend to large-scale, primitive-looking objec and wall decorations that complement such furniture styles as the rugge solid-looking furniture from Spain and the countrysides of France and Italy Huge architectural fragments from old buildings, leaded-glass wall plaques, ol decorative clocks are other varieties. And the Early American styles, the coun trified variety, have popularized such accessories as old shop signs, bric-a-bra once used in farmhouse kitchens, old toys and agateware in bright colors. How ever, such embellishments as spinning wheels, coffee grinders and Currier an Ives prints, once "the thing" to use with Early American, have gone out o style because they became commonplace.

To get back to the practical aspects of decorating, there are some new furnitur ideas for conserving space. The Basic-Witz concern has bundled a bed into it new freestanding storage wall. A panel swings down from the wall to reveal a bed with bolsters so that it can double as a couch. The rest of the wall is take up with a cabinet of shelves, a set of drawers, and a desk with a drop-down top A good idea for a tiny room that entertains a guest once in a while, this room in-a-wall costs $700 in walnut.

The Lane Company has a regard for your back, if not your waistline. N more bending with its new "tallboy" cedar chest that resembles a skinny cup board. Its door opens to show shelves on which you can file sweaters, jackets blankets and other woolens for the summer months. Price: about $109.

ers Furniture knows how hard it keep place mats flat and silver compartmented. It has designed ern, straight-lined version of the ffet and fitted it with shallow s especially measured for your nd silver. It is beautifully made lnut, with zebra-wood drawers ed in ebony, it costs $130.

orola feels that record players do more than just play music. Its idea is a stereo system, speakers , housed in a bench that could fit a window or, perhaps, beneath elves on a wall. A section of the top pen to let you get at the turntable. nut in a nice, neat modern style, it 139.95 including the equipment.

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been wondering how many cen- t would take to develop a drawer esn't stick. Well, the answer may e. Such furniture companies as of California, Drexel and Basic- ave incorporated a new type of in their chests. It glides—not all the way out on runners so that n't have to grope in the back to at you're looking for. Then, at a ush, it glides back in all by itself. out benefit of X-ray eyes, you e right through the drawers of a esser made by Brown-Saltman of nia. The drawers are plastic, six n, below two wood tray drawers. ing wood panel conceals them, back to reveal four long conven- drawers. Made in walnut, meas- 0" long, the chest is $349.

---

s new underfoot? Area rugs with haggy piles that resemble Scandi- handmade rugs. The colors are so fully modulated from one tone to r that they look like paintings. rices are low—Products of Asia me in a 3'x5' size for $69 in wool; are less expensive ones in cotton. ew are rugs that match in color ve different texture patterns. This od idea for those faced with deco- small-tract houses or apartments, small quarters a single color e from front door to back makes me look larger. So you can have me color in carpeting, but in each a different pattern.

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cans will never outgrow their love ndfather clocks. Now the man of mily can make his own, to become rloom, perhaps, for future genera- Craft Products offers patterns for g the clock cases and supplies the movements, dials, hardware, and for fitting them. Its catalogue is ble for 10 cents by writing Craft cts, Elmhurst, Ill. The furniture ffered by Cohasset Colonials by ty, Cohasset, Mass., include a re- ction of a unique grandfather called the Aaron Willard Coffin . Its plain case looks like a rec- lar box standing on end, broken y the round clock face and, at the a round opening through which the lum can be seen. It stands a yard is 10" wide and 5" deep. The key- d, eight-day clock movement is al- assembled to mount inside the case when you put it together. It costs $59.95 plus parcel post.

Young families always want furniture with a future. Kroehler's new Hi-Lo collection of dining-room and bedroom pieces fit the bill. The chests, for example, have detachable legs and might start out with legs in a dining room, move on without legs to the family or child's room. The harvest table could find a second home as a capacious table behind the living-room sofa, the small-scale desks can move on into bedrooms from their original spot in the living room. The small scale of the furniture is ideal for today's small rooms, and of course the fact that one can lower chests by removing the legs makes them adaptable to rooms with lower ceilings. Also important to furniture with a future is how it looks, and this looks marvelous. The pieces have trim modern silhouettes in warm walnut and some of the details remind us of Early-American furniture—spindles on chairs and bed frames, the simple boxy look of Shaker chests. Chests are particularly elegant with their black aluminum pulls, black wood bases, plus walnut ribbing on cabinet doors. Prices are modest: about $100 for a six-drawer, 48"-long chest ($20 extra for an elegant marble top); a handsome bunk bed for $139 (without mattresses); an enchanting two-drawer desk that doubles as a vanity table, $69.50.



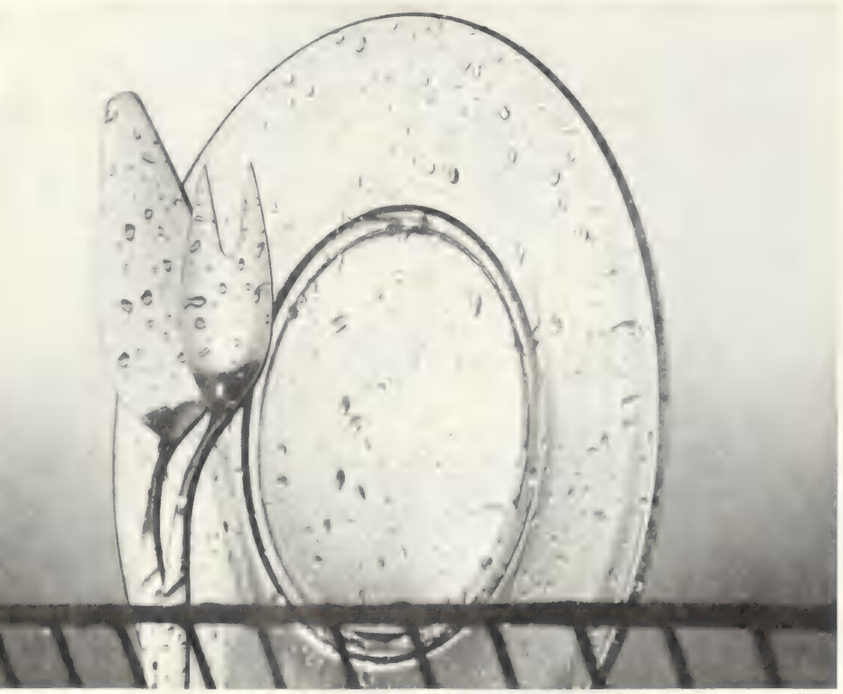
S&W's best salesman.



Nothing will convince you of S&W's quality as quickly as opening a can and judging for yourself. One look, one taste and you'll know what we mean when we say **if it isn't perfect, S&W won't pack it.**

Here's why more dishwasher owners use
Cascade than any other product...

Cascade eliminates drops that dry into spots!



WATER DROPS See what happens when even clean water is sprayed on glassware, silver. This test shows how drops form. These dry into ugly spots.



CASCADE But *with Cascade* no drops form! Just as in your dishwasher, water slides off in clear-rinsing "sheets." Dishes, silver dry spotless, sparkling.

No other dishwasher detergent cleans better...

Cascade is absolutely unsurpassed at stopping spots (your toughest problem in automatic dishwashing). That's because Cascade has Chlorosheen . . . an exclusive formula that eliminates the drops that cause spots. No drops left to hold grease and food particles or dry into cloudy streaks or messy spots. You've never seen dishes cleaner, silver brighter! No other dishwasher detergent does a better job. Better get Cascade for *your* dishwasher!

. . . or is safer for china patterns!

Cascade is rated safe for today's loveliest china patterns by the American Fine China Guild, whose members make Castleton, Flintridge, Franciscan, Lenox and Syracuse china. Their recommendation was given Cascade after testing every leading dishwasher detergent. Look for the important seal of approval on every Cascade package.



PROCTER & GAMBLE'S CASCADE IS ENDORSED BY EVERY LEADING DISHWASHER MAKER



BEAUTY: THE SEASONAL CHANGEOV

A week of this beauty plan will put a new fall face in your mirror.

October's here, and it influences everything. It renders a suntan as out-of-season as a pair of white shoes, makes sun-streaked hair appear as all wrong as a straw hat. If such summer souvenirs linger in your mirror, then follow along with our plan to speed them on their way and coincidentally put your looks into perfect October order.

A suntan, carefully nurtured for a whole season, is often loath to make a quick exit. It fades slowly, leaving in its wake dry, flaky skin of a sallow paleness that cannot help dim the effects of any new makeup color scheme.

Not just your face but your whole body needs help in speeding the departure of this tired skin. Start by switching from your summer shower routine to baths—the deep-dish kind flavored with bath oils which are so conducive to soaking. A ten-minute chin-deep soak should be followed by a brisk rubdown with a towel. This in turn should be followed by an allover basting with hand and body lotion. A week of such treatment will show remarkable improvement in both the color and texture of your skin. Treat hardened callous spots on your elbows, knees and heels while you're in the tub. Use a pumice stone or even ordinary table salt as a smoothing agent.

Your end-of-season complexion is apt to be marred by more than the remnants of a summer tan. The sun will often throw in a helping of freckles and fine lines around the eyes at the same time it tans your skin. Plan a series of at-home facials (two or three a week) to treat these side effects. Here's how:

Start by applying a creamy lotion cleanser or emollient cream. Massage it into your skin and be careful not to forget your neck, the skin just behind and in front of your ears, and the underside of your chin. Make all your smoothing movements in upward and outward motions—chin to cheekbone, upper lip to under the eyes, eyebrows to temple—and spin delicate little circles around the eyes. Smooth extra cream from your collarbone to your jawline in long sweeping motions. Gently tissue off the residue and repeat with fresh cream or lotion. This time let the cream stay on your face while you retreat under a homemade steam tent. Run the hottest water right up to the rim of your washbasin, sprinkle in two heaping ta spoons of boric acid. Keep your close to the basin and envelop your under a bath towel to preserve steamy vapors for as long as poss When the last wisps of steam have appeared, go on to this next step: Ti off the remaining cream and use abrasive cleanser to remove the cr and steam-softened surface skin ea You can do the job with any of the cellent prepared grainy cleansers you mix with water to form a m paste, or you can use baking sod cornmeal mixed with a bit of cream as a homemade measure.

Massage, following the up-out tern, but this time use just the tip your fingers in a circling motion. (S the area just under your eyes.) Ri At least once a week follow with a ma Dry or normal skin will respond bea fully to one of the new masks that on like a cool paste and slide off a minutes later as a congealed whol like a Halloween mask. Oily and na rally sallow complexions benefit fr stimulation which is available in ma that tingle as they harden and wh must be rinsed off with cool water. either case your unmasked complex will appear fresher and smoother. J before you go to bed apply a moistur and/or a lubricating cream if your s is dry. Since the throat and eye ar are naturally dry spots, they will n the extra attentions paid them by s cial compensating creams.

Sun and wind dry and fade your ha Before you invest in a new hairdo permanent wave, be sure to pamp your hair with a series of reconditioni treatments. Brush in long sweepi strokes from the scalp to the very en of your hair at least once a day. (Try just before you go to sleep. Curious enough, it's very relaxing.) As a pr amble to a shampoo, use a conditioni cream. (Follow the directions that cor with the product you've chosen, for t very best results.) Use a cream rinse f manageability, and for faded hair t one of the semipermanent or tempora rinses that have a conditioner bu into the formula. Choose a color a sha brighter rather than matching yo natural hair color. This will blend in t sun-bleached streaks in the most nat ral way and give you a bonus of hig lights too.

ah-choó!
á-chuuuuuewy!
kerchoóf!
eh-eh-eh-eh-eh-ćh!
hor-chewý!!
ah-h-h-h-shoó!!
hechoó!
a-heh-cha-choó!
cheẃ!

(Nine sneezes collected at random. How many were caused by linty facial tissues?)

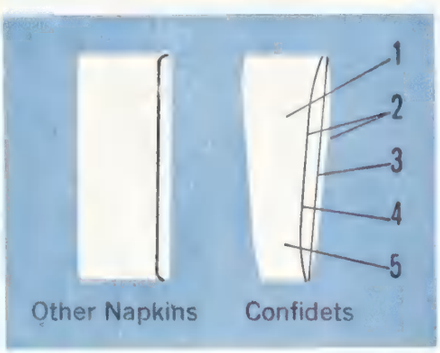
One of the above sneezes was caused by a linty facial tissue. (We suspect hechoó!) It's bad enough to sneeze for good cause. But to have your tissue turn against you, too, is intolerable. To prevent this unnecessary irritation, we have installed a gigantic vacuum cleaner on our tissue-making machine. We call this device "The Mechanical Nose" because it breathes in the lint that you would normally inhale yourself. But better to have lint in our nose than yours. Ours, at least, can't sneeze.



Now from Scott Paper Company—Confidets
...the new shape in sanitary protection

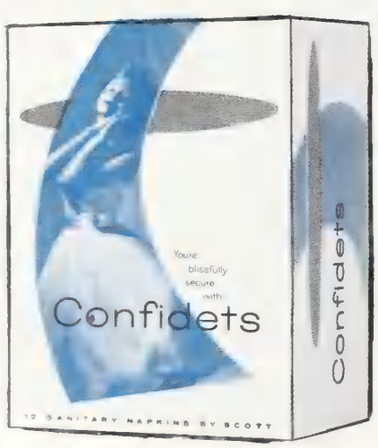


5 reasons why new Confidets make other leading sanitary napkins out-of-date, ill-fitting, inadequate...



1. Only true anatomical shape. Confidets® are the only sanitary napkin fully tapered and shaped to fit body contours. *Wide in front* for protection—*narrow in back* for comfort—don't bunch or bulge. Confidets can be worn with any standard belt.

2. Only one with proportioned depth for more protection. No other napkin has extra thickness in middle where greatest absorbency is needed. Protects like a super pad with less bulkiness than a junior size.



3. Only accident-proof inner shield that's full size and securely held in position. Moisture simply cannot penetrate this feather-light shield, so under part of this new napkin stays dry, soft.

4. Only multi-layer filler with this unique arrangement. It holds 8 times its weight in moisture as proved by laboratory tests. The pure, fine quality materials absorb at maximum speed. *You're blissfully secure with Confidets!*

5. Exclusive ultra soft-strength cover. Only Confidets has a cover so comfortably soft against the skin yet has so much flexible strength in use. Try Confidets—developed and patented by Scott Paper Company.

New Confidets—the only sanitary napkin with true anatomical shape and accident-proof inner shield

E HOUSE

INUED FROM PAGE 55

he approached the screen door he heard e inside saying " —— to build hisself a . And shoring up that old barn, why, he never owned stock in his life. He's a e mechanic. What's he want a barn for?" o keep his mother in," young Mello sted.

pushed the screen door open, and turn- noothly away from the faces inside, he nto a stool at the fountain and said to "A chocolate malted, huh?"

ile the can shook and buzzed under the , Jim sat looking at himself in the blue r behind the stack of paper cups. His y cap was pushed back on his dark hair e a pale, strong face. Being in the garage uch, he never weather-burned like the men, but he wore the same dungarees dusty work shoes.

ly set the malted down in front of him. e drank it, Jim carried on his back the en of stares from the men behind him: curiosity as to what folly he would mit next.

p Mathers said, "I hear you're fixing up arn. Going to keep some stock?"

ust neatening up," Jim said without ng.

hile he finished his malted a bicycle came n the street toward the square. From far they recognized its rider, because only Gaineses' niece Ginger rode a bike at that d, smack in the middle of the road, lean- er sandy head over the handlebars and ling like crazy to make it go faster down ong incline. They resettled themselves in ipation at having the town's two freaks ront each other, and Jim wondered if he d get away before she came in, only be- e he liked her and wanted to spare her the rrassment of being compared to him.

ere was a frost heave in the street, and nen waited for Ginger to come to it. They atching, expressionless and silent, while ike went up into the air and came down a jolt. Ginger's hair flopped on her neck he jounced hard, but her feet kept pedal- nd the bike came down into the square at peed. It tilted around the weedy triangle, stopped—bang!—against the curb op- e Billy's Store.

b Colton smacked the wall with his . "She does it every time," he said. "Every she comes down she rides over that frost e like it ain't there."

e wasn't even out of breath when she in, blinking a little in the dimness. Pass- im, she gave him a quiet smile and went Ginger had been away to the state college had been a teacher for a few years, but sad or scandalous story, which no one been able to pry out of her Aunt and e Gaines, had sent her home again.

Hello," Billy said to her. "Hot enough for "

ure is. I'm like to cook riding around in weather." Her voice was throaty and the kind of voice they associated with gles and sin; they loved to listen to her.

nger bought cigarettes, and toothpaste h Billy put into a paper bag. As she went to the door, Jim turned on the stool and g his legs out to get up, and she fell over eet. The paper bag burst and the tooth- skittered across the floor into a corner. Hey!" she said, picking herself up.

m sorry, Ginger, I didn't see you there," said, noticing how behind her the men d forward with speculative relish at this unter. Through his lowered lids he saw a nct and marvelous vision of his own fist ng them down. They lay unconscious on oor; bruised jaws, broken skulls, cracked

know you didn't see me," Ginger said. long hazel eyes looked at him coolly. She smiling a little, as though she recognized better than he expected her to.

lly wrapped the toothpaste again, and ed the bag to her. She went out and got er bike, and went tilting away.

e unconscious bodies rose from the floor sat down in their places, and Billy said. ess she won't go home uphill so fast."

Pop Mathers said, "Hey, Jim, now there's a girl for you to marry. You going to get married, ain't you? With that new house and all?"

"Nope," he said, going to the door. "I don't guess there's anybody I'm thinking of right at the moment."

When he stepped out, there was thunder blowing across the valley, rolling down the Alhoe River, but the hot sky was cloudless. He'd better go look at his house. It ought to be finished next month, and then, bag and baggage, he was going to move in.

Jim's car was like an oven, and he blew out a long breath to dry the sweat on his upper lip. Way down on Seely Street he passed Ginger on her bike and gave a couple of toots on the horn to greet her, and she waved.

Set back from the road, the bare, tawny ribs of his house rose against the summer sky. Fresh lumber, nail kegs and tools lay by the track. Jim sat down on some two-by-fours and enjoyed a cigarette, and he was thinking of nothing much when Ginger came along on her bike in a cloud of dust.

"It's coming along nicely," she said.

Now you just ask me how come I'm building a house for myself, he dared her. *You just ask me how come this one dream is turning real.*

"How many rooms is it going to have?" she asked.

"Five," he said.

Across the fields full of scrub growth they could see the roofs at the edge of the housing development, standing like pale mushrooms along the dirt road. Ginger looked down at them and looked back at him. "It's going to be a nice house," she said.

"Yes, it is," he agreed gravely. "How's the asparagus this year?"

"Pretty good. This hot weather it grows so fast I can watch it. Uncle's getting too old to cut it, so I do that."

"I always liked fresh asparagus," Jim said. "Would your mother like some? We can spare a couple of bunches. There's more than we can use and it hasn't been selling too well."

"Why, yes," Jim said. "Thanks. She'd like that all right."

Ginger got back on the bike, waved at him, and went down the road toward the farm where her Aunt and Uncle Gaines lived.

Jim was getting up to go home a little later when he heard a familiar sound and said to himself, *Oh, here she comes!*

His mother was driving down the road. The muffler on her car was broken, but Mrs. Plomer preferred to leave it that way, because then she could say to everyone, "Now that son of mine is too busy to even fix my car, building himself a house and Lord knows what all."

The blue car stopped at the side of the road and Mrs. Plomer clambered out and looked at Jim. Jim put his cigarette on the ground and stamped on it hard, as though it were someone's head.

Not a word from her; just that aggrieved face under the dark Sunday hat. Jim turned his back and went walking around his house: kitchen, parlor, bedroom, all there in his mind. When he had made the complete tour, he came face to face again with his mother. She had aged something terrible since his father died five years before, only Jim thought that aging was mostly her own fault, because she took such pleasure in her troubles. Death, rheumatics and a rainy day were all the same to her, announced in a big voice.

All his life Jim had been engaged in private dreams, but there never was a corner he turned without coming face to face with Mrs. Lawrence Plomer, twice as big as life and ten times louder than necessary.

Mrs. Plomer took in a big breath and said "Dinner" at the top of her lungs.

"You go on home and get it started," Jim said. "I'll be along soon."

"I don't want it setting there getting cold."

He looked at his wristwatch. "Half an hour," he said patiently. "I'll be home by the time it's ready." When he thought of dinner in the kitchen he was smitten with the memory of telephone wreckage; but she could not imagine what he had imagined. There was nothing to show for his morning's revolt but a neat kitchen and one unwashed coffee cup.

Mrs. Plomer got into her car, and with a snort and a cough the old engine turned over, the muffler roared, and she was gone.

Jim made sure he did get home in time. His mother was getting dinner ready with her usual enormous daintiness, and the phone hung intact on the wall, just as it should be. Jim washed up at the kitchen sink and took his place at the table.

While they ate he was silent, and his mother retold the morning's sermon, finishing up with coffee and the benediction. He couldn't wait to get out of there, and as soon as his mother stood up to clear the table Jim went out the kitchen door and down the wooden steps at the back of the house.

He didn't make it all the way down before she came to the door and he paused with one hand on the splintery wooden banister.

"Don't be gone all day, Jim. You were going to fix my steam iron."

"Sunday is our day of rest," he quoted at her, gripping the railing hard.

"That iron's got to be fixed; how'm I going to get your shirts done this week? If you'd been to church this morning, you could do a few odd afternoon jobs without endangering your immortal soul."

"Oh, hell!" he cried. He took hold of the banister with both hands, pretending it was a neck, and gave it a terrific shaking. It came loose in his hands with great suddenness, and the ground post rose up after it, while Mrs. Plomer screeched, "Oh stop it oh stop it you blessed fool," in a high voice.

The weight of the ground post unbalanced him and when he leaned to throw it into the yard the bottom step bucked like a horse and pitched him flat on his face in the dirt. His mother began to laugh. "Oh," she screamed, "oh, I never seen anything like that for justice! If it isn't better than a TV show I never seen one!"

Jim got up and went solemnly across the yard to his car, followed by his mother's voice comparing him to all the comics she'd ever seen, going way back to vaudeville days.

When he got into his car he just sat there and smoked a cigarette until he had cooled down, and admitted to himself that he must have made a pretty sweet picture going off the step, and if he could say nothing else for his mother, she could laugh longer and louder than anybody else he knew.

After a while, he got tools and a board to repair the bottom step. While he was working on it, he looked up through the screen door and saw his mother at the kitchen table with a screwdriver, taking the steam iron apart.

They had finished their jobs, both of them, and were in the kitchen when somebody came up the newly repaired steps. "Not a minute's peace and quiet," Mrs. Plomer said loudly, but Ginger knocked anyway.

She held out to his mother two bunches of asparagus. "Thought you might like some, Mrs. Plomer," she said.

For once his mother was speechless.

Ginger said, "It's fresh cut. I just cut it half an hour ago."

"Well!" Mrs. Plomer took the two bunches from Ginger and looked at them critically. "I never even ordered it today."

"I did," Jim said. "Ginger asked me if you'd like some, and I said yes, but I never meant that she had to ride all the way in town again."

Mrs. Plomer set the stems down in a pan of cool water to keep them fresh, and said, "You better have a glass of lemonade." She took the pitcher from the refrigerator and set out three glasses and they sat down.

Honor is a chain with many links. It leads from the simplest transactions—like leaving our pennies on the counter of the blind newsdealer—on up to international treaties involving the lives of millions of people. If we want to stay civilized, then each of us has the job of keeping that chain unbroken. For staying civilized, in the last analysis, depends on making promises—and keeping them. PHILIP D. REED

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There was a silence while they drank. Then Mrs. Plomer asked, "Seen Jim's new house?"

"Yes, I've been by it." Since the Gaines family lived on the same road, it would have been impossible for Ginger to miss the new construction.

"Now what do you think of a man who leaves a perfectly good home and goes and builds another for himself?"

Ginger looked at Mrs. Plomer with those long, cool, hazel eyes. "I'd guess he wasn't altogether satisfied where he was," she said. "There've always been men who want to build something different, and do something else." She took a mouthful of lemonade and added, "And I've never known a woman who could stop a man like that."

"You're young yet," his mother shouted, and slapped the table. "You're too young to have met everybody, or even much of anybody. How old are you, anyway?"

"Twenty-seven," Ginger said.

"Goodness! We've always taken you for much younger than that. Most everybody in town speaks of you as a young woman."

Ginger smiled, and drank some more lemonade.

"That's not old," Jim said. "I'm thirty myself."

His mother said, "It's different for a man. A man doesn't age so fast."

Wait'll she leaves, Jim said to himself. *Wait'll Ginger leaves, and I'll take this place apart. I'll take the floor right out of the house and set it up on the rooftop.* He narrowed his eyes, seeing the scandalous upside-down shape of the house with the floor perched atop the roof.

Mrs. Plomer got up and put the pitcher away. Ginger got up too.

"You're not going to ride your bike that long way back," Jim said to her suddenly. "We'll put it in my car and I'll give you a lift."

There was a crunch as Mrs. Plomer broke one of the glasses in the sink, and Jim wished he had thought of it first. The echo of the expressive crunch stayed with him.

"Thank you, a ride would be nice," Ginger said.

"It's after four," Mrs. Plomer said. "I don't think you better take the time, Jim."

"Why? There's plenty of time," Jim said.

"Time!" his mother shouted. "Why, you don't know what time means; you're always late to meals and don't even go to bed until half past thirteen and then I can't get you up in the morning ——"

Ginger said to him mildly, "Oh, are you a night owl too? I generally read until late."

Jim sighed. "Come on, Ginger Gaines," he said, and they went out to his car.

"Boy, you've got more nerve than I thought," he said driving through town. "Nobody else ever crossed my mother."

"Oh," she said. "Is that what I did? Why do you drive so fast?"

"I like to drive fast," he replied. "How about taking a drive? Will you come out tonight and take a drive with me?"

She lighted a cigarette and the smoke streamed in banners out the window of the car. "No, thanks, Jim."

"What are you, a hermit?"

"Of course not. I just don't care for driving so fast down a dirt road full of ruts. I'd rather walk."

"Walk! You never get anywhere that way."

Ginger smiled, but not at him. "I don't especially want to get anywhere. Besides, you only drive in a circle, don't you? You always come home."

"You got something there," he admitted, making the turn onto Seely Street so fast that her bike bounced in the back of the car. "I guess you're right, Ginger. I go home because where else will I go? Only pretty soon that house of mine will be finished."

She said nothing, and he went on driving fast until they came to the lot with the old barn and the wooden skeleton of his house, and he had to slow down to look.

Ginger went on, "I think a house is the last thing a man ought to come to. Not the first."

"I don't understand one word you're saying," Jim said. "You mean you don't think any of my dreams deserve to be real?"

"I just guess most of your dreams are better off not coming true."

He thought of the telephone which he had dreamed into destruction, and the unconscious bodies of his friends and neighbors. Either his head was made of pure transparent glass, or else Ginger was truly a witch.

He turned down the long drive to the Gaineses' white farmhouse. He was disgusted with himself for bothering to bring her home, and he was hurt because he'd expected her to understand him.

"That house is my one dream coming true," he said as he stopped the car. "I've had that dream a long time, and saved the money little by little, and there's no harm to it."

"Thanks for the ride," Ginger said. She got out and opened the rear door and began to struggle with her bike. Jim sat looking blindly forward through the windshield while she struggled, saving her once from drowning, and twice from burning buildings. Then he deliberately pushed her back into the water again,

PATROLLED

By JANE MERCHANT

In shadowless clarity, after the sun
is gone
And the sky is light with
reminiscent gold,
Children ride bicycles up the street,
and on,
Around, and back again. We are
patrolled
By circling laughter in the lucent
hour.
We hope some future memory of
this warm
Harmonious peaceful time may
have the power
To guard from desolation and
alarm
Each of the children lightly riding
by
Under the luminously golden sky.

and twice refused to enter flaming doorways to rescue her.

Ginger finally got her bike out of the car, and wheeled it down toward the house and went out of sight.

"You're nuts," he said aloud. "You're a homely freak with a reputation a hog wouldn't step on. Your engine's cracked. You're beyond all repair." He gunned the engine and shot backward up the drive, and went roaring down the road toward town.

After supper Jim and his mother shared the kitchen and the Sunday paper until it was time for Mrs. Plomer's favorite TV show. Jim emptied the coffeepot into his cup and took up the sports section to read the baseball scores.

"Carrotheaded crazy woman," he said to the asparagus standing in its pan of water on the drainboard.

He was going to paint his kitchen blue and white, and put a rug in the parlor, and spend long, peaceful evenings with never a voice raised at him, and sleep late on Sundays without hearing commands to get up and go to church for the saving of his immortal soul.

"Bike-riding witch," he said aloud. "Who does she think she is? Likes to walk instead of ride, does she?"

The baseball scores floated down to the floor. He closed the screen door quietly so as not to disturb his mother, and went down the steps. It was a little cooler, but heat lightning played over the hills. He got into his car and drove off.

Following the back roads, he finally came out near the river, and went thirty miles down to the coast and ate fried clams, and then stopped at another place for a chocolate soda, and then, still sad and restless, he filled up the gas tank and kept driving. About twelve o'clock he went by his half-built house, a pale frame in the dark, and on down the roa he came to the Gaineses' farm. It was except for one lighted window upstairs must be Ginger's room.

You freak, I'll fix you, he said, and bl horn in three long, hard blasts.

He waited. After watching the firefli listening to the sound from the pasture the cows were out, he began to feel s and insubstantial, so he gave three mo nals. A ground-floor window was raise Mr. Gaines looked out.

"Who's there?" he asked. "What's wr

Jim was sorry for the old man, waked sharp in the night. "Mr. Gaines," he leaning out the car window, "it's Jim Pl I had a date with Ginger, but I don't where she could be."

"Oh," Mr. Gaines said in a gentle, pu voice. "That's not like her, to keep some waiting. I'll see what's wrong. But is late?"

"Yes," Jim said, lowering his voice. sorry I woke you."

He sat there, not knowing what to d light went on in the old people's room. then another light in the hall. Maybe he c to go away, but then he would have w them for nothing. At last the front opened, and Ginger came out. She was b foot and tousled, and wearing some kir pale wrapper that flapped around her a

"It's nearly twelve, and you woke up," she said when she came to his car.

The fireflies continued to float among lilacs, and he took hold of her arm in cas wasn't really there. Over her shoulder he c see the pale shapes of the cows which m the landscape look unreal; he was holding her arm as if she might run away and l him alone with only make-believe things.

"We didn't have any date," Ginger sai

"We have one now. Or are you scare get into the car and take a drive?"

Releasing her arm from his grip, she s "I don't like to speed in a car. I'm afrai being hurt."

"If I don't drive fast, will you c along?" he asked.

"I guess if I don't, you'll sit there and h like a lost goose until you wake up everyb for miles around." She got in beside him.

"That's better," he said through shut te and backed slowly up the drive, watching dream landscape recede until the cows the fireflies appeared to be the same s When they got out to the road he trod do on the gas and they went off with such a s that her head snapped back painfully. Si sixty-five, seventy; the trees went by wit roar, and he waited for her to react.

He took one hand off the wheel and reac for her, just to feel if she was sitting th rigid with horror, but she was so limp thought she had passed out until she move little, and he saw from the edge of his eye t she was lighting a cigarette. She was just ting there calmly, going along for the ride

"Why, you liar!" he yelled above the no of their speed. "You liar! You like to tra just as fast as I do," he yelled happily.

"No I don't. But since I'm here, what an going to do about it?"

He slowed the car down to fifty and put hand out to Ginger again, encountering round, muscular thigh. She moved away.

"Stop it," Ginger said, sounding angr "I'll open the door and jump."

He was ashamed, for he had never mea to bother her that way. He kept the car cra ing along at fifty, and after a while he aske "Ginger? What happened to you? I mea while you were away, teaching and all. N bodys knows. Everybody tries to guess."

"Why do you want to know?"

"I'm curious, like other people. I can s that something happened to you."

She waited so long that he decided sh wasn't going to tell him, and unconsciously h increased their speed to sixty and then sixty-five, and the trees began to roar b again.

"I was in a car," Ginger said suddenly. was a nice spring night, and I loved the man was driving with. He asked me to marry hin

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



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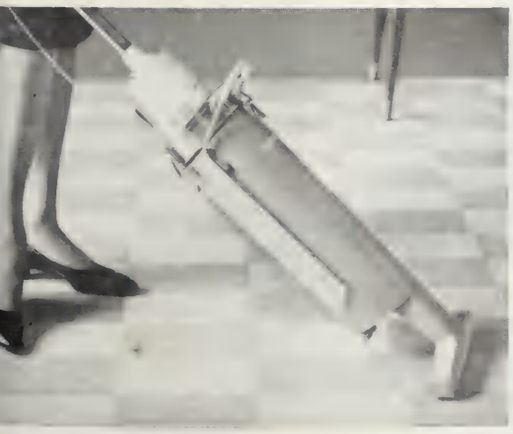
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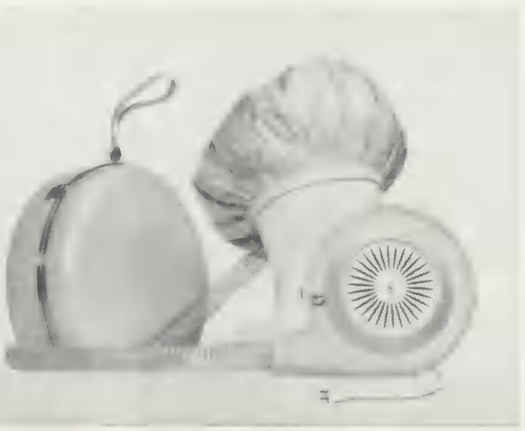
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

and I said I would. Then we hit the embankment of an underpass and he was killed."

Her voice was cold as winter water, and Jim felt the skin on the back of his neck become chilled. "Was he driving fast?" he asked finally.

"Yes. He liked to drive fast."

"Oh, well, my God!" he exclaimed, and repeated it in desperation, not knowing what else to say. Suddenly, in remorse and disgust, he took his foot off the gas and said, "And here I am driving seventy miles an hour and you must hate me."

Ginger said, "No. If that was a good reason to hate a man, I would've hated him too."

He began the long circle back by the country roads. He felt thoroughly beaten. Just for once he thought he'd been about to make something come true, to do something that would have more than a passing effect, and it had blown away on the wind as things usually did. There was no reason to be angry with Ginger, but he was furious.

"I better take you home," he said in a deprived voice.

"Yes. It's late."

They were finally going down the road toward his house. He stopped the car abruptly and leaned across Ginger to look out. Maybe they weren't going to get it finished, after all. The framework looked very bare, and in the warm, moonlit night it was hard for his imagination to put walls up on that skeleton, and impossible to paint the walls and furnish the empty rooms. One puff of wind might raise the whole thing up into the air and blow it out of his life.

Ginger got out of the car and walked down the track through the grass toward the house, and he followed her, feeling surprise and increasing panic at the fragility of the structure.

"Yes, sir, it's going to be a nice house," she said.

"And I don't deserve it," he said bitterly.

"I was probably wrong. Probably anyone who works so hard for something deserves it. To tell you the truth, I never thought you'd be able to do it."

There was a clear, levelheaded quality in her voice that enraged him. It was like a slap in his face. Here she stood barefoot, in an old wrapper, and calmly told him he didn't deserve anything.

He took Ginger by the shoulders of her wrapper and yanked, and with a ripping sound the material parted at the seams and the sleeves fell off. She fled away from him up the track, but she was barefoot and the ground was stony, so he easily caught her by her trailing skirts and gave another yank, and the body of the wrapper came loose in his hands. He threw it on the ground, shocked at himself for actually laying hands on someone real, and at the same time intoxicated with an awful joy. Feeling her warm body under the cotton pajamas, he got a good grip on Ginger Gaines and shook her violently.

In a moment she freed herself, and with a gasp of indrawn breath she hit him. The blow landed on his left eye, and astonished him so, and hurt so much, that he put his hand over his eye and stood still.

"Now is that what you wanted?" she asked.

"Oh, Ginger," he said helplessly, "and I like you."

She touched the hand he held over his eye, and asked, "Do you feel any better now? Is that the right answer, fighting it out?"

"I don't know," Jim said, "I don't know what the answer is." He still felt slightly drunk with the wonderful sound of ripping fabric, and his new ability to get hold of things.

He turned away from her, and there was his house: the promise and lure of better things, sitting empty, cold and half realized in the late moonlight. He grabbed a hammer and crowbar that were lying under a tarp by the nail kegs, and advanced on this will-o'-the-wisp with the hammer raised.

Ginger shouted after him, "You going to unbuild it?" She ran down the track after him, trailing shreds of torn wrapper. "What was the use of building it in the first place, if you're going to take it apart?"

The quiet night was filled with the screech of withdrawn nails, and a crash as he threw down the loosened board. Now that he was in the process of taking things apart, he felt wonderful, and the sounds of demolition were sweet to him.

"Go ahead," Ginger shouted, "tear it all down, take it apart and bury it." She was glaring at him with hurt and disappointment through the cage of wooden ribs.

Slowly the shape of the house changed, growing more abstract. A wall was merely indicated; a window frame had vanished. The pile of lumber grew. Jim sweat and wiped his face on his sleeve. Ginger walked around and around the house while he worked, and finally, standing behind him, she asked, "Once it's finished, up or down, what will you do? Build it down or up again? You could spend the next ten years building it up and taking it down."

"You let me alone," he said. His eye was bruised and smarting where she had hit him, and his body ached with the work of destruction. He thought about painting the kitchen blue and putting a rug in the parlor, and then what was he going to do all those long nights alone but keep on going out and driving up and down the roads for lack of anything better?

"You let me alone," he said, swinging the crowbar at a wall.

The moon went down, and a little later the dark sky suddenly lifted back and showed a bright interior which grew into the reddish light of a summer dawn. Jim bent down and prized up a floorboard, and flung it aside. Then, too tired to do any more, he dropped the tools and sat down at Ginger's feet with his head on his knees. She sat patiently and sadly on a nail keg, and looked down at him.

"There," he said. Sweat ran like tears down his face.

Ginger held a piece of lumber on her knees and touched it. "Isn't this real?" she asked.

"Yes. Sure it is."

"Then you must be scared of something real."

"Scared? Who's scared? I'm nothing but tired out."

He was watching her face. In the early light she looked strained and sleepy, and her hair was all over the place. Through the blue cotton pajamas he saw the long thighs that were muscular from riding her bike up and down the country roads. *Up and down the roads,* Jim thought, *the same as me.*

"Now have you got something that needs to be busted up too?" he asked.

"Oh, no. That was done long ago. What I need is something to put together instead." She touched his face with her hand, and rubbed some of the dirt and sweat from his forehead. "I'd like to build something," she said.

"Build!" he exclaimed.

"That's not your favorite word, is it?" Ginger asked.

They both got to their feet, and in Jim said, "You're nearly as tall as I and down the roads on her bicycle over the frost heaves like they were bang into the center of town and w home again. *Just like me,* he thought, ing why he hadn't seen it before.

Ginger picked up the hammer a around to the back of what had house, where she picked up a boar bent nail, and tried to get them back

"What do you think you're doin asked.

"Oh, I know I'm crazy. But I've j looking all this time for something do."

He smoothed the blistered palms hands against his damp clothes. "Y going to stand there and tell me to b damned house up again?"

She did not answer, concentrating ting the bent nail back in, and he at her in amazement and defeat. "Hey, Gaines," he said.

She sucked her thumb which she ha with the hammer.

"Ginger, do you like me all that mu

"I always did," she answered, and p at the nail. She was gripping the h awkwardly, close to the head, and t bent and turned over.

"You really want me to put this h gether again, after I spent the whol undoing it?"

"Well, you wanted it, didn't you? very good at this, though."

"You surely aren't," he said. He too handful of nails from the keg, and t took the hammer away from her. For moments he stood looking at the wr he'd created. "Am I going to deserve this he asked doubtfully.

"How would I know? I just came alo the ride."

"It's going to be more than you bar for, then," he said. "And the kitchen is to be painted blue."

"Oh, yes. Blue," Ginger agreed.

The sun was up by this time, and the were flying. Bob Colton, on his way to slowed down and gazed at Jim Plomer dirty face and a black eye, hammering at the remains of his house, and that G Gaines in pajamas in broad daylight. Th of them were hammering and pounding like a regular construction crew. Bob shot off down the road toward town.

A little later it came back the same with two more cars, and within half an most of the town had quit chores and co see. Mrs. Gaines ran over with a raincoa first thing she had snatched up after two ple had telephoned to tell her that her was nude in public. She flung the coat tectively over Ginger's shoulders.

"Thanks," Ginger said, belting it tigh holding up a window frame for Jim.

"Son of a gun, it finally happened," Mathers said, and sat down on the stone near the old barn.

There was a loud roaring and Mrs. mer's car arrived. She got out and stood ing. "Oh, he's gone clean off his head," shouted.

The crowd parted tactfully to let through.

"Oh, it's Ginger with him," Mrs. Pl yelled. "Ginger Gaines, barefoot and out all night, no doubt."

"You can say that again," Ginger told

Mrs. Plomer walked around to her son, she stared hard at him.

Jim looked over his shoulder at her, sweat running down into his one open She sure had aged since his father died, was a real old woman. Probably not too m shout left in her. He bent over and picked two-by-four, and handed one end to her.

"Here, ma," he said, "you hold onto good and tight, and we'll have it up i jiffy."

"What are you doing?" she shriek nevertheless holding onto the studding in astonishment.

"I'm building," he said, and grinned at "We're building a house. Didn't you ever anyone build a real house before?"

THE SHORTER DAYS

Pages 72, 73

Both sweaters by Pandora Knitwear, at Lord and Taylor, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; The May Co., Los Angeles.

Yellow shirt and rust corduroy pants, both by Susan Wilk, at Lord and Taylor, N.Y.; Little Folks Shop, La Jolla, Calif.; The Little Bramson, Chicago; Anne Lehman, Kansas City, Mo.

Green T shirt, by P&M Distributors, at Lord and Taylor, N.Y.; Jacobsen's, Jackson, Mich.

Pages 74, 75

Gray blazer and checked pants, by Susan Wilk, at Henri Bendel, N.Y.; The Little Bramson, Chicago; Anne Lehman, Kansas City, Mo.; Little Folks Shop, La Jolla, Calif.

Camel-and-white herringbone slacks, by Jog Togs, at Saks Fifth Ave., N.Y.; Jonasson's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

V-neck sweater, by Old Colony, at Saks Fifth Ave., N.Y.; Woodward and Lothrop, Washington, D.C.; G. Fox and Co., Hartford, Conn.; Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio.

Orange stretch pants at Bergdorf-Goodman; ginger turtle-neck sweater at Bergdorf-Goodman, N.Y.; J. L. Brandeis, Omaha; Taitche-Goettinger, Dallas; The May Co., Cleveland.

Gray cardigan, by Pandora Knitwear, at Lord and Taylor, N.Y.; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; The May Co., Los Angeles.



ATURAL CHILDBIRTH: ACTS AND FALLACIES

NTINUED FROM PAGE 53

you to feel that you will be called on to stand reat deal of pain. You should experience in or no more discomfort than you are willing accept, and if you are unable to be com- table . . . then you should have as much dication as you need. . . . Do not forget t having medication does not constitute a lure on your part. . . . If you leave the hos- al with the feeling that the birth of your baby been a satisfying and meaningful experience, have had a 'successful labor.'" Frederick Goodrich Jr., M.D., "Natural Childbirth, Manual for Expectant Parents," Prentice- ll, Inc., 1950.

It is a fallacy that modern obstetrical tech- ques are withheld from prepared mothers. physician of whatever persuasion drops medical training at the delivery-room door. is in command of the delivery room at all nes, and makes all decisions concerning algesics and anesthetics, although if he has nother awake enough to be helpful she can dicate (and who knows better?) when she is real distress or when she is merely working rd. The majority of prepared deliveries in- de the use of some pain-relieving drug. The ysician has the authority to override the ther and order heavier sedation if she gives dications of pain.

"Please don't for a moment think I will ever er a word of condemnation against anesthesia. ave heard it said in horror, 'that man gives no esthesia.' I don't want you to think I have eached all normal childbearing can be com- tely without pain. Nothing could be further m the truth." Grantly Dick Read, M.D.

The physician can and does do an episiot- y or use forceps whenever indicated.

"This does not suggest that episiotomy is er used; each case must be dealt with on its rits, not by rule of thumb." Grantly Dick ad, M.D.

clash of doctrines is not a disaster—it is opportunity. ALFRED NORTH WHITEHEAD

It is a fallacy that prepared childbirth means ng, difficult or delayed labor, with possible mage to both mother and baby. On the con- ry, according to many studies, prepared ildbirth means shorter labor, and expert lp is in constant attendance.

"In approximately 1000 consecutive deliver- by natural childbirth following a training ogram, all done at one hospital affiliated with medical college, where statistics are strictly ntrolled and tabulated, my morbidity rate for other and child compares favorably with the st hospital rate. My maternal mortality e is zero. . . . My incidence of operative repairs quired or done for any injury to the perineum to the ligaments of the uterus has been zero. sharp contrast, there were many indications , and operations done on mothers I had livered for some sixteen years prior, when I d routine obstetrics on unprepared mothers." . Leonard Kimmel, M.D., Margaret Hague aternity Hospital, Jersey City, N. J.

It is a fallacy that newly developed anesthet- and analgesics carry no risks to mother d child.

"The first cause of brain damage among in- nts is anoxia created by oversedation and ex- ssive anesthesia during labor." Charles F. cKhann, M.D., "Late Effects of Birth In- y," Journal of the Michigan State Medical ciety, Feb., 1951.

"There is no type of analgesia or anesthesia thout attendant danger, however slight that nger might be. That this danger is more than trivial matter, especially in America, is amply cumented in our obstetrical literature. By 52 anesthesia as a cause of maternal mor- lity had reached fifth place in New York City hind hemorrhage, infection, toxemia and heart sease." C. Lee Buxton, M.D., op. cit.

We believe that how a woman chooses to have her baby is a personal matter, and that false controversies should not drive her to an extreme choice either way. Prepared childbirth and the kind of obstetrics generally practiced in this country are by no means diametrically opposed. Prepared childbirth as practiced by qualified physicians incorporates all the skills of modern scientific obstetrics. It is making its contribution to the mainstream of maternity care. Doctors everywhere are carefully reviewing the uses and risks of anesthesia and analgesia and the grounds for routine surgical intervention. Prepared childbirth is being entered into with the good humor and good sense of thousands of mothers who set no stoic aims and welcome the Trilene.

Peripheral issues still cluster around the phrase "natural childbirth"—for example, the presence of fathers in delivery rooms. They should be no part of the controversy. Few doctors and fewer hospitals have been willing to make arrangements for the father's presence; fathers themselves have created no very large demand. This may change—but at the moment, the heart of prepared childbirth is still the mother's preparation.

Preparation is the "bold departure" from the past, and we are convinced it will continue to grow. Dr. Buxton, of Yale University School of Medicine, concludes in his work already cited:

"The psychological advantages [of a training-for-childbirth program] seem to be such that some type of psychophysical preparation . . . should become a permanent aspect of obstetrics today. Possibly, as has already occurred in some European hospitals, it will merge almost imperceptibly into the over-all concept of good prenatal, intrapartum obstetrical care, so that it will lose its present, possibly militant and controversial identity and still retain all its essential advantages."

END



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The Departure of Mr. Katt



By KATINKA LOESER

In kitten years, childhood is brief indeed. . . briefer, often, than the mind can accept—or the heart bear.

The children's father, not budging, said he refused to be associated with or to associate with a family who had a feline animal named Mr. Katt, even if it was his own family. He was saying that he was a sophisticated man with standards of taste which disallowed anything self-consciously cute. But the children were not listening to their father. When they were all younger, beginning, as it were, to take shape as a family, they had paid some attention to him. If he lay down to read on the big red couch in the living room, it might occur to them to swarm upon him and examine him for defects, running their fingers through his hair to search for a possible crack in his skull, placing their pretty hands along his, which were tough and spotted—whichever hand he could spare, that is, because he had to use one for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 135

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAYMOND JACOBS



"Daddy just called Long Distance"

It made me feel so good. He said he missed me . . . and told me when he's coming home. It was almost like he was right here. *You* ought to try Long Distance.

Bell Telephone System

Long Distance is the next best thing to being there

New Medicated "Ice" Clears Oil-Clogged Pores Gives Close-Up Skin Beauty

Helps stop chief cause of blackheads, enlarging pores, breaking out—without costly treatments. Look for results in 15 days—or even less.

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Blackheads defy plain soap and ordinary cleansing creams. But Ice-O-Derm helps dissolve blackheads. It gets down into pores to clear out hardened masses—then a special astringent helps tighten pores.

Ice-O-Derm's *invisible* medication stays on skin to keep dirt out—holds natural *moisture in*. What's more, its stimulating action improves skin circulation for a healthier, younger look. Start your Ice-O-Derm complexion course today.

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2ND FIVE DAYS Ice-O-Derm's invisible shield holds in moisture—protects skin from sun, winds and drying effects of steam heat. *Result: Softer, moister skin.*

3RD FIVE DAYS Continuous "ICE" treatments stimulate circulation and increase natural resistance to infection. See how skin's improving. *Result: Fresher, healthier-looking skin.*



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A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It relieves itching and pain in minutes, then speeds healing of the injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

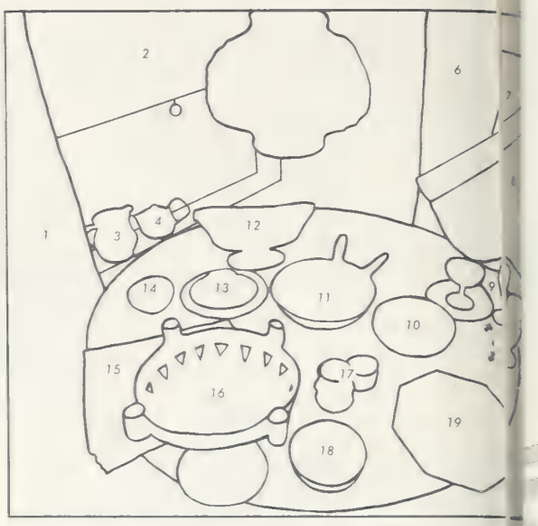
Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And most amazing of all this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

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THE JOURNAL'S COLOR QUARTET

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59



BASIC BLACK

Table, used in all four settings, is $148 for a marble top, 48" in diameter; $60 for a ... base. Brancusi.

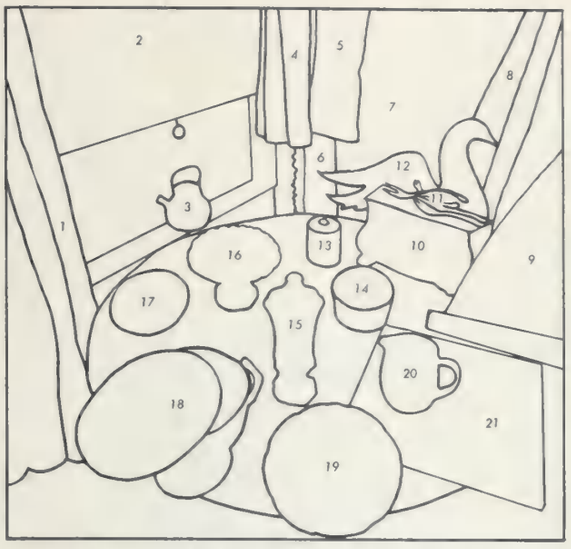
1. Leafy cotton-and-rayon print made in France. 50" wide. $7.90 a yard (higher ... west and West). By Jofa*. 2. "Unicorn" window shade; price depends on size (ab ... for a 4'x6' one). By Howard and Schaffer* or at Gunther-Watson in New York. M ... fabric and wallpaper are available. 3. Reproduction in pewter of Sturbridge ... pitcher, $28. By Virginia Metalcrafters. 4. Pewter teapot, $32.50. At America ... New York. 5. Plastic bubble shade for a ceiling fixture, $22.50; wall bracket a ... $16.50. At America House, New York. 6. Wool rug, $9 a square foot plus shipp ... V'Soske*. 7. Flocked paper copied from a Dearborn Museum damask, about $10 ... roll. By Greeff*. 8. Daisy paper, $13.75 a single roll. By Leoda de Mar*. 9. "Deb ... glass: plate, $2.50; sherbet, goblet and iced-tea glasses, $3.25 each. By Fostoria. ... tery box (cover not shown), $20. Meiselman Imports**. 11. Plastic salad bowl, $12. ... servers, $5. By Grainware Plastic Products. 12. Reproduction of a French Creil co ... $75. Mottahedeh**. 13. French majolica available also in white: cup and saucer ... dozen; butter plate, $15 a dozen; salad plate, $18 a dozen; dinner plate, $24 a ... Charles Martine Imports**. 14. Japanese lacquer soup bowl, $2 with cover. At ... New York. 15. Cotton-and-rayon check, 48" wide, about $3 a yard. By Charles Blo... Pottery fruit bowl-candelabrum from Mexico, $21. At Textiles & Objects, New Y... Alabaster box, $6. Meiselman Imports**. 18. White lacquer bowl lined in black, $1... Azuma, New York. 19. "Independence" hexagonal ironstone plate, $1.50; 45 pi... place settings, $39.95. By Castleton China.



SPRING GREEN

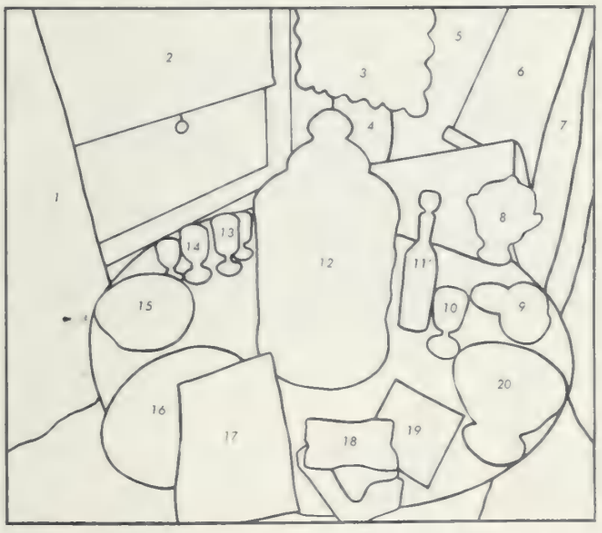
1. Traditional cotton print made in France, 50" wide, $8.95 a yard. By Jofa*. 2. ... shade, priced according to size (4'x6' one, about $45). By Howard & Schaffer* ... Gunther-Watson in New York. Matching fabric available. 3. Emerald glass: tumbl... old-fashioned size, each $10.80 a dozen; juice glass, $8.40 a dozen. Rubel**. 4. Tole, ... ing can, $3.20. Rubel**. 5. Fern linen, 52" wide, $10.50 a yard. Woodson Wallpape... Giant glass snifter, $6. Rubel**. 7. "Winsted" Acrilan carpet, $10.95 a square yar... Cabin Crafts. 8. Flowered paper, $10.50 a single roll. Leoda de Mar*. 9. Pottery ... with cover, $25. At Stuart's Gifts in New York. 10. "Franchine" ware tureen with li... platter, $16. At Stuart's Gifts in New York. 11. Alabaster urn, $15. Meiselman Imp... 12. "Air fern," real fern processed to live without water, $1 a bunch. At Stuart's G... New York. 13. "Vintage" glass, wine size, $1.50. By Imperial. 14. "Bandbox" cu... saucer, about $1.80; plate, about $1. Rubel**. 15. Candle-in-a-glass on a metal stan... high, $1. Rubel**. 16. Hand-blown decanter, $4. By Blenko. 17. Alabaster bottle, $... Stuart's Gifts in New York. 18. "Sentiment" fingertip towel, $1; available in othe... plus washcloth as well as in bed linens. By Cannon. 19. Pottery berry cooler with ... pression in the lid to hold ice, $17.50. At Hall House**. 20. "Allegro" pattern in a p... pillowcase, $1.19; also in sheets. By Pepperell. 21. Italian copy of an old Strasbur... tern, $8.25. Made for Tiffany in New York. 22. Lacquer tray, $4. Van-Dow Fen...

Available through your decorator or decorating staffs of department stores.
***Distributors, check your local stores.*



MBER
ROWN

Crewel pattern on cotton and linen, 54″ wide, about $3 a yard. Made by Charles Bloom. Bead curtain printed on a window shade, priced according to size (4′x6′ one, about $43). Howard & Schaffer* or at Gunther-Watson in New York. Matching fabric and wall-er available. 3. Handcrafted teapot, $18. At America House in New York. 4. Starry on-and-rayon weave, 54″ wide, about $3.50. By Riverdale. 5. Flocked paper copied n a fabric in the Dearborn Museum, about $10 a single roll. By Greeff*. 6. Striped on rug, $7.95 for 2′x3′ size to $29.95 for 4′x6′ size. By Wunda-Weve. 7. Abstract wall ging in wool, $400. At America House in New York. 8. Oriental pattern on cotton, wide, $7.50 a yard. By Quaintance*. 9. Mosaic pattern in wallpaper, $7.50 a single By Louis W. Bowen*. 10. Mahogany chest, copied from a Dutch-American bombe st in the Henry Ford Museum, made to store a Gorham silver pattern. Chest only, be ordered for $150 at the Barn at Ben Robyn in New York. 11. "Chantilly," l-plated sterling silver that is called "vermeil." Serving fork, $20; serving spoon, 25; gravy ladle, $18.50, including tax. By Gorham. 12. Antiqued tin eagle to hang a wall, $75. Karl Mann*. 13. Striped Venetian-glass candy box, $25. Mottahedeh**. Metal cachepot in antiqued gold, $3.50. At Azuma in New York. 15. Covered urn a copy of a "coin glass," $9.75. By Fostoria. 16. "Coin-glass" cake salver, $10. By toria. 17. Enameled ashtray, $9.50. Rees & Orr**. 18. Italian pottery tureen with ver, $25. Meiselman Imports**. 19. French copy of an antique dinner plate, $6.25. de for Tiffany in New York. 20. Flowered pitcher, $6. Made by Arabia, at Georg Jensen New York. 21. Table-stool top (legs not shown) covered with Everfast's "October" ic print, laminated to the wood with the new Daponite plastic finish. Two tables $25. Made by Richbuilt.



IINA
UE

Doily print on cotton, 48″ wide, $2.95 a yard. By Cohn-Hall-Marx. 2. Botanical print a window shade, price based on the size (4′x6′ shade, about $37). Made by Howard & affer* or at Gunther-Watson in New York. Matching fabric and wallpaper available. French percale pillowcase, $15.00. At D. Porthault in New York. 4. Printed vinyl up-stery fabric, 52″ wide, $9.75 a yard. Quaintance*. 5. "Cadet Blue" rug in Acrilan fiber, 95 a square yard. By Cabin Crafts. 6. Bandanna wallpaper, $13.75 a single roll. By da de Mar*. 7. Copy of a Dearborn Museum fabric in double-woven material, all cot-and 54″ wide, about $20 a yard. By Greeff*. 8. Copy of an antique urn, $75. Motta-eh**. 9. Lacquer coasters in a lacquer apple box, $5. Van-Dow Fenton**. 10. Pressed-s goblet, $1.50. By Fenton Art Glass. 11. Hand-blown decanter, $6.50. By Blenko. Copy of a French pottery birdcage, $130. Meiselman Imports**. 13. Blue goblet and eglass with clear crystal stems, each $18 a dozen. Rubel**. 14. Cut-crystal goblet, .50, and wineglass, $12. By Val St. Lambert. Jackson International import.**. 15. nish bowl, $14.50. Made by Arabia, Frederik Lunning** import, at Georg Jensen in w York. 16. Finnish chop plate, $11. By Arabia, Frederik Lunning** import, at Georg sen. 17. Toile print on cotton, 48″ wide, "Scotchguard" finish, about $2.25 a yard. Riverdale. 18. Alabaster cigarette box, $20. Meiselman Imports**. 19. Ceramic floor $4 a square foot. Made by Richard Ginori in Italy, imported by Zanin & Son**. French glass compote, $10. Charles Martine Imports**.



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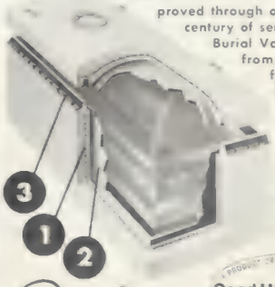


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Copr., 1962, Pet Milk Co.

TE DEPARTURE OF M. KATT

CO INUED FROM PAGE 130

ol ng his book up in the air so that a child wo d not come between him and the pages—or lickering at the size of his feet. But now the ildren were taking turns holding the kit-ten The older girl, who was twelve, had an-no ced immediately that they would name pin Mr. Katt, the spelling, she pointed out, giv g him a certain necessary flair. Their fa-the seared them all with a hideously con-ten uous look as they huddled in the middle of e kitchen floor watching the kitten which ay ke a lump of butter among them when it wa not being brushed against their cheeks, and his diaphragm wrenched by a spasm of des rate and irremediable love, turned away and valked out of the room.

It ten minutes before, the children's mother had driven into the yard in a car brimming with grocery bags, some big and lumpy, some sm and smooth, the frayed green tops of cel wilting over the side of one. She had cal l to the children, who with neighborhood fri ds were dispersed over the backyard, to come and help carry the groceries in. Outraged, their fetters impeding their progress, they clambered down the slope of the backyard, anguished and half-grown young Shelleys, and opened the doors of the station wagon as if they were being challenged by the facts of social decay. The children were twelve, ten, eight and five, and their separate and distinguished groups had been more importantly occupied. Their mother turned to the five-year-old boy and said, "Would you take this one first, please. Be very careful; you mustn't drop it; it might break."

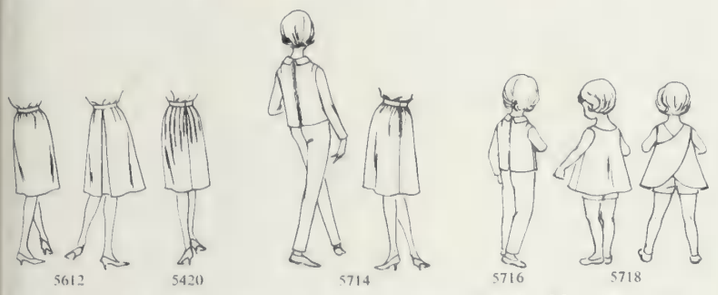
So this foolish little boy, entrusted with a delicate object he could not yet define, reached with the responsibility of an associate deity for the paper bag, balanced it on both hands, and then he looked up at his mother and his blue eyes swam in mystery and alarm.

"It's soft," he whispered. "It's moving."

Ten and twelve, boy and girl, put down their packages and stared at their mother. The eight-year-old girl watched her little brother, smiling because she remembered the day at the very beginning of her fourth year when her mother and father had said, "Come and see the little brother we brought you, all dressed up in your old pink bunting." This

TOPS & BOTTOMS

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 64–67 and 111.



5612 5420 5714 5716 5718

Vogue Design No. 5612. "Easy to Make" skirt and stole; 24–32 waist measurement; 60¢, in Canada 65¢. Fleece (Burlington "Shoorna") version requires 2⅛ yards of 54" fabric with nap. Mohair version requires 3 yards of 54" fabric with nap, size 26 waist.

Vogue Design No. 5420. "Easy to Make" skirt; 24–30 waist measurement; 75¢, in Canada 85¢. Version shown requires 1 yard of 54" fabric with or without nap, size 26 waist.

Vogue Design No. 5714. Overblouse, skirt and slacks; 10–18 (31–38); $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Overblouse requires ¾ yard of 54" fabric with nap for front and back, ¾ yard of 54" fabric for collar and sleeves. Slacks (Crompton Velveteen) require 1¾ yards of 54" fabric without nap and 2½ yards of 35" fabric with nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5716. Overblouse, skirt and slacks; girls' sizes 4–8 (23–26); 60¢, in Canada 70¢. Overblouse requires ½ yard of 54" fabric with nap for front and back, ½ yard of 54" fabric for collar and sleeves. Slacks require 1 yard of fabric without nap, size 6.

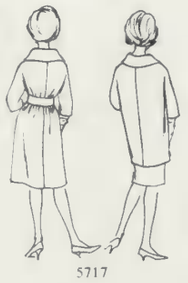
Vogue Design No. 5718. Pinafore, blouse, slacks, panties and bonnet; girls' sizes 4–8 (23–26); 60¢, in Canada 70¢. Patchwork version requires 1¼ yards of 35" fabric without nap when made in plain fabric. Ticking (Avondale) version and matching panties require 1¾ yards of 35" fabric without nap, size 6.

JOURNAL PATTERN NO. 2969. Checkerboard knit skirt made of Spinnerin Yarns.

JOURNAL PATTERN NO. 2970. Harlequin sweaters made of Red Heart Knitting Worsted.

N.B. These two *Journal* knitting patterns can be ordered from: Reference Library, *Ladies' Home Journal*, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Price, 25 cents each.*

*Pennsylvania residents please add 4% state sales tax.



5717

FRANKLY FAKE

Vogue Design No. 5717. Coat; 10–40 (31–42); $1.50, in Canada $1.65. Full-length version requires 3⅜ yards of 54" fabric with nap ("Sutton Place," fake hair seal by Burlington Fabrics). Seven-eighths length requires 2⅝ yards of 54" fabric with nap ("Kilimanjaro," fake leopard by Burlington Fabrics). Waist length requires 1¾ yards of 54" fabric with nap, size 14. (Fake Persian lamb by Lawrence & Klauber.)

Buy Vogue Designs at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; or in Canada from P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10 cents additional for each pattern ordered. *Calif. and Penna. residents add sales tax.



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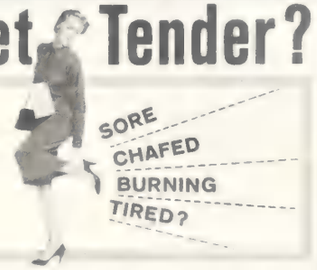
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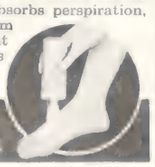
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little brother now shouted, "You kids! Oh, you kids! Look!"

And so Mr. Katt came home from his indifferent birthplace behind the canned vegetables at the Post Road Supermarket. He was six weeks old and very fair, with a white face and white feet which looked as if they had been encased in four white rubber boots. His mother, a distracted tiger-striped yet motley type, had been incessantly sick with worry over when the next scraps from the meat counter above her head would be assigned to her. His father was one of the patched and corrupt shades among the old cartons and garbage cans in the back of the shopping center. Everyone was delighted when the children's mother had removed Mr. Katt from his early environment—except for Mr. Katt himself, who had simply endured the motion of the station wagon as he had endured his promotion from fetus to a drenched and starving unit in a flustered universe.

He knew instantly from the children's warm cheeks and their trembling, delicate hands that he was in clover. And if clover was not nourishment, cream was. The older girl heated it in a small saucepan and poured it into a pink bowl, and the younger girl and the two boys stood back anxiously to see what he would do. Would he know *how* to eat? The older boy was tentative about displaying interest, but the small boy crouched low to the floor, his hands clasped as if he would pray that kittens liked cream. Mr. Katt did. The children's father strolled back into the kitchen with an uncompromising scowl on his face in time to assist their mother, who was busily unfolding a box glistening with paraffin and decorated with the admirable images of more mature cats. He opened a bag of a commercial preparation for the kitten's toilet, spilled some into the box and placed the box on the floor. Mr. Katt, his eyes closed, sampled the cream with a professional tongue, sipped a little, and with clotted whiskers raised his head. The children's mother picked him up and put him in the box. He waded in it shaking his feet, paused, and then got out, and shaking each hind leg in turn skidded and ambled over to the five year-old boy, who by this time was a figure in enchantment, flat on the floor.

"He likes *me!* He's *my* kitty!" the little boy screamed. And there on the little boy's lap, on those appalling dungarees, Mr. Katt bathed, yawned his savage yawn which he could scarcely stop, his pink tongue dangling dangerously far out of his mouth, and dropped off to sleep, exhausted and adored.

He was four years old when he died; that is, he was four years old in people years, but he was really twenty-eight, because a cat's years are seven to people's one. He had had four years of a happy home life, but he grew to prefer being outside to staring out windows. He stalked birds and shrews and chipmunks, and although he brought shrews and mice home and laid them at the door, he seemed not to understand why on earth he had been seduced into stopping the quick and fascinating movement of these small creatures.

He disappeared and was gone for two weeks. Of course after four years the children had grown, too, in people years, which is the slow way, and the girls were sixteen and twelve now, and the boys fourteen and nine, and they didn't really worry, but they did wonder where Mr. Katt could be.

And then the boy who was nine had a friend over one day after school, and it was a good playing-out day, considering the dreariness of most of the late-winter days, so they went out to the backyard and shot baskets with a ball rather large for them to throw so high until the ball caught in the net and they couldn't get it down, even by poking it with a rake which they found in the cellar. They came running up the hill in the backyard, climbed onto the terrace where in the hot summer the children's mother and father sat under the shade of the old swamp maple, sipping long cold drinks with their friends and shooing Mr. Katt away from the fish-paste delicacies, and then they stopped. They stopped and looked, and then the two little boys came running into the house, banging doors and kicking small rugs out of their way.

"We found Mr. Katt, mom, we found him!" the nine-year-old boy called. He stood panting and important, flanked by his solemn friend, scarlet with information.

"Mr. Katt is dead," the little boy said. "He is under that bench on the terrace where you sit, he is lying right next to the door, and he is frozen solid. It's not *that* cold, you know."

His mother had been polishing a piece of silver in the kitchen and listening to the younger girl, who was now twelve, as she practiced a new piece for her next piano lesson. She put the silver down.

"Really?" she said, turning to face the two little boys. "Is he really?"

"Oh, yes," her own boy said. "Me and Tod found him. There is no use for you to go out there. He is totally dead."

But the children's mother asked the two little boys to lead the way to the terrace, although she knew quite well how to get there since she had lived in this house even for the last two children had been born. They went outside and stood looking down at Mr. Katt, filthy and motionless, sprawled by the door to his home. The two older children, who had heard the little boys, came out, and they stood there in the cold evening air while it seemed that any moment now, or in the next few days, certainly in the next few weeks, they would be frazzled by peepers, and looked at Mr. Katt, who no longer required the warm hospitality of the soft cheeks of the children. The two little boys, sick of discovery, ran down the hill to try again to get the ball out of the basket.

The children's mother folded her arms under the old red sweater she wore and looked up under the bare maple tree at her older children, who now were taller than she, and said, "He's been poisoned."

"How do you know?" the girl asked. "Why do you *say* that, mother?"

"I can tell," her mother said. "I've seen animals before that had been poisoned. Perhaps if he'd had some milk —— And yet I sit in this place every day, and look out the window and I think of summer."

"Come on, mom," the boy said. "It wouldn't have helped, milk. He'd *had* it!"

His mother looked up at him. "Can you possibly understand why I don't want you to have a shotgun?" she asked.

"Oh, for Pete's sake," the boy grunted. "All the other guys have. It's just for squirrels and rabbits and ——" He turned away to look at his mother. It was getting dark, and as the sky lost color the old maple tree grew blacker and bigger, and under it his mother, her arms tightly folded in the old red sweater, seemed to become another figure without leaf or bloom now because it was still, unpredictably and poignantly, winter. He could not see her face.

"I am not talking about hunters," she said clearly, out of the lost twilight. "Nor am I talking about people who must kill for food for survival. But I will say this: damn any man who kills a living thing for the pleasure of killing. I say there is something wrong with a boy your age—anyone of any age—who wantonly destroys life."

"You set traps for mice," he said, and went into the house, slamming the door.

The mother and the girl remained on the terrace. Inside, at the piano, the younger girl began to play *O Holy Night*, which she had continued to love since she had played it at a Christmas recital, and could not yet part with. ("Again? Why doesn't someone tell her Christmas is over?" the other children would claim in exasperation.)

Then the sixteen-year-old girl spoke. "When daddy coming home?" she asked.

"Not until later," her mother said. "An train. I wish ——"

"What?" the girl asked.

"I wish he was here," her mother said. "Because it is almost dark and —— Why don't you go in? It's so cold."

The girl went past her mother, beyond the terrace and onto the driveway. The early night was almost accomplished now, quietly covering what had been the clean bright day. Mr. Katt lay still; who would prepare his eulogy? The girl came back and spoke softly to her mother.

"I've got a carton from the garage, mother," she said. "And some newspapers."

The children's mother nodded. She said, "Thank you. I didn't want to leave him out here, uncovered, in the dark."

"Then we won't," the girl said.

They lined the carton with papers and placed Mr. Katt inside the box and tucked some papers over him. They carried him into the garage (only twenty-eight—in cat years, that is) and put the carton down. They opened the back door and went into the warm kitchen, and the girl walked on to the stairs and up to her room. (*O Holy Night* the younger girl at the piano began, very softly for fear someone would complain.) But the children's mother stood looking up at the empty hall as if she still saw her daughter who had suddenly become sixteen and a figure in some place beyond childhood. And if she wept her tears were not for Mr. Katt, early entombed in print news, with his frozen snarl.



The November *Journal* will take you on its first tour of Washington. You'll attend a private dinner at the White House with President and Mrs. Kennedy and come away with nine of the first family's favorite recipes. Fashion Editor Cathy di Montezemolo will whirl you through the Capital City to show *who* is wearing what, where, when . . . and *why*. From Public Affairs Editor Margaret Hickey, you'll discover what the President is doing to banish discrimination against women in the labor force. And you'll hear why men are *afraid* of women in politics, from one housewife who crashed this "no women's land."

Then fly with us to another Washington—the State of—to see one of today's most exciting contemporary houses: "The Outside-In House," in Seattle.

And there's more . . . the population explosion in terms of the people it affects—an Indian beggar today, and unless something is done, *you* tomorrow. Margaret Davidson, Home Management Editor, has come up with an all-gas kitchen that looks like the gaslight era but cooks like circa '62. Beauty Editor Bruce Clerke does a "coloring book"—and this one is for *every* woman whether she's blond and twenty or salt-and-pepper and sixty, and includes news and do's of dyes, rinses, streaking, frosting. Pattern Editor Nora O'Leary has written a colorful story of sensational go-anywhere sweaters to make (you don't knit them, you stitch them). Food Editor Nancy Wood introduces you to one of the joys of holiday eating—the one spelled p-i-e. But this one is PIES, PLURAL, with ten recipes to relish and remember. You'll remember, too, a walk with Robert Frost and Camilla Bittle's psychological novel, *The Boy in the Pool*. Was it an accident? Suicide? Or . . . murder? Lock yourself in, *then* read!

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What you *won't* find at Sears are *wild extremes* of fashion. No impractical creations deliberately designed to startle. Sears would hate to sell a party dress that goes out of style between parties.

Instead, Sears sells *good* fashion—at sensible prices. Well-designed, well-made clothes in perfect taste. Dresses that any daughter (and her mother) would feel proud to wear, knowing they reflect the season's newest style trends.

How Sears picks a style

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Once the Board makes its style and color recommendations, the Sears buyers take over. They search the market for fabrics, trimmings and ready-made fashions. They buy only *quality*. Because good quality, sold at low Sears prices, is what makes *value*.

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5. DARK CHOCOLATE FUDGE FLAVOR FROSTING MIX

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6. CHOCOLATE MALT FLAVOR FROSTING MI

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CHOCOLATE?



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It's candy-smooth and rich with cocoa!

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OUR READERS WRITE US

THANK YOU!

Thank you for being unique in your field, for daring to write for women as though they were intelligent, inquiring individuals with an intense desire to understand the significant issues of the day in terms of their own feminine qualities of warmth and compassion. Thank you for never condescending to us, for refusing to print the trite, for demanding genuine insight.

Thank you for disdaining the pseudo-sophisticated glitter which may momentarily delight the eye, but which leaves the soul arid and the mind unchallenged.

PORTIA MEARES, *Ft. Huachuca, Ariz.*

IS HONESTY OUTMODED?

There will always be rotten apples in every barrel and lemons born to every generation. Let's reassure our children that the best way of life is still "honesty, morality, and Do Unto Others. . . ."

JEAN S. TROLAND, *Ingham, Mass.*

It isn't likely that honesty is or will be outmoded, but honest people are becoming outnumbered, and this is a frightening thing. If honesty is not taught and fought for in the home and government, I fear for future generations.

MARY IADAROLA, *Dorchester, Mass.*

The problems of our youth today are complex, but at the risk of oversimplification, I believe we could boil it down to this: Our children do not listen to our voices, they listen to our hearts.

ANNA J. HAZEL, *Indianapolis, Ind.*

WHY INFIDELITY?

Can you tell me what to do about the biggest problem in marriage today—infidelity? I'm so tired of trite advice to make myself "glamorous." How many infidelities can a wife survive?

Name Withheld, Chicago, Ill.

• *How many wives think infidelity is a physical act?—ED.*

"IN THE *1893* ISSUE . . ."

The following letter was received recently by an official of the Oakville Company, Waterbury, Conn.:

Dear Sirs: In the 1893 issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal* I saw your advertisement of the "Clinton Safety Pin." If your business is still existing, please send me, as advertised, a free Clinton Safety Pin plus an animal booklet for the children.

MERLYN WEYGANDT, *age 12*

THE MAGAZINE YOUTH BELIEVES IN

I have been wanting to write you a letter for a long time, and your last issue was so extra wonderful that I was moved to write. I am a sixteen-year-old girl, and I have been reading the *Journal* for three years. I think your magazine holds something for everyone. Teen-agers, especially, shouldn't limit themselves to magazines designed for their own age group. Soon we will be adults, and we need to get a taste of the adult world. Thank you for a wholesome and stimulating magazine.

MARCIA M. MELTON, *Thomson, Ill.*

SILENCE IS NOT GOLDEN

Women's magazines carry a responsibility of urging their readers on to ever greater and more meaningful actions to provide a world in which their children may live—not merely exist, frightened, tense, ever on the brink of annihilation, but *live*—to enjoy and add to the fruits of thousands of years of man's creativity. War today isn't for the other man: it is for *us*. We must speak up and be counted. This is no capricious battle. This is our most basic struggle. We are working, those of us who have already begun, to preserve *life*. Is this not what women are *for?*

SONDRA NAPELL, *Berkeley, Calif.*

"UP FASTER! UP PROUDLY!"

I consider *Where Does the Negro Go From Here?* (September *Journal*) an accurate and not unsympathetic treatment of the Mississippi situation, but I should like to make a correction as to my affiliation with a group active in the field of civil rights. I have never been connected with the American Civil Liberties Union. In December, 1959, I became a member of the Mississippi State Advisory Committee to the United States Commission on Civil Rights.

JANE SCHUTT, *Jackson, Miss.*

Does your magazine advocate miscegenation? Do you want the people of this country to be mulattoes? Do you want your descendants to have Negro blood?

LAWRENCE G. PUGH, *Crowley, La.*

Your article was a sensitive job of describing our plight. Where do we go? Up! Up faster! Up proudly!

HELEN L. JOHNSON, *Chicago, Ill.*

It's never been so easy...so safe...so satisfying
for young mothers to camouflage grey...

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A little grey? *Bury* it in a shimmer of natural color. A lot of grey? *Dramatize* it to a shining silver with 'Color Up'—the stay-put cream that can't drip or run. So gentle it won't over-color—just makes your *natural* hair color richer. Lasts for weeks and puts your hair in *marvelous* condition! To color or camouflage grey: Ash or Warm Brown, Dark or Extra Dark Brown, Black, Gold, Light Gold, Flame, Medium or Deep Auburn. To dramatize grey: Silver, Smoke, Slate, Pearl.



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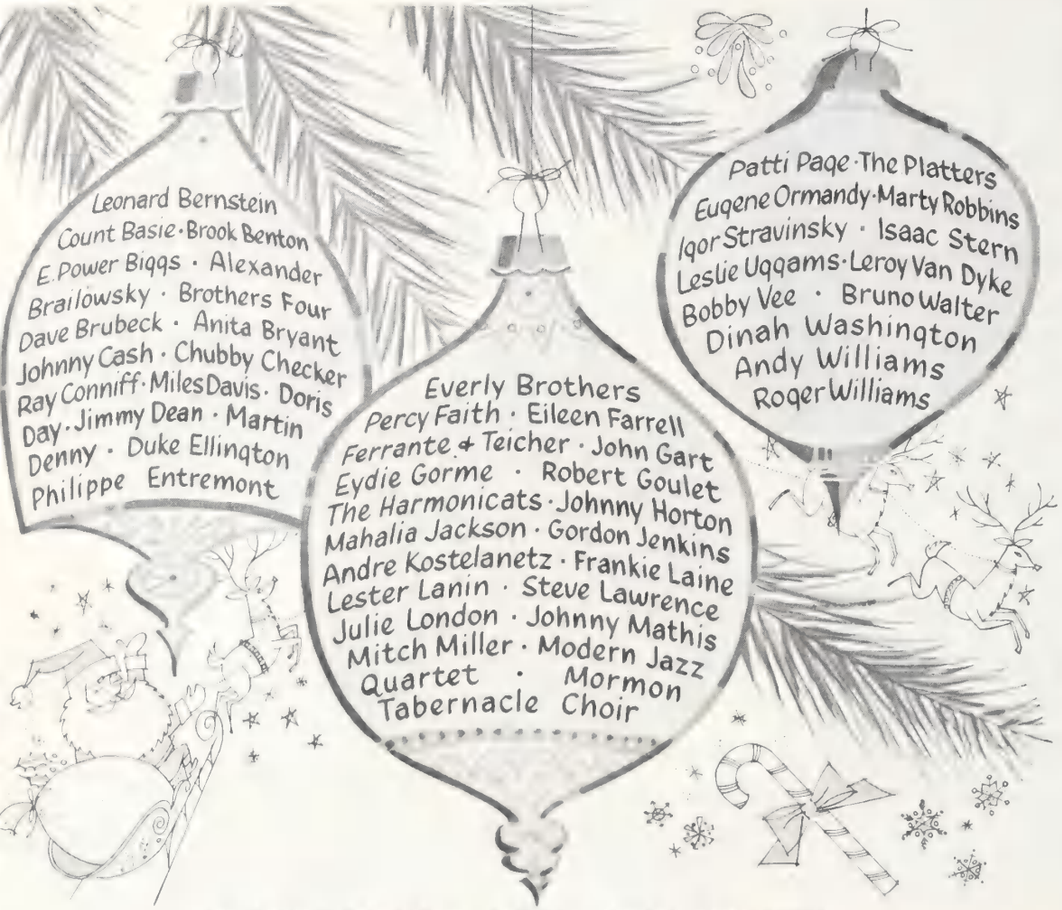
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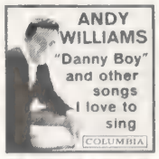
5. It's All in the ame, Full Moon and mpty Arms, 10 more



191. "Exciting . . . compelling." — New York Herald Tribune



67. Also: I'm in the Mood for Love, Easy Street, Laura, etc.



80. Secret Love, It Could Happen to You, Tammy, Misty, etc.



57. I Thought About You, Drad-Dog, Teo, Old Folks, etc.



357. In the Port of Missing Dreams, Vaya Con Dios, 12 in all



144. "Audience was beside itself with pleasure" N.Y. Times



32. Also: Johnny-O, Honey Babe, Careless Love, etc.



204. "Probably the finest dramatic soprano in U.S." -Time



377. Also: Do-Re-Mi, The Children's Marching Song, etc. *

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14. Smoke, Smoke That Cigarette; 16 Tons; 10 more
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266. Also: Rudolph, the Red-Nosed Reindeer, etc.
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173. This brilliant musical painting is an American classic
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262. Deck the Hall, Silent Night, Joy to the World, etc.
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48. Also: Near You, Autumn Leaves, Tea for Two, Tea, etc.
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353. Also: Lili Marlene, King of Kings, La Strada, etc.
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29. Also: Honky-Tonk Girl, Time Changes Everything, etc.
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107. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano"—N. Y. Times
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351. Vaya Con Dios, Traveler, Guns of Navarone, 12 in all
The Alvin Show
274. A hit album by the Chipmunks for all the family to enjoy
PATTI PAGE
42. Also: Doggie in the Window, Mockin' Bird Hill, etc.
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MEET CLAUDE KING
LITTLE BITTY WANT THE COMANCHEROS 9 MORE
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George Maharis sings
Autographed Picture Enclosed
362. Witchcraft, My Kind of Girl, Hurt, Moon River, 8 more
AIR de LUNE A Debussy Piano Recital by
"Extraordinarily tiful...brilliant, rr'—N.Y. Times
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178. "Ormandy is a real specialist at Strauss"—High Fidel.
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232. Puttin' on the Ritz, American Patrol, 12 in all
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DORIS DAY'S GREATEST HITS SECRET LOVE IT'S MAGIC 10 More
378. Also: A Guy Is a Guy, Whatever Will Be, Will Be; etc.
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17. Cathy's Clown, A Changed Heart, Love Hurts, Lucille, etc.
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147. "The most adventurous musical ever made"—Life
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38. Be My Love, Unchained Melody, Volare, 12 in all
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227. California, On Moonlight Bay, Avalon, 16 hits in all
Holy God We Praise Thy Name A PROGRAM OF CATHOLIC HYMNS OF THE CHURCH OF ST. DOMINIC
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Tchaikovsky: NUTCRACKER SUITE Prokofiev: PETER AND THE WOLF Leonard Bernstein N.Y. Philharmonic
175. "Skillfully performed, beautifully recorded"—High Fid.
MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC THE LORD'S PRAYER • 9 MORE
163. Also: Londonderry Air, Blessed Are They That Mourn, etc.
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270. "Outstandingly beautiful . . ." The Times, London
BEETHOVEN olin Concerto
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ew York Philharmonic, onard Bernstein, Cond.
"Very highly ommended"—Record Guide
"SWEET LITTLE JESUS BOY" Mahalia Jackson
272. I Wonder As I Wander, etc. (Not available in stereo)
ALFRED DRAKE KISMET Original Broadway Cast
380. And This Is My Beloved, Stranger in Paradise, etc.
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271. It Came Upon a Midnight Clear, Joy to the World, 12 more
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Gifts for every musical taste!
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82. Chubby's best-selling album, (Not available in Stereo)
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269. Good King Wenceslas, Hark Now, O Shepherds, etc.
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183. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular works
BOBBY VEE Take Good Care of My Baby Run to Him Walkin' With My Angel
161. Also: Remember Me, Huh; Go On; Who Am I; etc.
WALK ON ST
105. Take Good Care of Her, Big Man in a Big House, 10 more
MATHIS • MILLER • CROSBY CHOIR • FAITH THE HI-LO'S • ED KENNEY Season's Greetings
287. Fourteen old and new songs filled with Yuletide cheer
SILENT NIGHT
279. Songs for the Yuletide by a master at the organ
Lets All Sing With The CHIPMUNKS
77. Alvin's Harmonica, Old MacDonald Cha Cha Cha, 10 more
SOUTH PACIFIC MARY MARTIN EZIO PINZA
379. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit
We remember Tommy Dorsey too! THE MODERNAIRES
268. Song of India, Opus #1, Yes Indeed, Marie, 12 in all
Rhapsody in Blue An American in Paris
Leonard Bernstein plays Gershwin
170. "Fierce impact and momentum"—N.Y. World-Telegram
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Aloha Oe, Blue waii, Moonlight On mond Head, etc.
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98. I'll Never Stop Loving You, For All We Know, 8 more
SHOSTAKOVICH SYMPHONY No. 5 LEONARD BERNSTEIN
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195. The best selling Original Cast recording of all time
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192. "Most exciting recording I've ever heard"—High Fidel.
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229. Also: Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, Carmen
LESTER LANIN CHRISTMAS DANCE PARTY Vol. 9
270. America's top society band plays songs for Christmas
NY PHILHARMONIC
9. "A performance manly eloquence" York Times



JAY MAISEL

WHAT MAKES A CREATIVE CHILD?

By BETTY COE SPICER

n you tell whether or not your child is creative? re are some clues:

. As an infant did he respond strongly to the nulus of sound or color?

. Is he curious?

. Is he eager to try new things—including gs that are sometimes too hard for him to mplish easily?

. Does he adjust easily to new situations?

. Does he ask the "Why?" of almost every-g—and often follow up with an inquiring 'hat if . . . ?"

. Does he show an interest in meanings and tionships?

. Is he original?

. Does he work things out for himself?

. Does he sometimes like to work or play alone?

. Is he inventive in "finding things to do"?

one of these is definitive in itself, but if you e answered "yes" to five or more of the ques-s, you may have a creative child.

eative people have always been in high mand, today more than ever before. They are only creating the world's books, paintings l music, but now their questioning minds also exploring once-remote frontiers such outer space and the depths below the polar caps. They are investigating the secret dle of life" which may hold answers to all n's ills. They are probing the complexities man's mind and emotions. And if they are rking round the clock to create new and re powerful weapons in the arms race, they working equally hard at mapping the slow, patient steps toward a world without war, without hunger, without the despair born of deprivation.

But do we have enough creative people to meet so many great challenges? The demand seems always to exceed the supply, and just now we are very much aware of the gap. So long as the cold war continues we can never dare forget it.

Can we find more creative people? All across the country the search for them is on. And for the first time, scientific studies and surveys give us clues to the creative person—what he's like, where he comes from, what sort of life he leads. They are only scattered clues now, but, like bits of a puzzle, they are shaping into a picture.

Is creativity something that can be taught? Most answers to this question parallel the blunt opinion of one successful writer who was asked if he could teach people how to write. "No," he said promptly. "You're born knowing how or you aren't. All anyone can teach you is how to use what you already have."

But if creativity can't be taught, it *can* be encouraged and developed when it does exist. We probably have many more "born-creative" people than we know. We simply aren't identifying them soon enough. We aren't teaching them to "use what they already have."

How do you identify a creative person? One current study of more than 500 of our top-ranking writers, architects, mathematicians, research scientists and others gives us some help. It pictures the creative person as "intelligent, independent, curious, skeptical, emotionally committed to his work, energetic, aesthetically sensitive, introverted, nonconformist, sometimes egotistical, and almost always actuated by a sense of destiny."

How does his creativity reward him? It may bring him money or fame; but whether it does or not, it gives him a sense of meaning to his life. A research scientist says it this way: "To me, there is nothing in the world more satisfying than seeing some work you've done—or helped to do—save a life, or add good years to the life of a 'hopelessly' ill patient."

Will creativity make you happy? Not *all* the time. In the words of a man whose creativity finds many outlets—painting, designing, writing, photography: "Sometimes you feel that you and the rest of the world just don't speak the same language." The study of our 500 creative people bears him out. Creative people, it states, have interests quite unlike those of farmers, bankers, accountants, carpenters, policemen.

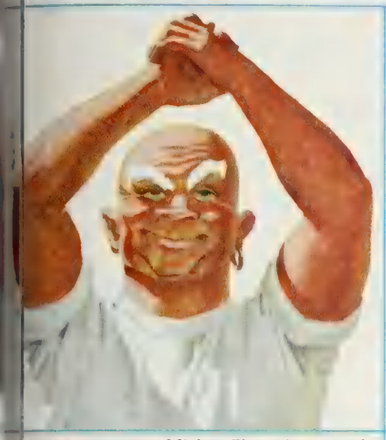
Does the creative person have more emotional problems than the average person? He may have (although the study stamps as "more folklore than fact" the old legend about creativity and madness going hand in hand), but in general he has enough insight into his own problems and the world's realities to handle both with reasonable success.

What was he like as a child? Another study—this one designed to discover what sort of environment is most likely to produce a creative child—gives us a composite portrait of one we'll call "John." He was an older child, not his parents' favorite. He was not indulged. It is not likely that his parents were familiar with the phrase "permissiveness," or if they were, seldom applied it. Their marriage was basically secure, but their home was no shining example of togetherness, because both were strong personalities holding highly independent opinions and willing to fight for them—sometimes loudly. They did not, however, insist that their children adopt their views or their values. Nor did they attempt to shield John from all of the realities of life. John's parents were far from rich, and their names seldom appeared in the society pages.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

Give Mr. Clean a first name!

These are just a few ideas...He's waiting for yours!



LYNARD . . . means Mighty Champion . . . and Mr. Clean's the all-time champ at all kinds of cleaning—first and foremost, window, door-most, wall and floor-most!



THUNDERCLOUD . . . because he's Big Chief that *reigns* over all other cleaning products. Pours on the cleaning power. For anything washable you've got to clean . . . he's *how!*



WALDO . . . means Powerful and Mighty. And Mr. Clean has the *might that makes right* of the toughest cleaning jobs . . . the power to overpower any kind of dirt!



ALVIN . . . is Beloved by All . . . men and ladies, brides and babies, recluses, chanteuses . . . the complete Who's Whoozis. Everybody loves Mr. Clean, the world's best cleaning man!



ELDWIN . . . because it means Bold Friend. It's so bold a mere drop in the bucket buckles the barnacles of the most stubborn dirt!



BRYCE . . . means Speedy. You can say *that* twice . . . because no one ever cleaned so much, so fast as Mr. Clean . . . the original Minute Man.



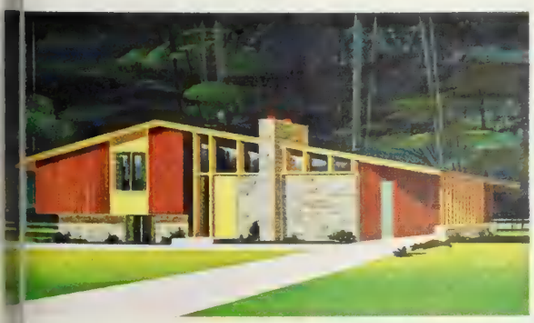
CASTOR . . . means Beaver. Nobby nomenclature for that willin'-workin' eager fellar who cleans your whole house—attic to cellar!



ANGUS . . . is a man of Excellent Strength. And, hoot, what man in the whole cleaning clan can hold a MacCandle to bonnie-brawny Mr. Clean!

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GRAND PRIZE! Win a whole house and everything that's in it!



A completely furnished house, worth $30,000, to be built on your own lot—or $30,000 cash!



1000 SECOND PRIZES!

A Motorola transistor portable radio to each of the next 1000 winners.

EASY TO ENTER . . . HERE'S ALL YOU DO

Read these official contest rules carefully

1. **WHAT YOU DO**—Give Mr. Clean a first name, and in 25 words or less, explain why Mr. Clean should be given this name.
2. **HOW TO MAIL**—Print plainly your name and address, the name and address of your dealer, and a Mr. Clean code number in the spaces provided. Mail your entry on the official blank or a plain piece of paper to: Mr. Clean, Box 667, New York 46, N. Y. Entries must be postmarked by February 28, 1963, and received by March 11, 1963. Submit as many entries as you wish, provided each entry is mailed separately and accompanied by a copy of a Mr. Clean code number.
3. **MR. CLEAN CODE NUMBER**—To be eligible for a prize, your entry must include a copy of the code number from the lower right hand corner of the back label of any size Mr. Clean bottle.
4. **JUDGING**—Entries will be judged by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization, on the basis of: 1. Aptness: relevance of name (20%) and statement (20%) to Mr. Clean as personification of product: 2. Originality: of name (15%) and statement (25%) i.e., freshness, creativity, effectiveness; 3. Interest of statement (20%). Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Judges' decision final.
5. **WHO MAY ENTER**—Any resident of the United States or Canada may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, D. L. Blair Corporation, their advertising agencies, and their families. U. S. and Canadian government regulations apply. Except for incidental help from family and friends, entries must be wholly the work of the person in whose name the entry is submitted, and will be disqualified for outside, professional or compensated help. Only one prize will be awarded to any person or family. Entries, contents and ideas therein belong unqualifiedly to Procter & Gamble for any or all purposes, and none will be disclosed or returned. Winners will be notified about two months after the close of the contest. A complete list of winners will be available approximately three months after close of the contest to those who send in a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Here's all you do—Give Mr. Clean a first name, and in 25 words or less, explain why Mr. Clean should be given this name.

Mr. Clean should be named Mr._____Clean because:_____

_____

_____

_____

Mail to: MR. CLEAN, BOX 667, New York 46, N. Y.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____Zone_____State_____

Copy of Mr. Clean Code Number_____

Dealer's Name and Address_____

_____

a list of features as long as your arm...



NEW POWERFUL MOTOR
Over 1 H.P. More power than you'll ever need.

NEW FLIP-TOP LID
Opens wide for quick easy bag changes.

EXTRA LARGE Sanitized® DUST BAG
Disposable, too, with new double compartment design.

NEW DELUXE CLEANING TOOLS
A full set of strong vinyl tools, quality brushes, chrome wands that stay put.

NEW CORD-HOLDER HANDLE
Balanced and shaped to the hand, and designed as a cord holder as well.

NEW MOBILITY
Moves nimbly in and out of tight places. Rolls easily, won't tip, either. Stores small.

NEW DEEP-CLEANING RUG NOZZLE
Adjustable brush raises nap while powerful suction deep cleans.

CONVENIENT TOE SWITCH
Turn your cleaner on and off without bending.

...in a vacuum cleaner for only

$39.95

PRICE HIGHER IN CANADA

EUREKA

Princess

MODEL 702-A

EUREKA WILLIAMS COMPANY
DIVISION OF NATIONAL UNION ELECTRIC CORPORATION
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS



We are thankful . . .

For the giddy stimulus of lovely women, O Lord, thanks, and for signs mortals grow less like animals and machines and more like gods; for blit Marin and Dufy pictures on our walls, and the midnight snack, and the 9 calorie day of self-denial, and separation of church and state.

We thank Thee for loyal friends who defend us from each other; and fr muscles after five miles of hike or cycle, and the purity of our drinking wat Remind us thankfully that problems are permanent and solutions or temporary.

This Thanksgiving Day we thank Thee for the patience and sanity of bright-eyed spouse and in other high places; and for our well-chosen dau ters-in-law and sons-in-law, and the Bill of Rights, and girls with amia phone voices, and for all the switches and dials we turn on and off.

For all six of our children's tots destined for A.D. 2000 and the Brave N World beyond; for women lovelier at forty than at twenty, and readers w don't always agree, and blue sky through dark branches, and groping la givers to deal justly with villagers and townspeople alike, and for humoris who solace us with wit and irony and satire.

For all men who worry we thank Thee today; and for eggs scrambled wi onions; and for skilled teachers in our schools; and for fearful ones suspicio of humor. Remind us thankfully the center of the universe is at every hear and street corner; and for our splendid highways, thanks too.

And for good cooks; and for Ike's tranquilizer years, and Harry's quick a fearless decisions, and J.F.K.'s youth and courage; and for the riches of o supermarkets, and games and sports which revive us, and the music whi groweth more abundant, and flashes of beauty in our lives.

And for the valor of our warriors we thank Thee; and for low-calorie i cream; and for sobriety, humor and dignity; and for artisans in the gre cities and farmers in their fields; and for birth controllers in a crowded worl and for families with nine children in small houses.

And for my lady's gentle use of her veto power, and my reasonably fixe hairline; and a family with never a dull moment, and my knack for dee sleep after a few minutes of Spinoza or Descartes, and my healed tenn elbow, and for 1000 little things.

Ere I pay for that fifteen-pound turkey, I thank Thee for the first girl to as me to a sorority dance, and the thick fifteen-cent chicken fricassee of my lea college days, and sunlight on the far hills across the river, and well-mannere little nations which scare nobody.

For sons big enough to ski, toss baskets, play tennis, kick a football, thro the bull and philosophize, thanks awfully; and for my short two-dollar hai cut, and the endless variety of people and faces, and our two iridescent red heads and one blonde, and our bullet-free elections.

This Thanksgiving Day we're grateful for endless TV shows to sneer at; an for a republic which never quite sprawls over its mistakes; and for m resistance to needless gadgets; and for mechanics with a loving finger fo machinery; and for clerks on commission who guide us through their marts.

I am thankful today for the removal of ugly billboards, O Lord; and for wil rice and baked potatoes; and for the boobs who've bet me yearly that Russi would attack us by New Year's Eve; and the handsome souvenir tiles in th walls of our new bathroom with its glass shower stall.

For all these; and the sudden smile on a dour face; and the flip of a girl' sassy hips; and the solemnity of churches; and the flash of a thrush across tennis court; and the fearless rabbit munching clover near our patio; an calorie-free root beer; and the flash of courage amid chaos, Almighty; an for 100 favors only half realized.

Every dish is a treat when Thanksgiving Dinner is at your house!

There's lots more than just turkey to taste great—when you season each dish with such loving care! Naturally, you use the best. McCormick-Schilling, that is. Nothing less will do. Nothing else offers such purity of flavor, such fresh pungency. No wonder everything you make with *these* spices tastes so good!

Sesame Stuffing

Toast 4 qts. bread cubes in slow oven until dry and crisp. Melt ¾ lb. butter in skillet; simmer 2 c. chopped celery with leaves, ½ c. Chopped Instant Onions, reconstituted, and 1 tbsp. Parsley Flakes 10 min. Stir in 3 to 4 tsp. Poultry Seasoning, 1 tsp. salt, ½ tsp. Black Pepper and 3 tbsp. toasted Sesame Seeds (toast seeds in 350°F. oven 10 min.). Pour over bread cubes; toss to mix well. Stir in 1 to 2 c. broth. Will stuff a 12 to 16 lb. turkey.
UNUSUAL GARNISH NOTE: Pears colored green with McCormick-Schilling Pure Food Color.



Spicy Orange-Cranberry Salad

Soften 2 envelopes gelatine in ¼ c. cold water; melt over hot water. Stir into a mixture of 1 1-lb. can whole cranberry sauce, 2 tbsp. lemon juice, ¼ tsp. Allspice, ⅛ tsp. Mace or Nutmeg, 1 c. gingerale and 1 c. orange sections. Pour into mold; chill. Top layer: Soften 1 envelope gelatine in 2 tbsp. cold water; melt over hot water. Gradually mix 1 c. orange juice into 1 3-oz. pkg. cream cheese and ½ tsp. Ginger. Stir in gelatine. Whip ½ c. heavy cream and ½ c. sour cream until stiff. Fold in gelatine mixture and ½ c. pecan pieces. Pour over cranberry layer. Chill. Unmold, serve on salad greens, garnish with orange sections.



Sauce Piquant

Cream together thoroughly one 8-oz. pkg. cream cheese, ¼ tsp. salt, 1/16 tsp. White Pepper, ¼ tsp. dry Mustard and dash Red Pepper or Cayenne. Beat in 2 eggs, one at a time, then add 2 tbsp. lemon juice and ½ cup commercial sour cream. Mix well. Set over simmering but not boiling water until heated. Stir often. Serve over asparagus or broccoli. Makes 2 cups.



Easy Pumpkin Pie

Place 2¾ c. (6 to 7-oz. pkg.) miniature marshmallows, 1 c. canned pumpkin, 1 tsp. Pumpkin Pie Spice and ¼ tsp. salt in saucepan; cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until marshmallows are melted. Cool. Fold in 1 c. heavy cream, whipped. Pour into a baked 9-inch (coconut, crumb or plain) pie shell. Chill until firm. Serves 6 to 8.



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The House of Flavor
McCORMICK in the East · SCHILLING in the West · CLUB HOUSE in Canada



FURS BY FREDRICA

CHANSONETTE®... **best-loved Maidenform bra...** now in care-free, iron-free Dacron†. Famous, fabulous combination of circular and spoke-stitched cups for superb fit, luscious curves. White, iced champagne, black. A,B,C cups, 2.50. D cup, 3.50.

†White Broadcloth: Cotton, "Dacron" Polyester

My face never looked so clean ...my skin never looked so clear!



"Every night I remove the day with 'Clean and Clear' —Revlon's new *lotion* face bath. Frankly, my skin is in the over-21 bracket, and I find soap a little too drying. And cold creams never seem to get my face really clean. But 'Clean and Clear' is different. I just stroke it on pink—and when it foams to rich white lather, I know my face is cleaner than it's ever been before. Then I just *rinse* it off. My skin feels soft as if I'd used a cream—yet fresh and clear—and really *clean!*"



Revlon 'Clean AND Clear'

LEAVES YOUR SKIN LOTION-SOFT...YET SOAP-AND-WATER CLEAN!

©REVLON INC., 1962



Ralph clasped his wife with one arm and then saw his father put an arm around his mother. Aunt Bird snapped the shutter, and the sun disappeared.

THE UNCOUNTED BLESSINGS

On this day of sharing, the family was safe and happy. Yet Ralph felt a strange sense of weight, as though they were all balanced on the edge of some unguessed disaster—or splendid triumph.

"Two hundred miles," said Louise, "and you haven't had a decent night's sleep all week." She handed him a number of carefully wrapped packages to be stowed in the trunk beside the suitcase.

"I can tell how you hate to go," he teased her gently, "by this noble assortment of goodies you're taking along."

"It's only pies and sweet rolls," she said, maintaining her harassed expression. She would be all right presently, he knew. One of the most lovable things about Louise was the way she could accept any situation which proved inevitable, and cheerfully set about finding something in it to enjoy.

"All aboard!" he called to his daughter. "Over the river and through the woods, to the house of you-know-who. And all that bit."

Michelle mournfully put down the cat and climbed into the back seat.

"What's bugging *her?*" he whispered to his wife.

"Clifford," Louise whispered back. "You remember—her turkey."

With an effort he recalled the handful of poultry his mother had been raising to sell, last summer, and something about Michelle's leading a young turkey about the yard on a string. He didn't feel like laughing at Michelle's distress: long ago in 4-H days he had raised a steer to be a blue-ribbon winner, and it had fetched a marvelous price per pound, to everyone's delight but his. He reached into the back seat and patted Michelle's hand, trying to achieve sympathy without being morbid.

"You can have an egg," he said.

"Clifford came when I called him," she said lugubriously. "You sound just like cannibals."

They turned onto the freeway in ten minutes, and the car was silent as they sped along through the gray morning.

"I'm really anxious to see the folks," said Ralph finally. "Dad didn't seem like himself last summer. And I've been dreaming about him every night lately. A fisherman doesn't belong in a sawmill."

"You could have called him up," said Louise.

"I have to look at him," said Ralph. "I have to watch him move around, see how he acts."

"Your mother writes regularly," said Louise. "What could be wrong? She says he likes his job, and he must like it; he's kept

BY MARY JANE WALDO

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24

Why doesn't somebody invent a machine



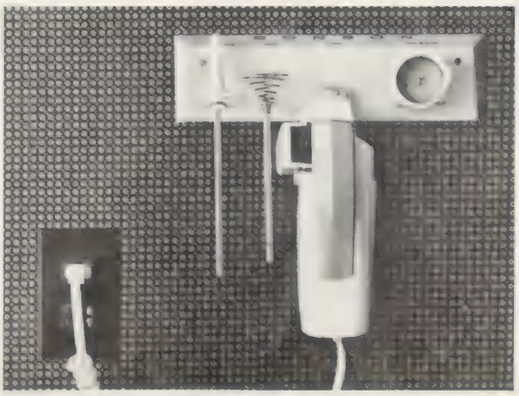
that opens cans, sharpens knives, mixes drinks & whips food?

Ronson did. Brand new 'Can-Do'...the kitchen magician.

Can-Do not only opens cans, sharpens knives, blends juice, mixes drinks—it also scrambles eggs, beats batter, shakes milk, whips potatoes, mixes malteds, whisks gravy, whips cream, whips sauces, etc., etc. Can-Do is the greatest aid since the kitchen maid. It's electric. It's portable. It's powerful. It's fast. You've never seen anything like it before.

At heart, Can-Do is a can opener (and a great one). It opens any size, any shape can. It opens cans that others can't.

In a snap, Can-Do is a keen knife sharpener. Knife-sharpener attachment snaps in, snaps out. In a snap, Can-Do is a mighty mixer. Mixer attachment snaps in, snaps out. In a snap, Can-Do is an unbeatable whipper. Whipper attachment snaps in, snaps out.



Anything you can do, Can-Do can do faster. And Can-Do with its trusty attachments works for the love of it. Can-Do comes complete with attachments and handsome hardwood board for wall mounting. Can do?

Watch Jack Paar, Friday nights, NBC-TV

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The crispiest chocolate-morsel cookies ever!

chocolate-crisp drop cookies

(make 'em any size)



Made with Kellogg's All-Bran or Bran Buds and Nestlé's Semi-Sweet Chocolate Morsels

You won't realize that these luscious chocolate studded cookies contain Kellogg's bran cereal until you get to marveling at their extra crispness. Use All-Bran or Bran Buds instead of nuts to make the cookies crisp and tender at the same time. Kellogg's bran cereal gives such body to your batter you get at least six dozen cookies; eight dozen if you make half of them bite-size.



chocolate-crisp cookies

- 2 cups sifted flour
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup soft butter or margarine
- 1½ cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla flavoring
- 1 cup KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN or KELLOGG'S BRAN BUDS
- 1 cup (6-oz. package) NESTLÉ'S SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE MORSELS

1. Sift together flour, baking soda, salt.
2. Blend butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs and vanilla; beat well. Stir in KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN and ⅔ cup NESTLÉ'S SEMI-SWEET CHOCOLATE MORSELS.
3. Add sifted dry ingredients; mix well. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheets.
4. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) about 12 minutes.
5. Place one of remaining Morsels on each cookie while still warm.

YIELD: About 6½ dozen cookies, 2½ inches in diameter, or 4 dozen 2-inch cookies and 4 dozen 1½-inch cookies.

© 1962 BY KELLOGG COMPANY

cooking with Kellogg's

THE UNCOUNTED BLESSINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

it for three years. They ought to have the house nearly paid off. Sharley's still in school. You worry too much."

Little do you know, thought Ralph. *Little do you know of the life of a fisherman's family. Nothing in your experience could prepare you for the mad irregularity of our existence, the ridiculous pretenses, the grand, glorious deceptions. How often have you invented ingenious and original excuses to give to the men with the wrenches who come to shut off the services? How often have you scoured the highway for deposit bottles to cash in to buy your sister a cashmere sweater? How many times have you manufactured your own ski pants by sitting up in the private night to taper the legs of an old pair of slacks? And may you never experience any of these dubious privileges.*

The journey was nearly half over when they reached Corvallis where his sister attended the university. As soon as they located the house where she contributed "light services" for her room and board, she came running out. Sharley, short for Charlotte. Sharley of the merry heart.

"We have to stop and pick up somebody," she said. "I got me a feller. You just *have* to like him, Ralph. His name is Orin Staple and he's a perfectly marvelous music major. I told mom I'm bringing him, and he's got a sleeping bag."

"A man of affluence," said Ralph. "Direct me to this man."

"Speaking of affluence," said Sharley, "I read in the paper the science department at your school got endowed again."

"All science departments get endowed," said Ralph. "It's a law of life. The science department may succeed in keeping us all alive. For what purpose, you ask? I will tell you. So that the unendowed speech departments can teach us to make living worth while."

"Don't you worry. Someday you'll be designing on Broadway. Then you'll show 'em. You can endow some speech department on your own."

When they picked up the boy with the sleeping bag and the guitar, Ralph assessed him swiftly: roving troubadour; stays at the dorm; memorizes folk songs; great to-do with tape recorder; penniless but harmless; long on philosophy, short on practical sense. He felt smug about his appraisal until he realized that he himself at the same age would have evoked precisely the same description. The boy was probably twenty—Ralph was twenty-nine.

"Can you play that thing?" he asked. "How about a tune? We'll sing, if you can stand it. Do you know *Down by Washougal?*"

So it was on a rising wave of good humor that they crossed the Coast Range, where the jagged silver snags of the old Tillamook Burn pierced the low clouds and held them there; then they came down, down on the other side until the scent and the sound and the sight of the sudden ocean held them all silent, and they caught their collective breaths in a single spontaneous familiar gasp of recognition.

Ralph felt he could have let the steering wheel go and the car, like a good horse, would have found its way to his father's house, the big sprawling paintless falling-down house with its delicious home smell of iodine and dry rot. Everybody but the new boy fell out of the car to be clasped in waiting arms. Ralph submitted himself first to his mother, then to Great-Aunt Bird while his father planted a chaste kiss on Louise's cheek and lifted Michelle in a giant bear hug. "Somebody is waiting to see you in the backyard," he said.

Then Ralph grasped his father's hand and hugged his shoulder briefly, looking with relief and satisfaction at the bright twinkling eyes and the dark curling hair, the firm girth and solid stance. His father was a short, broad man, and his legs were permanently bowed from balancing hi self on slippery decks when he was ve young and probably undernourished. H was fifty-five years old and he looked though he might reach a hundred.

Michelle came around the house ecstati dragging a full-grown struggling turke "They didn't kill Clifford!"

Sharley introduced her new ma Michelle rapturously fondled the inta and unroasted Clifford, the neighbo showed signs of coming over. Everythir was normal. Ralph began to unload t things they had brought.

"That drink again, Ay suppose," s Aunt Bird.

"Come on, don't tell me they had non of that in the old country," said Ralpl

She dimpled. "A little *yin*, maybe. But nc that vhiskey, not that yin. Maybe a sma bottle cognac for the menfolk."

Ralph handed her the bottle and the went into the house.

Now there was time, in the bustle an confusion, to look at his mother, to make swift estimate of the small diminishing the past few months had levied on her. Sh stood at the stove, fired by its heat with false rosiness, moisture curling the ends o her graying hair, all her senses open so tha she would not miss any subtlety, any by play. She could keep track of three conver sations, direct any number of children a play, and still avoid stepping on cats an dogs. Ralph loved her most dearly, thoug he could not remember the last time he hac told her so. It would have embarrassed he to be told. She knew anyway.

Sharley came downstairs. She had changed into a pair of wool slacks and an enormous sweater in which there was enough room for another girl her size. But judging from the flags flying in her cheeks and the careful way her long hair was brushed around her shoulders, Ralph supposed it must be a fashion triumph.

"Come on," she said to her shy suitor who had been modestly concealing himself in the background. "I'll show you the beach." *The beach I have just created especially for your delight*, her tone suggested.

"Me too! Me too!" screamed Michelle.

Her grandmother put out a restraining hand. "I need you here. Who's going to help me with the fancy fruit salad?"

Flattered, Michelle subsided.

"How are you?" Ralph's mother asked him. He knew she did not mean it as a perfunctory social question. *How are you in your heart*, she meant to ask him; *what are your trials and your victories; how goes your spirit, my son?*

"He works too hard," his wife answered for him. "I wish you'd talk to him. I can't do a thing about it. I try to arrange our schedules, we've practically given up going out, but still he works until all hours and then brings work home with him besides. I don't think his health can stand it."

"It'll be better next semester," said Ralph. "I've got a poor class this fall, that's the whole thing. Only fourteen kids and about a third of them are *dance* majors; they're present in body only." As he spoke he gave his mother a small wink. "I brought pictures of my sets for *Pelléas and Mélisande*. I knew you'd want to see them."

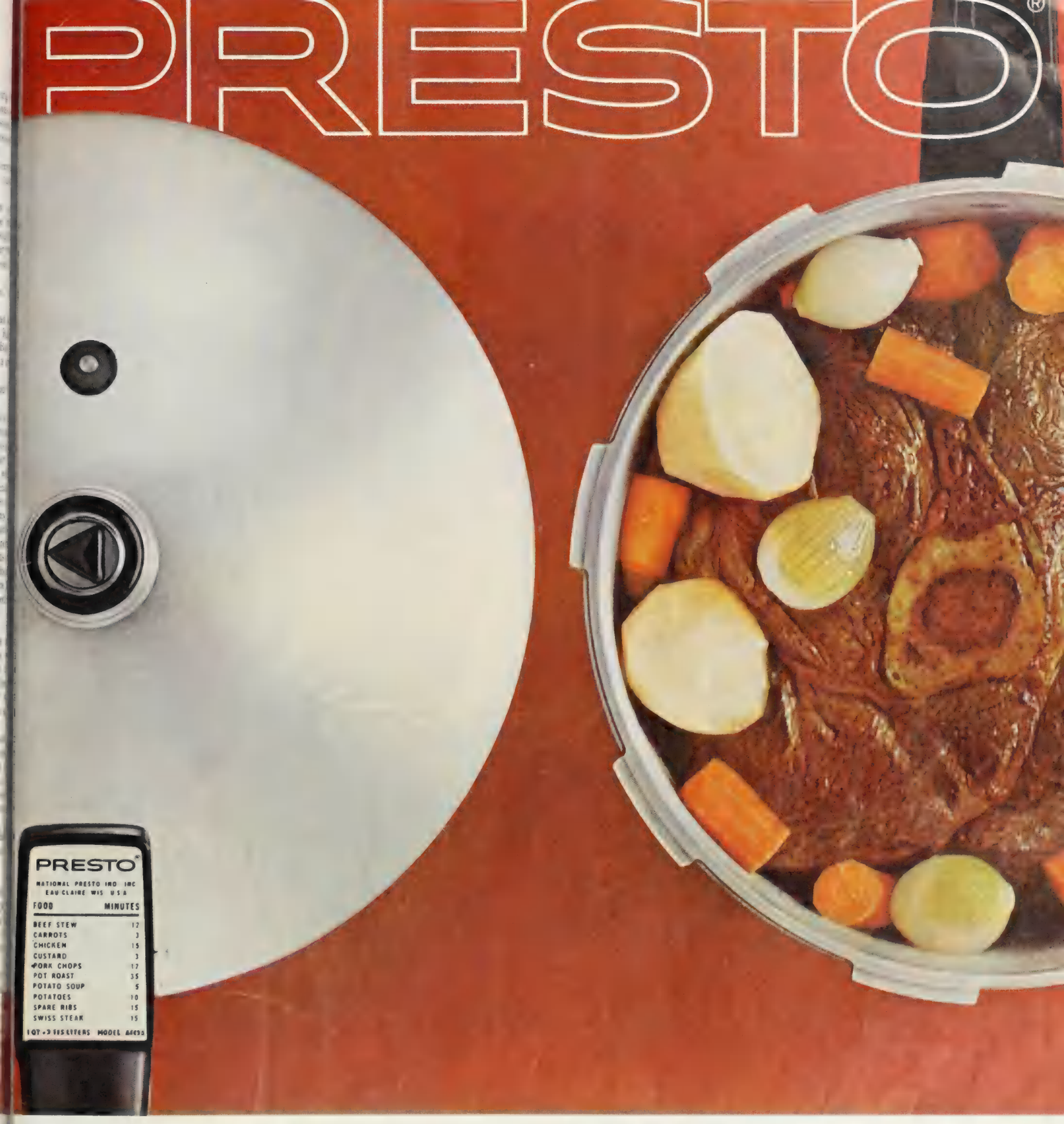
"They're upstairs in the suitcase," said Louise. "I'll get them for you. They're the best Ralph ever did, I think."

For a moment or two he and his mother were alone in the kitchen. "The game's on, Ralph!" his father shouted from the living room. "You're missing it!"

"In a minute," Ralph called. He stood at the stove next to his mother, and he thought he would say something. But what would it be? She was pouring cranberry

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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Beat the clock! Get dinner 3 to 10 times faster

Even when time runs out, you can serve up husband-enchanting Pot Roast, Swiss Steak, Braised Pork Chops, Chicken Fricassee—you name it! They're lusciously ready in minutes, not hours, with a Presto Pressure Cooker.

Every busy homemaker, every fast-moving mother, every working wife deserves one. Choose yours in sturdy cast aluminum, luxurious stainless steel or stamped aluminum. In 3,4,6 qt. sizes with Recipe-Instruction Book.

Or, ask for your next birthday gift *now:* a Presto Electric Pressure Cooker with detachable Control Master. *Automatically* wonderful!



PRESSURE COOKERS BY

PRESTO®

NATIONAL PRESTO INDUSTRIES, INC., EAU CLAIRE, WIS.
IN CANADA: PRESTO DIVISION—GENERAL STEEL WARES LTD., TORONTO

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ust one of a hundred elegant recipes in...

ere's a recipe collection meant for cooks who
ke unusual dishes. Over a hundred recipes for
mond dishes which are elegant—yet don't take
urs or cost a fortune to prepare. Includes some
the world's favorite almond recipes—smoky
rbecue almonds from California, exotic South
as salads, triumphant main dishes like Sole
lmondine from France, traditional Swedish Christmas cookies, dazzling
mond tortes from Vienna. See how California's superb Blue Diamond
lmonds can help give your cooking new flair. Send for your copy now.



Slowly cook 1 cup chopped onion, 1½ cups sliced celery in 1 cup butter or margarine 5 minutes, stir occasionally. Pour over contents of 2 packages (7½ to 8 oz.) stuffing mix. Add ½ cup chopped parsley, 1 cup toasted blanched slivered almonds (or 1 cup diced roasted almonds), toss lightly. Sprinkle 1½ cups hot giblet stock on dressing; mix again. Pack lightly into turkey. Makes enough stuffing for 12 to 15 lb. turkey.

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PLEASE SEND ME YOUR **TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S BEST ALMOND RECIPES.** I'M ENCLOSING 25¢ IN COIN.

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THE UNCOUNTED BLESSINGS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

sauce into a blue glass bowl. She was thin and her arms were covered with tiny freckles; the skin beneath her chin stretched taut to her neck, with no flesh beneath to soften the line; her dress was a mere garment, ill-fitting and hastily chosen, for she cared nothing for clothes. But in the spare lines of her face and the depths of her eyes lay the source of all that he knew of gentleness, of grace, of dignity and forbearing; just as in his father lived the beginnings of strength and valor, of living force. When the cranberries reached the rim of the bowl his mother smiled up at him; the communication was over, and he went into the living room to watch the football game.

On top of the television set sat models of all the fishing boats his father had owned. Patiently, slowly through the long winters when he could not take the real ones out, his father had created them to scale: the *Mary D.*, the *Petrel*, the *Saraband*, the *Little Nina*, the *Sirocco*.

"They look great," he said to his father. "But it seems as if I remember there was always something wrong with them. Isn't that right?"

His father nodded, not turning his eyes from the television screen where beefy young men struggled over possession of a ball. "The *Mary D.* was too small," he said. "You couldn't get a decent load on her. That *Sirocco*, she ate gas like they gave it away. I can't remember about the *Nina*—I think maybe the fish company took her for bills they had against me in a bad year; and I know the *Saraband*, she was clumsy as an ox, it was like fighting grizzly bears to handle her in any weather at all."

He spoke the names of the boats as a man speaks the names of beloved women. In Ralph's mind there arose a memory of his boyhood, of the anxiety on bad mornings when his father would pace the kitchen floor, fuming and raging, pausing now and then to look at the sky through a window. "It's gonna blow," he would mutter. "Sure as God made little green apples, it's gonna blow." And finally he would leave for the tavern where the shorebound fishermen gathered to exchange commiserations. His mother would take him and little Sharley to pick blackberries, which were one of the things she would can against the long winters when no craft could cross the bar on most days. But there were other occasions, too, of course, when his father came in with several days' growth of beard and a proud gleaming catch, enough to pay off his debts to the fish company and stock the kitchen with groceries and buy shoes; then Dan, his father, was happy, and confidence shone from his bright eyes, and he blithely turned down all the land jobs which had been offered to him.

With something of a start, Ralph realized that there was a new hull half shaped at the very back of the television set. It was a sizable hull too. "Hey, dad," he asked, pointing, "what's that?"

His father turned as red as a young girl. "Never mind right now," he said. "This game is interesting me. Later on when everyone is here. Then."

Great-Aunt Bird and Michelle had come in from cozening Clifford and were setting the table. "Make the knives straight," advised Aunt Bird, "and fold the napkins *nice*. On the day of Thanksgiving, we shouldn't yoost live like yipsies."

"Quiet, please, girls," Dan said. "There's only four yards to go here!"

But outside in the gray gloom of the sea-misted air, a ray of sun appeared and Aunt Bird whooped like a sea gull and ran for her camera. "Everybody outside!" she commanded, and herded them to the front yard. "Run!" she screamed down to Sharley and Orin, who were making their leisurely way up the path from the beach. "Before the sun goes!"

There they all clustered, slow to "sha up": Dan with his hands in his pocke the calves of his legs never to meet, a gr concavity in the small of his back though he braced himself against a nor erly wind; Louise so pretty in her yell blouse; his mother pushing strands of h behind her ears; Michelle mugging shan lessly. Ralph was suffused by a stran sense of weight; the moment seemed hold more significance than he could u cover. He clasped his wife with one a and saw his father put an arm around mother at nearly the same time. Contin ity? Was that the compelling force was feeling, so that he looked anxiously each of the people present to see if th were certainly happy, certainly safe? Aft all, the family album was full of snapsh and this would be only another one. B a deeper knowledge told him that this o might sometime cause the viewer of t album to pause and say, "That was t day I first knew ——" or "That was t girl I nearly ——" or even, "That was t last time we were all together before ——

Aunt Bird snapped the shutter, and t sun, having performed its function, d appeared.

"Come on in," his mother told them.

But in the living room his father spok "Your mother and Aunt Bird know wh I've got to say. So let them stay in t kitchen. The rest of you listen. It wo take long." He seemed to regret havi called for the center of the floor. "May you won't think it's so much," he sa "but for me it is. I have another boat. have quit my job in the mill. I am workin on the new boat; it needs to be practical made over from the water line up, ra has rotted it. But it is a big boat, fort seven feet; it is fully fitted out, and I ca fish tuna in it, if I want! I can take it dow to California, if I should choose. I am ba in business!"

Sharley came and hugged him around th neck. Louise asked, "Isn't that life pret hard?" real concern for Dan showing her face. He chucked her under the chin though she were Michelle.

"*Hard* is what you don't like to do," I said. "What you *like* is always easy. Li Ralph here, you think he works too har If it wasn't his kind of work, maybe y would be right. In the mill, I got tired. sea I am never tired."

"What's it called, grandpa?" asked M chelle. "Your new boat—what's its name

"The joker who had it before called the *Last Chance*. But I don't like that, I going to change it. The *Victory*."

They all sat at the table; aromas of sa and ham and the fresh crab cocktail wo ravenous appetites in each of them.

"Aunt Bird, will you say grace?"

Aunt Bird's voice came tremulous wit humility, as always when she addressed th Lord: "We tank You, dear Yesus, for th t'ings we enyoy."

I thank You, thought Ralph's mothe *that Dan is happy again.*

I thank You, thought Sharley, *that no dad will be poor and I can quit pretendi to be a student and maybe get married.*

I thank You, thought Louise, *for showin me a simple fact I should have been able see for myself.*

I thank You, thought Ralph, *that I a in the place I chose and not in the scienc department, however heavily endowed it ma be.*

Orin's prayer was directed toward Sha ley but, since it was compounded of lov was no less pleasing for that.

I thank You, thought Michelle, *that th food is not Clifford or anybody else I know*

Above the roof of the old house th prayers mingled together, and like the thi graceful column of smoke issuing from th chimney began their way upward. EN



Beautyrest...the Happiness Money Can Buy

Maybe you could fib a little.

You could say the doctor's on another call... give him a few more hours of sleep. But you won't. Sacrifices are part of his job, no matter how tired he is.

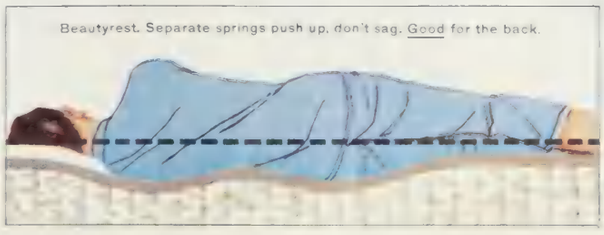
Take heart. At least, he'll come *back* to a Beautyrest®. That makes up for a lot.

On Beautyrest, a body can rebuild strength for trying days and duties. Nerves un-knot. Tensions are soothed. Only reason you can bear leaving a Beautyrest is, it's such a pleasure coming back. Besides, Beautyrest is a *painless* purchase. Outlasts ordinary innerspring mattresses by 3 to 1.

At $79.50, with a 10-year warranty*, Beautyrest costs about 2¢ a night (... or *half* a sleeping pill). Good Medicine.

Even *better* medicine: King-size Beautyrest. Almost two feet wider and ½ foot longer than standard double bed. Regular or extra-firm. Quilted or tufted.





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serves Thanksgiving dinner in an hour!

MENU

Deviled-Ham-and-Walnut-Filled Celery
Hot Smoky-Cheese Puffs
Artichokes Supreme
Roast Turkey Stuffed with Creamed Onions
Gravy
Oyster Pilaf
Petite Peas
Cranberry Chutney
Champagne Sherbet
with Hot Mincemeat-Filled Cookies
Coffee

This Thanksgiving, you can work miracles! Imagine preparing the traditional turkey dinner for your family and friends, complete with trimmings and giving only an hour to the kitchen the day of the feast.

Dinner begins days early with smoky-cheese puffs wrapped and tucked away in the freezer, along with the dessert (a delicious champagne sherbet). Jars of spicy cranberry-and-peach chutney wait in the refrigerator. Tiny mincemeat cookies are baked and packed in an airtight container on the highest shelf. On Thanksgiving Eve the plump turkey is roasted to a rich brown-gold, to be gently reheated next day with its savory stuffing of herby creamed onions. This year, Thanksgiving dinner is the easiest ever!

DEVILED-HAM-AND-WALNUT-FILLED CELERY

1 can (2¼-oz.) deviled ham
3 tablespoons toasted chopped walnuts
5 drops liquid hot-pepper seasoning
Dash monosodium glutamate
Dash nutmeg
Generous dash lemon juice
24 1″ pieces celery

(1) The day before, mix the ham with the nuts and seasonings. Cover and chill. (2) Put the celery in a plastic bag, close completely and chill. (3) When ready to serve, mound the filling in the celery. Makes 8 servings.

HOT SMOKY-CHEESE PUFFS

½ package cream-puff mix
2 (6-oz.) rolls smoky cheese
2 tablespoons cream

(1) Prepare cream puffs as directed on package. Use no more than ½ teaspoon batter for each puff. (2) Bake 20 minutes, then cool. (3) Soften the cheese with the cream. Fill puffs, using a pastry bag that you have fitted with a plain tip, or slit the tops of the puffs, and fill. (4) Wrap in saran or aluminum foil and freeze. (5) To serve 8, heat 2 dozen puffs in a hot oven, 400° F., about 12 minutes or until cheese is quite runny. Makes 4 dozen puffs.

ARTICHOKES SUPREME

8 whole artichokes
7 tablespoons lemon juice
3 cups dairy sour cream
¾ teaspoon garlic salt
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
¼ teaspoon seasoned pepper
3 tablespoons slivered pimiento (garnish)

(1) The day before, wash the artichokes. Trim the prickly top off each leaf with scissors. (2) Drop them into boiling salted water to which you have added 3 tablespoons lemon juice. Cook, covered, for about 30 minutes, or until the bottoms are just tender. (3) Remove, turn upside down, drain and cool. (4) Then remove the thistlelike choke in the deep center with a spoon. (5) Cover and chill. *Sauce:* (6) Also the day before, mix the sour cream, remaining lemon juice, salt, Worcestershire sauce, grated rind and pepper. Cover and chill. (7) To serve: Spread the leaves of the artichokes slightly and put about ⅓ cup sauce into each. Garnish with strips of pimiento. Makes 8 servings.

ROAST TURKEY STUFFED WITH CREAMED ONIONS

1 frozen "tucked"* turkey (13–16 pounds) thawed
3 pounds white onions
6 tablespoons butter or margarine
6 tablespoons flour
1¾ cups milk
1 teaspoon savory
1 teaspoon marjoram
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

(1) The day before, prepare the turkey for roasting as directed on the wrapper. Leave the feet and tail in their "tucked" position *(tucked under a band of skin at the base of the breastbone). It is not necessary to truss the bird. (2) Roast, uncovered, 4–5 hours in a moderate oven, 325° F. When done, the legs should move easily. (3) Cook the giblets, making a stock for gravy. (4) Cool both stock and turkey, cover and refrigerate. (5) Peel the onions and cook until just tender in boiling salted water. (6) Melt the butter or margarine, stir in the flour, then 1½ cups milk and seasonings. (7) Heat and stir until very thick. (8) Drain the onions, pour sauce over, cool and refrigerate. (9) One hour before serving, set the turkey out at room temperature. (10) Add ¼ cup more milk to the onions and heat for about 10 minutes, or until they are very hot. (11) Spoon them into the bird, add some of the giblet stock to the pan, cover and heat in a hot oven, 400° F., for 50 minutes. Uncover for the last 10 minutes. Make a gravy from the stock and add any juices from the pan. Serve the onions as you would stuffing. Makes 8 servings.

OYSTER PILAF

10 tablespoons butter or margarine
2⅔ cups rice
4½ cups chicken broth
3½ teaspoons salt
2⅔ tablespoons dried minced green onion
2⅔ tablespoons minced parsley
1⅓ teaspoons lemon rind
¼ teaspoons pepper
3 (7-oz.) cans frozen oysters, thawed

(1) The day before, melt ½ cup butter or margarine in a heavy saucepan. (2) Mix in the rice and heat, stirring, until the rice is tinged with gold. (3) Add the chicken broth, salt, onion, parsley, lemon rind and pepper. (4) Cover, bring to a boil and cook over moderate heat (about 20 minutes) until all the liquid is absorbed and the rice is just tender. (5) Cool, cover and refrigerate. (6) One hour before serving, turn the rice into a double boiler and heat. (7) Melt the remaining 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, and heat the oysters until their edges curl. Add them and the oyster liquid to the rice. Taste for seasoning—you might like more pepper. Continue heating until ready to serve. Makes 8 servings.

CRANBERRY CHUTNEY

1 pound fresh cranberries
1 cup sugar
1 can (1-lb.-13-oz.) sliced cling peaches
½ cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 teaspoon salt
Dash cayenne
½ teaspoon powder ginger
1 cup seedless raisin

(1) Wash and pick over the cranberries. (2) Put in a large saucepan with the sugar. (3) Drain peaches, set the fruit aside, and add the syrup t cranberries along with the remaining ingredi (4) Place over medium heat and cook, uncovered 15 minutes. Stir from time to time. (5) Add peaches and continue cooking for 5 minutes r (6) Cool, then chill until ready to serve. (7) recipe should be made at least 2–3 days before ing and will keep nicely in the refrigerator, covered, for 5–6 days. Makes about 6 cups.

CHAMPAGNE SHERBET

2 cups water
2 cups sugar
2 tablespoons grated lemon rind
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup corn syrup
3 cups champagne (B
4 egg whites
¼ cup confectioners' sugar

(1) Boil the water and sugar together until the su is dissolved. (2) Add the lemon rind, juice and syrup. Cool. (3) Stir in champagne, pour into free trays and freeze firm. (4) Beat egg whites to peaks. Then add the confectioners' sugar, gradua beating constantly until a soft meringue is form (5) Turn frozen mixture into a chilled bowl. smooth. Stir in the meringue and return to freezer. Freeze until a spoonful mounds. (6) once again and refreeze. Makes 8–10 servings (6 cu

HOT MINCEMEAT COOKIES

Dough:

½ cup butter or margarine
1 cup sugar
1 egg
3 cups sifted flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
⅛ teaspoon salt
¼ cup milk
1½ teaspoons lemon juice
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind
1 tablespoon brandy

Filling:

1 cup prepared mincemeat
1 tablespoon brandy

(1) Cream the butter or margarine with the su until fluffy. (2) Add the egg and beat well. (3) S the flour with the baking powder and salt and add the egg mixture alternately with the milk and lem juice. Stir in the lemon rind and brandy. (4) Tu dough out on waxed paper and chill for several hou (5) Working with a small amount at a time, roll t dough out quite thin and cut with a ¾″ round cu ter. With a ¼″ cutter, remove a small circle of dou from the centers of *half* the circles to form rings. Stir the brandy into the mincemeat and put ½ te spoon of the mixture in the centers of the whe circles and top with cutout rings. Press the edg together very well. (7) Bake in a moderate ove 375° F., for about 12 minutes, or until bottoms a golden. (8) Remove, cool and store in an airtight co tainer until wanted. (9) For eight people, just befo serving warm 2 dozen cookies in the oven to bri out all the flavors. Makes 5 dozen.

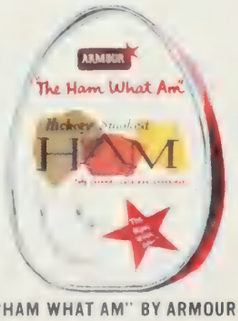
$1.00 off Ham Romanoff



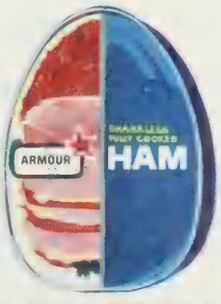
Wish-Bone Russian Dressing glaze adds an imperial flavor to famed Armour Ham

Here's ham in the grand manner—glistening with a spicy-sweet glaze. And so quick and easy, with an Armour Ham and Wish-Bone Russian Dressing.

All you do is blend together ½ cup of Wish-Bone Russian Dressing, ½ cup brown sugar, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard. Brush over a "Ham What Am" or an Armour Star Canned Ham 30 minutes before removing from your oven.



"HAM WHAT AM" BY ARMOUR One of the most expensive hams you can buy, yet the most sensible to serve because there's no waste. Just solid, hickory smoked meat all the way through.



ARMOUR STAR HAM The most popular canned ham in the world. The choice of those who like their hams pink, tender and juicy with no smoking.



WISH-BONE RUSSIAN DRESSING Sixteen rare herbs and spices from around the world in this ruby red, spicy-sweet salad dressing. Superb on your favorite tossed salad, too.

Try Ham Romanoff. Get a dollar o

Just mail the neckband from a Wish-B Russian Dressing bottle and the last inch the opening strip from an Armour Star H or the "Ham What Am", along with y name and address, to: Ham, Box 57 St. Paul 4, Minn.

MADE FROM

100% Golden Corn Oil



Both margarines also sold in West Coast in familiar cube form.

High in Polyunsaturates
Lowest in Saturated Fat

Of all leading margarines, Fleischmann's has the highest ratio of polyunsaturates to saturated fat. Yes, Fleischmann's is made from 100% corn oil . . . with almost one cup of liquid corn oil in every delicious pound!

Fleischmann's also comes Unsalted. It's ideal for low-sodium diets. Get Fleischmann's Unsalted (Sweet) Margarine in the frozen food case.



Fleischmann's
AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CORN OIL MARGARINES

JOURNAL ABOUT HOME

New products are now arriving a jump ahead of the Christmas season. Some fun, others functional. Attention, shoppers!

WE'VE BEEN HAVING FUN with a new toy called Electro-Swirl (framed "originals" are all over the office). Afraid that machine art mi destroy creativity, we tried it, were intrigued with infinite techniques to The artist places a card on the palette, dribbles paint over it, then watc centrifugal force whirl it into a design (the machine, battery-run, doe spatter). Swirl Art costs under $6 in toy departments, comes equipped w cards, frames, paint (red, blue, yellow, white). Adults, we predict, will ad it as much as children. Original Christmas cards, coasters, cocktail napk anyone? By Kusan, Nashville, Tenn.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT GIVES YEAR ROUND—to the wor children—is the new UNICEF datebook calendar. It measures 6″ x 7 contains 112 pages, including color reproductions of favorite UNICEF signs, date reminders, famous quotations; costs $2 and can be mailed in a s cial box with enclosed card. Order by check from U.S. Committee UNICEF, United Nations, New York 17, N.Y.

IF YOUR CHILDREN LOVE THE LURE OF FARAWAY, you'll be terested in the vast stock of children's picture books, folk tales and adv tures from England to Africa to India to Alaska assembled by the World fairs Book and Pamphlet Shop, 345 E. 46th St., New York 17, N.Y. (wr them for reading lists, information). This nonprofit shop, operated by Foreign Policy Association, also has a large number of adult books on wo affairs, a good selection of foreign cookbooks and a supply of UNICEF wra ping papers. Mail orders are accepted.

WHAT HOLIDAY COOKS NEED! Creamy pastel frostings (pink, yell green) in aerosol cans for decorating cakes, cookies, candies. Each Pillsbu Cake Decorator (1 can) costs 59 cents, holds 4¾ ounces (enough to decor two cakes), stores at room temperature, comes equipped with four plas decorating tips: star, leaf, plus bold and fine writing tips.

NEW CONCEPT FOR CALORIE COUNTERS—SOUPS! Three of them clam chowder with both clams *and* potatoes, split pea with ham (and there real ham in it), tomato—from the makers of Metrecal. Each soup is a we balanced meal—and just 225 calories. What we like is the extra dieting mension. To a can of soup add 3 saltines, black coffee, and a dozen stra berries for dessert. The calorie count is still under 300. Or add a salad, lo calorie-dressed, a slice of melon for dessert, and the total is just slightly ov 300. A good way to break the boring diet routine from the Edward Dalt Co. About 39 cents per can.

MORE SLIMMING SOUPS! Two new ones from the Pet Milk Compan Sego (see the pounds go) Cream of Tomato and Cream of Chicken. Each c contains 10 ounces, 225 calories, which add up to a nutritionally balanc meal. Cost: about 33 cents. Look for them to debut soon in your area.

WHAT-WILL-THEY-THINK-OF-NEXT? DEPT. An electric pepper mi that's what. It's tall (about 11″), dark (cherrywood) and handsome. An e tor saw the battery-run gadget at the home of a Colorado bride who confess *it* was the talk of the wedding party. Automill, $6.50 from the Fred Robe Company, San Francisco, Calif.

FOR QUICK, QUIET CLEANUPS, Bissell has designed a sleek, rubbe tired sweeper that needs only 4″ under-furniture clearance. Its brushes, kind-to-the carpet combination of nylon and natural bristle, clean themselv by rotating through combs. The "400" stores flat, has double dustbins whic open from the top, costs under $15.

THE PETS OF PEGBOARD ORGANIZERS are the new self-locking hook which eliminate rising tempers and falling tools. Peg-Lok assortments includ small, medium and large curved and straight hooks, holders for everythin from shears to shovels. They're easy to install—and *re*-install. And they won' wobble! Cost: 59 cents per package of 6 small hooks, or 4 large ones.

96 PAGES OF CHRISTMAS! It's the *Journal*'s own *Christmas Sample* which wraps the holidays up in one colorful package. There are favorite food of Christmas (from goose to game hen, ham to heavenly puddings and pie turkey to taffy—plus ways to eat up the big bird). There are read-aloud chil dren's stories, tricks for tree trimmers, post-office pointers (how-to's of wrap ping and mailing), gifts for both you and your children to make. Dr. Spoc tells about creative toys. There are party ideas galore, more than 150 recipe to try and treasure. You can buy the *Ladies' Home Journal Christmas Sample* wherever your *Journal* is sold. ($1.)


Pillsbury Brownies have gone nuts! We're the first people to put walnuts right in a brownie mix. (Real Diamond Walnuts. Nearly half a cup of them!) And we've done something else new. Blended real baking chocolate with cocoa. So these brownies come out darker. Richer. Fudgier. Chewier than any you've ever tasted. What's that? You'd rather have your brownies plain? We've got them. They're the nuts that way too.
Pillsbury
BEST
FUDGE
BROWNIE MIX
with Walnuts
NEW
Pillsbury
BEST
XXXX
FUDGE BROWNIE MIX
with Walnuts
AND REAL CHOCOLATE
real chocolate blended with cocoa



mother often feels frustrated when her efforts at ching a resentful stepchild seem unsuccessful.

DOCTOR SPOCK
TALKS WITH MOTHERS

THE STEPCHILD

It is hard to treat two children alike, but it can be twice as difficult when one of them isn't your own.

BY BENJAMIN SPOCK, M.D.

Here is a letter that's remarkably honest and graphic, suggesting a discussion of the problem of stepparents and stepchildren:

"We are such a family: my husband's daughter of fifteen, my own son of nine. Your hair would stand up on end if you knew the difficulties my husband and I have been through with our respective stepchildren. And we are both reasonable, logical, affectionate people who try to thresh out our problems honestly when they come. And yet all this has hardly counted at all where *our own* feelings for the children were concerned. In the beginning, when my stepdaughter was twelve, I tried to do 'as the book says' and treat her in the same way as I treated my own son, same punishments, same affection. This didn't work at all, though she has never been the slightest bit resentful of my taking her mother's place—in fact, she liked me very much. But she would not stand for the discipline part of it (the ordinary variety and not at all severe), nor would she stand it from her father. Every gentle admonishment like 'Please don't put the milk there, it'll leave a mark' ended in a full-blown row with tears, tantrums and, worst of all, lies. Believe me, we tried everything to make her look normally at things: made sure she wasn't frightened of me and lying because of that; gave her lots of affection and security. But it didn't help one hoot; at the first sign of trouble she'd blow her top and rush off in tears to complain bitterly to her mother—and yet, she doesn't live with her mother *from choice*. She wants to be with us—or with her father, I suppose. And the mother, unfortunately, sympathizes with her and sets her against us. Since it couldn't go on the way it was, I forced myself to stop worrying (that was hard) and I stopped trying to control her. If there is any scolding to do now, I ask my husband to do it, but only rarely, as it doesn't have any effect otherwise. The results are manifold: the child is completely happy, and though she *is* utterly selfish still, she behaves herself as well as can be expected of a fifteen-year-old; as far as I am concerned, I somehow lost all affection for and interest in her when I stopped worrying about her, and I just can't get it back. Our relationship is a complete farce. We joke together and have chats on this and that; *she* likes *me*—and I can hardly stand the sight of her. But this is something she will never know. Yet it makes me feel very sad, because, goodness, if a woman can't feel affection for her husband's child, what good is she then?

"This also affects my own boy, as I frequently find myself having taken out my frustration on him for all those things she's done: ruined clothes—ruined through sheer indifference; furniture spoiled with inkstains just left to dry; mud all over the house because she can't be bothered to dry her feet. These things just add fuel to my dislike of her.

"I've kept my ears open and noticed the different comments passed by various stepchildren and stepparents about each other. It's patently obvious that they all have the same problem: a basic dislike for each other—probably that nasty old primitive instinct of 'getting rid of the outsider.' God knows that it's a terribly strong one.

"My husband has problems, too, though not quite the same ones. We turned out to be extremely fortunate in that we *both* were in that situation; if we hadn't been—if just one of us had been the stepparent—our marriage would probably have broken up, because *no one* can understand the problem—at least not enough to be sufficiently tolerant. Instead of ending up being against each other, we have been able to help each other. And we can be completely honest about ourselves to the other, though goodness knows it isn't a very kind or pretty picture we present of ourselves that way. All this has helped tremendously.

"Despite the impression you may have got from the above, our antipathy against 'the other child' has lessened noticeably—through sheer willpower. Which shows what *can* be done when you really pull your socks up and have a lot of help from the spouse."

There are lots of malicious stepparents in fairy stories and novels. They pop up in newspaper reports too. With all the CONTINUED ON PAGE 35



Bananas! On Quaker Oatmeal! Children like it!

(and, today, Quaker Oatmeal cooks in just one minute)

BANANA SLICES on their oatmeal? There's an idea that may surprise you! But just try it, and other unusual toppings, too . . . such as jam or syrup. You'll see that children like it fine.

And nourishing Oatmeal has certain special advantages for children. Deliciously *hot*, it gives them a nice warm glow inside. Good and *substantial*, it really sticks to those important young ribs.

What other breakfast food can do all this?

The cereal Mothers believe in most is Quaker Oatmeal.



Quaker Oats and Mother's Oats are exactly the same.

Carter's babies the carriage trade.

Babies every new arrival with the softest cotton knits. Firm, perfectly matched stitches in every seam. Easy-dressing snaps where they help mother most. And because Carter's gives babies special attention, they add the oh-so-delicate touch of embroidery. Then cap this fetching effect with a brand-new matching bonnet!

FEATURING NEW EMBROIDERED COTTON KNIT SACQUE SET IN WHITE WITH AZURE OR PINK, $3.00. KIMONO, $2.00. GOWN, $2.25. RECEIVING BLANKET, $2.75. CARTER'S NEWEST ADDITION—MATCHING BONNET, $1.00. ALL LAYETTE SIZES.

THE WILLIAM CARTER CO.
NEEDHAM HEIGHTS 94, MASS.



DR. SPOCK: THE STEPCHILD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

orces and remarriages in America there st be a great number of stepparents and pchildren. Yet there is no excessive mber of them coming to child-guidance ics and other agencies that cope with nily problems. So we must assume that majority of them do a good job in solv- a difficult situation. This is remarkable en you think of all the opportunities for agonism and jealousy among the mem- s of an ordinary, unseparated family. n the average unseparated family the st visible conflicts are usually between erent children or between the parents. t the investigations of Freud and his owers have shown us that the rivalry normally feels with his father or a girl h her mother is apt to be more far- ching in its effects, though it may not be iceable on the surface in a happy family. ost of the effects of this rivalry are con- uctive for a healthy child. They are ditioning him for his complex role in lthood. In a strained family, however, y may cause neurotic symptoms, or ak out into the open in crude antago- ms.

The boy at about three or four is apt to clare that he plans to marry his mother, d the girl says the same about her be- ed father. But this possessive attachment dually creates a sense of antagonistic ri- ry toward the father in a boy, toward the ther in a girl, just as the possessive love a man for a woman makes him jealous if thinks another man is trying to take his ce. But in the normal child the sense of alry is being repressed into the uncon- ous mind, partly because he is overawed the size and authority of his parent, tly because he loves him very much and nts to be loved by him. The increasing comfortableness of the unconscious alry, plus the child's growing sense of lity as he reaches five and six years of e, forces him to deny the wish to have parent of the opposite sex all to him- f. But this repression of a boy's attach- nt to his mother and rivalry with his her (and of the corresponding feelings in irl) does not mean that these feelings ve been extinguished. They stay under surface and may show up again in adoles- ce in an intensified rivalry with the par- of the same sex, which causes at least ld difficulties in a majority of families.

is in strained or unusual family situ- ons that we see these romantic attach- nts and rivalries causing serious trouble. en fathers came home from World War we saw the fierce jealousies of some little ys who had been having their mothers' mpany all to themselves. Likewise, boys o are much too close and dependent on ir mothers, despite the fact that the hers live at home, are apt to be exag- atedly fearful of their fathers or antag- istic to them. Some little girls who are in sense closer to their fathers than their thers are, because of disharmony be- een the parents, may be surprisingly ogant to their mothers.

I emphasize these romantic ties and alries because they can so easily cause uble when a parent remarries. A son o has had his mother pretty much to nself for a while is apt to feel intensely ilous, at least underneath, when a new an moves into the household and usurps ch of his mother's attention. The tred of a stepfather is well described in e story *David Copperfield* and the play *mlet*.

The same disturbances can take place tween stepdaughter and stepmother, as e woman describes so vividly in ter. The stepdaughter-stepmother re- ionship does not so often upset family e because daughters of separated parents ually live with their own mother. A girl ll usually welcome a stepfather if he is an reeable, fair person. In adolescence, however, a girl is apt to feel rivalrous with her mother in any case, as well as slightly romantic toward attractive males of all ages; she may get very much under her mother's skin by playing up to a stepfather and making a great show of how well she understands him and takes care of him. She might have done the same thing with her own father and mother if they had not separated; but a mother is apt to feel more threatened by such provocation when it's not the girl's own father.

I've been calling attention to the exaggerated jealousy of the romantic type. But there can also be antagonism toward a stepparent of the opposite sex, though it is not likely to be as bitter. The stepparent is still an interloper, from the child's point of view.

What the mother points out so frankly in her letter is that the parent's own primitive feelings compound the trouble enormously. She still finds it hard to believe that as a mature adult she can react so hostilely to a child. But this isn't really too hard to explain. It isn't just that this fifteen-year-old girl is messing up her house and refusing to be controlled. If the mother is human she has possessive and rivalrous feelings of her own which will be stirred up by having to share her new husband's love with a grown girl to whom he is deeply attached and who may be making quite a show of her affection for him.

A stepfather may feel considerable rivalry, at least unconsciously, toward his stepson who has been loved by his new wife longer than he has, especially if he thinks the boy has been spoiled by her or is still claiming too much of her attention or is acting rudely resentful of him. If the stepfather becomes even slightly mean to him, the mother is apt to take sides instinctively with her son. This will further accentuate the stepfather's resentment.

When I list these multiple opportunities for jealousy my admiration for the couples who make a go of these relationships goes up. How do they do it? There are a few factors in their favor. The child who lacks a father or mother just naturally wants a replacement, partly because he wants his family to be like others. Furthermore, the newly married husband and wife have needed each other—for love, for company, for sharing of responsibilities—so they should be happier people and therefore more enjoyable parents. But how do they get around the pitfalls? One stepmother will claim that she succeeds because she loves and treats her stepchildren exactly like her own. I've always argued that no parent can treat even two of his own children alike, since they are such different characters. I'd explain, instead, that the good parent keeps all the children feeling secure and relatively unrivalrous by intuitively sensing each one's individual needs and responding to them. In this sense he would realize the special insecurities of a stepchild and do his best to meet them.

Another successful stepparent may say that the answer is to leave the disciplining of the stepchild to his own parent. I imagine that in many such relationships this is a helpful rule, especially in regard to matters that seem particularly important to the child. And especially, too, in the early stages of the relationship, before the child has really accepted the stepparent at all. Yet this cannot be a solution for all situations. A mother is forced to make a hundred quick decisions every day while the father is away. What reassures the stepchild, even when the stepmother sometimes has to impose a penalty that hurts, is that she is generally a fair person and is not taking advantage of the father's absence to be mean to the child.

When I say that a stepparent can learn to respond with increasing understanding,





By Jean Kinkead
Woman's Consultant
to The Travelers

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Ayds

*Campana Corporation, Batavia, Ill.

DR. SPOCK: THE STEPCHIL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

I certainly don't mean that he will solve his problems by patiently ignoring misbehavior or submitting to abuse. This doesn't work any better than becoming openly antagonistic or harsh with him. When a child gets away with murder it's apt to have two unfortunate effects. He feels guilty underneath and responds to this by worse behavior, hoping unconsciously to provoke the firmness of discipline he knows he needs. He senses, also, that the parent who permits such abuse is guilty about something, so he feels tempted to be more mean. (It's impossible for any of us not to take advantage of a submissive person.)

A conscientious man or woman is bound to feel at least slightly guilty as a stepparent if the situation is not working out perfectly, because he realizes that the marriage he has wanted for himself is posing something of a threat to his new spouse's children and his own. But we can be sure that if he lets himself be intimidated by his own guilty conscience he will only foster a vicious cycle. He should focus on the other side of the coin. He should recognize that if he plays his part well the marriage should be a boon to both sets of children and to his spouse as well as to himself.

How far should a stepparent go in encouraging a stepchild to treat him, feel toward him, as if he were the real parent? My hunch is that almost every stepchild, even though he develops an excellent relationship with the stepparent, will want to continue to think of this as different from his relationships with his own father and mother. He may not want to call a stepfather "father." This should not be felt as a reproach by the stepparent or as a sign of his failure even to a slight degree. The stepparent may in actuality be a much better parent than the absent parent. Nevertheless, it is basic human nature for a child to want to feel loyal to his own parent and think well of him, whatever and wherever he is. This will help him to believe in himself, since he knows he is made of him. The wise stepparent should show that he understands this distinction and respects it.

On the other hand, a stepchild who is young, or whose own parent is dead, or who is quite dependent or competitive by nature, may soon want to call a stepfather "father" and be treated as if he were one of his sons. He may start with this attitude and then change his mind as he grows older. I feel that the parents should, generally speaking, follow the child's preference as long as they do not deny the actual fact or encourage the child to forget it. It is a mistake for a child who doesn't remember his own parent to be told that his stepparent is in fact his real parent. The impulse to tell him this comes from the worthy motive of making him feel secure. But experience shows that in almost all cases the child eventually discovers the truth (just as in the situation of the adopted child) and that he may be seriously upset by discovering that his parents have deceived him in this vital matter.

This brings up the questions of whether a child should use the last name of his stepfather and whether he should be adopted by him. When a young child, who has been separated from his father and is yearning to have a substitute, acquires a likable stepfather whose last name everyone else in the family uses, it is natural that he may want to use it too—to be regular, to belong to the household. This doesn't mean in most cases that he wants to deny his own father—the two matters are in separate compartments in his mind. The real father who is attached to his child may object to this, feeling that it is an effort at alienation. If I were the father I'd let the child use the other name if that makes him comfortable. I'd keep hi tachment and trust in me by mea regular contacts and other expressio love.

A stepfather may generously pr legal adoption of his stepchild as an ex sion of his love and generosity toward and toward his wife. The true father agree because of good or not-so- motives. But even if a loving father pe this just for his child's presumed secu it may loosen the ties between them least a slight degree, to lessen the fat urgency to see the child as ofte adoption occurs at a young age, the may later get a feeling that he was away from his father without his consent. The factors to be considered vary in different families, being fina and social as well as emotional, and sure there is no one answer. My ow clination, as long as there was no urgency, would be to wait until the could participate in the decision, at until he was eight or ten, preferably he was sixteen or eighteen and out o worst vacillations of adolescence.

In discussions with the child about matters as these, it would be all wron the stepparent and parent to use a argument that the absent parent is devoted, less admirable than the parent.

Now I want to get back to some o good points which that honest stepmo made in her letter. She is certainly that she and her husband have succe because of their love for each other their ability to talk over their conflicts. sure that another valuable quality is sense of humor.

I feel that she blames herself unj fiably for the fact that she hasn't achi complete harmony and that she often quite antagonistic to her stepdaugh The girl's character was fairly crystall by the time of the marriage—ra thoughtless, explosive and not very hon No one should expect a stepmother t able to change a child greatly at this age, nor expect that a very honest, organized woman would come to ac such a child completely. It's a triu that the girl likes her so well and that can pass the time of day so cheerf (I've known lots of reasonably cap mothers whose own daughters were sull or provoking them a great deal at age.) When a woman has shaped her daughter from conception she canno easily permit herself frankly to dislike girl. Her dislike is muffled by her sens responsibility and guilt. The fact that stepmother can honestly admit her an onism, to herself and her husband, probably helped her to get along with girl.

As a wild guess I'll add that I sus that this woman likes her stepdaugh in most respects, more than she reali How else could they get along as amica as they do? How else could the girl b obviously fond of her stepmother?

I think that the woman's sharp fee of antagonism, of which she is so asham is only partly related to the girl's irrita faults, that it is more basically caused the common rivalry between mother daughter in adolescence, which can c closer to the surface in the case of a s mother. It is probably also greatly centuated by the fact that this mot being a much more responsible person t her stepdaughter, has made all the c cessions—perhaps more than were ne sary—for the sake of her marriage. she hadn't made any, the strains wo be showing in the girl instead. She's d a wonderful job and should be proud o

Dr. Spock regrets that it is impossible for him to ans letters personally. However, he is delighted to rec suggestions of topics of truly general interest.—

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Don't Ask Me What Cookbooks Tell You

Advice to every woman who stands at her stove, humble and singlehanded, faced with an untried recipe.

Everybody who reads cherishes his own form of escape literature. It may run the gamut from comic books to Anthony Trollope, depending on what the bored vacationist or the midnight insomniac is trying to escape from—or to. Doctors may devour Westerns, businessmen turn to Catullus, professors relax with science fiction. I know poets who thrive on detective stories and I am acquainted with a manufacturer who pores over the plays of Shakespeare on the train while other commuters glance at the stock-market reports. I know a witty novelist who is constant to the advice-to-the-lovelorn columns in various newspapers and magazines, and a commercial artist who keeps by his bedside a copy of *First Aid to the Ailing House*, which he finds enthralling as an Agatha Christie.

Our family, on the other hand, reads cookbooks. Many a white night I have whiled away with leafing through the directions for concocting *Riz de Veau Jardiniere* or *Cornets de Jambon Lucullus* or *Mousse de Pommes Calvados*. Actually, I have never got around to trying any of those three mouth-watering recipes. I just like to dream, and so does my husband. It isn't that we are perennially hungry or even particularly greedy. We simply find the excitement and adventure in those pages that other people do in Kipling or John Buchan. We keep cookbooks in nearly every room in the house and can amuse ourselves by the hour, any evening, reading aloud from the spirited prose of, say, Fannie Farmer or Dione Lucas. A paragraph which begins "Separate seven eggs and beat the whites until stiff but not dry" automatically commands our ear. There is as much music for us in the sentence, "Cut carrots into small matchsticks and onion into half slices; mix with a little salt and pepper and put in a pan with a little fat and cognac," as in a line from Keats.

We read recipes at dinner in an attempt to find out why our *Coq au Vin* does not taste the same when the fowl is boned as when left stolidly vertebrate. We scurry through one culinary tome after another to track down the various versions of *Boeuf Bourguignon*. We look up everything from apples (baked) to zabaglione. We inquire into the secrets of making potato dumplings which really remain unified balls when dropped into liquid. (The potatoes must be cooked in their jackets and mashed after being chilled; and they must contain not a drop of extra moisture.) We evoke from cookbooks the memory of dishes from our childhood or our travels. We even collect recipes for the haughtiness of their tone. My favorite among those is one set of lordly directions for assembling *Crepes Suzette*. "Take a silver skillet," it begins. . . . There, if you like, is romance.

But there is one thing I have come to realize, and it is that cookbooks, in their own way, *are* romances. They are not to be taken as the whole gospel. As a practicing housewife, I have often had to alter the sacred word to my own uses. I have also found that those volumes I prize so highly are written by fallible human beings who leave out, at times, truly vital information. You can trust them to list the proper ingredients for a meat loaf or the correct instructions for breading chops. But there are all sorts of hints, clues, informational nuggets not contained in the manuals.

It used to be my ambition to write a cookbook myself; one compiled for the not impossible her who knew absolutely nothing about a stove, a Dutch oven or a double boiler. I would start her from scratch.

"An egg is an object," I would tell her, "which in its natural state comes enclosed in a very brittle shell. When you wish to open one, crack it smartly in the middle across the sharp edge of some stable device such as a thin-sided bowl. Place a saucer underneath it to catch the meat." Or I would say, "A measuring cup is a cup with measurements written on it and preferably with a lip for pouring out. It can be made of either metal or glass. Metal ones are unbreakable, but the glass ones you can see through. When you are filling it with flour, use a spoon as a conveyer."

And so I would lead her gently along by th hand from poached eggs ("always cook the very slowly in a pan which contains water which milk has been added; and break ther the eggs, into a saucer before you slide the into the pan") through boiled potatoes ("neve never put them into a pressure cooker, whic turns them out mushy on the outside and lik stones within") to less difficult things such a Lobster Thermidor and Crème Brûlée.

For I remember my own dilemmas when was a beginner with only a printed page to te me how to go about this art I had neglected t acquire at my mother's knee. I recall my exas peration one day, when I was trying to bake custard, by the author's demand that I firs "caramelize the dish." I hadn't the faintes idea how one caramelized a dish, nor had th writer thought to tell me. I was forced to ca up a friend of mine, a veteran of many season before I could get under way with melting th sugar slowly into the right liquid-and-sepi consistency.

Another embittering experience was my at tempt to "stir" something until "the mixtur coats the spoon." How did a spoon look wher coated? And was the coat supposed to b heavy, spring-weight or diaphanous? It was a long time before I learned, and even now I find a thermometer more reliable than a fashion tip.

No book in my library has ever told m something I stumbled across by myself—that when the expert bids you "lightly brown" a slice of meat, you must first preheat the skillet to browning temperature as you do an oven before you put in a cake, or else the veal slices or the chicken breasts will never attain the desired golden shade which gourmets praise.

"But," you will argue, "those experts expect you to have common sense."

All I can offer in rebuttal is the remark that common sense is frequently the fruit of experience, and that a cook who, like me, has to learn her trade, humble and singlehanded, at her own stove, is often lacking in it.

It took me much trial and error to find that the only possible way CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

© 1956 by Phyllis McGinley. Ladies' Home Journal has purchased magazine rights to Phyllis McGinley's new book-in-progress: "Profession: Housewife." Chapters will appear regularly in the Journal prior to book publication by the Macmillan Co.

PROFESSION: HOUSEWIFE

By Phyllis McGinley

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WHAT COOKBOOKS DON'T TELL YOU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

of telling whether or not a steak is done is to cut into it to see, barbarous as that procedure may sound. Silver was dusting my hair before I understood how to keep parsley fresh for more than a day or two in the refrigerator. (You wash it, I discovered, dry it well, cut off the longer stems, and put it delicately into a jar with a tight lid.) I had to experiment to learn that carrots must go into a stew at least fifteen minutes before the potatoes if the stew is simmering, as it should be, instead of boiling; and that the latter delectable vegetable can never be warmed over as it stands. Stew profits by a second day's reheating. The carrots remain carrots. The onions prosper. The meat takes on a more fervent flavor. But the potatoes at that second meal taste like lumps of old canvas, stale, flat and unprofitable. There are a hundred splendid ways of using them again. Just don't try to serve them twenty-four hours old in their original dress.

As a matter of fact, I have a bone to pick with most modern cookbook compilers when it comes to their attitude on potatoes in general. They snub them. The fad for slimming has nudged our native American staple out of the high place it deserves to occupy on menus. A potato is as necessary to the diet as milk; contains no more calories than an orange. And for pure, lasting, day-by-day satisfaction, nothing invented in the way of food outlasts its charms.

Potatoes properly baked are a delicacy; correctly mashed (with all water drained away, the milk hot, every lump dissolved) are a treat for the nicest palate. I cannot think of ambrosia more subtle than tiny new potatoes cooked in their scrubbed jackets, peeled, and then bathed in a sauce made with butter, olive oil, lemon juice, chives and a dash of nutmeg. Some reformer needs to come along with "Long Live the Potato!" written bright on his shield.

The books improve as years go by and cooks become less and less often initiated from childhood into kitchen mysteries. For one thing, they now have pictures, sometimes too beautiful for imitation, but frequently valuable. And now the best of them list, at the beginning of the first chapter, such basic definitions as "sauté," "scald," "braise" and "marinate." They explain the functions of herbs and the importance of garlic. They spell out what is meant by "double-action baking powder." They tell you which pots to use for simmering soup, the way to differentiate "dry bread crumbs" from the "soft" variety, how to substitute cocoa for chocolate. Still, there are all sorts of fundamental information they leave out.

Do they tell you, for instance, such vital items as the Impossibility of Using up Easter Eggs? Not at all. They instruct you how to boil the eggs, how, maybe, to dye them, even how to serve a few of them in a cream sauce on Easter Monday. What they do not warn you is that most of those lovel varicolored objects are going to ling first in a dish on the table, then in t refrigerator, and finally like a de weight on the conscience well into t following month. Unless you have family that is egg-mad, there is r way at all of disposing of them sh of feeding them to neighborhood ca or giving a cocktail party and passi them, stuffed, as canapés.

Nor do they caution you about t occasional spite of inanimate object I don't know that a scientific stud has ever been made of this phenon enon. But it is a fact that once in while kitchen tools run amok, gro malign as trolls. Some black mornin every cook will come into her doma to find her slaves suddenly becon foes. Knives bite the hand that wiel them, cups stick to saucers, plat shatter, sinks stop up, stoves burn t pudding, toasters scorch the brea spoons leap from the fingers, cor screws crumble the cork in the bottl On such a day there is no use trying deal with such malevolence. Despi your best diplomacy, cakes will refu to rise, meat to turn tender, vegetable to remain green or savory. The sensibl policy is either to warm up yesterday macaroni-and-cheese or else take th family out to dinner until the storm blows over. It is certain to pass.

Only one mischief remains constan I call it the Theory of the Unwatche Pot, or McGinley's Law. And th facts are these: You are stirring a mix ture which obstinately refuses to boi even to break its placid surface with bead. The phone rings. And in th instant between lifting your hand fro the spoon and picking up the earpiec the stuff will not only begin furiousl to bubble like a witch's caldron, bu will boil *over*, trailing its sticky spoo down the freshly cleaned stove ont the floor. Nobody has hinted at s great a truth, but there it remains— as immutable as the rule of gravity.

Another bit of information concern Friday-night guests. I own a rec ipe for Fridays which tastes even mor delightful than it looks, and is as eas to prepare as a frozen dinner. To on pound of sole, lying gracefully in a open, shallow pan (preferably one o the enameled iron pans which hav added such a lot of decorative comfor to the modern kitchen), add one ca of undiluted frozen cream-of-shrim soup. Sometimes I also add embellish ments—a little sherry and flour (fo the sherry dilutes the soup and mus be thickened, tablespoon for table spoon), extra shrimp, pieces of lobste meat. Then I dot it all with butter shake over it a light coating of grate Parmesan cheese, and thrust it into a oven set at 375°. Half an hour late out comes the handsomest party dis you could ask for. There is only on flaw. I have seldom been able to serv it for company without discovering too late, that there is one guest present who is allergic to shellfish.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

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WHAT COOKBOOKS DON'T TELL YOU

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

The prevalence of such accidents ought to be pointed out to the budding hostess.

Where, too, is the genius who will openly publish something all cooks must eventually learn—that you can never taste the food at your own dinner party? No matter how artfully I have braised the chicken or contrived the asparagus hollandaise or rolled the hazelnut roll over its cream filling, all, all is dust in the mouth at eight o'clock when we sit down at my personal table. I have chewed relentlessly on ham that seemed composed entirely of cardboard, on salad with no more flavor than tissue paper, while about me the guests were cheerfully devouring what they claimed were succulent delicacies. To discover this odd development early in her career will help many a young housewife to get through an evening without brooding.

Cookbooks do not tell you that; nor do they warn you about the eating habits of husbands. McGinley's Law has many codicils, and one of the most time-tested of them consists of the conclusion that whenever I plan something especially tempting for dinner, I am being redundant.

"Shad roe tonight, dear," I announce happily when the lord of the manor comes in the door with the evening paper under his arm.

Instead of the delighted smile, there will flit across his face a grimace of anxiety.

"Now isn't that a coincidence?" he'll say, never one at a loss for the encouraging word. "It's just what I had for lunch."

It is experiences like that which unnerve beginners. They ought to be warned against such contingencies, just as they are cautioned not to overcook the calves' liver or let the onions brown, instead of merely yellow, for spaghetti sauce.

But then there are all sorts of knowledge which the texts ought to impart along with the measurements and the recipes. Young mothers ought to be told the truths of baking day; ought to be primed with the flat assertion that in a house where children live, there is no such thing as too many cookies.

Indeed, a whole chapter might well be devoted to the appetites and tastes of the young. For no matter how strictly their palates have been developed, however well indoctrinated they have been by epicurean parents, they are bound to run to strange and shocking preferences in food. Ask a child of eleven which he would rather dine on—Rock Cornish game hen with wild rice and mushrooms, or tuna and noodles—and he will invariably settle for pizza pie.

A friend of mine who is Viennese and a cook ripe for the honors of a *cordon bleu* has told me a touching story concerning her own son of about that age. His taste has been carefully educated. He is ostensibly an underage gourmet. So when his birthday came along and she was inquiring into what he wanted for a glorious anniversary menu, she was heartened bu not astonished by his brief sketch what he considered the Good Dinne

"I'd like snails first," he said. "An then *filet mignon*. With béarnais sauce. And then an artichoke, maybe?

"Yes, yes," she agreed. "That woul be wonderful. And I'll steam the rice consommé the way you like it. An then," she prompted him, "for dessert?

"Dessert." He deliberated for minute or two, searching his mind fo an image of the perfect sweet. H mother's eyes were shining with antic pation, with the joys of contriving fo him something really imperial like *Sachertorte* or Cherries Jubilee.

Finally he spoke. The sword fell. " know what I want," he said. "Toots Rolls!"

I would write things like that dow in my cookbook. I would not omit th accidental or the startling or the u orthodox. I would explain that canne peas and canned corn are not subst tutes for fresh ones, as many peop think, but entirely different kinds food, pleasant in themselves if not t much is expected of them. I woul suggest that one can easily put t much tomato into almost anything although on the other hand, a sma amount of tomato purée is tasteless a meat sauce and perfect for giving the gloss and color one sees in picture I would harp on the exquisite flavor that lowly and often spurned vegeta ble, the beet, which—when small an childish—can be as delicious as an thing grown in a garden.

And I would dwell on something th texts always leave out—the sensual jo of cooking itself. For this, the mos creative of all the household arts, ca bring pleasure not only in the produc but in the manufacture. Any good coo takes delight in seeing whites of eg foam up about the beater, light an virginal as summer clouds. She reve in the feel of dumpling batter unde the just-perceptible touch of her finge tips. She likes to hear the sizzle of fritter on the griddle, the tiny tur the ragout makes when it simmers.

One night last week, while I wa lying in bed reading the evenin newspaper, I was haunted by a kind ache in my bones, teased by a faint de sire. And I knew what it was I yearne to do. I wanted to go down into th kitchen, open the refrigerator, and li out the enamel dish in which I wa marinating a cut of beef for *Sauer braten*, planned as dinner for the da after tomorrow. I longed to turn tha dripping object over in its sweet, sou spicy, fragrant broth, feeling th weight and substance of the mea gripped in my hands.

So pad down I did, while the hous slept, to enjoy myself for a few splendi moments with my little masterpiec

And what did I bring back to rea myself to sleep with instead of the dis carded paper or a mystery novel Why, a cookbook, one I had not ha time to finish before. It might not con tain all gospel, but I knew it woul compose me better than a tranquilizer

EN

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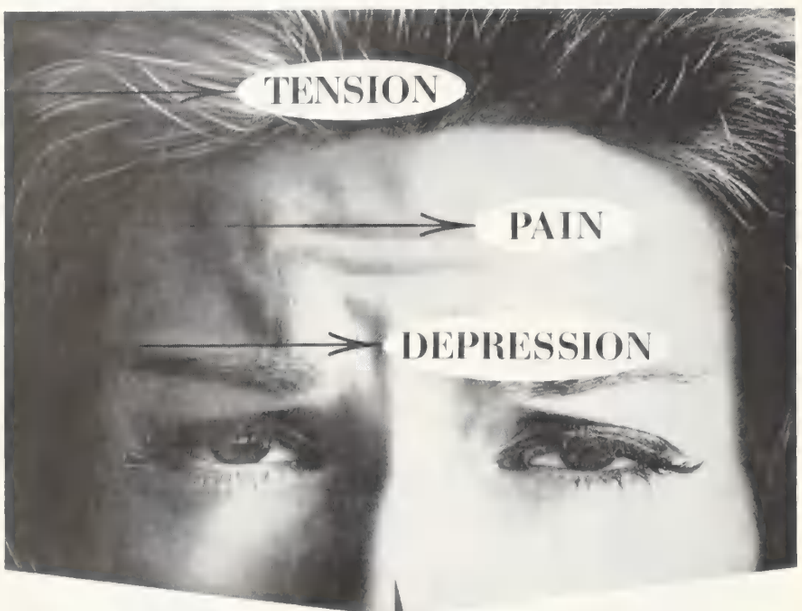
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Never underestimate the brainpower of a woman, Mr. President

By Margaret Hickey, Public Affairs Editor

"Where's May Craig?" President Kennedy looked for the quick-witted Washington press-corps veteran who has so often asked, "What are you doing for *women*, Mr. President?" What he *was* doing that February 12, 1962, was swearing in twenty-six members* to the first presidential Commission on the Status of Women and charging them, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, ". . . to indicate what remains to be done to demolish prejudices and outmoded customs which act as barriers to the full partnership of women in our democracy."

Seven committees, almost unencumbered by red tape, are already taking constructive action where needed: in 1—Federal employment practices; 2—taxes and social insurance; 3—protective labor legislation (do such laws really protect women?); 4—civil and political rights (state laws discriminating against women in property rights, child custody, jury duty, "unequal" grounds for divorce—their hearings may be public); 5—new and expanded services to help the working mother; 6—education, and 7—Government contracts (is there prejudice against women in training, hiring, pay and promotion?).

The Federal employment committee, which I head, has turned to an area where the Government can deal directly with inequalities—and with results. John W. Macy Jr., chairman of the Civil Service Commission, says, "As a result of action initiated by that committee on April third of this year, the Attorney General has removed the last legal barrier to equal opportunity for women in Federal service."

The breakthrough was a memo from the President to heads of executive departments and agencies: ". . . The Attorney General has held that the question whether positions in the Federal Government may be filled by men only, by women only, or by qualified members of either sex, is a matter which may be regulated by the President. I have previously directed the chairman of the Civil Service Commission to review pertinent personnel policies and practices affecting the employment of women and to work with you to assure that selection for any career position is made solely on the basis of individual merit and fitness. I intend that the Federal career service be maintained in every respect without discrimination and with equal opportunity for employment and advancement."

A giant stride, perhaps, for the Bureau of Public Roads recently hired its first woman civil engineer, a twenty-two-year-old majorette who swapped her baton for a B.S. from Georgia Tech (incidentally, the second woman in the school's history to become a bachelor of science in civil engineering). Other opportunities are opening up in Federal service. Your mailman, for example, may soon be a mailwoman. More jobs in accounting, science, research will be open to qualified women. The welcome mat is out. Already more women are taking the Federal Service Entrance Examination—30,000 this year. In the last six months the percentage of women selected for service from those certified by the exam has risen to about that of men—7.2 percent to 7.7 percent. Women's chances for advancement will also be affected. At present, eighteen women hold super grades ($12,000 to $17,500) compared with 1500 men. Something is also being done about laws limiting the number of women who can be promoted to high military ranks.

Employment barriers against older women need to be removed. Studies have shown that these women are more stable, dependable and require less training than younger ones. Courses may soon come to young home-bound women to save their talents from foundering in a sea of diapers and dishes, to the mature women who need to retool rather than retire. Although society has blamed much delinquency on a mother's absence from home, commission studies show that *quality* of parental care is nearer the point. Recommendations will be made for more "mother substitutes" in schools, day-care centers, baby-sitting services. Under study are the British Women's Voluntary Services in which women help in a neighborly way and the Swedish program, in which trained homemakers help working mothers for a small fee. What is needed too, perhaps, is better status for household workers. And tax deductible daily child-care expenses for working mothers.

"We must not forget that millions of American women are suffering from a tragic inferiority," says Dorothy Height; "the women often deserted, widowed, who must take the lowest-paying jobs, work long hours, struggle for the decency of housing and schooling they desire for their children. . . An equal chance could lift them into a more dignified way of life."

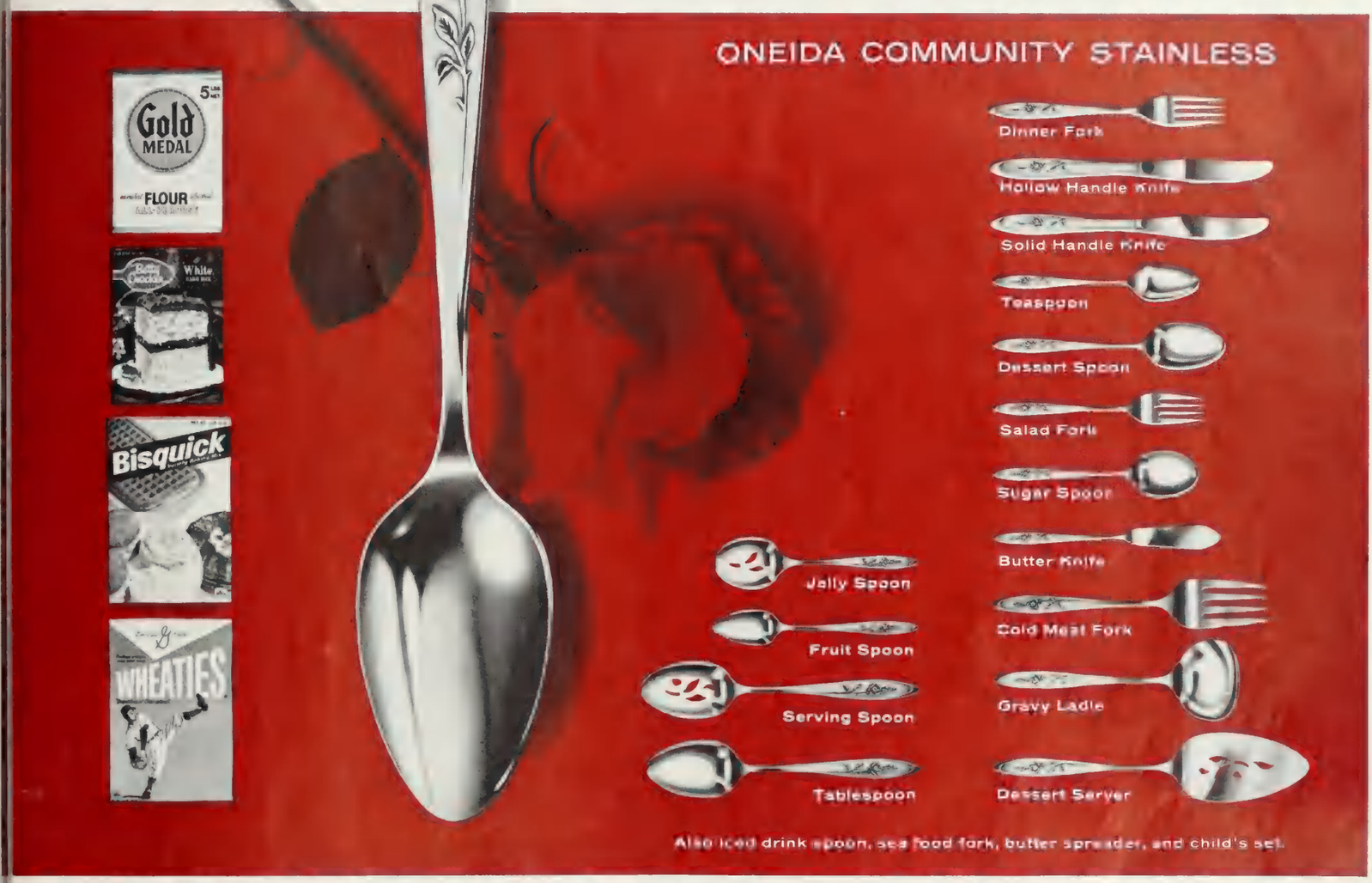
"Won't women be taking jobs from men?" . . . Former Secretary of Labor Goldberg has answered, saying that you cannot assume a woman needs a job less just because she is a woman. About 4,600,000 women are heads of families or chief breadwinners. Most women hold jobs men aren't prepared for.

The commission's basic objective is to open doors so that the modern woman can function as a woman in relation to her family, as an individual in the role of her choice. It does not expect readymade solutions, but it *is* confident of creating a new appreciation for women's abilities and brainpower. And, indeed, its very existence is a tribute to the new eminence of women in American life.

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*Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, chairman; Dr. Richard A. Lester, professor of economics at Princeton, vice chairman and chairman of the Government Contracts Committee; Mrs. Esther Peterson, Assistant Secretary of Labor, executive vice chairman; Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy; Secretary of Agriculture Orville L. Freeman; Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges; Former Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg; Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Anthony J. Celebrezze; Margaret Hickey, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, chairman of the Federal Employment and Practices Committee; Senator Maurine B. Neuberger, chairman of the Social Insurance and Taxes Committee; Miss Margaret J. Mealey, executive director of the National Council of Catholic Women and chairman of the Protective Labor Legislation Committee; Congresswoman Edith Green, chairman of the Civil and Political Rights Committee; Dr. Cynthia C. Wedel, of the National Council of Churches and chairman of the New and Expanded Services Committee; Dr. Mary I. Bunting, president of Radcliffe College and chairman of the Education Committee; Senator George D. Aiken; John W. Macy Jr., chairman, U.S. Civil Service Commission; Congresswoman Jessica M. Weis; Mrs. Ellen Boddy, civic leader; Mrs. Mary R. Callahan, member of executive board, International Union of Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, AFL-CIO; Dr. Henry David, president of New School for Social Research; Miss Dorothy Height, president, National Council of Negro Women; Mrs. Viola H. Hymes, national president, National Council of Jewish Women; Edgar F. Kaiser, industrialist; Miss Marguerite Rawalt, lawyer; William F. Schnitzler, secretary-treasurer, AFL-CIO; Dr. Caroline Ware, historian, UNESCO.

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Making Marriage Work

by Dorothy Cameron Disney

WHEN THE WIFE WEARS THE PANTS

Some modern-day wives are discomfited to discover that husbands willing to pick up the living room and wash the dinner dishes are also willing to abdicate family leadership and wash out on family decisions.

Recently I talked with Dr. Rebecca Liswood, practicing physician and executive director of the Marriage Counseling Service of Greater New York. Said Dr. Liswood, a woman of intelligence and volcanic energy:

"Many of my clients complain of the weakness and irresolution of their husbands. They marry youthful men anxious to please, and immediately begin to chisel away at the masculine ego. Later on they turn querulous and complaining. Why? They wish they had married strong, protective husbands.

"They fail to realize that their own aggressive tactics, their determination to get what they want at any cost, may win the temporary skirmish but lose the final victory. The 'petticoat bullies' and the 'gimme girls' almost inevitably wind up as unhappy, frustrated wives."

THE HARD-BOILED EGO

Dr. Liswood's opinions coincide with my own. Jan and Guy Bronson, acquaintances of mine and parents of two sons, are long-time veterans of suburbia's vast army. Jan used to belong to the brigade of petticoat bullies. Some months ago she sounded off to me. Her grievances were typical:

"Guy takes no interest in either of our boys. Hugh, the older, is poor at games and slow at making friends; he mopes around at home and lets Billy pick on him. Billy collects the athletic medals and popularity prizes, but is placidly flunking every subject offered in junior high; without radical improvements he can't possibly make the engineering college he wants.

"Guy seems more concerned with his golf score than with their welfare. When I try to talk about the kids, he just looks bored. He spends weekdays in his office, weekends at the golf club, which means he's practically never home.

"Our house is the worst kept in the block. On Saturday mornings, if I'm lucky, I can generally catch Guy and make him mow the lawn—but that's it. If I didn't clip the shrubbery myself, we would be living in a jungle. Guy shies away from a paintbrush as though it were a loaded gun. Last spring, after he fooled around for weeks, I painted our entire interior and sprained my back. He was only mildly sympathetic—if that.

"Guy should take enough pride in his home to be responsible for the upkeep and repairs. And he should certainly spare the time from his business and his golf to straighten out his own sons."

The aggrieved Jan saw no connection between her bossiness and her chagrin with Guy and their marriage. Guy was a successful, middle-bracket executive, able to direct subordinates and earn a good salary. Why then should he shrink from acquitting his obligations as a father and a householder?

For one thing, Guy received approbation and pats on the back from business associates. At home he was pressured, needled, treated like an inept chore boy. Not surprisingly, he wearied of constant supervision in domestic tasks and detailed instructions on exactly how to play the heavy father. Consequently he conducted a prolonged sit-down strike.

Jan's worries on behalf of the youngsters, her well-grounded conviction that both of them needed guidance from Guy, a masculine example to follow, awakened her to the existence and to the error of her top-sergeant techniques as a wife. During the Bronson courtship she had learned Guy was a shy man, very appreciative of consideration and honest praise. She dusted off this forgotten lesson and, without undue difficulty, restored him to his lost executive status at home.

Instead of jumping into some impulsive, independent action, as had been her custom, she asked for and deferred to his opinions. She postponed the dinner hour until his arrival from the city—previously Guy had been served a warmed-over tray—and thereby proved to him that his family enjoyed his company. She also demonstrated to the boys that she respected their father's position as breadwinner.

Like most suburban wives, Jan had shouldered the main burden of training and disciplining the small fry. In the process she had allowed Guy and his sons to become virtual strangers. She stopped telling Guy when and how to lecture the boys—and let him make friends with them at his own pace. He then pitched in and helped solve their problems. She put forth extra efforts to create a solid relationship and, I am happy to say, in the end achieved it.

LOVE WITH A PRICE TAG

Twenty-year-old Nancy, married at nineteen, was a gimme girl with a pretty face and a will of iron. Bob Gray, whose divorced mother had always worked, assumed Nancy would continue in her stenographic job until a child came along. Ambitious to go into business for himself, Bob was building up a savings account toward that objective.

Nancy promptly quit her job. Soon she located "my dream house," picked out high-style furnishings and, with a combination of sweet talk and bullying, overrode Bob's objections. Next a dishwasher was essential and then began a noisy clamor for a freezer.

"Everybody in our neighborhood owns a freezer," went Nancy's daily wail. "Janey has a freezer. Ruth has a freezer. Their husbands love them. Don't you love me?"

Reared by a devoted but undemonstrative mother, Bob set a high value on Nancy's affections. After she turned a cool cheek to his kisses and pretended to be asleep when he joined her in bed, he capitulated. He brought home a secondhand freezer that he proposed to put in tiptop shape. The outraged Nancy refused kitchen room to a secondhand gift. Bob disposed of the freezer at a loss and bought her the costly model she specified.

In his lonely boyhood, Bob was so desperately eager for his mother's approval that he slavishly followed her bidding in everything. Thus, as husband it was far easier for him to yield to Nanc than to stand his ground. Every time he gave i however, his self-confidence sagged and his amb tion wavered.

When his savings and his credit were exhauste disaster struck. Nancy learned she was pregnan shortly after he let his hospitalization lapse to pa off a bill collector threatening suit. The nigh Nancy announced her news Bob waited until sh was asleep, then packed his clothes in the dark an went home to his mother.

To Nancy the blow was completely unexpecte Bewildered and desolated, she went to Dr. Liswoo for counseling.

Nancy's grabbiness originated in an impover ished childhood. She was the middle of thre children, daughter of a spiritless, overworke mother and a father who whooped off the majo portion of his meager wages at the race track. Al though Nancy disliked her father, she envied hi and adopted his shoddy, me-first standards.

As the middle child, she felt passed over an pushed aside, felt she had to battle mightily fo the very little she got. She hated the hand-me-dow dresses, the half-soled shoes, the make-do and the second-best. She indulged in endless, small-girl fantasies of her plushed and gilded future as an adored, cherished woman.

Said Dr. Liswood, "Nancy's unrealistic approach to finances is quite common among youthful wives, particularly teen-age wives from low-income families. These girls often feel that marriage should provide everything they've yearned for, endow them with a universal credit card to luxury.

"Nancy's performance as a bride was a continuation of her old childish fight to acquire self-esteem and importance through material possessions. To her juvenile thinking, the extravagant purchases Bob made at her behest were proof of his love, proof that at last she came first with somebody."

Eventually Nancy faced the facts. Her unreasonable demands had not placed her first with Bob. They had sent him running back to his mother, and well might alienate him permanently. She had chosen Bob because he was steady, faithful, ambitious. And then—as she tardily perceived—she had gone all out to destroy those qualities.

Nancy was shocked to recognize her resemblance to her father. She was terrified by the bleak prospect of bringing up a child without Bob at her side. Admitting that his presence meant more to her than his purchasing power, she made up her mind to become less selfish and greedy, and to give Bob the encouragement and respect he needed.

Indeed, she returned to work and held her job until six weeks before her baby son arrived. Her earnings helped Bob begin the long, slow climb out of his canyon of debt. More important, she helped him get back his confidence and belief in himself. Gradually, with her encouragement, he conquered his tendency to panic and to run from trouble.

Marriages that really work are based on co-operation and true partnership.

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"Doctor, you warned me before the operation that you might have to take out my remaining ovary. What will happen now—will I have to go through all the miseries of a surgical menopause at my age?"

For a patient only three days postoperative, thirty-year-old Amanda Parrish looked composed and attractive as she faced the doctor from a chair in her hospital room. But her brown eyes were deeply troubled.

"I do know that I can't have any more children now," she went on. "And I won't pretend to be happy about that, because Albert and I wanted four. But we can be grateful for the two that we have."

The doctor agreed heartily. "Two fine children. Dickie is as sturdy a three-year-old as I've ever seen, and young Amanda is almost as pretty as her mother." He was glad to see his patient smile briefly.

Amanda Parrish had consulted him three weeks ago about symptoms that included pain and tiredness, menstrual irregularities, pelvic congestion and painful intercourse. "I've been foolish not to come in for checkups," she admitted. "It has been more than two years."

The doctor remembered that five years earlier Mrs. Parrish had come to him with these same symptoms. At that time surgery had been necessary to remove an ovary which had been totally invaded by a large, heavy dermoid cyst. Dermoid cysts often appear in the opposite ovary after the first has been removed; and after examining his patient, the doctor felt quite sure that this was what had happened.

"That means another operation?" It had been hard for Amanda to hide her distress. "And no more children?"

No conscientious doctor will remove both ovaries from a woman in her childbearing years unless such a step is absolutely necessary to save her life or her health, the doctor explained gently. "If by chance this turns out to be a simple cyst, or a dermoid that has not grown too large, we may be able to save the ovary, or at least enough of it to keep it functioning," he assured her. Privately he wished that he could be more hopeful. The chances would have been so much better if Mrs. Parrish had seen a doctor sooner. As it was, the cyst had had time to develop into a large one. His suspicion was confirmed in the operating room. As before, the cyst had taken over the entire ovary and any salvage attempt would only have invited further trouble.

Mrs. Parrish was told after the operation. She nodded, was silent for a long moment, then asked, "Will I feel well and strong again? If I can't have more children, it seems more important than ever for me to be well enough to do a good job of bringing up the two I have."

"You'll feel fine, better than you've felt for a long time. The *cause* of your pain and tiredness has been removed." The doctor put a comforting hand over hers. "The operation went beautifully, no complications at all. And here is one very meaningful fact that you should know right away. Because of the thorough examination we did, including a preoperative dilation and curettage of the uterus with careful study of all tissues, you can be sure that there is no sign of cancer anywhere in the pelvic area." He knew that this had been a fear, though she had not spoken of it.

Now, two days later and feeling much better physically, Amanda was looking toward the future.

"Doctor, I've heard frightening stories about surgical menopause," she said. "Some say it's far worse than the natural menopause. I don't know what to expect. May I ask you questions and get the true facts?"

"You certainly may," the doctor said. "I wish more patients would do this instead of worrying themselves sick over old wives' tales. But first, let's take up that phrase 'surgical menopause.' To almost any woman the term menopause has an unhappy meaning at any age. It need *not* have, except in occasional cases. If removal of the ovaries occurs early in life, the meaning becomes even more unhappy to her. It is true that doctors regard removal of both ovaries in a younger woman as a serious matter. But that is mainly because it removes the childbearing function, and not, by and large, because of unpleasant symptoms. In most cases, especially in well-adjusted, level-headed women like you, such symptoms simply don't appear. And when they do, we now know how to treat them."

"Did you have to take out my uterus, too, doctor?" Amanda asked. "You remember I asked you not to, unless you thought it was absolutely necessary."

"I remember. And I thought it wasn't necessary at all. Many surgeons argue that it is best to remove the uterus if both ovaries are removed, regardless of age and other concerns. But I find much to indicate that the uterus may have hormonal value of its own, and if it is normal, as yours was, a woman—especially a young woman—may benefit by keeping it. Certainly she has a right to some choice in the matter. Also, if the hysterectomy is not skillfully performed, there is less chance of prolapse—drooping of the pelvic supports—if the uterus is preserved."

"Could leaving it mean danger of cancer?"

"No greater danger than if surgery had not been performed at all. Less, as I told you, because the tissue has been carefully inspected and found to be healthy. It's still an open question, but there's plenty to justify our opinion,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 50

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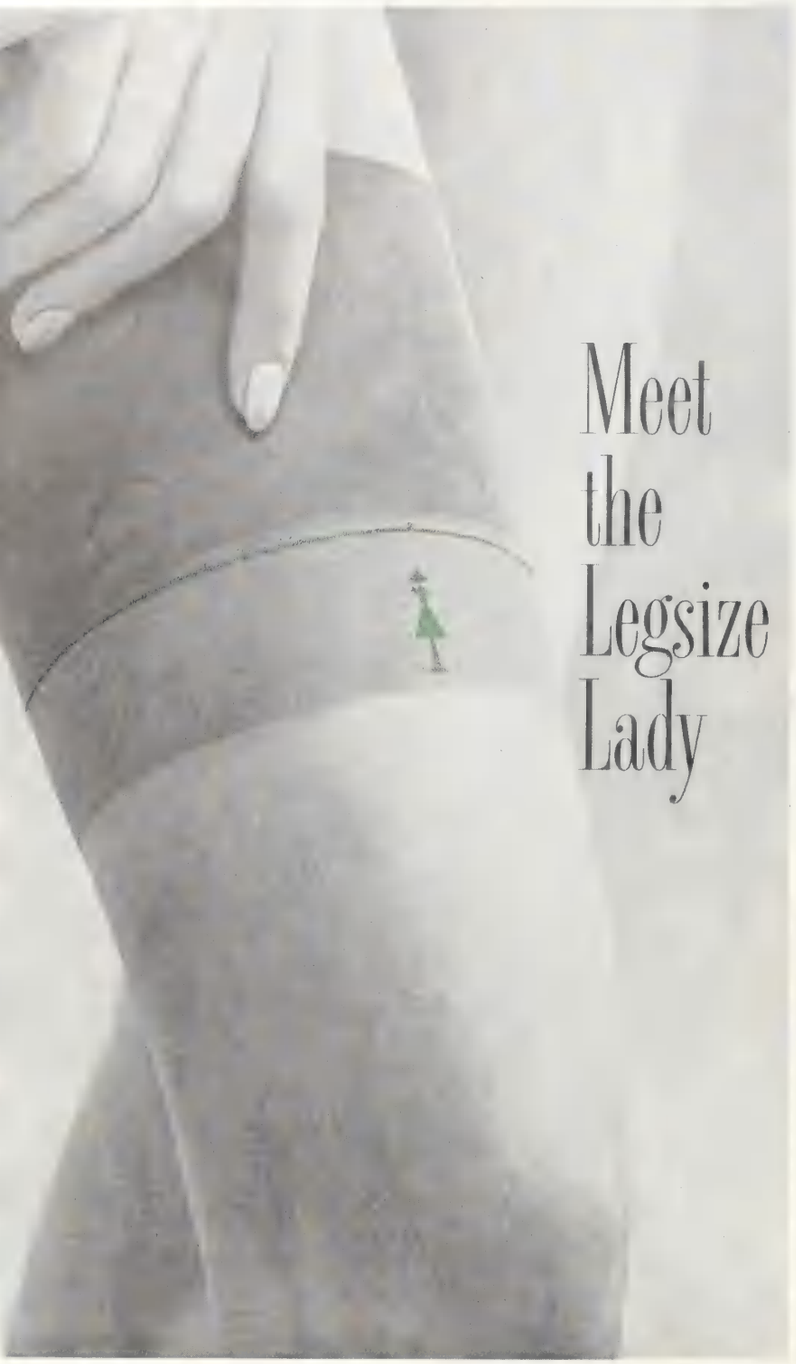
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She's practical, too . . . knitted in the front-and-center of each stocking so you will garter without twisting, sagging, straining your stockings . . . at last you can be sure they are on smooth and straight.

If you appreciate seamless that are far above the ordinary, look for the Legsize Lady.

NOTE: And she's in color! Purple for Brev legsize, green for Modite, red for Duchess.

Belle-Sharmeer

© 1962, Wayne Knitting Mills

TELL ME, DOCTOR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

yours and mine." The doctor paused. "Now let's get to your other questions."

"You've answered some of them already," Mrs. Parrish told him gratefully, "but here are specific things that have worried me. A friend of mine—her name is Edith and she's forty-five—had a hysterectomy last year. She's having a very hard time. She says she's had a personality change, that she's either exhausted and depressed or so nervous and irritable she can hardly bear to talk to people, even her husband. She gains weight no matter how she diets, has hot flashes during the day and doesn't sleep at night. Her skin is getting coarse, and she's terribly worried about developing 'masculinization signs' such as facial hair and a deep voice."

The doctor leaned back in his chair. "That's quite a list of complaints," he said quietly.

"Will *I* have a personality change like that?" Amanda burst out. "Will I be tired and depressed all the time, nervous and irritable with my husband and my children? I love them. I want them to go on loving me, and how could they if I behaved that way?"

"Was your friend Edith a calm, easy-going person before her operation?"

Amanda thought a moment. Then she said slowly, "Why, no. Edith has been high-strung as long as I've known her. She always worried a lot, took pills endlessly and had some new crash diet to try. Come to think of it, she was gaining weight even before her operation."

Sensibly, the doctor let the lesson of Edith and her "personality change" rest and returned to Amanda's questions. "As to your marital relationship, that should actually be improved. Your general health will be better. The operation will not cause you to lose your femininity, your sexual desires should remain perfectly normal, unless you listen to silly gossip. And if you were not nervous and irritable with your husand and children before the operation, you are unlikely to be so now."

Amanda drew a long sigh of relief. "And I won't get fat?"

"That will be up to you, Amanda, as it always has been—as it is for everyone who likes to eat," the doctor said frankly. "There is no physical, demonstrable connection between weight gain and loss of ovarian function. Of course, you'll feel better, and probably have a bigger appetite. Also, there is an emotional-compensation type of overeating, but that is quite a different thing, which need not concern anyone as well balanced as you. For a woman who does find herself gaining weight in spite of a sensible diet and proper exercise, there are useful medications. Thyroid often helps, if there is no reason against using it. And the dextroamphetamines not only help control appetite, but may (especially for depressed women like your friend Edith) provide a temporary emotional lift. However, I dislike prescribing them except in special cases. The lift they give is artificial, the energy is a false energy. One can overdo physically without realizing it, and wind up feeling more tired and depressed than ever. Certainly these drugs should never be used except under a physician's direction."

"Will my skin get coarse, or my voice change, or any of the other masculinization signs Edith talked about?"

"Absolutely not," the doctor said with a smile. "You won't need that sort of hormone, and such complications are rare indeed in any case like yours. And, of course, there are hormones which can be taken to make up for your depleted ovarian supply if you need them ——"

Amanda broke in doubtfully, "After those other hormones—testosterone, she said—Edith is taking artificial estrogen shots. Stilbestrol, she says it is. It's supposed to help with the hot flashes, but all it does is make her breasts painful and upset her stomach. I won't have to take that, will I?"

"In most cases I feel that small doses of plain natural estrogen, by mouth, are best," the doctor replied. "Stilbestrol is a synthetic estrogen and—I think—more apt to produce unpleasant side effects. The painful breasts may be a result of *over*stimulation with hormones. This can be avoided by taking the medication for three weeks of the month, then stopping it for the fourth week.

"But I find that at least sixty percent of my patients who have had ovaries removed do not need to take hormones at all. They adjust nicely without them. We believe now that the adrenals, or perhaps other glandular structures, sort of pinch-hit for the absent ovaries. But it does seem to take a little time—a few weeks or perhaps months—for this accessory estrogen to become active. That's why I prefer not to start artificial hormones until—and unless—real symptoms demand it. I do not feel that you will have any unpleasant symptoms during your adjustment period, Amanda. But if you do, let me know and I will give you hormones to tide you over. There is certainly no reason to suffer unnecessarily. But let's wait until you come in for your six-week checkup to decide whether or not you're going to need them."

When Amanda came in for her checkup, she looked healthy and blooming. "I haven't had *any* of the symptoms Edith mentioned," she said happily. "I have only one complaint, some drenching sweats at night. Can you give me something to stop them?"

The doctor nodded. "That small dose of natural estrogen I told you about. You simply take it by mouth at bedtime. I'll almost guarantee that it will clear up those sweating spells. Furthermore, I'll wager you'll only have to take it temporarily."

The doctor won his wager. A few months later Amanda reported that she had been able to give up the hormones, and was feeling better in mind and body than she had for years.

"I want to thank you for everything, doctor," she said gratefully. "But perhaps most of all for taking time to answer my questions when I was so worried. Because you gave me facts, I never made things worse for myself by believing what you called old wives' tales." END



When there's no time to fuss but you want to look fabulous...

It takes just a minute to look like a million with 'Love-Pat', the compact make-up that's foundation and powder all in one! Pats on in seconds. Stays on for hours. Covers completely, yet looks completely casual (not masky or made-up). AND IT NEVER DARKENS OR CHANGES COLOR ON YOUR SKIN. Want to look fabulous? (Got a minute?)



13 true-to-you fashion shades

Revlon **'Love-Pat'**

the complete make-up in a compact

JOURNAL NOW

Part of the pleasure of being behind the scenes in the *Journal* Workshop is reading editors' personal reports which never "get in the book." After an exciting assignment in Washington, D.C. (see *Perfect Little Dinners From the White House*, page 82), Assistant Food Editor ELAINE WARD-HANNA pounded out some breathless prose: "My first impressions of the White House . . . light streaming in through tall windows, the clean smell of wax, bustling purposeful activity. . . . From the State Dining Room windows I could see the President's office—French windows wide open (he was not there). Under a clump of trees is Caroline's white playhouse; her tree house is perched in an adjoining tree—there's a small Trampoline and jungle gym too. From White House windows the view is pleasant, but, oh, the beauty of the restored rooms! There are flowers everywhere—loose, informal arrangements that Mrs. Kennedy loves. President Kennedy likes to wander all over the White House. You feel as though you might run into him in any room—and you might!"



Gina Allen, author of Party Girl, *poses with two new friends on her Las Cruces, New Mexico, farm.*

People as usual and politics in particular are in the focus of the *Journal* this month, among much else. If one of the men in your life sees this charming snapshot of GINA ALLEN holding two nonpartisan friends, he may be disappointed to learn her book-length *Party Girl*, page 68, is a true account of her experiences in a *political* party. But it is, and it pulls no punches on the realities of practical politics for women. Gina Allen is a very serious and talented "party" girl. Last year her first novel, *The Forbidden Man*, won the Anisfield-Wolf Award for the best book on racial relations.

If you first read WILL STANTON's hilarious *How to Tell a Democrat from a Republican* (page 58), you will know to which party Gina Allen belongs merely by a glance at her picture. Will Stanton has at least one nomination—that of the *Journal*'s Editor—for the office of Chief National Jester on the Good Humor Party ticket. "It hasn't had a candidate with a Will to win since WILL ROGERS. I've been Will-ingly Stan-forized," CURTISS ANDERSON said. (Ordinarily we shrink from such puns; we quote these only as a Curtiss-y.)



The Attorney General and Margaret Hickey at work.

Attorney General ROBERT F. KENNEDY recently gave an opinion favorable to recommendations of the President's Commission on the Status of Women—that there should be no discrimination against women in appointments or promotions in Federal agencies. (And President Kennedy so ordered. See *Never Underestimate the* Brain*power of a Woman, Mr. President*, page 44.) When Public Affairs Editor MARGARET HICKEY visited the Attorney General's office to thank him on behalf of the commission, she could not help noticing a photo of his seven handsome children on his desk. "What is the little boy in front doing?" she asked. "That's David," the Attorney General told her, "and he's praying—for me, I guess."

The National Cultural Center to be built in Washington, D.C., has the fervent support of PRESIDENT KENNEDY and the three living ex-Presidents, DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, HARRY S. TRUMAN and HERBERT HOOVER. Such unanimity, even though strictly nonpolitical, may never happen again. They want your support too. Congress appropriated a thirteen-acre site along the Potomac for the center, but stipulated that building funds would be obtained through public contributions. On November twenty-ninth there will be a two-hour closed-circuit telecast, *An American Pageant of the Arts*, which viewers in 150 cities from coast to coast will pay $5 to $100 each to see. Maybe you will be among them. PRESIDENT and MRS. KENNEDY will appear on the show. LEONARD BERNSTEIN will be host, and the cast will read like a Who's Who of the Performing Arts. Half of the funds raised will go to the building fund for the National Cultural Center; half will be kept in the sponsoring cities for their own artistic projects.

Do blondes have more fun than anybody? While preparing this month's beauty feature, *Super Natural* (page 80—photo by RICHARD AVEDON), Beauty Editor BRUCE CLERKE took a hair-coloring course, now has a diploma and silvery-blond hair. Is she having more fun? "It's hard to judge," she said, "because I was having so much fun before."

About the time this magazine reaches your hands, the *Ladies' Home Journal Christmas Sampler* will be on sale at most newsstands. Producing this treasury of Christmas features—articles, stories, poems, recipes, gift and decoration ideas—was the work of Administrative Editor GERALDINE RHOADS and Art Associate GRANT HARRIS, and many others. But it's not theirs—it's yours, packed with Christmas features readers have liked best over the years. Whose mouth could help watering at the thought of *Journal* Chocolate Cream Fudge, Honey-Butter Popcorn Balls, Christmas Sugar Mints, Golden Taffy Nuggets and Sugarplum Strawberries? Yum!

"I have been called a 'domestic romantic,'" PHYLLIS MCGINLEY, housewife, essayist, Pulitzer-prize-winning poet, told Associate Editor WILLIAM MCCLEERY when he visited her the other day, "and it's one of the things I don't mind being called." They were discussing *What Cookbooks Don't Tell You* (page 38) and other McGinley topics to come. "Important ingredients are sometimes left out of fancy recipes," Phyllis said. "These recipes are like romances—a woman must discover for herself just what, and how much, to put into them." For lunch she offered Bill, an old friend, a cheese sandwich. With cheese.



DI PIETRO

Housewife Phyllis McGinley breaks bread and "breaks up" Associate Editor Bill McCleery.

...AND THEN

50 YEARS AGO The painting of a nude woman bathing at sunrise, called *September Morn*, was the talk and scandal of November, 1912, when Woodrow Wilson was elected President. *Daddy Long Legs* (serialized in the *Journal*) was a best seller, and W. C. Handy recorded his unforgettable *Memphis Blues*.

"Is Public School a Failure?" asks the November, 1912, *Journal*. "Not more than a third of the children who enter our elementary schools ever finish eighth grade."

"How Other Folks Live: Five dollars a week for groceries (including thirty cents for oil and candles), fifty cents for milk and a dollar for meat, will serve a family of six."

Sample dinner on the above budget: "Warmed lamb, creamed potatoes, pudding and tea."

"New dishes for the Thanksgiving table: beet fritters, squash muffins, parsnip rolls and pumpkin bread."

"The personal safety of girls traveling alone is becoming less and less assured all the time," Editor Bok warns mothers sternly.

"The most popular women's shoes for winter are fourteen-button with dull calf bottoms and cloth tops."

"A practical, yet becoming, motoring hat is an enigma which has taken years to solve. Now we have a shirred taffeta hat in purple and green, faced with deep royal silk."

White Glove Test shows...

No greasy taste in foods fried with New Crisco



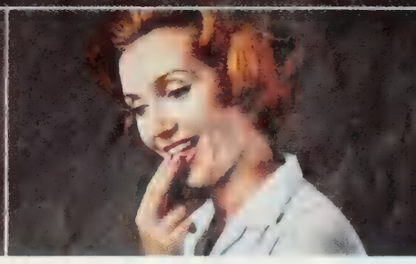
Pick it up...



see no grease...



feel no grease...



taste no grease!

No grease on the glove! No greasy taste in the chicken! These unretouched photographs show when chicken is fried right in New Crisco, you can actually pick it up, after normal draining, with a spotless white glove—and see no sign of grease.

Of leading shortenings, only highly unsaturated New Crisco has a patented frying discovery that gives special added protection against greasy taste. Everything you fry and bake right in New Crisco is extra light and delicious . . . with Crisco's famous digestibility.

And how reassuring to know that New Crisco is highly unsaturated . . . with double the preferred unsaturates.

New Crisco is America's finest vegetable shortening. Try it . . . for digestible fried foods with no greasy taste.



New Crisco—highly unsaturated . . . finest vegetable . . . so digestible



GOOD COFFEE IS LIKE FRIENDSHIP: RICH AND WARM AND STRONG

Ask any college girl. Ask any housemother.
Home is where the coffee is: The welcome, the warmth,
And the fragrance and flavor and fun of coffee.
Have a cup now. Have it brimming with goodness.
(A little more coffee in your coffee
Can mean a lot more pleasure in your cup.)

How to become famous for your coffee. See page 120 *Pan-American Coffee Bureau, 120 Wall St., N. Y. 5, N. Y.*

FAMILY Money MANAGEMENT

By SIDNEY MARGOLIUS

Consultant on Family Finances of the Family Service Association of America

Women today are taking on increasing responsibilities as family money managers. Most of them do a wonderful job, but sometimes it helps to have an expert beside you. In a new *Journal* service, Mr. Margolius will, from time to time, answer letters concerning the many complex financial problems that modern families are forced to meet.

WHEN IS THE RIGHT TIME TO BUY A HOUSE?

"We are wondering if it would be wiser to buy a house now with $700 down or save for three years and put $5000 down. My husband is thirty-one and an engineer. We have two children, six and four. Our income is $10,000; our rent, $100."—Mrs. F.B., Cheektowaga, New York.

In your case, it would be good management to buy the house with a small down payment if your carrying charges, including property tax, will not be more than 20-25 percent above your present rent. A large down payment is a sound investment if you have extra cash. But a young family using higher cost installment financing to buy all the equipment a young family needs does better taking the maximum mortgage, and paying cash for other purchases. Your mortgage rate will be 6 percent or less, while finance charges on cars are equivalent to true interest of 12-14 percent, and on many other types of installment purchases are as much as 22 percent.

You can eat your cake and have it by making sure your mortgage contract has a clause permitting prepayment without penalty. Then when you have caught up on other needs, such as car payments, you can increase your mortgage payments and accomplish the same result as a large down payment. Meanwhile, you will have built up both cash and sweat (your self-labor in improving it) equity in the house.

A PLAN THAT SAVES TAXES

"I would like to save money for our two girls in a custodian account. But our local savings-association people say they know nothing about such an account."—Mrs. D.F., St. Charles, Missouri.

Under the "Gifts to Minors" acts, you can give stocks or mutual-fund shares to a child simply by having the securities registered in the name of a "custodian" (parent or other family member).

Earnings from the custodian account then become taxable to the child, not to the parent, and won't be taxed at all if the child's income is under $675 a year (plus the $50 dividend exclusion any owner of stocks or fund shares gets). In this way the account can grow tax-free. A broker, bank trust department or your lawyer can give you full information.

The gift is irrevocable. You cannot use the income for family needs without then paying taxes on it yourself. The child now owns the securities, although you retain the right to manage the account, including buying and selling stocks, and reinvesting dividends. At twenty-one, the account is turned over to the child.

You can also give E bonds. Treasury regulations allow a child to redeem his bonds any time an adult could. If the increase in value when redeemed is not more than $675 in one year, it would be tax-free to the child.

INSURANCE FOR THE FAMILY

"I would like to know more about the family plan of insurance."—Mrs. B.G., College Corner, Ohio.

The *family policy* is a relatively new type of insurance which covers all members in one policy. Actually, life insurance should be concentrated on the breadwinner to replace his earnings should anything happen to him. But many families also tend to carry small policies on the wife and children, sometimes called "burial" insurance. Such little policies are costly for the amount of coverage. The *family plan* is more economical. It covers wife and children for a little more than the cost of insuring just the husband. As an example, for about $100 a year (after dividends), one such policy provides $4000 of whole-life insurance on a father, age thirty-five; $1320 of term insurance on a mother, thirty-one; and $1000 of term on each child, *no matter how many*.



Spaghetti Mediterràneo

How easy it is to fix this typically Italian dish...even the sauce! Because Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Meat is an authentic blending of lean beef, plump tomatoes and spices, simmered to rich taste and texture.

Make Spaghetti Mediterràneo by cooking ½ lb. spaghetti in water with 1 tsp. marjoram. Drain, toss with ⅓ cup chopped parsley. Top with sauce from 15½-oz. can.

Try delicious Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Spaghetti Sauce with Mushrooms, Sauce with Meat Balls or Marinara Sauce to pep up meat, fish and egg dishes. Only pennies a serving.

Sauce in a minute with the Chef's touch in it

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE®



eems to rub off on everything you bake...that feeling of confidence Gold Medal es you. Confidence to try any recipe. Confidence to bake without sifting any re, because Gold Medal is that fine, that uniform, that dependable. Now, couldn't ur bakings use a little pinch of confidence—the touch of your white thumb?



Crises of a Candidate's Wife

by Patricia Nixon

"As nearly as I can define my attitude it was,'Let's ot run!'" Thus Pat Nixon describes in her own ords her reaction when her husband was asked to eek the California governorship, to face again he glories and heartbreaks of a political career.

We held a family council. It had to be a family matter, for it would not be Dick Nixon alone who would enter the race or governor of California. As in every campaign e had ever made, it would be one-for-all-and-ll-for-one. This has to be true of all campaigns y all candidates, whether the family is active, s the Nixons are, or whether they wait in the ackground for the results which, win or lose, hange all lives.

Nothing, nothing can equal the intensity, the uspense and, in its own way, the glory of an merican political campaign. Unless you have een inside one, it is difficult to imagine the wenty-four-hour-a-day tension over what is a natter of life and death to your candidate's areer. This increases with your degree of belief nd interest in that man and that career.

My instinct had always been to say no to ampaigns. From the day my husband, not long ack from the war, had said, "I have been asked o run for Congress," campaigning had been a hallenge for me. At school and at college, as a erk in a department store and as a school-eacher, I had made many friends and loved hem dearly, but I suppose I had been what eople call *reserved* by nature. At first, when came to see how big a part the candidate's ife must play, I was terrified, partly because, specially in politics, it is never *you*. It is always he person about whom you care most, who is he center of your life, whom you will help r hurt by your words and deeds.

At first it had been only I, myself, as the ndidate's wife, who had had to stand at the ossroads with my husband. Now our teen-age aughters were old enough to understand all it eant and take part in making the right ecision.

From the day our younger daughter Julie me home and said, "Is daddy going to run for overnor of California?" it had been constantly ith us. When she first asked that question, I d said, "I don't know, but I know he won't ake such a big decision without talking it over ith us."

"I don't know whether I want him to run or t," Julie said.

"I don't either," said her older sister Tricia. We were at long last in private life. Now, for moment, we were enjoying a breathing space,



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

"Teen-agers are sensitive, and have a fierce loyalty, but the girls are older now, and they know that in a campaign somebody is going to get hurt."

no longer leaders of a crusade for which we must be prepared to fight. An inadvertent word or misunderstood gesture or normal mistake by one of us need not cost our candidate far beyond common sense. Nor were we in office where a man is a target for all those who want to get him out and their own man in. The girls could live like other teen-agers.

The campaign of 1960 had been long and arduous, as everyone knows, and it would be unthinkable for us, Dick Nixon's wife and daughters, to say we thought the better man had won.

We were all excited by the fact that Dick had found real satisfaction in setting down the events in which he had taken part. His book, *Six Crises*, with so many details we knew so well, was now done. In Washington he had worked so hard that we had seen little of him, but, with his California law practice, he was home more than he had ever been before. We all hoped that if he could be of service in the law, the career he had chosen first, and if he had more to put down as history, this would fill his life.

Probably in our hearts we always knew better.

We were building a new house in California—a home. Since the American Government does not provide a vice presidential house, ours in Washington had taken the place of an official residence. We thought this new one would be just ours, although, as it turned out, we would always, as Tricia puts it, run a small hotel. People from other states as well as countries around the world would always come to our door to talk of exports, trade, means of bringing all nations together in peace.

But we were having our brief interval. Now we were being asked to come out of the first private life we had ever known as a family—a private life in which we had found a miracle of peace, friendliness and good will. Will Nixon run in California? The question seemed to come upon us from all corners.

Some say that my husband is a great statesman and a not-so-good politician, others that he is an opportunist. We were used to these labels from one extreme or the other. What we said to one another now was that he was our husband, father and best friend. We who knew him best loved him most. In this man, sometimes moody and complex, we knew, we could find few faults.

So the moment arrived for final decision, and Dick called us together.

As soon as we sat down around the table, we were aware that we were not united. We did not as yet know our own minds.

Millions of words, pro and con, have been written about the campaigns in which the Nixons have taken part. As a family, *inside*, we have our own versions. We felt that it would have been easier for Dick if he could have served as a statesman without the campaigns. We knew he still treasured the idea that a man has a right to some private life—though perhaps it is part of democracy that a man who asks for public office must surrender privacy.

"Why you?" Julie asked. "Can't somebody else carry the ball for awhile?"

"It doesn't look like it right now," her father said. "The consensus is that my experience could be of value now in California."

"Isn't that just like daddy?" Tricia said.

How did we stand?

I will say here and now that on the first round I voted no. As nearly as I can define my attitude, it was, *Let's not*. Let's stay home. Let's be a private family. Let's take a vacation trip when we want to. Let's not be leaders but instead make our contribution in other ways.

I could not tell how the girls felt, but I as their mother was thinking and feeling for them. There swept over me what it had meant to them when they had heard lies told by political opponents about their father on radio and television, as always

Continued on Page 118



To the casual observer of turtles, it is pretty hard to tell the difference between a male and a female. Fortunately, this doesn't present any problem to turtles. So it is in politics.

It takes no more than a glance for a Republican to spot a Democrat and vice versa, although to the outsider they may appear to be almost indistinguishable. It is true that their platforms and points of view do overlap—to about the extent that a dime covers a penny. However, there does remain this narrow border of difference, and this is the area I should like to explore.

The Democrats tend to think of themselves as the more openhanded party. Surprisingly, the Republicans agree. You have to have an open hand, they say, in order to reach into somebody else's pockets. They, in turn, think of themselves as more tightfisted. Again there is agreement. They already have theirs, the Democrats point out, and they're not going to let anyone take it away.

Although Republicans are traditionally the party of wealth, some extremely rich families are Democrats. A similar situation exists in England, where a few families are so unbelievably ancient that they don't have to send their children to the proper schools. Here, these people are so loaded they don't have to be Republicans. When one of them runs for high office, the argument is that he is so rich he can afford to run the country as a sort of hobby. The Republicans are more likely to represent their candidate as a sober sort of chap who could use the job.

This brings up a curious facet of our economy. Bankers, being Republican, would prefer to lend their money to other Republicans. The catch here is that other Republicans already have money. So bankers must daily undergo the traumatic experience of handing over money to people they consider irresponsible and untrustworthy at best.

During a recent survey in an Eastern university, it was discovered that whereas the faculty were predominantly Democrats, the students were, for the most part, Republicans. The only significant exception to this pattern was the football team, whose members had CONTINUED ON PAGE 128

TO BE READ ALOUD BY A DEMOCRAT TO A REPUBLICAN OR BY A REPUBLICAN TO A DEMOCRAT



Although to the casual glance Republicans and Democrats may appear to be almost indistinguishable, here are some hints which should result in positive identification:

Democrats seldom make good polo players. They would rather listen to Béla Bartók.

The people you see coming out of white wooden churches are Republicans.

Democrats buy most of the books that have been banned somewhere. Republicans form censorship committees and read them as a group.

Republicans are likely to have fewer but larger debts that cause them no concern.

Democrats owe a lot of small bills. They don't worry either.



Republicans consume three fourths of all the rutabaga produced in this country. The remainder is thrown out.

Republicans usually wear hats and almost always clean their paintbrushes.

Democrats give their worn-out clothes to those less fortunate. Republicans wear theirs.

Republicans post all the signs saying NO TRESPASSING and THESE DEER ARE PRIVATE PROPERTY and so on. Democrats bring picnic baskets and start their bonfires with the signs.

Republicans employ exterminators. Democrats step on the bugs.

Republicans have governesses for their children. Democrats have grandmothers.

Democrats name their children after currently popular sports figures, politicians and entertainers. Republican children are named after their parents or grandparents, according to where the most money is.

Large cities such as New York are filled with Republicans—up until 5 P.M. At this point there is a phenomenon much like an automatic washer starting the spin cycle. People begin pouring out of every exit of the city. These are Republicans going home.



Democrats keep trying to cut down on smoking, but are not successful. Neither are Republicans.

Republicans tend to keep their shades drawn, although there is seldom any reason why they should. Democrats ought to, but don't.

Republicans fish from the stern of a chartered boat. Democrats sit on the dock and let the fish come to them.

Republicans study the financial pages of the newspaper. Democrats put them in the bottom of the bird cage.

Most of the stuff you see alongside the road has been thrown out of car windows by Democrats.

On Saturday, Republicans head for the hunting lodge or the yacht club. Democrats wash the car and get a haircut.

Republicans raise dahlias, Dalmatians and eyebrows. Democrats raise Airedales, kids and taxes.





Democrats eat the fish they catch. Republicans hang them on the wall.

Democrats watch TV crime and Western shows that make them clench their fists and become red in the face. Republicans get the same effect from the presidential press conferences.

Christmas cards that Democrats send are filled with reindeer and chimneys and long messages. Republicans select cards containing a spray of holly, or a single candle.

Democrats are continually saying, "This Christmas we're going to be sensible." Republicans consider this highly unlikely.

Republicans smoke cigars on weekdays.

Republicans have guest rooms. Democrats have spare rooms filled with old baby furniture.

Republican boys date Democratic girls. They plan to marry Republican girls, but feel they're entitled to a little fun first.

Democrats make up plans and then do something else. Republicans follow the plans their grandfathers made.

Democrats purchase all the tools—the power saws and mowers. A Republican probably wouldn't know how to use a screwdriver.



Democrats suffer from chapped hands and headaches. Republicans have tennis elbow and gout.

Republicans sleep in twin beds—some even in separate rooms. That is why there are more Democrats.

The Natural Enemies

You have two things your mother-in-law wants most, but can't have. You have youth—and her son."

y WINIFRED WOLFE



Only another woman, or a man who was ot a gentleman, would have dared to uestion the age of the face on the maga- ne cover. Even then the question might ave been an awed and respectful, "How d is spring?" It was the face of Louisa errick and it had gained, rather than lost, the transition of years.

Mollie gave the news dealer on Broad- ay a half dollar as if it were a small price pay for such a treasure and took one of ie magazines. He was, she noticed, almost luctant to see it slide from the stack. He aned across the counter. "In person, she's *living* doll."

"You know her?"

He shrugged with a modest importance. You get a lot of celebrities in a location ke this. Louisa Herrick bought a copy of *ariety* from me just last Wednesday. Just etween us," he confided, "I've been in ve with her about thirty years, ever since saw her in her first movie."

"My husband's been in love with her most as many years."

The news dealer stepped back to take a nger look at her. "It's none of my busi- ess," he said, "but isn't your husband a t older than you?"

"He's only twenty-five."

"You telling me he's been in love with r since the day he was born?"

"Exactly," Mollie said.

Behind her, she heard someone else say, f you don't mind, I'm in a hurry." The voice was as crisp and authoritative as a nurse's uniform.

Mollie spun around at the sound of it, cried "Angela," and a moment later they were in each other's arms. "I thought I recognized your voice," she said, overjoyed.

Angela held her at arm's length. "Well, I certainly didn't recognize you in that mink hat. It's nothing like the hideous student-nurses' cap you were wearing last time I saw you."

"I rather liked that cap," Mollie admitted.

"What paper did you want?" the news dealer asked.

"I can't believe it," Angela said, ignoring him. "You look marvelous."

"It's the hat," Mollie said modestly.

"I got all the late-afternoon editions," the news dealer offered.

Angela looped her arm through Mollie's and steered her, with a well-remembered purposefulness, toward the corner. "Forget the paper," she said as they went. "I've changed my mind."

"You're better off," he called after them. "It's not such hot news these days anyway. I feel like a heel taking money for it."

"All New Yorkers are characters," Angela told Mollie, racing them both across the street against the light. "That's my personal theory. We have years to catch up on. You've time for coffee, of course."

"Of course," Mollie said breathlessly, feeling as she always

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121



Mollie came in, loaded down with gifts for Rod. "Love him," Louisa was thinking, "but don't spoil him."

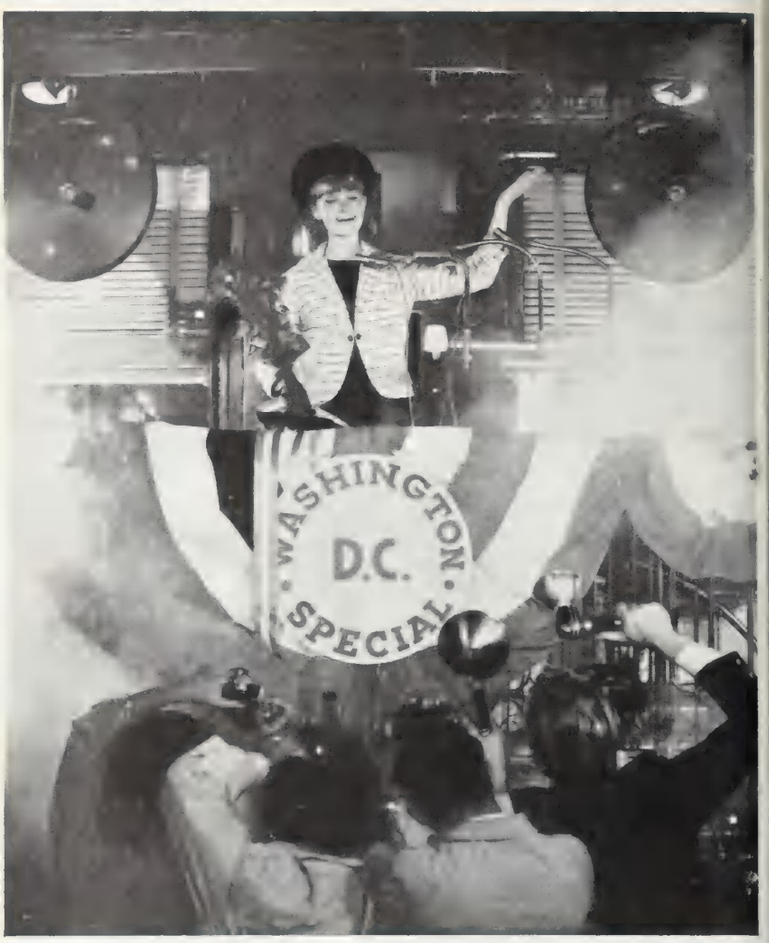


You can tell a New Frontier woman a mile away—if you can stop her long enough. She is certainly American, any age (and whatever it is, she looks years younger). Her wardrobe covers all her needs, from sports to travel of all sorts. She has a very busy husband and enjoys keeping up with him. Her clothes must be up-to-date (she never knows who might be looking); some must multiply their uses (the same jacket over a skirt, a dress and even slacks). Here are clothes designed with a special eye on price, activity.

***







Cut out for campaigning, travel or committee meetings, a tattersall-patterned wool jacket with easy panel-front skirt of black-wool flannel. The very useful jacket is stunning over colored dresses too. Suit about $75, by Evan Picone.

SUIT AVAILABLE AT BONWIT TELLER, ALL STORES; JORDAN MARSH, FLORIDA; SAKOWITZ, HOUSTON; JOSEPH MAGNIN, SAN FRANCISCO.



A New Frontier wardrobe must include the proper habit for following the hounds. For informal country hacking, a sweater, tweed jacket and jodhpurs are right, or for Western riding, a classic outfit of jeans, shirt, cowboy boots.

HATS, CLOTHES AVAILABLE AT SAKS FIFTH AVENUE, ALL NEW YORK STORES.



Statistics show the New Frontier woman's foot is larger than her mother's. This shoe, size 9½, is of softest black leather with tucks and a stacked heel—comfortable, but dressy enough for city walks. About $13, by Naturalizer.



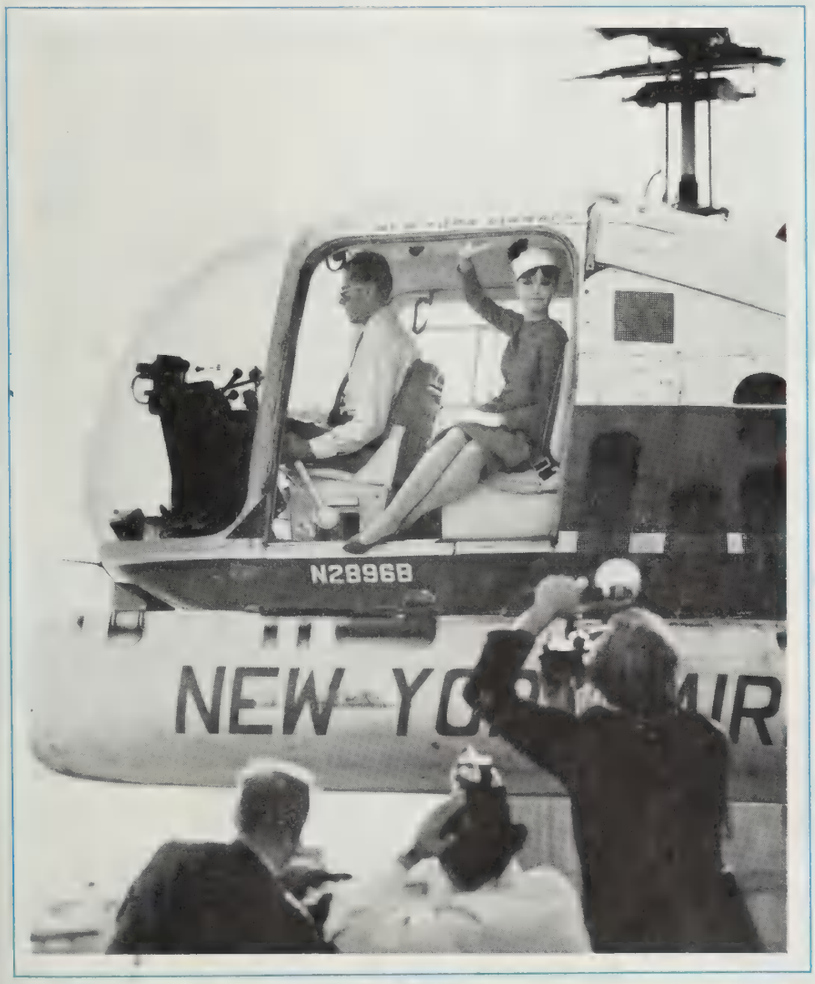
For taxiing to the candy store or windy walks anywhere, a bloused, hooded sweater in beige cotton knit edged in white, about $4, by Ship'n Shore. The children are wearing cotton-knit shirts and Kiddyalls by Carter's.

SWEATER AVAILABLE AT SAKS 34TH, NEW YORK; MACY'S, SAN FRANCISCO; CARSON PIRIE SCOTT, CHICAGO; RICHARDS, MIAMI.



This bright-yellow-and-white-flowered print on a lightweight stretch nyl knit will be lovely even if she falls. It has a high-waisted look in front, a l back that guarantees the most dazzling tan in town. About $20 by Jantze

SWIMSUIT AVAILABLE AT BLOOMINGDALE'S, NEW YORK; MEIER AND FRANK, PORTLAND; CARSON PIRIE SCO CHICAGO.



The perfect town or country dress is screeching red wool with long tight sleeves, a nipped waist and full skirt. Commute into town in it, and stay for dinner or the theater. About $40, by Lanz. New Frontier hats on these pages by Madcaps.

LANZ DRESS AVAILABLE AT BONWIT TELLER, NEW YORK; JULIUS GARFINCKEL, WASHINGTON, D.C.; NEIMAN-MARCUS, DALLAS; L. S. AYERS, INDIANAPOLIS.



How to be noticeable on the New Frontier—get a shaggy dog, wear a suit wi a riding-habit look to the jacket and easy skirt of pale-beige linen (to match t dog). The silk blouse is black-and-white polka dot. About $75, by Evan Picon

SUIT AVAILABLE AT BONWIT TELLER, ALL STORES; JORDAN MARSH, FLORIDA; SAKOWITZ, HOUSTON; JOS MAGNIN, SAN FRANCISCO.



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SWEATER DRESSES

By NORA O'LEARY
PATTERN EDITOR

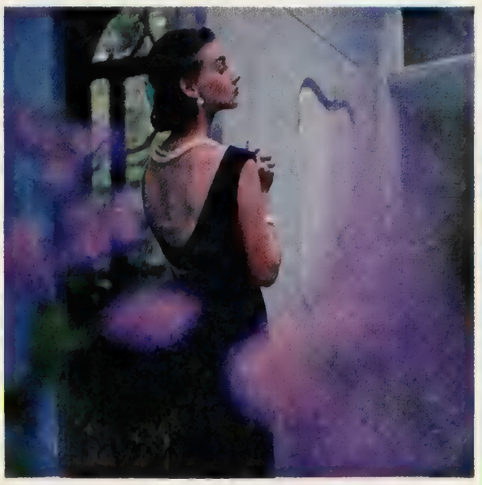
Some of the prettiest wool dresses this fall have the classic details of a sweater—even the long "at home" fashions. They are all made of the most exciting knit fabrics, and details include hand-knit ribbing, contrasting wool braid and ribbon binding. All are in beautiful sweater colors; and, happily, they are basically simple in design and easy to sew.



This charming anemone print on mohair jersey has a close-fitting sweater top and a graceful skirt with side pockets. Vogue Design No. 5750.



A basic yellow wool-knit sheath takes on new importance with hand-knit ribbing at the neck and sleeves (write us for directions). Vogue Design No. 5748.
Opposite: The most glamorous knit by far—a marvelous plaid in navy-and-white jersey sparkled with gold Mylar to wear "at home." Vogue Design No. 5748.



What could be prettier for winter evenings than this slim low-back ottoman knit—an understated dress that lends itself to colorful accessories. Vogue Design No. 5675.



This pale gray knit looks almost handmade. Bind neckline and armholes in a deeper gray wool braid. Vogue Design No. 5748.



We call this our cardigan dress because it is bound in grosgrain ribbon just as is a cardigan sweater. Vogue Design No. 5749.

This handsome jacquard jersey with a flower design is knit in two shades of red. The dress has a simple sweater top and a matching triangular scarf. Vogue Design No. 5750.



A three-piece cardigan costume trimmed with ribbing in sophisticated shades of gray and brown. Vogue Design No. 5668.



A wonderful V-necklined overblouse gives the effect of a tennis sweater. White wool-braid trim. Vogue Design No. 5737.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DERUJINSKY

OTHER VIEWS, SIZES, PRICES OF VOGUE PATTERNS ON PAGE 126

PARTY GIRL

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NONFICTION BOOK

Every four years the political strategists rediscover *the awful truth*: there are more women than men. The weaker sex is stronger, numerically speaking, by some two and a half million potential votes. This alarming news is passed from national party chairmen, campaign managers and candidates to the grass-roots level.

Here women are considered dangerous because they have time to work—and to pry into party affairs. They are curious about where money comes from and where it goes. They aren't willing to sing the praises of a candidate who isn't qualified for the position he is seeking, and they won't forget him once he's elected. In the interests of good government, which they stubbornly place above party loyalty, they insist that he do a competent job.

Precinct and county bosses have been forced in recent years to view with alarm the ever-increasing women's vote. Getting the vote without getting the women, too, has become their thorny problem as they approached each election.

In our county two parties attempted to solve the dilemma in strikingly dissimilar ways. The Republicans formed a women's club which met for luncheon in the town's finest restaurants. The officers of this organization were definitely top-drawer. The local newspapers were happy to print pictures of the good ladies as they presented prizes for Lincoln's Birthday essays, collected clothing for the poor or formed a committee to solve juvenile delinquency. With women thus occupied, the men could run the party without feminine interference.

The Republican Women's Club was a source of much merriment among the Democrats. "What good does their hoity-toity club do them?" the boys at Democratic headquarters asked one another. "It doesn't win them any elections."

This was true. In our county and in our state the Democrats always won the elections. Obviously, the way the Democrats handled the women was better. For the most part, the Democrats ignored them.

But as the election returns came in one cold November night they were not so happy. The Democrats were contemplating a scoreboard that gave the opposition a governor, two other state offices and three county positions.

In our traditionally one-party state, this was a major upset. It was the women, commentators said, who had elected our Republican governor.

Over their coffee cups in the morning and their beer in the afternoon, the Democratic men in our county argued the role of women in politics. Their scorn for the Republican Women's Club gave way to fearful respect. The thing to do when you have discovered the enemy's winning weapon is to use it.

The world of politics is a battlefield, and women are not experienced in warfare. They have to risk



With many misgivings, the Democrats began their search for a county chairwoman who could pour tea and had friends who would drink it. It took them two years to decide that I was the woman they needed.

My qualifications were as follows: I was an active PTA and church worker, past-president of the Humane Society and the Thursday Literary Club. My husband was a respected businessman in the community. We were friends of the editors of the local newspapers.

With some formality a delegation of Democratic politicians called on me. They didn't ask if I wanted to be the county Democratic chairwoman. They told me I had been chosen. I was honored, and at the same time frightened.

The head of the delegation was a young man whose uncle had once been undisputed political boss of the county. Junior had inherited his uncle's political manner, but not his political savvy.

Having learned from uncle that some things are secret, Junior believed that nothing should be spoken aloud. So he whispered. Even when he said "Hello" it was a whisper. He whispered when he told me that I had been selected as the new county chairwoman. He whispered that I was to come to the county Democratic convention. The machine would "push me through" the Central Committee meeting.

"Can they do that?" my husband asked when I broke the news that night at dinner.

"That's what The Whisperer said, Wally. And all the men with him shook my hand and congratulated me as if the deed were already done."

Wally shrugged. "We'll go to the county convention, but don't count on being elected chairwoman. You've never attended a precinct meeting or a campaign rally. It may occur to someone that a party chairwoman should have at least a modicum of political experience."

All that Wally said was true, but he had left out another point against me. I didn't really know any of the Democratic flock. I realized this the minute we entered the county convention hall. I looked desperately for a familiar face and finally spied my old friends from the parent-teacher association, Hank and Sally. I took Wally to sit beside them.

The room seemed charged with intrigue. Men hovered together in corners, behind screens of blue cigar smoke. Their conferences came to an end when Mr. Big, the county chairman, rapped the meeting to order.

The business of the convention completed, the Central Committee adjourned to an adjoining room to elect officers. The Central Committee consisted of party officials and precinct chairmen. Their closed meeting lasted an unconscionably long time.

They emerged at last, and I was introduced as the new county chairwoman—and asked to say a few words.

As I spoke, The Whisperer beamed as if he had created me from old scraps of lumber. When the meeting was over, he came over to me and whispered proudly in my ear, "Now you know that when I say it's in the bag, it's in the bag."

It wasn't until the next day that I learned that my election had not been as cut and dried as The Whisperer wanted me to believe. The objections to me were not the logical ones Wally had predicted. They had come from a CONTINUED ON PAGE 129

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their own necks and the necks of their friends and families. It's a big order. By GINA ALLEN



We're twenty years behind in breast-feeding

by Margaret O'Keefe,
as told to Pamela Chamberlain

east-feeding is today the most outrageously glected aspect of infant care in America. om two thirds to three quarters of our four llion mothers a year never breast-feed their bies at all, and half of those who start ickly give it up. A head maternity nurse ce said despairingly to me, "Mothers don't *nt* to breast-feed; they'd rather sit on their ds and read comic books." This may be true, t whose fault is that? I'm not sure it's the thers'.

It must be said, to our shame, that none of professional groups responsible for safely ivering a mother of her child and starting m out on a good and healthy life together *tinely* provides them with education and couragement in the art of breast-feeding.

The physicians who deliver babies—obstecians and general practitioners—tend to ve breast-feeding matters to the pediatrins. Pediatricians come on the scene late—ually after the baby is born. No pediatrician nts to arrive at a brand-new mother's bede with a lecture on his lips. And few physins have the time personally to train and ist mothers in practical breast-feeding skills. Nurses and hospitals must do the job. The tine, daily care of newborns and their thers is largely in their hands. It is they who uld put good medical theory into practice, d act as a channel of communication between ctors and mothers. Yet most hospitals are in such a way as to put positive roadblocks the way of breast-feeding.

From my nursing experience, I think I know reasons, and they make me furious. Most rses, certified by hospital-training programs, eive little or no education in breast-feeding. st hospital administrators and supervisors content with things as they are because the tle and the separate nursery are almost as od—and so much easier to administer. eanwhile, millions of mothers are firmly led ay from giving their babies this best possible rt in life—and have no idea what they and ir babies miss.

The separate nursery down a long hall was a triumph against the common infections of y years ago. The scientifically prepared forla was a triumph of the age that strove so rd not to "spoil" children. But about twenty ars ago a great revolution in child care began. diatricians began observing at first hand t babies could and did accommodate themves to all sorts of wartime conditions. Babies and slept at flexible hours in jammed termis and on crowded trains, throve in any mber of dreary living arrangements.

It became excitingly clear that the most portant thing to a baby is an affectionate, f-confident parent able to give love freely d handle him firmly. Doctors began throwing ay the old, artificial rules and regulations for ring babies, advocating more natural, sponeous care. Breast-feeding won firm medical pport because it seemed an act almost perfectly arranged by Nature to foster love and self-confidence between mother and child.

This, I believe, is still the first and best reason to breast-feed your child. But now, twenty years later, we know so many more. We have known for a long time that breast milk passes along the mother's immunities to her child, giving him extra protection during his vulnerable early months. Recently doctors have discovered it provides protection against respiratory and gastrointestinal infections and even against the dreaded staphylococcus that has invaded so many hospital nurseries. We have known for a long time that breast milk is absolute in its purity, and carries none of the organisms that can invade a bottle of milk. Recently we have had to think what horrors of our atomic age have also invaded bottles of milk. Breast milk carries no radioactive substances; and lest anyone think this is a small thing, the American Academy of Pediatricians has officially urged its members to consider this added safety factor. Strontium 90 is their main concern, but only this past summer the milk producers of Utah voluntarily withheld milk from market when its iodine-131 content reached twenty times the limit accepted by the Federal Radiation Council.

Medical opinion, on the record, is more in favor of breast-feeding than ever. What are our hospitals and nurses doing about it? It is true that preparation for natural-childbirth classes, supported by a handful of dedicated and highly trained nurses, are providing some mothers with wonderful prenatal education.



FLORENCE ELLSWORTH

Mrs. O'Keefe is a registered nurse with wide hospital experience, and the mother of seven handsome children, all breast-fed as babies.

Yet the reputation of these classes greatly exceeds their numbers. For one thing, our number of nurses qualified to teach them is relatively few. The first such class was begun in New York City fifteen years ago. They now reach fewer than 15 percent of our expectant mothers across the country.

What most hospitals are doing, then, is to cling to rigidly scheduled feedings for babies with nurses—not mothers or babies—in complete command of when and how the babies are fed.

I can think of a number of other things they could do. Every maternity floor in the land could make sure that on every shift there was at least one nurse who was experienced in helping mothers to breast-feed and had the enthusiasm to back it up. Part of her job would be to talk over the advantages of breast-feeding with *every* new mother—and I'm sure mothers will put aside their comic books to listen.

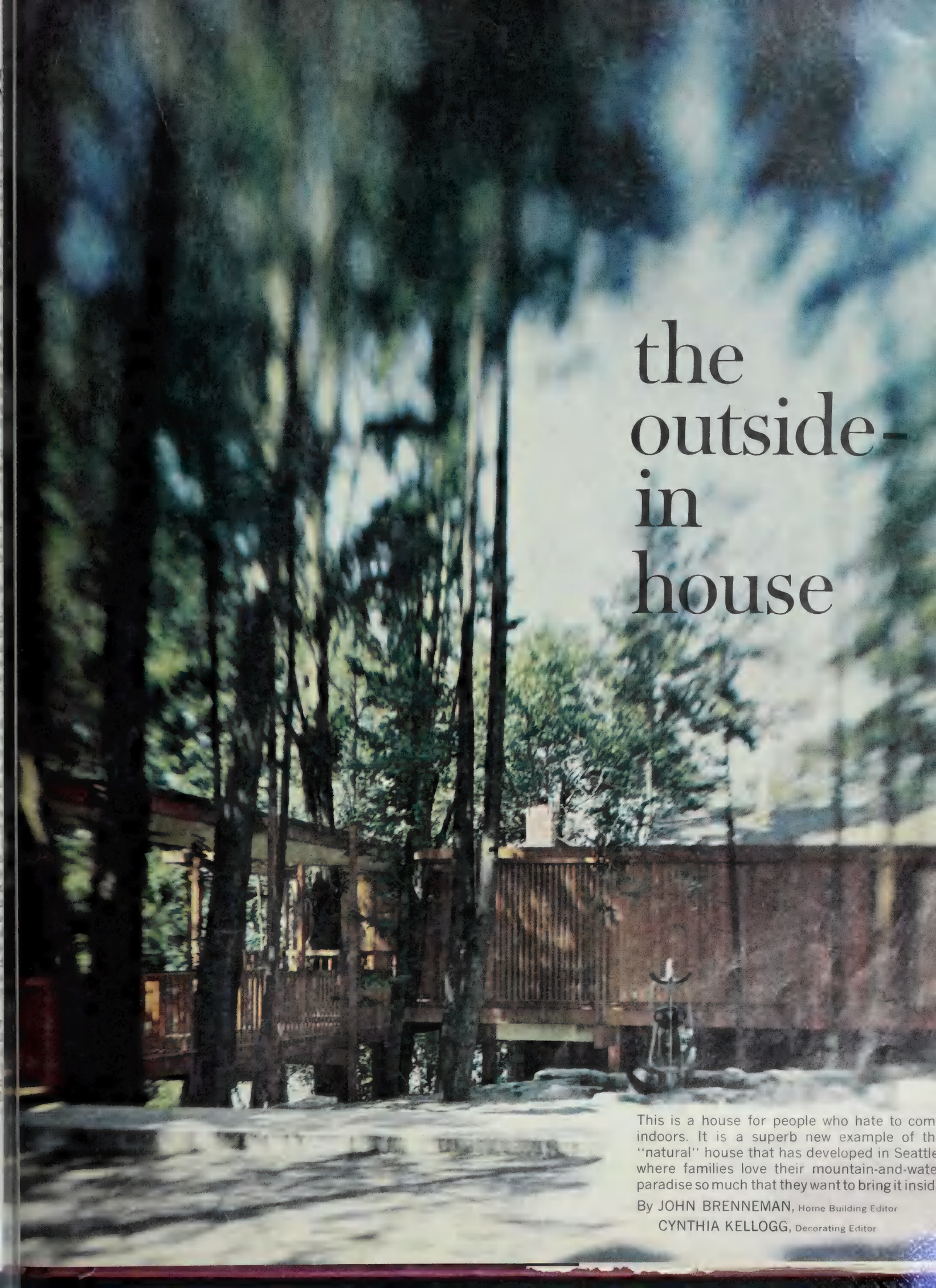
They could move to semidemand feeding schedules, which most pediatricians prefer even for bottle-fed babies. It is a new mother's right and pleasure to feed her own baby—yet I know from experience that many a nurse in charge of the nursery enjoys slipping her babies a little glucose or lactose in between meals when they cry, thoroughly upsetting the rhythm of the mothers' feedings.

It takes no longer to return a crying baby to his mother than it does to sterilize and heat a bottle for him, even if the baby is carried in arms, as most hospitals insist. But with wheeled cribs, any hospital—even one with an outmoded floor plan—should be able to provide the flexible, frequent feeding arrangements so necessary to establish a new mother's flow of milk.

With warm support, plenty of instruction and flexible schedules, I believe a great many more mothers would come out from behind their comic books and discover the joys of breast-feeding. I know it was direct, personal guidance that started me on the road to breast-feeding all seven of my own children. Fourteen years ago, a wonderful head nurse in Charity Hospital in New Orleans made me feel that I could and should breast-feed my first baby, and with great patience gave me my first lessons. She inspired a young doctor's wife in the next bed with equal enthusiasm, and the two of us struck up a friendship. After we left the hospital, we continued to give each other moral support by phone. Sometimes we were so discouraged we wept, but we encouraged each other and kept going. Breast-feeding is not so instinctive that new mothers don't need every bit of help they can get.

Contrast this with my experience in a different hospital, where I went to have my sixth baby. By now I thought I was an old hand at breast-feeding, but my new son seemed reluctant to nurse, and my milk was not coming in. The nurse discomfited me thoroughly by telling me my baby,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134



the outside-in house

This is a house for people who hate to com
indoors. It is a superb new example of th
"natural" house that has developed in Seattle
where families love their mountain-and-wate
paradise so much that they want to bring it insid

By JOHN BRENNEMAN, Home Building Editor
CYNTHIA KELLOGG, Decorating Editor

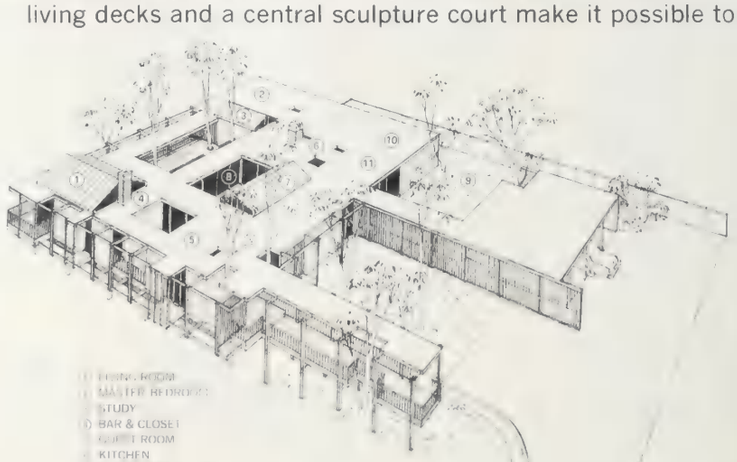
Glass walls project one end of the living room into the trees for a leafy view of Lake Washington. The decorating scheme is keyed to the outdoors—beiges and sky-blue accents that do not distract from Nature's colors, low furniture that does not obstruct the view. Painting by William Ivey.



Fireplace wall in the living room has doors that open to a bar closet that stores stereo and movie equipment and, in a floor bin at left, fire logs. Wall was covered with speaker cloth and ribbed with wood.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED LYON

with them. It is a house for its owners to cherish and for other families to study for its many ways of relating a home to the world of Nature. The house was designed for a family of five in Medina, Washington, by a noted Seattle architect, Paul Hayden Kirk, and was built by Rodney Johnson. It winds around the trees, as you can observe in views of the main entry (preceding page) and deck (page 74), as well as in the sketch below. The building is raised on beams above the ground for a better look at Lake Washington, below the bluff on which the house stands. Glass walls and windows crowd the rooms with outdoor views. The living room, dining room and study even enjoy glimpses of the sky and treetops through windows cut just below their lofty pitched roofs. Three outdoor living decks and a central sculpture court make it possible to





Dining room has built-in beauty in a copper-covered wall striped with wood, cornice lighting, views of the treetops and, left, sculpture court. Decorating scheme contrasts dark wood furniture and gray accessories against the pale wood walls, with sunset-red accents. Painting by Rosalyn G. Powell.



The living-dining deck, built around the trees, provides the comforts of home in the outdoors. At night it is illuminated with fixtures recessed in its sunshade roof. The deck, which looks across Lake Washington to Seattle, joins the living room, at left, with the bedroom-kitchen wing, which is out of sight at right.

go outdoors without leaving the house. But the most "natural" thing about this home is that it is built of wood. The fir beams and cedar siding of its exterior blend with the landscape as if to camouflage the house. Inside, hemlock walls and ceilings soften the forceful architectural lines and warm up the plain surfaces of the modern rooms, a warmth especially welcome with so much glass. Ribbed wood walls break the monotony of plain ones, vertical wood graining on walls makes a restful contrast with horizontal graining on ceilings. At night, lighting built behind cornices washes the wood backgrounds with a glamorous glow. To enhance the "natural" look, the interior designer, Allen Vance Salsbury, used textured fabrics, dark wood furniture and a beige scheme. The accents are borrowed from the outside world—sky blues, spruce greens and sunset reds, many of them contributed by the vigorous paintings in the family's growing collection of modern Northwest arts and crafts.



Sculpture court is the heart of the house. It offers inside views to many areas, as the breakfast room, rear, and front hall, foreground. It also is a sheltered sunning spot in winter. Stone bird by Philip McCracken.



Kitchen is divided into working and breakfast areas by a wall of cabinets built above and beside the range. A skylight floods the working section with light. Note the long spice-bottle shelf under the wall cabinets.

Right: Guest-room desk was built as part of the house. Curtain-fabric shades rise on pulleys.



Recirculating fountain at the main entrance is a bronze sculpture by George Tsutakawa.



Closet in dinette area of the kitchen conceals a freezer. Fireplace is an indoor barbecue.



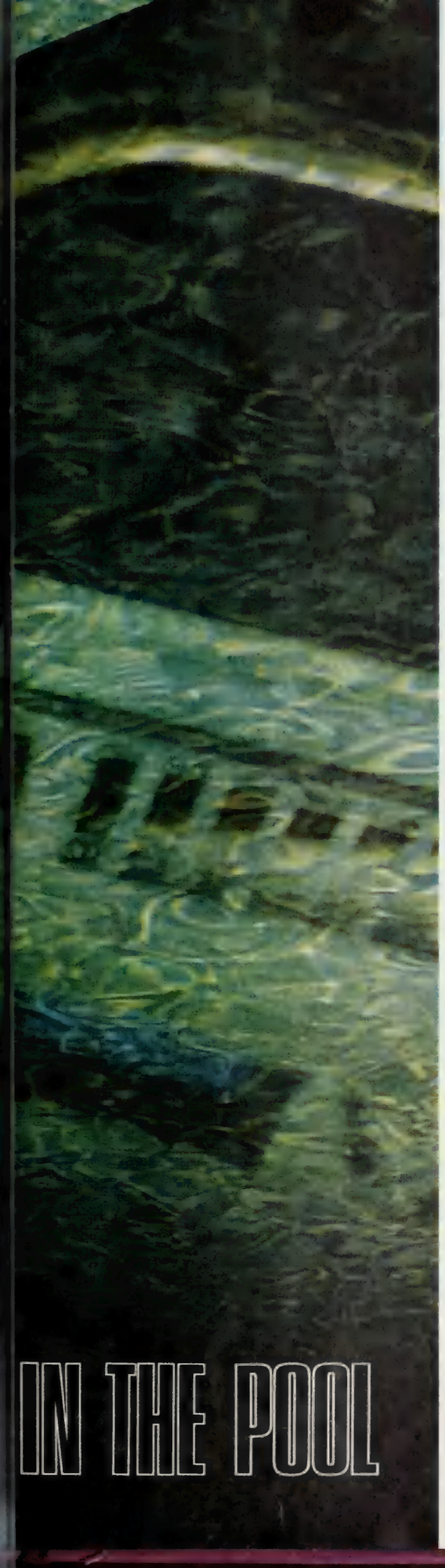
The "biggest sandbox in town" is divided up with concrete paths for riding wheel toys.



Spruce greens recall the outdoors in the master bedroom and study. Fireplace, enameled steel.



THE BOY



IN THE POOL

What will happen on this beautiful New England morning in September? Wha sudden violence will shatter the lives of a dozen people? Which of them is to blame

THE JOURNAL'S COMPLETE-IN-ONE-ISSUE CONDENSED NOVEL
THE COMPLETE BOOK IS SOON TO BE PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.
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BY CAMILLA R. BITTL

September 13. When the students arrived at the Harrison School for Boys in the second week of September, the weather was hot and dry. Buses met the trains in Northridge, and the school had a limousine at the airfield some fifty miles from Harrison, but for the most part the boys arrived by automobile. Station wagons loaded with foot lockers, skis, and all the students' paraphernalia marked with indelible ink or woven name tapes, began to appear on campus by noon on the thirteenth of September.

Among the first to arrive was Robinson Perry, not quite fourteen, five feet four inches tall, one hundred and nine pounds, sandy-haired, smooth-skinned, small-boned, pale and nervous. The Perrys' station wagon swung off the highway and entered the campus gates. Robinson had been assigned to the Cloisters.

"I hope Rob's room will be in the house with the master," his mother said.

Robinson noted the look his father shot in her direction. They swung around the inner drive that circled the campus. Immediately Robinson felt a surge of emotion that was part excitement and part panic, but as soon as his father had parked the car Rob slumped back against the seat.

"Hey, come on," his father said. "How about giving me a hand with this stuff?"

"I'll run in and see where he'll be," Mrs. Perry said. She brushed her pale brown hair back and picked up her purse. In a minute she was back. She smiled at Robinson, and her voice was, for her, almost jubilant. "This is the one," she said. "I met Mr. Forrest. Rob's room is right over his."

The room was square, fairly large, an had gabled windows that looked out on th athletic field. Mr. Perry opened both wi dows.

"How do you get a cross draft in here? he said. He had left his coat in the car, bu his white shirt was already crumpled an sticking to his back. He looked around opened the transom and the door and note a slight stirring of air. *This could be one h box*, he said to himself; then going to th windows, he looked out and turned to h son. "What a view. You can see the fiel from here. Man, what a spot. What wouldn't have given for a setup like th when I was your age."

Robinson went dutifully to the windo and looked out. Turning around, he saw tha his mother had already started to make h bed. She had chosen the bed on the sout side of the room, and he saw immediatel that it was the wrong one. He wanted th bed that was behind the door. It was just funny thing with him. He didn't want any body opening the door and seeing him in be

"I'll do that, mother," he said.

"I don't mind, dear."

"Well, I'd like to."

She looked up, her face quiveringly ale to his tone of voice, and he began to fe self-conscious.

"I'd sort of like to have the other bed," h said.

"Oh, all right, dear." She began to fol the sheet and switched to the other bed. " just thought it would be warmer over there The north wall of the room can get awfull cold in the winter."

"That's OK."

CONTINUED ON PAGE



The gaslight era revisited in a contemporary all-gas kitchen—soft soffit

YES, IT'S A KITCHEN!

by MARGARET DAVIDSON, *Home Management Editor*

's *also* a family bistro and a laundry—a tchen in three acts, so to speak. And why houldn't it be as dramatic and distinguished s any other room in the house? More than ny other, it's apt to be "the headquarters"—om early morning's first whiff of coffee to idnight's slam of the refrigerator door. How oes it work handling multiple chores with he greatest of ease? The proof's in the plan.

ACT I: The scene? The dining center, stage ght above. For nostalgia: a skylight (elecically illuminated so it's not dependent on n-and-cloud whims); a leaded-glass lamp, appropriately patterned in fruit. Below, a round table—big enough for kaffeeklatsches, children home for lunch, and private enough for tea and sympathies. The chairs: bentwood, so popular at the turn of the century. Far right, a view to the terrace where, weather permitting, dinner moves outdoors.

Stage left: A cozy reading corner (the leopard fur is fake, but effective).

ACT II. *Center stage:* The cooking center, a marble-topped, hooded bar that separates fun from function. The hood itself is two-faced—from the family side its mantel-like look adds personality and prevents too-close scrutiny of kitchen activity. On the cooking side, it's cut away to give more work room. The undercounter space is allotted to storage. The marble bar has a gas cooktop plus lots of put-down space for cooling pies, casseroles and cooking tools. Set in an adjacent column is the gas oven with broiler. (Note—see page 132—cabinets top and bottom for roasting and baking utensils.) The beveled cabinet-door design—both the brightly painted and those with a warm brown stain—breaks up an otherwise boxy look. Even the ceramic pulls and nougat-colored "chip pattern" vinyl floor tile are accents of utility value. (They're quick to clean.) Just four feet beyond the cooking bar is the preparation center with gas refrigerator

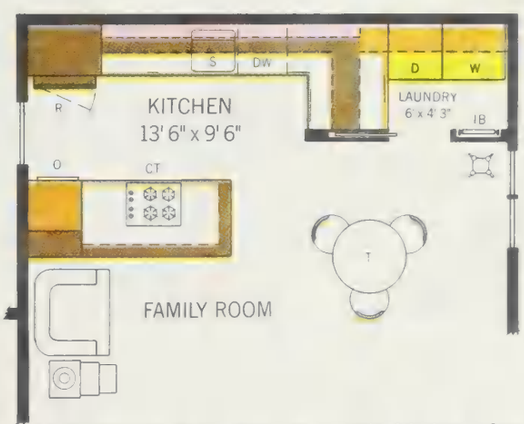
ghting, veined marble bar, beveled wood cabinets all fit the mood.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST SILVA DECORATION BY VING SMITH INTERIORS

which never needs defrosting, has a top freezer g enough to store 85 pounds of frozen food, ganized fresh-food storage below). There's a ood-fronted automatic dishwasher, also a eavy pull-out cutting board, set at a lower d more-comfortable-than-counter-height vel for slicing, chopping, cutting. So colorful d carefully designed that its real function mains behind sliding doors is a counter-ngth bank of cabinets, 4″ deep, for storing all tools, packaged foods and an array of rbs and spices.

ACT III. *Stage right, rear:* The laundry center, colorful nook that takes the woe out of ashing. Equipment has something to do with too. The automatic washer has dispensers r bleach and such, settings to suit each ad—there is a selection of temperature, ashing speed, water level. Another advantage: is machine can be completely serviced from e *front* (should you need it). The matching dryer is gas, dries clothes with or without tumbling, will even fluff clothes *without* heat. (Ever notice how plump a down pillow is after dryer fluffing?) Every little detail of the laundry center was planned—such as the phone whose cord reaches in from the kitchen and the pass-through which keeps the area from seeming cramped by letting in both light and air. There is a bulletin board for messages and reminders; cupboard room was not skimped either—plenty here for washing supplies plus shelves for mending aids and finished clothes. There's even a special space for the ironing table; you can't see it—it's cleverly hidden behind the red room divider.

CONCLUSION: This kitchen will stand the test of time, for it proves that you *can mix* the personality of traditional decor with the performance of contemporary living. In fact, this workable kitchen plan can be used in any decorative style that pleases its owners.



As organized as a good play, this kitchen plan provides areas for related activities that are co-ordinated but not overlapping. There are places to bake or broil, launder or linger over coffee.

FOR CLOSEUPS OF KITCHEN FEATURES, SEE PAGE 132



Super Natural



Ladies first recognized their natural-color shortages when they started pinching their cheeks and applying a paste made of crushed berries to their lips to produce, unnaturally, a supernatural effect. And they've been at it ever since. A whole industry has taken up the cause—its sole purpose—to produce the color additives deemed necessary to "make up" for nature's discrepancies. Today, products grouped under the generic name of makeup supply the means of perfecting your personal color scheme.

And the color improvements you make needn't stop at the hairline. New hair-coloring products can be relied on to produce the same superbly natural effects that makeup does. Within just the last year the home-hair-coloring industry has come up with brand-new products that do the job to perfection. Rinses and color lotions have been strengthened to produce special results—coloring just-gray hair, for instance, or shining gray hair with silver, reinforcing natural color, or changing hair color (two shades' worth). The color lasts from shampoo to shampoo or from four to six weeks, according to the properties of the product you choose.

Another category of products uses a developer to effect more permanent changes in your hair. The color they add fades only slightly, and you can choose a new shade that is either lighter (by two or three shades) or darker (by five or six shades) than your natural color. The developer, a special form of peroxide, acts simultaneously to lighten as well as to fuse the new color to your hair. This, in turn, makes possible a wider and more varied choice of colors from which you can choose to tint your hair. Best of all, the procedure has been made as simple as the instructions on a cake-mix box. One-two-three—and your hair is super natural.

By Bruce Clerke, Beauty Editor

Photograph by Richard Avedon



NORMAN KARLSON

Perfect little dinners from the White House

BY ELAINE WARD-HANNA

President and Mrs. Kennedy enjoy small dinner parties most of all. Whatever the size—or the occasion—Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy plans the menu personally. Each course (and there are never more than four) must be perfect.

The Kennedys prefer light, simply prepared meals: beef or lamb, broiled or roasted and served in its own juices; fresh green beans, not overcooked; a salad with Port du Salut or Brie cheese. The *Journal* is proud to present two White House menus. Each dish, whether traditionally French or American, is a culinary masterpiece.

Our recipes for nine White House favorites include: Crab Maryland in flakiest puff-pastry shells; leg of lamb, served juicy and pink with tiny French Lima beans (*flageolets*) carefully seasoned with tomato and garlic; a shimmering cool cucumber mousse tart of lemon; a spectacular Bombe Glacée Caribienne molded of coffee and chocolate ice cream; a fragrant Seafood Ile-de-France (chunks of lobster and crab in a classic sauce); duckling, crisp outside but tender under its orange glaze; a dark and doubly delicious chocolate mousse.

Like any other careful hostess, Mrs. Kennedy prefers to check the tables personally before guests arrive (Charles, the majordomo, is on hand to make the necessary adjustments). The tables, set for six to eight guests, are simple. Mrs. Kennedy likes the honesty and grace of garden flowers and uses small seasonal arrangements of them—pale yellow tulips, freesia, larkspur and daisies in spring, for example. Containers are often simple wicker baskets because, above all, Mrs. Kennedy likes loose, informal arrangements. Tablecloths are pastel, frequently the pale yellows and blues (with matching napkins) which complement the new White House look. Among the plates used at small dinners are the gold-and-green eagle-crested ones of the Truman pattern. Vermeil flatware, originally ordered by President Monroe in the early nineteenth century, is used along with duplicates made in recent years. Fine Morgantown crystal, bought from the West Virginia Glassware Guild, sparkles among vermeil nut bowls and candy dishes from the Biddle collection. Ashtrays, cigarette holders, individual cruets are gold. Place cards and small menus at each place add the finishing touch. On cool evenings, a fire may be kindled in the old fireplace, a fragrant and cheerful symbol of the hospitality extended to all who visit the White House.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

MENU I

SEAFOOD ILE-DE-FRANCE
ROAST DUCKLING A L'ORANGE
WILD RICE
FRENCH GREEN BEANS
GREEN SALAD
CHOCOLATE MOUSSE
DEMITASSE



CROSS SECTION OF Holiday PIES

So plump, so luscious, so perfect—we wish we could offer a slice of our holiday pies with every copy of the JOURNAL! We did the next best thing: cut into a cross-section of them (dishes and all) to show you how the strawberry-and-cream-cheese beauty (left) gleams with fruit and sweet juices; the fruit-and-rum Nesselrode rides high inside a walnut-and-Brazil-nut crust; the lime-green sparkler is crowned with pears. Try our towering cranberry baked Alaska, filled with ice cream topped with brandy-cranberry sauce—and the angel affair of crunchy meringue layered with lemony cream, then rosy apricot crescents. Don't count calories for the moment. We've five pies to go, traditional favorites with a new twist: mincemeat, pumpkin, chocolate-coconut piled high with rippling chocolate cream (even better with the scent of coffee we've added), a classic, golden Chess, a warm spicy apple with a streusel topping. In all, ten wonderful ways to spell PIE, and the synonym for each one is M-m-m!

by NANCY CRAWFORD WOOD
FOOD EDITOR



STRAWBERRY-CREAM-CHEESE PIE. (1) Prepare 1 (9") graham-cracker-crumb shell. Chill. (2) Blend 1 package (8-oz.) cream cheese with ¼ cup dairy sour cream. (3) Measure ½ cup and spread over the bottom of shell. (4) Wash, hull and crush 1 pint fresh strawberries. Sprinkle with ⅛ cup sugar. Let stand until very juicy. (5) Press gently in a sieve. (6) Measure juice and add water to make 1½ cups. (7) Mix in 3 tablespoons cornstarch and heat, stirring, until thick. Set aside to cool. (8) Wash and hull 2 pints fresh strawberries. (9) Pour a thin layer of sauce into shell. Add all prepared berr Top with sauce. Chill. (10) Add 1 tablespoon sugar, ¼ cup d sour cream and ⅛ teaspoon vanilla to the rest of the cream che Chill, and garnish pie. To use whole frozen strawberries: (1) 2 (10-oz.) containers. Thaw and measure 1½ cups syrup. (2) in ¼ cup cornstarch. (3) Heat, stirring, until sauce is thick. 5 minutes more. (4) Cool, fold in berries and syrup. (5) Mix ge Pour into prepared shell. Chill, and garnish.

CONTINUED ON PA



CROSS SECTION OF

Holiday PIES

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

HOLIDAY NESSELRODE PIE

r:
p ground Brazil
s
p ground walnuts
NG:
p finely diced
died fruits
lespoons slivered
died cherries
p light rum
elope unflavored
atin

or the crust, mix together the nuts and . Spread the butter or margarine over the m and sides of a 9″ pie plate. With the of a spoon, press in crumbs. Bake in a hot 400° F., 10 minutes or until crust is n. Chill well. (2) Place candied fruits and es in a small bowl and pour rum over. hem soak while you prepare the filling. often gelatin in the cold water. (4) Heat until hot in the top of a double boiler. ¼ cup sugar and the softened gelatin. ntil dissolved. (5) Beat egg yolks slightly; little of the hot cream into them, then stir y into the cream mixture in top of the e boiler. Cook over simmering water mixture is thickened and coats the back metal spoon. Pour into a bowl and chill thickened, stirring often. (6) Beat egg s until frothy. Gradually add remaining p sugar and continue beating until stiff are formed. (7) Fold into cooled custard with the fruits and rum. Mix well. Chill re a little longer, if needed, until it ds when dropped from a spoon. Stir (8) Spoon into chilled crust and garnish with additional candied fruits. Chill l hours before serving. 8 servings.

3 tablespoons sugar
1 tablespoon softened butter or margarine
¼ cup cold water
2 cups light cream
½ cup sugar
2 eggs, separated

PEAR PARFAIT PIE

:
or margarine
30 vanilla wafers

G:
(1-*lb.*-1-*oz.*)
r halves
kage (3-*oz.*)
e-flavored gelatin
espoons lemon
e

1 tablespoon green crème de menthe
1 cup heavy cream

rease a 9″ pie plate with softened butter rgarine. Arrange the cookies, flat side over the bottom and sides. Break a few es into pieces to fill in any spaces in the m shell. Chill. (2) Drain pear halves, uring 1 cup of the pear syrup. Put halves per towels to dry. (3) Heat pear syrup our over gelatin in a bowl. Stir until dis- d. Add lemon juice and crème de menthe. mixture until syrupy. (4) While gelatin is g, tint pear halves first with a little de menthe, then with green food color- hat has been mixed with a little water. hen gelatin mixture is thick and syrupy, with rotary beater until light. Fold in which has been beaten until thick and . (6) Chill until a spoonful mounds. eap filling into pie shell. Chill until firm. sh with pear halves by arranging them fashion on pie. 8 servings.

CRANBERRY BAKED-ALASKA PIE

dyfingers
s vanilla ice um
ups whole cran-y sauce to which have added ¼ brandy

3 egg whites
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
Pinch salt
¾ cup superfine sugar

ne a 9″ pie plate with the ladyfingers. To is, separate the halves and trim them so vill stand up around the edge of the plate. ge as many this way as you can, then cut the remainder into pieces and cover the bottom as completely as possible. Chill. (2) Have the ice cream slightly soft. (3) Turn into a bowl and swirl in the cranberry sauce. (Refrigerate if mixture is too soft.) (4) Turn into the pie shell and freeze firm. (5) When ready to serve, beat the egg whites frothy with the cream of tartar and salt. (6) Gradually add the sugar, beating until a stiff meringue is formed. (7) Cover the top of the pie with meringue, pulling up peaks with the back of a spoon. (8) Set in a very hot oven, 500° F., for about 5 minutes, or until meringue is tinged with brown. (9) Remove and serve at once with the following Brandy Cranberry Sauce. 8 servings.

BRANDY CRANBERRY SAUCE

1½ cups whole-cranberry sauce
¼ cup brandy
2 teaspoons cornstarch

(1) Mix the ingredients together, then heat and stir until thick and glossy. (2) Serve warm. Makes about 1¾ cups sauce.

APRICOT ANGEL PIE

2 egg whites
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ cup superfine sugar
½ teaspoon vanilla

(1) Beat the egg whites with the salt and cream of tartar until they are frothy. (2) Gradually add the sugar, beating constantly until a very stiff meringue is formed and the sugar is dissolved. (3) Stir in the vanilla. (4) Lightly grease and flour a 9″ pie plate, including the rim. (5) Spread the meringue across the bottom and up the sides of the plate—be sure that none goes on the rim. (6) Bake in a low oven, 275° F., for 1 hour and 5 minutes. (7) Cool at room temperature and fill.

LEMON FILLING:
¼ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 cup milk
2 egg yolks, slightly beaten
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
5 tablespoons lemon juice
¼ cup heavy cream, whipped
1 can (1-*lb.*-14-*oz.*) *peeled apricots*
¼ cup cherry jelly, garnish

(1) Mix the flour, salt and sugar together in a saucepan. (2) Stir the milk and egg yolks together and then gradually add to the dry ingredients. (3) Add the lemon rind and heat, stirring constantly until slightly thickened. (4) Add the lemon juice and cook until quite thick. (5) Remove from heat and cool to room temperature. (6) Add whipped cream and turn into meringue shell. (7) Chill. (8) Drain the apricots very well and separate them into halves. Arrange the halves on top of the custard filling. (9) Force the jelly through a very fine sieve and, just before serving, spoon over the top of the fruit. 8 servings.

APPLE STREUSEL PIE

1 unbaked 9″ pie shell
7 medium-sized tart apples
¼ cup seedless raisins
1 cup sugar
⅓ cup sifted flour
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
⅔ cup light cream
1 teaspoon cinnamon

(1) Pare, core and slice apples. Sprinkle with a little lemon juice to prevent darkening. (2) Soften raisins a few minutes in hot water. (3) Mix all but 2 tablespoons sugar with flour. Cut in butter or margarine until you have a fine "crumb" mixture. (4) Sprinkle half of crumb mixture in bottom of pie shell. Arrange apples and drained raisins on top. Over them sprinkle remaining crumb mixture. (5) Pour cream slowly over mixture. (6) Mix together remaining 2 tablespoons sugar and cinnamon. Sprinkle over pie. (7) Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., for 25 minutes. Lower heat to 375° F., and continue baking until apples are tender and juices are bubbling, about 20 minutes. 8 servings.

DOUBLE CHOCOLATE PIE SUPREME

CRUST:
2 squares unsweetened chocolate
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
2 tablespoons hot water
⅔ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
1½ cups flaked coconut

FILLING:
1 envelope unflavored gelatin
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1⅓ cups milk
2 teaspoons instant coffee
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
3 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon vanilla
3 tablespoons coffee or chocolate liqueur
Pinch cream of tartar
½ cup heavy cream

(1) For the piecrust, melt chocolate and butter or margarine in top of a double boiler. (2) Mix together hot water and sugar. Stir into the chocolate mixture. Add coconut and mix well. (3) Grease a 9″ pie plate and press mixture along sides and bottom. Chill until hard. (4) For the filling, mix gelatin, ½ cup sugar, salt, milk and coffee together in the top of a double boiler. Add chocolate and cook over boiling water until chocolate and gelatin are melted. (5) Remove from heat and stir until mixture is blended. (6) Beat egg yolks slightly. Quickly stir in the hot chocolate mixture. Return mixture to top of double boiler and cook until mixture thickens, about 5 minutes. (7) Pour into bowl, add vanilla and liqueur. Chill until mixture begins to jell and will mound slightly. (8) Beat egg whites with cream of tartar until frothy. Add remaining sugar, a little at a time, and continue beating until stiff. Fold into chocolate mixture. (9) Whip cream until thick and glossy and fold in also. (10) Chill mixture another half hour or so until quite thick, but not set. (11) Spoon into pie shell, heaping it in the middle. (12) Garnish with additional whipped cream if desired. 8–10 servings.

BRANDIED MINCE PIE WITH FLUFFY HARD SAUCE

Pastry for a 2-crust 9″ pie
⅓ cup finely chopped walnuts
2 cups prepared mincemeat
½ cup orange marmalade
1 cup peeled, diced apple
2 tablespoons brandy
2 tablespoons flour

(1) Prepare pastry according to your favorite recipe. (Add the walnuts after blending flour and shortening.) Proceed as usual. Roll out half the dough and line a 9″ pie plate. Reserve remaining dough for later use. (2) Mix together mincemeat, marmalade, apple and brandy. Sprinkle flour over all and stir well. (3) Pour into pie shell. Roll remaining pastry out and cut with small decorative cookie cutter. Arrange on surface of pie. If you like, brush pastry cutouts and edging with egg beaten with a little water. (4) Bake in a hot oven, 425° F., 35 to 40 minutes until crust is golden and filling has bubbled around the edges. Serve warm with Fluffy Hard Sauce. 8 servings.

FLUFFY HARD SAUCE

½ cup butter or margarine
1½ cups confectioners' sugar
2–3 tablespoons brandy

(1) Beat butter or margarine with an electric mixer or rotary beater until soft and fluffy. (2) Add sugar, a little at a time, and continue beating until thick and glossy. (3) Stir in brandy. Serve with Mincemeat Pie or Apple Streusel Pie. Makes about 1½ cups sauce. (4) Keep sauce at room temperature for a soft, fluffy one, or refrigerate for a "hard" sauce.

SPICY PUMPKIN PIE IN SESAME CRUST

Pastry for a 1-crust 9″ pie
½ cup toasted sesame seeds
2 cups canned pumpkin
¼ cup maple syrup
2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 cup evaporated milk
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
½ cup dark brown sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1½ teaspoons cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
¼ teaspoon ginger
⅛ teaspoon powdered cloves
whipped cream, garnish

(1) Prepare pastry according to your favorite recipe. (Add the sesame seeds along with the flour.) Proceed as usual and line a 9″ pie plate. (2) Mix together pumpkin, syrup, eggs and ½ cup evaporated milk. (3) Heat the remaining ½ cup milk and stir in butter or margarine. Add to pumpkin along with sugar and spices, mixing well. (4) Pour into pie shell and bake for 15 minutes in a hot oven, 425° F. Lower heat to moderate, 350° F., and continue baking until filling is set, 40 to 50 minutes. (5) Serve cold, garnished with fluffs of whipped cream that has been sweetened with a little maple syrup. 8 servings.

CHESS PIE

1 unbaked 8″ pie shell
2 eggs, well beaten
½ cup butter or margarine, melted
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup light brown sugar
¼ cup broken walnuts
¼ cup broken pecans

(1) Mix all ingredients together. (2) Pour into pie shell. (3) Bake in a moderate oven, 375° F., for about 35 minutes. 8 servings.

Just the right crust . . .
for the extra-special pie!

Try our melt-in-the-mouth chocolate tart shells (they're really candy!), our cookie crust and crunchy crust of rolled oats. We've also a spicy pie shell and a poundcake one that's laced with rum—all so easy to make you'll want to again and again.

Fluted Chocolate Cups: Melt 1 package (6-oz.) of the new glazed chocolate bits. Coat the insides of small cupcake liners as evenly as possible and set in a cool place. When ready to serve, pull off the papers and fill with tiny scoops of assorted ice creams. This recipe will make 6 medium-size shells.

Rich Cookie Crust: Measure ⅓ cup prepared sugar-cookie dough and work into it 2 tablespoons flour. Chill and then roll to fit a 9″ pie plate. Shape and cut off at the edge. This dough is so rich that it will not make an edge. Prick with a fork and bake about 8 minutes or until rim is golden, in a hot oven, 400° F. A marvelous shell for chiffon, cream, fruit and gelatin fillings.

Spicy Pastry: Add 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 1 teaspoon nutmeg with the flour in your favorite pastry recipe for a two-crust pie. You will love this shell with a warm apple or clingpeach filling.

Golden Flaky Oatmeal Crust: Before rolling out your pastry, sprinkle the board with about ¼ cup quick-cooking rolled oats. This is a marvelous change for fruit pies and can be used with either your favorite pastry recipe or your favorite mix.

Rum-Cake Shell: Make a poundcake from a mix—or buy one already baked. Slice quite thin and line a 9″ pie plate completely. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons rum, cover with saran and chill for several hours before filling with lemon-flavored pie filling. END



1. Brown 4 pork chops on both sides



2. Top with 1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup*



3. Bake 45 minutes or till tender

New way to tender, tasty chops: *Campbell's Soup*



Creamy Baked Chops

Savory pork chops cooked to tender goodness in Campbell's Soup!

4 pork chops (about 1 pound)
1 can Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup*
¼ to ⅓ cup water

In skillet, brown chops on both sides. (Use oven-proof skillet for entire procedure—or transfer to casserole for baking.) Pour off drippings. Stir in soup and water. Cover; bake at 350°F. for 45 minutes or until tender. 4 servings.

Top of range. After adding water, cover; cook over low heat about 45 min. Stir now and then.

*Or Cream of Vegetable, Cream of Mushroom, or Tomato Soup.

THE BOY IN THE POOL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

Mr. Perry was leaning over the foot locker. He looked up at his son. "You got the key to this thing?"

Robinson reached in his pocket for it.

"Keep it," his father said. "You can unpack after we've gone. I just wanted to be sure you had it. We'd better go on down and see where we can store your skis. You ready?"

Robinson started out the door and noticed the nameplate, a white card lettered in black and stuck up over the brass number on the door. "Hey, look," he said. "Roger Carmichael. He must be my roommate."

Mrs. Perry crossed the room. "Roger Carmichael," she said. "Don't we know some Carmichaels from somewhere?"

They had to wait their turn to speak to Mr. Forrest, but it gave Mrs. Perry a chance to look around the small parlor. Flowered chintz draperies hung at the windows, and there were several quite good prints hanging on the walls. It was suitably cheerful and she could imagine the boys meeting in here with Mr. Forrest for house councils or prayers or whatever they did meet for.

She tried not to eavesdrop, but she liked Mr. Forrest's tone of voice. He was a younger man than she expected, not yet thirty, and he had a boyishness about him that made him seem younger than he was. But his voice was firm and positive, and she felt that if anyone could get through to Robinson it would be a young man who was basically friendly and reassuring.

"Well," Avery Forrest said, turning to the Perrys, shaking hands with Mr. Perry and Robinson, "welcome. How was your trip?"

They said that it was fine, and they commented on the heat, and then they discussed the room, and a number of things about Harrison that had not been covered in the catalog.

Mrs. Perry grew noticeably impatient. She was not even remotely interested in the new gym or the personnel. She realized that in another ten minutes she would have to say good-bye to her son, and it seemed to her that there must still be some terribly important things to discuss.

"We noticed the card on the door," she said, "and I can't help but feel we know some Carmichaels. Where is Roger from?"

"I think you probably have Eva Carmichael in mind. Roger is her son."

"Oh," Mrs. Perry said, "of course. No wonder the name is familiar. We saw her the last time we were in New York. She is a marvelous actress."

"Her?" Mr. Perry said, his eyebrows going up. "That will be something to tell."

"How old is Roger?"

"He's almost fifteen," Mr. Forrest said.

"You'd never dream she had a boy that age," Mrs. Perry said vaguely. "Is this his first year too?"

"No, he was here last year. He's a very nice boy." Mr. Forrest looked around the room as if he expected Roger to materialize, and then he said, "I wish he were here; I'd like to have you meet him."

"Well, we'd better get going," Mr. Perry said. He reached over and put his hand on Robinson's shoulder. "Well, son, you going to be all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"If we've forgotten anything," Mrs. Perry said, "just let us know; and please write, darling. We'll be so anxious to hear."

"I will."

Robinson wished they'd go. He wanted to get back upstairs to his room. He went with his father to the door, stood while Mr. Perry shook hands again with Mr. Forrest. His mother came up and took his arm, and they walked together out to the car. He wished she'd take her arm away from his, and he was afraid he was going to cry.

"Robinson," his mother said anxiously. "Promise me if you don't feel well you'll report to Mr. Forrest. That's what he's there for."

"OK," Robinson said.

He watched them get into the car. Then he shoved his hands into his pockets, grinned at them until the car started to move, and finally he turned and went back inside, headed for the stairs and, bolting into his room, slammed the door and fell face down on the bed.

Harriet Ellison stood at the kitchen sink scrubbing bottles. Dave was spending the morning at the Administration Building greeting the parents of new students. She expected him in for lunch, but he would be having dinner in the dining hall with the students and from there he would go over to the chapel for vespers. She didn't mind that or any of the other things he had to take time for. The position of chaplain was, she imagined, not half as demanding as its counterpart in the average community, but sometimes, when she was feeling particularly frustrated with the role she played as young campus wife, she wished Dave did have a church that was crammed with folksy problems. She could see herself bustling around the parsonage kitchen, baking cookies for Sunday-school parties, and perking coffee for friendly neighborly chats with his parishioners.

She rinsed the bottles and turned them upside down in the sterilizer. Then she lifted the breakfast dishes into her sink of suds and began to wash them. It was a bright, hot morning, and as she stood there scrubbing the egg off the breakfast plates she watched the cars that moved slowly within her line of vision. It was a big day for the boys. Tomorrow the old students would arrive, but today the new boys were allowed to feel excitement and homesickness without the withering condescension of the older boys. It was a funny thing to Harriet to realize how few years separated her from the students. She felt years older, and removed by miles of diapers, and bottles, and all the petty complaints of keeping house in the wrong place.

Sometimes, when she was in a muddy frame of mind, she would let her thinking run along in the current popular vein. *No wonder I am a bundle of nerves*, she would think. *Here I am, confined to a tiny apartment in a boys' dormitory with a toddler and an infant, and no help, and no money, and nobody much my own age to visit with. All Dave does is work on his master's, and go over to the chapel to huddle with boys who are adolescent and maladjusted, and he treats me with the same loving-kindness he offers them, and he won't do anything about getting us out of this apartment and into a house.*

She wished they could live in a house that looked like a house. The high, square rooms looked, no matter what she did to the windows and walls, institutional. There were only two closets, one in the bedroom and the other right beside the living-room door. Both were small, the depth of a coat hanger, with one shelf above the clothes rack. The space above this shelf extended to the ceiling and one time, when Harriet was furious with the lack of storage, she took the flashlight and dragged Dave across the room to look up in the closet.

"There," she cried, "look. There's more space up there than there is down here. I think they planned these closets for people with pet giraffes."

"I believe you're right," he said. "Not very sensible in this climate."

The only thing that was any consolation to her was the piano, squeezed into a corner. Debbie played under it, and no matter how she tried to keep the top polished and free of things, it was nearly always littered with mail and books. But there it sat, and during the winter months when the apartment walls toppled in on her, and the long afternoons closed over her with their wintry grayness, played. Then the awful itchiness that she and the oppressive tiredness, would slip aw

She finished the dishes, took a bottle ou the refrigerator and headed for the bedro Then she picked up the baby and set the t tle in the warmer, and forgot about ev thing—the students, the apartment, her f trations and resolutions—because the b began to squirm the minute she put him d to change him. She reached around fo diaper and the can of powder, and turn back, she discovered him on his stomach. beautiful feeling of golden happiness s through her.

"Oh, my gosh," she said, "look at y You've turned over."

Dave met the Perrys just as they were le ing. They had already deposited their son were stopping now to settle their account. Perry introduced himself and shook ha and then proceeded to the cashier's offi while Mrs. Perry stood, looking uneasily the hill in the direction of the Cloisters.

Although he had not yet met Robins Dave said, "Don't worry about him."

Mrs. Perry turned quickly. "Oh, I'm no

"Has he been away from home befo Maybe to camp?"

"No," she said. "He never wanted to."

"He'll get along all right," Dave sa "Did you meet Mr. Forrest?"

She nodded. "He seemed very pleasa Robinson is shy," she said. "He's a go student, but his father felt ——"

At that moment Mr. Perry appeared. "Wel he said, "shall we be shoving off?"

They turned toward the parking lot, a Dave went on down the walk with them. M Perry's uneasiness leaped out at him, and began to talk reassuringly about the progra for new students.

"His roommate is Roger Carmichael," M Perry said. "Mr. Forrest said he was an c student. I thought they put only new studer in the Cloisters."

"They probably kept him there to keep eye on him," Mr. Perry said. "He may hard to handle."

Mrs. Perry glanced unhappily at Dave. hope he isn't a problem," she said. "I'd hop Robinson would get a roommate who was i terested in the same things he ——"

"Now that's just what we don't want," M Perry interrupted. "What he needs is someo who will shake him up a little, teach him stand on his own two feet. I think ——"

"Well, you must know Roger," Mrs. Per said to Dave. "What kind of boy is he?"

"He's a good boy," Dave said. He thoug about Roger Carmichael and tried to reassu the Perrys. "He's a very outgoing boy," Da said. "I expect if your son is somewhat reti ing, Roger will be a good influence."

He helped Mrs. Perry into the car, and they drove away he noticed that she was st gazing toward the Cloisters. Dave wasn't pa ticularly happy over their son's roommate a signment. He had reassured them because felt it was the thing to do, but he decided talk to Avery about it. The Carmichael bo ought to have been put in a single. He wasn a menace, but it was unlikely that he woul have any kind of influence on a shy, studiou boy other than disastrous.

Dave looked at his watch and headed bac into the Administration Building. He wante to check over the chapel schedule for th weekend with the headmaster. Although hi interviews with Dr. Dwire did not always ru as smoothly as he might have wished, he fel a grudging admiration for the older mar There was no doubt about it, John Dwire wa a first-rate public-relations man.

"Founder's Day confronts us," Dr. Dwir repeated, drumming his fingers on the top o his desk, "and after a good bit of thought i seemed to me that possibly it would be fittin to instigate a tradition of a chaplain's address How do you feel about it?"

As in all conferences with the headmaster Dave knew the matter was decided, and th question, "How do you feel about it?" a mer formality.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

THE GRAIN OF THE SUN

By J. PHOENICE

I read it again, your letter, gleaning
The last gold grain of the wheat of meaning,
Casting the chaff of the words away;
And the gold of the grain and the gleam lay
Firm and bright in the hand of the day.

This is the sun that the heart's word knows:
A strong concern and the shade it throws;
A warm delight that unseals delight;
Painting the colors of color bright,
Lifting the houses in winged white flight.

CONTROLS COUGHS

DUE TO COLDS -UP TO 6 FULL HOURS

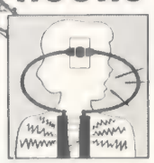
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CONTROLS COUGH UP TO 6 FULL HOURS

NOW! Contains SUPRESSIN

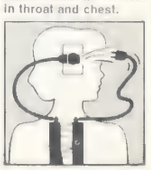


Special formula with Supressin "breaks circuit" that causes cough*



Coughing impulses are transmitted from the brain to cough nerves in throat and chest.

Proved fully as effective as codeine! Yet safe, non-narcotic. St. Joseph Cough Syrup For Children with Supressin acts through blood stream to block cough impulses . . . stop coughing *in a way not possible by means of ordinary cough syrups!*

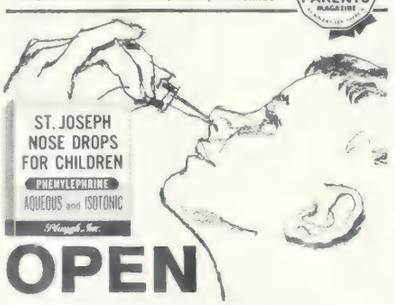


St. Joseph Cough Syrup For Children "breaks the circuit"—thus controls needless coughing.

Soothes throat, helps dislodge phlegm. Helps clear breathing passages so child gets needed sleep to speed recovery. (In slightly larger doses, gives *you* the same grand relief). Children prefer cherry-tasting St. Joseph Cough Syrup For Children.

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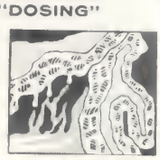
*Plough's brand of d-Methorphan Hydrobromide



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OPEN NOSE AND SINUS WITHOUT INTERNAL "DOSING"

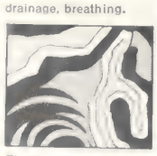
Frees breathing with decongestant widely prescribed by doctors



Swollen, irritated nasal sinus tissues impede drainage, breathing.

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These marvelous Drops open stuffy nose, check sniffles and sneezes almost *instantly.* Your child breathes freer. Irritated nasal membranes are soothed for hours.



These nose drops for children *soothe* and *shrink* membranes . . . open up nasal passages in a jiffy.

These specialized Drops contain no oil—no sting. They are pleasant to use—and *remarkably effective.*

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Let your fingers do the walking! Take the hopping out of shopping! Without taking a single step, you'll find the exact product or service you want when you... **shop the Yellow Pages way!**

Yellow Pages

TINUED FROM PAGE 88

ll see what I can do," he said.
ine." Dr. Dwire beamed at him, con-
ng the interview. "How's Harriet?" he
l. "When did the latest arrive? Last of
wasn't it?"
was." Dave said. "Harriet's fine, the
is fine, we're all fine, but we're crowded."
know it. That apartment wasn't designed
family. I hope we can do something
t it before very much longer."
ou don't hope so any more than I do."
e men laughed pleasantly. There was
ng to discuss.

tled in his study, Dave found himself
ing more about Dr. Dwire's request for a
der's Day address. Founder's Day came
e end of September, an occasion that was
ipated by the students because it offered
attractions. The afternoon brought the
r-Senior football game, the most uncon-
d scrimmage of the season. Next came
anquet, which was generally a turkey
r with double desserts, and had come to
own as the only decent meal of the year.
ly at seven-thirty in the evening there
he chapel service and the address that
emorated the event.
ere was a bust of William Ezra Flagg,
der, in the vestibule of the chapel, a por-
of him in the entryway of the recitation
and also in the library. The students
his face with its broad, flat forehead and
, pointed beard, and they were made to
ome respect for the man whose dream
education was for all men who had the
ge and desire to seek it had made Harri-
reality. But in the four years that Dave
been chaplain of the Harrison School he
found the Founder's Day exercises par-
rly meaningless.
had on several occasions had an oppor-
y to learn about the school from Ryan
a man who had been on the scene al-
from its inception. Mr. Hall, who was
retired and served part time as superin-
nt of the gymnasium, had come to Harri-
n 1905 as a student. He had returned in
as a member of the staff, and he had
d the school as superintendent of prop-
until his retirement in 1959. Talking with
Hall had made it possible for Dave to
lize the Harrison School when it had
nothing more than an old farmhouse
small recitation building. He could pic-
the first student arriving with a box of
gings thumping behind him on the
ls of a wagon.
is was the student Harrison had been
ded for—the boy who knew that he was
, untrained and uncouth and desired
such intense passion to change and bet-
mself that, swallowing pride, and some-
with nothing more than his strong
s and native intelligence, he would arrive
rrison, present himself to Mr. Flagg and
unce his determination to come to
l.
day's student arrived by plane or station
n, accompanied by a trunk and several
rain leather bags, at least one solicitous
t and a wad of money. He was anywhere
thirteen to seventeen years old, fuzzy on
pper lip, glowing with summer tan, forti-
by vitamins, and bearing a clean bill of
h. He had passed at least one selective ex-
ation, had been interviewed by the direc-
f admissions and two alumni, and his
ts had paid over half the staggering
nt of $2450 which represented tuition,
d and room, athletic fees, laundry, books,
"other costs exclusive of the student's
ling money."

ve knew all these things and he thought
particularly on Founder's Day, there
good reason to make the students aware
heir presence at Harrison was not a sen-
inflicted on them by unreasonable par-
but an opportunity that could be used to
llest only if they were willing to see it as
portunity. He brooded on the boys' in-
ence, on their oblique smugness, their
usness, their lack of enthusiasm. Taken
they were, for the most part, nice boys.
up they lacked spirit.

Having arrived at this point Dave made a few notes, pulled out a manila file and marked it "Founder's Day." It was ironical that Dr. Dwire had asked him to prepare that particular address because the more he thought about it, the more it seemed to him that the things he might want to say could be taken as a direct cut at the headmaster and his policies. The two of them had never felt any real antipathy for each other, but there was a warmth lacking in their relationship. It was as if for John Dwire there was only one thing—the school. For Dave it was—the boy.

Halsie Dwire had waked up early that morning. She looked at the clock. It was not yet seven. At once a feeling of tiredness came over her. It was too early. It was going to be a bad day anyway with new students and their parents swarming over the campus all day, and the faculty reception in the evening. She had a hundred things to do, and she would get them all done. She always did. The house

LETTER LEFT IN A TYPEWRITER

By MICHAEL DRURY

Dear Sir:
Yours of the fifteenth date received.
I grieved.
Is that what you hoped I would do?
I knew
from the touch of the envelope
that hope
was dead, and I should never trace
your face
again in wonder on my breast.
Request
you do not speak of me—to her,
dear sir,
my own dear sir. As for my part,
my heart
is still. I shall not leave my job
nor rob
your office peace. I still must eat
and meet
my rent and other things, and pay
my way.
I won't do anything unruly.
Yours very truly.

would be ready to receive the alumni John might bring in for lunch. She had a list of the new faculty members to whom she would be gracious and charming, and she would be on the alert for any parents who might stray in.

There was no use trying to sleep. She looked at her husband's bed, empty, rumpled, and admitted the source of her wretchedness.

She put it in brutal terms to herself, although she could not have voiced the feeling to her husband or a doctor. She wanted someone to make love to her. She was not immoral, and she was not an animal, but she wanted to be loved—not used, but loved. She sat there in her gown, and she stared at the empty bed and she thought about her husband and their relationship, or lack of it, and she knew that she was withering inside, losing warmth.

She was an intelligent woman. She had not expected the rapture of their first years to remain. She had even passed through the period of blaming her barrenness, or his, for the emptiness she now felt. But she knew that whatever bond they might have had was missing because, failing in their love for each other, they had failed, also, to find something they could love together. Now it seemed to her that their life had become worse than stale, worse than bitter, because they accepted it. They were united for one purpose only, to further the career of John Dwire.

She rose and went into her own dressing room, and by the time she reached the dining room the mood had passed. She could hear her husband at the phone, and after a moment he joined her at the dining table. He bent and kissed her, sat down and picked up the paper, putting it down only when Mrs. Whitaker brought his eggs. He had the same breakfast every morning: grapefruit, two poached eggs and black coffee. The eggs were never quite right, and he always approached them with the same small groan of reproach. Halsie no longer asked, "What's wrong, dear?" She simply heard his sigh and the day was off to its normal start. But it was sad. His eggs were so important to him, so much more important apparently than she was.

"Are you all set for tonight?" he asked.

"I think so. I assume you had Doris send the invitations."

He nodded.

"How about the staff? Mrs. Hill gave me a baleful look the last time I passed the switchboard."

He reached for the coffeepot and said, "The staff is not invited."

"Why not?" she asked.

"This should be a faculty reception," he said. "We'll entertain the staff on Founder's Day."

"We've always had the staff."

"I know we have, and the party has always been unwieldy."

"I've never thought so."

He wiped his mouth on his napkin and rose. "Don't worry about it. It will work out."

She watched him leave, heard him in his study, and then the sound of his car in back. She poured herself another cup of coffee and thought that she didn't care if they entertained the staff or not. She didn't want to think any more. She wanted to touch. She wanted to close her hands on something that was alive. She wanted to care.

September 29. When school had been in session for two weeks the weather was still unseasonably hot and dry. Only the early mornings were pleasant, with fog rising from the river, and later the sun burning through the mist. Ryan Hall was one of the few who rose to appreciate the sunrise. He was up early and he made his rounds before breakfast. On Friday, the 29th of September, he had unlocked the back door of the gymnasium and passed through the locker rooms before he sensed that anything was amiss.

By the time he reached the pool he was primed for trouble, and when he turned on the lights and discovered the body it was with a feeling of sadness more than shock. The boy was floating face down at the shallow end of the pool. Ryan went down the ladder, retrieved the body and determined that he must have been dead for quite a long time. There was a small gash on his forehead, but if he had bled a lot there was no evidence of it, diluted as it was by thousands of gallons of water.

Ryan covered the body with some towels from the locker room, made sure that the pool was locked, and left the gym.

Ryan went directly to the headmaster's home. He heard a stirring inside and assumed that it was Mrs. Whitaker, who kept house for the Dwires, and in a moment she opened the door a crack.

"'Morning, Mr. Hall."

"I've got to see Dr. Dwire," he said.

John Dwire, wearing a robe, his gray hair combed, his face alert, entered the library where Ryan Hall was waiting.

"Well, Ryan, what's so urgent?"

"I've just been down to the gym. I found a boy in the pool."

"Drowned?"

Ryan nodded. "I couldn't be sure, but I'd say he had been in the water over six hours."

"Who is it?"

"The Carmichael boy."

John Dwire crossed to his desk, took up a cigarette and the telephone. "Have you called the doctor?"

"I came right here."

The headmaster dialed a number. "Mary," he said, "let me speak to Paul." In a moment he said, "Paul, I want you to meet me at the gym right away. A boy's been drowned. . . . That's right. . . . I don't know. In about five minutes," he said.

John Dwire went back upstairs. He flung open his wardrobe door, making a considerable amount of noise, and Halsie, who had been drowsing, lifted her head. *It would take an earthquake to change his routine,* she thought. *What now?* She sat up in bed.

"What's the matter?"

"There's been an accident."

He went into the bathroom, shutting the door, and she tried to think what kind of accident would produce this much reaction. Mrs. Whitaker had said Mr. Hall was there and she supposed one of the workmen was hurt. She heard the sound of water running and then abruptly the door opened, and he sat down on the edge of the bed and began to pull on his socks and shoes.

"Is something wrong?"

He didn't look up, but turned to the top of his bureau and picked up his car keys. "A boy was drowned in the pool last night."

"Oh, no!" she cried.

"Go back to sleep," he said.

She could hear him on the stairs and then his voice and Mr. Hall's, diminishing as they passed through the house. *What a horrible thing,* she thought. She sank back in bed. She wondered which boy, whose boy. What woman was lying in bed right now, her world intact, her breathing even, her body relaxed, feeling no pain at all, not yet?

Halsie pushed back the covers and started into the bathroom. As she passed the window she saw John's car, followed by Ryan's, rolling down the drive.

The doctor's car pulled up beside theirs outside the gym and together the three of them entered the building. The warm, moist air smelled of chlorine.

Paul Davidson knelt over the boy, his hands going quickly over the body. He rose and shook his head. "When did you find him?" he asked.

"About twenty minutes ago," Ryan said.

"Roughly, I'd say he died about midnight last night. How did he get in?"

"He must have had a key," Ryan said.

"Who has the keys to this place?" Dr. Dwire said. "You do, and the Buildings Department, and I have a set of masters. Then there's only Doug and Avery. Any others?"

Ryan shook his head. He looked down at the body. In death the Carmichael boy looked almost fragile. Taken alive, the boy had been quite another animal. He would have been capable of getting a key to the pool.

"This is a hell of a situation," Dr. Dwire said. "I'll have to notify his parents. Get on the phone and call the Godwin Funeral Home, Ryan, and stay here until they come for the body."

Ryan left the pool and went into his office at the back of the building. He took up the phone and called the funeral home in Northridge, and then he returned to the pool. He could hear the water lapping at the sides of the pool. It was the largest pool in the northeast. The Howerton Gymnasium was, in fact, the largest, best equipped gymnasium of any preparatory school on the East Coast.

Ryan surveyed the area around the pool. When he had come that morning the padlocks were closed and the gate fast. Apparently before plunging into the pool, the boy had locked the gate behind him, in which case he must have secured the key on his person, or laid it in an accessible spot. Ryan had no intention of touching the body. If the key was in the boy's trunks, it would be returned to the school. But in the event it was lying on a ledge within reach of some other boy, Ryan decided to look around.

The pool was ninety feet long and sixty feet wide. At either end there was a marble floor, and along both sides a twelve-foot walkway. Ryan began at the gate and worked his way slowly up to the diving board at the deep end. He walked with his fingers on the ledge of the steel fence that surrounded the pool, and he kept his eyes on the floor. He saw a number of things that shouldn't have been there—a bobby pin, several wads of chewing gum, a burned match—but no key. Ryan searched carefully along the benches at the upper end, moving the flutter boards, but found nothing.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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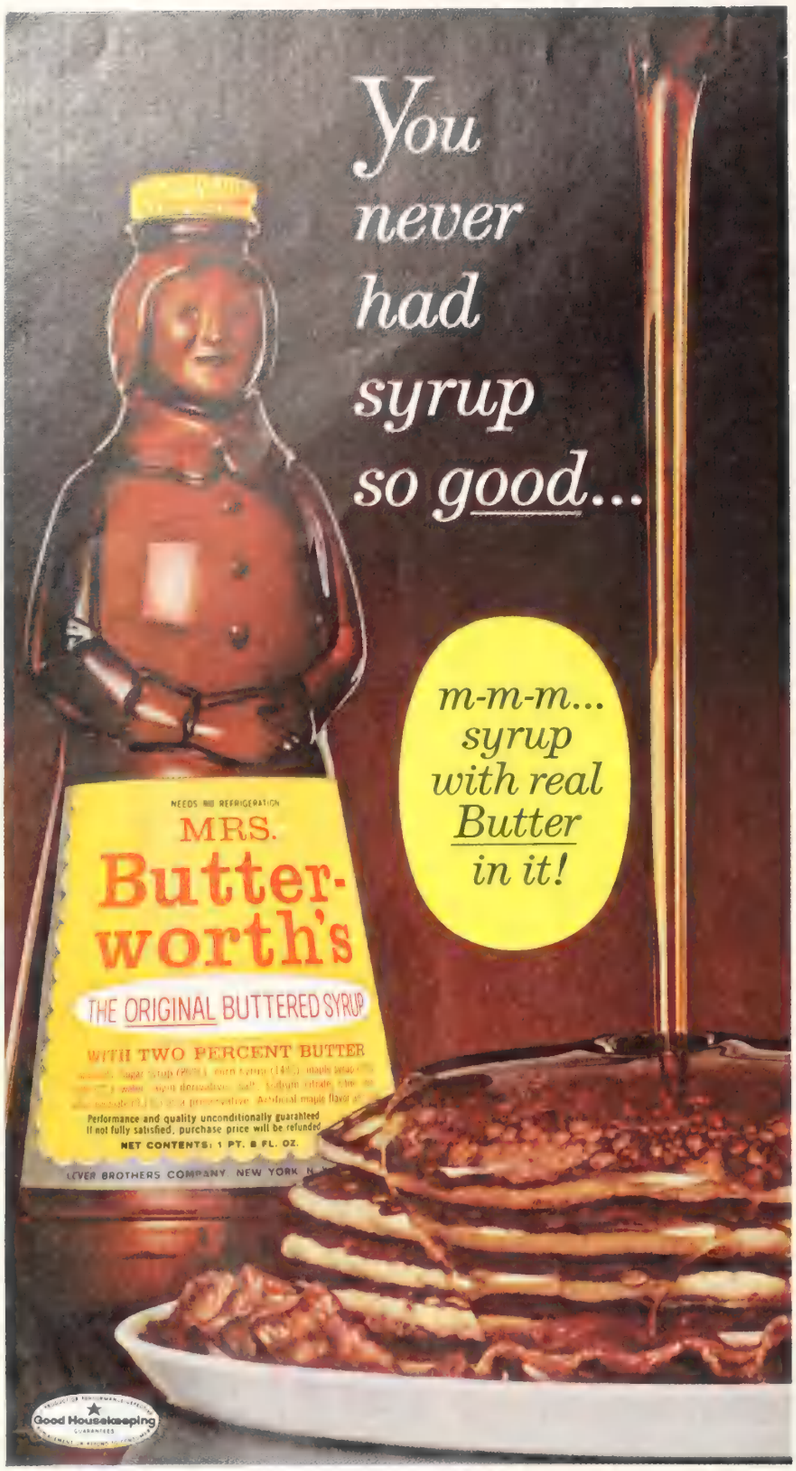
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

Turning, he went back to the shallow end of the pool. The water was clear, almost still, and he groped in behind the gutter that edged the top step. Still no luck, and he proceeded to the other side of the pool where a brass ladder governed the descent into the water. The sun fell on the top rung; it gleamed brightly, and his eyes were beginning to ache when he saw it. It had been placed on the flat tread of the first rung of the ladder. He bent to pick it up, noting that it was a new key and, like a newly minted coin, untarnished and unscratched. He turned it over in his hand, then he put it into his pocket. He wanted to think about that key for a little bit. Something about it didn't set right.

Avery Forrest had been master of the Cloisters for a year. He liked the job. His apartment was situated in one of the inner cottages and with two student officers assigned to each of the three other houses he felt very much in control. Now and then a situation arose that grew touchy, but, as a rule, he found the younger boys tractable.

Avery taught Spanish and algebra and was the swimming coach. He had come to Harrison with a good recommendation, and a Harrison Foundation tie-in. He was likable because he was agreeable, and no one had ever pushed him beyond that point.

On that September morning, almost directly after the rising bell rang, there was a knock on Avery's door. Avery was already up, shaving with an electric shaver, and he unplugged it and went to the door.

There he found one of his student officers, and Robinson Perry. They were both in pajamas, rumpled and white-faced.

"What is it?"

"Roger's gone," Robinson said. His voice was a thin rasp of sound.

"Where is he?"

"He was in bed when I made the last bed check," the student officer said.

"Have you looked all through the house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Next door?"

"We've checked them all. Nobody's seen him."

"Get dressed," Avery said. "I'll find him."

He returned to his bedroom and began to dress. He had been out late the night before. He thought uneasily that he had had a good bit to drink, but at the time it had seemed the thing to do. Dr. Dwire seldom entertained the faculty in small groups, and Avery hadn't wanted to miss any of it. Now he felt an uneasiness that was rapidly turning into alarm. He pulled on his pants and shirt, grabbed a tie and some socks. Then he went into his office and looked at the student officer's report on the desk. He saw with a good deal of relief that the report stated, as he had thought, that all the boys were in bed for lights out.

He was tying his shoes when the phone rang. As he picked it up he had an instant feeling of dread, and in another minute he knew what had happened to Roger Carmichael.

Eva Carmichael was one of the night people, slow to wake in the morning, almost sluggish until around noon, and then, slowly, she began to blossom until around midnight she was going in high gear. Experience had taught her that this was no good for the weeks of rehearsing that came before the rising curtain, and she had trained herself to subdue her natural impulses, go to bed early, rise at dawn.

Her maid had awakened her at six-thirty, rapping on her door until she heard Eva groan and call out, "Go away. I'm not going to get up this morning." Then the maid had proceeded to the kitchen and plugged in the coffee, fetched the paper, and as soon as the coffee was perked headed back up the hall to Eva's room. This time she pushed open the door, pulled the draperies to the pale New York skyline, and set the coffee on the bedstand. Eva, her dark hair falling over her face, forced herself upright, flung her hand up to push back her hair, then out until she had a cigarette, and then her coffee. Finally she growled, "All right, Florence. I'm awake."

Florence left her and went into the bathroom to prepare the bath. This was a ritual and the first she had been taught in Eva's employ. The sunken oval tub was screened from the rest of the room by an ornate rococo lattice and Eva often received visitors when she was in the bath.

The one most apt to seek her out at the ungodly hour of seven in the morning was Max Arnold, her agent. On that morning in September he arrived early and settled down in the living room with the paper and a cup of coffee. The sky was hazy gray, but it looked as if it might burn through and become hot, an Indian-summer day. After a while Florence came and ushered him in to the bath. It was like entering a hothouse; and he glanced irritably at Eva's head, which was all he could see of her.

"Eva," he said, "of all the clients I have you're the nuttiest."

She tipped her head back and laughed. The lattice framed her face, her lovely slender neck, her heavy hair wound up and pinned on the top of her head. He knew how old she was, but she didn't look it. Her beauty was neither fresh nor ageless, but the perfection of ivory skin and dark eyes, fine bone structure and a mouth that smiled and beguiled.

"What's the matter with you?" she said. "Don't you like to get up in the morning?"

"I like to eat," he said. "How about meeting the gal from *Foremost* this week?"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I'm working," she said. "You know. We're doing a play. We're opening in five weeks. I work quite hard; of course I know it just looks like fun, but I am working."

"All right," he said, "you work like a slave, but let's share it with the world. You will get a spread in *Foremost* that you could use, so how about it?"

"Well, when? Don't make it for lunch."

"Teatime then?"

Just then the telephone rang. It rang loudly in the kitchen, but in the bath the instrument had been toned down to a small buzz. It buzzed like a bee hovering over a garden and she ignored it.

"Where was I?" she said. She leaned back, making no effort to wash. She never washed. She soaked. She slathered herself with body creams, pungent, expensive oils that vanished and left her feeling like velvet. Some men had had a chance at that smooth strip of fine material, but not in a long time, and never anyone seriously except Ralph Carmichael, from whom she had been divorced for seven years.

She lay there soaking when Florence entered the room, hands wound up in her apron.

"What's the matter?" Eva said.

"Dr. Dwire is on the phone," Florence said, "from the Harrison School."

"All right, I'll take it." Her hand stretched out for the phone. "Yes," she said, her voice perfectly modulated, the wonderful, Eva Carmichael voice. "What was that?" she said. "Yes, there's somebody with me. What is it?"

There was a silence during which time the knuckles of her hand grew white as the blood was squeezed out of them, then her voice broke in harshly, "For God's sake, what is it? Is he all right?"

Another silence. She murmured "Yes" two or three times, and then, slowly, she set the receiver down. She rose in the bath so that the water fell away from her shoulders and she seemed to have been sculptured of the same marble that covered the floor.

"What's the matter?" Matt said, standing up quickly and approaching the lattice.

She appeared to be quite deaf, and as she stood upright in the bath, soap masked her body with a glistening foam that slid slowly down over her ivory breasts and thighs, leaving her white and bloodless, like a figure in porcelain. She turned and stepped out of the tub, walked toward them, brushing against them as she passed, moving like a sleepwalker. They followed her into the bedroom where Florence pulled a robe out of the closet and Eva, obedient, allowed her to fasten it.

Matt came up behind her, touched her shoulders, and she turned slowly around.

"Has something happened to Roger?"

She nodded. "He's dead," she said softly.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95



This is a modern pancake. What makes it so old-fashioned?

A modern blend of five ingredients—all the most advanced ideas about what makes pancakes so old-fashioned good—have gone into the recipe for new Pillsbury Extra-Light Pancakes. There's a new idea in leavening that keeps the batter creamy-light so you get consistently light pancakes the whole batch through. There's a blend of three kinds of flour: soft winter wheat especially selected for pancakes; corn flour for mellow corn flavor and tenderness; rye flour to round the flavor. Plus corn sugar for a golden brown cr Next time you crave old-fashioned pancakes, try modern pancake mix. Pillsbury Extra-Light Pancak





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His arms went around her, but she flung herself away, shuddering at the contact. "Did you hear me?" she said. "He's dead."

"Go get some brandy," Matt snapped, and then as Florence left them he opened his arms to her again.

She shook her head and crossed the room to the window. Looking out, she saw a pigeon, blue gray against the sky. Just once it made a sound, a soft, reverberating sound, and Eva's hand shot out, closed on a bottle of perfume. She sent it crashing against the ledge, where it smashed, startling the pigeon so that it fell into space, and almost at once the fragrance of the perfume filled the room.

Shivering, she sank onto the floor, throwing her body against the foot of the chaise, burying her face in the brocade covering, unable to cry. Matt knelt beside her. He stroked her back. When Florence came in with the brandy he let her set it down and then he nodded to the door.

"Close it," he said.

Much later he poured two glasses of brandy. The silence in the room became almost unbearable.

"I've been such a rotten mother," she said.

"No, you haven't."

Eva shrugged. "I have."

"Was it an accident?"

She nodded.

"Accidents happen to kids who have good mothers," he said.

"It's a funny thing," she said vaguely. "They always ask me. Sooner or later they say, 'And how old is your son?'" She smiled and tears began to slide down her face again. "He would have been fifteen in the spring. And if I said that they'd raise their eyebrows and say, 'Well, you must have been about fifteen yourself when he was born?' But I wasn't. I was twenty-two, and right then I'm old, and they look at me with a funny look that puts me in a special bracket. I didn't want to look at their faces and tell them how old he was and see them adding it up."

Matt put his hand over hers and patted her.

"I always wanted him," she said, her voice a whispering, choking sound. "Only I didn't want him. He was a tie, and I didn't want to be tied. But when he was a little boy he used to come into bed with me, and sometimes he would lie there for hours, playing with something or other and I wouldn't wake up. But I'd know he was there. I never felt guilty at all. I never woke up and thought, 'You horrible mother, lying asleep when that was the only time you could have with him.' When I woke up he would smile at me and I'd smile at him, and chase him out so I could bathe and dress, and sometimes hardly see him at all. But I always thought, 'He's there and I can see him any time I want to.' Only now I can't."

She began to cry again, turning her head from him and weeping brokenheartedly.

"Look," Matt said gently, "what's to be done? Are you going up there?"

"I guess so."

"Do you want me to see what plane I can get?"

She shook her head. "The only field is fifty miles away. I might as well get on the train. What time is it?"

"Almost ten."

She went to her wardrobe and threw pulled out a suitcase and began to pa slowly she sank down on the bench dressing table and braced herself ag tabletop. He could see her trying t almost gasping for air, her shoulde and falling. She put her head down, her face in her hands, and then she lo met his glance in the mirror, tried to s

"Take it easy," he said. "There hurry."

She shook her head. "I want to ge and I don't want to talk to Floren see her face. I can't do it."

"I'll tell her."

"I've got to call Ralph," she started up almost in a panic and the telephone. She dialed for lo and she gave the number in Penns then she stood rigid, waiting.

Then, at last, he was there on the phone, his voice solid, friendly, reassuring.

"Hello," he said. "Is that you, Eva?"

"Yes, it's me." Suddenly tears poured from her eyes and she clamped both hands around the instrument. "Ralph?"

"What is it?" he said. "Is something wrong?"

She nodded her head. Her mouth worked and no sound came. She swallowed. "It's Roger," she said. "They called me about Roger. They called me this morning. They ——" She collapsed over the phone and Matt's hand shot out for it.

"Ralph? This is Matt. I'm here with Eva. I was here when they called."

"What has happened?" Ralph said. "What's the matter up there?"

"I'm terribly sorry," Matt said. "It's bad news. I wish there were some way to make it easier ——"

"What's wrong? What's happened?"

"There was an accident," Matt said. "I'm sorry. He's dead."

The silence flowed, a terrible thread of agony that seemed to reach from Morrisville, Pennsylvania, straight through to New York City.

At last Ralph said, "How?"

Matt turned to Eva. "How did it happen?" he asked.

"He drowned."

"He was drowned," Matt said.

There was another long silence, and then Ralph spoke again. "Is she going up there?"

"She's getting ready right now," Matt said.

"Tell her I'll meet her there."

"All right," Matt said. "I'll tell her."

"Is she all right?" Ralph asked.

"She'll be all right," Matt said.

Ralph Carmichael set the receiver down slowly and slumped forward in the chair beside the desk in his study. He always came into the study to take calls from Eva, and generally he closed the door. There was no telling what she would want, and no matter how he tried to control himself there had been times when his voice rose to a frustrated roar as she tried to discuss their son with him.

This morning he hadn't closed the door, and his wife Ellen, who had started for the kitchen, had been arrested by the tone of his voice and stood now in the doorway. He looked up at her. She was ten years younger than he was and she looked even younger than that. There was a beautiful cleanliness about her, even when she had been in the garden, or after a battle with muddy boots.

She took a slow step into the room. "Is anything wrong?" she asked.

Ralph nodded. Abruptly he stood up, crossed the room to the windows and opened them wide. He leaned forward against the windows and he tried not to think of his so at all.

"Roger's dead," he said. "They called this morning. He was drowned. I've up there."

He turned quickly and started feet clattered on the uncarp when he reached the landin baby. He'd been bathed Ellen had put him dow his morning nap. Th the yard and the ho

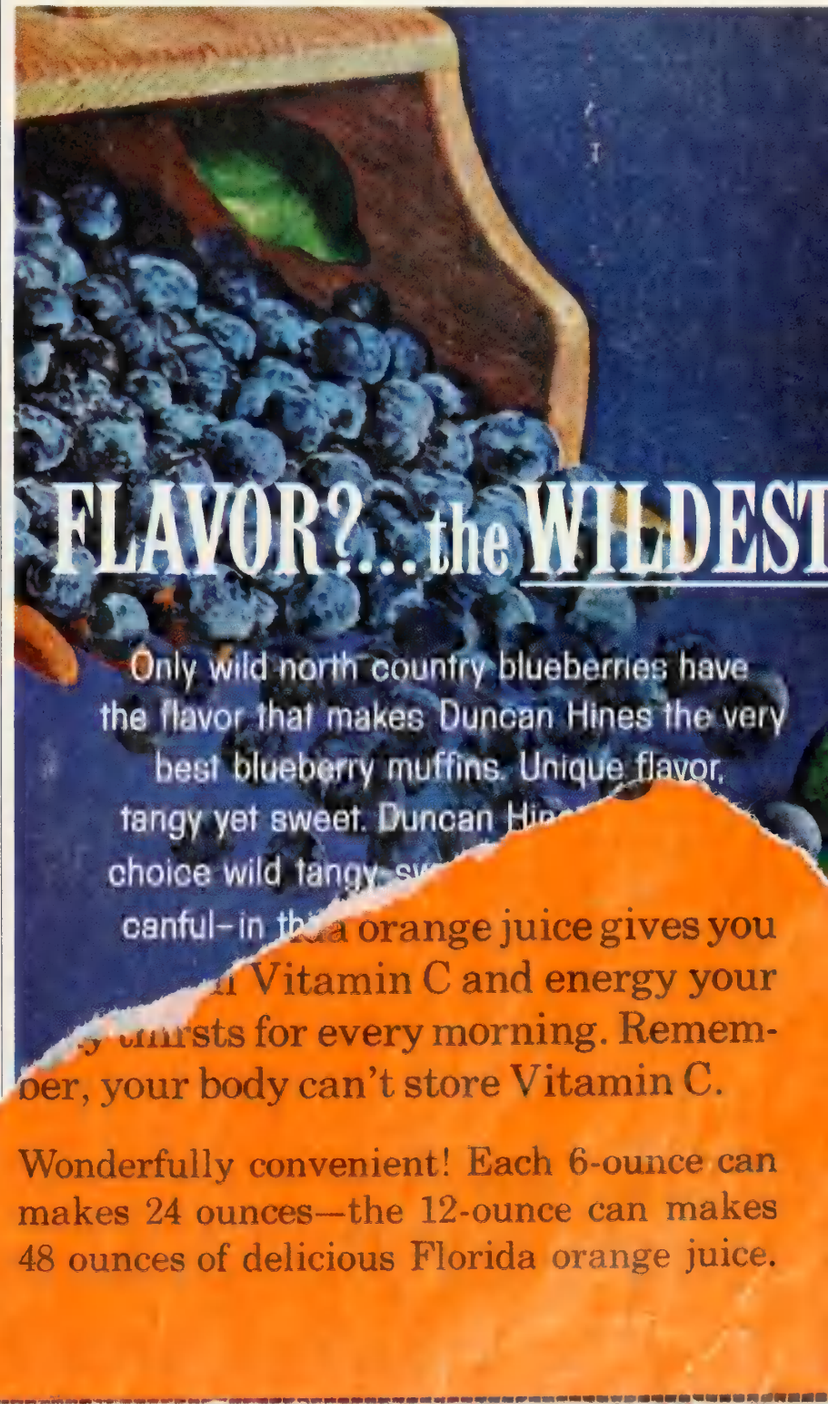
When he was finally on the train Ralph began to think about his son. He had never felt close to Roger. When he and Eva were still living together there was so much friction between them he had never had much of anything left over for his son. After he and Eva had separated he saw the boy only on weekends. Gradually that tapered off too. When they met they talked less easily, and about the warmest recollection he had was of the times they had sneaked out to eat spaghetti together.

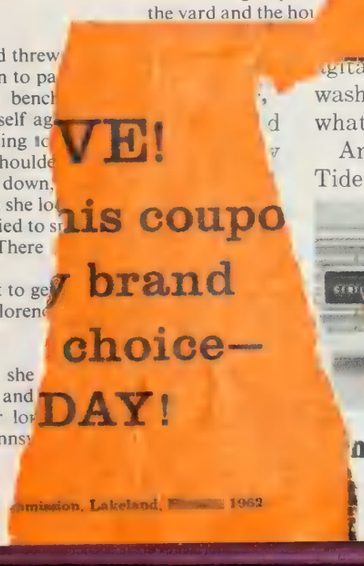
"That was some fun, wasn't it?" Ralph would say to Roger when the boy was having one of his rare visits in Morrisville.

"Yes, sir," Roger would say. "It sure was."

But it wasn't much to remember. Fourteen years of being a father and all he had left was the memory of a darkheaded boy sitting uneasily at a table, nodding, and saying politely, "Yes, sir, that was some fun."

Passing a newsstand in the terminal he had stopped for a paper, reached for a late edition





agitation and spin speed for any of your washables. No matter how soiled, no matter what fabric.

And no matter which cycle you select, Tide's hard-working suds give you the cleaning power needed to get out the last tough bit of dirt.

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nows your cleaning problems. Maytag starts you right by packing Tide

and, flipping it over to fold it, found a black subheadline: BOY DROWNS IN POOL. He hadn't needed to read it to know which boy and which pool, and he was surprised the school had let the news get to the papers so fast. He had folded that section of the paper to the inside, covering it like a bleeding wound, paid for it, and walked toward the gate. Now he opened the paper to the account of his son's death. The article didn't say much. They had only the one fact—a boy had drowned. When, how, under what circumstances were things unknown, but the reporter made a big thing of the fact that he was Eva's son.

Ralph folded the paper, leaned back and closed his eyes. He knew what he had ahead of him. Dr. Dwire and the trustees and the things they would say to him, expecting a controlled reaction. Eva. God only knew what condition she would be in. And, of course, the body. Where would they take the body?

He had a plot in Morrisville. It was a new cemetery, a hillside that caught the sunrise and overlooked the river. He could put his son there and go in peace to grieve. And suddenly, despite the anguish which he had under control, and the uneasiness he felt as he thought of Eva, and the fact that he would have to endure the sympathy of the school authorities, he felt only one thing. He wanted his son's body. Wanted to take him back to Pennsylvania. Wanted to bury him in Morrisville where life had been good, and where he had other children whose lives were going to be good, and productive, and controlled.

John Dwire drove around to the back of his house and swung into the garage. Cutting through the grass, which was still covered with dew, he entered at the back, brushed past Mrs. Whitaker, and passed through the kitchen and along the hallway to his study, and as he sat down at his desk he saw that she had followed him in.

"Yes?" he said.

"Don't you want your breakfast?"

"In a minute." Seated in his study he was hit by the full impact of the situation. He felt incapable of handling the matter because it was such a terrible thing for the boy and his parents, and it stirred feelings inside John that he did not know how to cope with. He had had very little contact with the students, at least when it came to things of a personal nature. His office was not a clearinghouse for the emotional problems of the boys; that was the job of each house counselor. All he could see clearly at this point was the effect this might have on the school and the trustees. He picked up the phone and called Dave Ellison. Glancing at his watch, he saw that it wasn't much after seven-thirty. What a day this was going to be.

"Dave, this is John Dwire."

"Good morning."

"There's been an accident," John said. "A boy was drowned in the pool last night. It couldn't have happened at a worse time, with the trustees coming in this afternoon and Founder's Day tomorrow. We're going to have to do the best we can to smooth things over."

"Who is the boy?"

"Roger Carmichael," John said. "I think I'd better make an announcement in chapel this morning, and I expect the boys will take it hard. I thought you might shorten the service so we can let them out early. Then there's another thing. A tragedy of this sort attracts a lot of attention; and coming right now, it will probably change the tone of your Founder's Day address."

"Will there be a service here?"

"I expect we'll have to leave that up to his parents. If they don't want a service here, we will certainly have a memorial service later on. If they want anything this weekend while the trustees are here, I hope you'll soft-pedal the ritual. You know what a stiff-backed old dog Warren Harrison is."

Dave's reaction to this was cool and Dr. Dwire hastened to smooth it over.

"That's all right, Dave. You know how to handle these things far better than I," he said. "There is one more thing. I'm calling a faculty meeting for nine-thirty this morning. Have you a class at that time?"

"No, sir."

"Good. I'll expect you in my office then."

One call completed, he thought, and pulled his tray across the desk. He poured himself a cup of coffee, drank part of it and lighted a cigarette. Then he lifted the phone again and dialed Douglas Newcomb, who was the director of athletics. One of the younger Newcomb children answered the phone and he sounded as if he had a mouthful of something. The receiver dropped with a crash that exploded in his ear.

"Daaadeee," he heard, "tellahphone."

John could hear all the background sounds of a family rising and getting ready for breakfast; a child cried, a dog barked. The noise came over the wire making a jangling medley that was, in some ways, nostalgic and reminded him of the things in life that he and Halsie were missing.

Doug's voice on the other end interrupted his thoughts, and he said, "This is John Dwire. Sorry to call so early, but we have had an accident at the gym."

"What's wrong?"

"A boy drowned in the pool last night. The Carmichael boy. Ryan found him when he was making his rounds."

"How did he get in?"

"I don't know. Where do you keep your key?"

"You know where. I sleep with it."

"I'm calling a meeting in my office at nine-thirty," John said, "and I want you there."

"Nine-thirty?"

"Right," John said. "And another thing. I think you'd better cut out the swimming for a while."

He hung up and made some more notes on his paper. *It's time somebody missed that boy*, he thought, and rang Avery's number.

"Avery, this is Dr. Dwire. I have some bad news about one of your boys."

"Is it Roger Carmichael?"

"That's right. He was found this morning in the pool. He was drowned."

There was a short silence and then Avery's voice, less resonant than usual, responded. "His roommate and the student officer were just here reporting. He was in his bed for final check last night."

"Yes. Well, you ought to tell those two what has happened. I'm going to make a general announcement in chapel, but there's no need to disrupt the morning for any more than that. By the way, you do have a key to the pool, don't you?"

"Yes, sir. I have it locked in the top drawer of my desk." Avery was much relieved to be able to say this. He had missed his key about ten days ago. He kept those that he seldom used loose in his desk and when he discovered the pool key missing he decided to get a ring and lock the whole set in the drawer. He intended to report the loss, but the key reappeared within twenty-four hours, sliding out from under the blotter where he assumed it had been all along. He asked, "Do you want me to turn it in?"

"Oh, no," John said. "I'm just trying to check them out."

He put the phone down. There was something in Avery's voice that disturbed him, a faint lightening in his tone when he mentioned the key.

He lifted the coffeepot, emptied it, and leaned back to think.

Time was escaping, and he knew he must phone the boy's parents at once. He called Eva Carmichael first, spoke briefly to her maid, and after a bit he heard Eva's voice.

"This is Dr. Dwire at the Harrison School," he said. The palms of his hands were clammy. The collar of his shirt seemed to be choking him. "I am very sorry to have to call you to report some bad news."

Halsie, who had been up for some time, finally caught John in his study.

"Everything all right?" he asked. "I've checked things with Mrs. Whitaker, and it all seems to be going well enough. I trust you've

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98



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O Day! to which the seas and sky,
And earth, and heav'n, glad welcome sing;
O Day! which heal'd our misery,
And brought on earth salvation's King."

A sixth-century carol, this. Forgotten almost. And what of Christmas itself? We sing to it, celebrate it. But have we forsaken its promise—of peace on earth . . . good will to men? Where is it? *When* is it?

That is our *issue*, this Christmas. In it, PEARL BUCK tells the touching story of a Chinese beggar child who appeared one cold Christmas Eve saying simply, "I am no one . . . I come from nowhere." Dressed in rags he was, but bearing peace, love, joy—gifts beyond price and each of ours to give . . . if we have not forgotten how.

Secretary of State DEAN RUSK discusses *The Questions of Peace on Earth. . . . Is* it possible? Perhaps only you can answer.

Our very special gift to you this Christmas: fiction from two of the world's master storytellers—ISAK DINESEN, who tells the mysterious *Secret of Rosenbad*, and RUMER GODDEN, who narrates the story of *Little Plum* (a forlorn Japanese doll who taught two little girls how to love). A child's story, this, but adults will adore it too. And from our Fiction Editor, JEAN FREEMAN, a Christmas poem for the whole family about a little girl who had but one request of Santa—a unicorn with flashing hooves and an appetite for cream.

There's more in our Christmas package: An amazing array of gifts from $10 down; some cost only your time and your talent. Decorating Editor CYNTHIA KELLOGG puts the holidays in their proper setting—the home—and Food Editor NANCY WOOD wishes you a Merry Christmas in her *Complete and Absolutely Perfect Holiday Cookbook* with plenty of new recipes for family *and* friends. CATHY DI MONTEZEMOLO shows *the* fashions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

arranged for the flowers and taken care of the help."

She nodded. Sometimes she felt that she and Mrs. Whitaker worked at cross purposes, possibly because John seemed to rely more on their housekeeper than he did on her.

"Do you think we ought to go ahead with the dinner?" she said.

"I don't see any reason why not."

"But what about the boy? How about his parents? Isn't there something we can do?"

He regarded her patiently. He was used to her anxieties. Halsie always wanted to touch the human side of things, an attitude that left him feeling stripped and helpless, and he said, "There's nothing we can do."

She turned toward the windows, offering him her back. "Are they coming up here?" she asked.

"Yes." He moved toward the door. "I'll have Doris make arrangements for their rooms at the lodge, and the funeral home has the body. There's nothing else we can do."

"What a horrible thing for them." Her white face besought him, trying to force warmth, and he tried to summon some.

"It is very sad," he said.

"Won't you meet them when they arrive?"

"I won't be able to. I have to meet Mr. Harrison. I thought I'd ask Dave to meet them. It would be more fitting anyway."

"Couldn't we have them here and move the dinner to the faculty house?"

"No," he said.

Instantly her face closed. The dark eyes shot him a look of scorn. "You are so hard," she said. "Don't you ever feel anything?"

"I feel a great deal," he said. "I feel a great responsibility for this school. I can't imagine that there is anything we can do that will give the parents any comfort. I don't see any need to revamp the weekend because a boy was drowned in the pool last night."

After he had gone Halsie sat down. What had she expected him to say? What could he do? After all, what could anyone do? Suppose they opened their guest rooms and offered the parents full measure of sympathy. Or suppose he had come across the room to her, put his arms around her and tried to comfort her for a loss that was not hers. Would that have made him a better man, would she have been able to love him again? She thought about Eva Carmichael who was living now with the knowledge that her child was gone, and a hot, searing pain shot through her. *How strange*, she thought. *Why should I feel her pain when I feel such a numbness for myself?*

The headmaster's meeting didn't last more than twenty minutes, and as Dave left the office he realized that it was turning into a hot day. Leaves were beginning to drop; he noticed them at the edges of the walks. All the windows in the recitation hall were opened and he could hear the droning of voices. Those boys who were not in class were in study hall or in their rooms, but the silence that lay on the campus seemed made of different stuff from just the ordinary repression of boys' noise. It seemed likely that most of the students knew by now that Roger Carmichael had drowned in the pool.

Reaching Flagg House, he entered and went to his own door. Inside their apartment he could smell coffee and bacon. He went into the kitchen and turned the burner under the coffee pot off. Dave set her coffee on the end table and said, "There was an accident last night."

"Oh," she said, "what happened?"

"One of the boys got into the pool and drowned."

Her arm tightened on the baby. "Oh, how horrible. What boy was it?"

"Roger Carmichael." Dave looked at his watch. "I've got to get over to the chapel."

"What are they going to do?" she asked.

"There's nothing to do. His parents are coming for the body. We may have a service here; I don't know."

"Somebody ought to pack his things," she said. "Do you think I should go down there and do something?"

"Avery will take care of it," he said, bending to kiss her. "I may want to bring his parents around here sometime."

She nodded.

It was cool in his study. Dave switched on his desk lamp, sat down and looked through his notes. He selected a benediction for morning chapel that would suit the solemnity of the day and then he sat back and thought about the times that he had seen Roger Carmichael in this study.

Roger had never come voluntarily. He had been sent out of choir a couple of times for misbehaving. Once or twice Dr. Dwire had sent Roger in, hoping that a talk with the chaplain might have some influence on his grades. Even Avery had sent him up to Dave. It had come to the point where Dave would look up, see Roger leaning against the doorjamb and nod to a chair.

"Well, what is it this time?"

Roger would shrug indifferently. "I seem to be flunking algebra," he might say.

"What do you mean, you seem to be? Are you or aren't you?"

"I am."

"How come?"

"It bugs me," Roger said.

"Speak English," Dave said. "You'll be flunking that next. Have you been to your counselor?"

"He says I lack concentration."

"That I don't doubt," Dave said. "Why don't you try studying?"

"I hadn't thought of that, sir."

"Well, think about it."

Then for a while Roger might prowl around the study and they would talk about the one thing in life that interested him—sports cars. For a while Dave would be a pal, but there was a place that they both recognized and when they reached it they stopped the double talk, and the buddy-buddy talk, and Dave told him bluntly that it was his job to study, and to behave, and to conduct himself like a responsible human being.

It seemed to him that he had got through to the boy, that they stood on solid ground, and that eventually the sports-car kid would grow up and carry his own weight. But there was always the faint suspicion in Dave's mind that he had handled Roger too lightly, without enough soul searching and probing that might have flipped the valve that controlled the deep trouble that lay in the boy's heart. Now that doubt was becoming a self-accusation and, as he had often done before, Dave began to question himself. *What am I actually giving these boys?* he thought.

He stood up and had started for the closet where he kept his vestments when he saw a shadow in the hallway, heard hesitant footsteps, and finally saw Robinson Perry at the

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but he said, "I knew

about the key. I knew all about it. I knew he was going to sneak out and swim."

Dave reached over and put a hand on the boy's shoulder, felt him trembling, and now that this terrible secret was revealed Rob's teeth began to chatter.

"How did you know about it?" Dave asked.

"He said he had a key. He told me he'd fixed it up so that he could swim anytime he wanted to. He said he'd fixed one of the windows up over the lockers so he could slide in and that he had his own key to the pool."

"Do you know where that key is now?"

"No, sir, I don't. I never even saw it. He said he had it and I ought to come along."

"Why didn't you?"

"I didn't feel like it," Robinson said, lowering his head and staring at the floor so that Dave suspected this was not the truth, and in a minute the boy raised his head and said, "I was scared."

Dave patted him gently. "Did you know he was going to sneak out last night?"

Robinson shook his head.

"You know why this happened, don't you?" Dave said. "It happened because Roger broke the rules. That's not your fault."

"I could of told about the key," Robinson said. "I could of gone to Mr. Forrest and told him Roger had the key. I never even thought about telling. If I'd told then he never would of gotten into the pool in the first place."

Agony for the boy twisted inside Dave. *As the keeper of this child*, he thought, *do I absolve him of guilt, or charge him with responsibility? God help me.* They sat in silence and Dave prayed. "Robinson," he said at last. "because of this you will know the meaning of grief and remorse. You blame yourself and the feeling is almost unbearable, isn't it?"

Robinson's eyes met his and he swallowed convulsively as he waited for the chaplain to release him from his guilt.

"This is probably the first time in your life that you have blamed yourself, for something that really matters," Dave said, "but it won't be the last time. It is a terrible feeling and a hard one to live with, but all men have had to feel that way; and when it teaches a man that he is responsible for his fellows, then it is a good thing. Do you understand what I mean?"

The boy nodded. "Yes," he said, "but if I'd told, it wouldn't have happened."

There was only one way Dave could help him. It was a hard, cynical truth, and the circumstances of this death rested uneasily so that it was hard for him to accept it himself. However, out of humanity, he said, "Roger was the kind of boy who would always have been in trouble. This probably would have happened eventually, perhaps in some other way, but people who break rules get hurt. It's one of the oldest laws of civilization."

Robinson's glance dropped. He made a small choking sound and Dave saw that he was crying. Dave crossed the room and began to change into his vestments. When he was robed he turned back to the boy.

"Look," he said, "I want you to go over to my apartment. Mrs. Ellison is having a hard time keeping track of Debbie and the baby too. You go on over there and skip chapel today. I'd take it as a personal favor if you'd give her a hand. She's pretty upset too."

As soon as Robinson had left Dave picked up the phone and when Harriet answered he told her what he'd done. "He's all broken up," Dave said. "Can you keep him busy for a while and give him some lunch? He thinks he's to blame. He knew about the key."

"Oh, golly," she said softly, "what a shame. Why didn't he tell someone?"

"Would you have?" he asked.

"No," she said, "probably not."

Dave went up to the chancel, where he knelt and prayed briefly as he always did before any service. Rising, he went back down the narrow, winding staircase to his study and there he found Dr. Dwire, rummaging among the vestments for a robe that would fit him.

"Robinson was just down here," Dave said.

"Robinson who?"

"Perry. His roommate," Dave said. "He knew about the key. He feels responsible since he didn't report it to anyone."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100

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Mrs. Hughes knows what she's talking about. For Tide and Maytag together clean just about anything that gathers dirt.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

"I suppose that brings up the matter of the junior system again." John said. He crossed to the lavatory, opened the door and inspected his hair in the mirror, patting it into place. "I never had much faith in it, however."

The bells began to chime, and they went single file up the stairs and into the chapel where 214 boys sat, white-faced and silent, waiting to hear the news they already knew.

It was later than usual when Dave was ready to start home for lunch. Going to the door he nearly collided with Avery.

"Come on in," Dave said. "What's on your mind?"

Avery's face was gray. His posture, which was generally almost military and gave him the appearance of being taller and broader than he was, was sagging. His eyes—and Dave had never particularly noticed Avery's eyes before—were dark and his glance seemed to slide uneasily around the room.

"Sit down," Dave said. He pulled out his cigarettes. "Have one?" He took one himself and lighted it, then he said, "Robinson was in here this morning. He's pretty upset."

"That was one thing I wanted to talk to you about," Avery said. "I don't think he ought to be left in that room alone, but I don't know whether to request that another boy be moved in, or whether I ought to move Rob into the single off of my study."

"I should think you ought to move him," Dave said, "but I'd check it through with Dr. Dwire."

Avery nodded, reached over and flicked ashes into the ashtray and said nothing.

"I thought Robinson was going to be sick," Dave said, "He knew about the key."

Avery shot Dave a quick, searching look. "How did he know about that?"

"Apparently Roger boasted about having it. Robinson seems to feel responsible."

"Poor kid," Avery said. He pulled hard on his cigarette. "About that key," he said slowly; "how do you account for that?"

Dave shrugged. "I suppose he stole it."

"You'd think someone would have missed it," Avery said. "I don't think anybody has a key to the pool except Doug and me and the Buildings Department."

"Ryan has one, of course, and Dr. Dwire has a set of masters."

"It ought to be a simple matter of elimination," Avery said hopefully. "Somebody's short a key."

"That's possible," Dave said, "but it's also possible he stole a key and had it copied and returned the original."

Avery stood up and crossed to the bookshelves, where he stood with his back to Dave. The uneasiness he felt was painfully apparent.

"What's the trouble?" Dave said slowly. "What's on your mind?"

Avery considered that for a moment. Clearly there was something and he seemed to be on the verge of speaking out, but then he shrugged. "This is just a terrible thing," he said.

"True," Dave replied.

Avery swung around. "Look, Dave," he said, the earnest, appealing little-boy look restored to his face, "look, Dave, how does this thing reflect on me? What am I suppose to say to his parents? I've been in a cold sweat all morning just thinking about that."

"It won't be easy," Dave said, "but it's harder on them than it is on you."

"I know, but he was in my house. I feel responsible. What am I supposed to do?"

Dave studied Avery for a minute. He thought that Avery wasn't much different from Robinson Perry. Another little boy scared to face himself and accept any responsibility for what had happened. There was a difference, though: Robinson told what he knew, Avery was hiding something.

"Well, now, come on and have some lunch," Dave said. "Robinson's over at the house. I think it would be a good idea if you took him back with you and settled about his room."

Avery nodded. Once more he circled the room, then, obediently, like a small boy, he followed Dave through the door.

Eva Carmichael sat in the parlor car, smoking and staring out the window. Everything inside of her was like a rag that has been taken in two strong hands and wrung dry. As she swallowed her anguish the angry juices of her system flowed over it and little by little her grief was turning to rage. Ah, she hurt. She was alive with pain, sometimes numb, sometimes throbbing with fever.

Somebody's going to pay for this, she thought. *How could it have happened? Why don't they keep the pool locked up? Why didn't somebody miss him? What sort of a school would let this kind of thing happen?* And, underneath, the one terrible question that she would not even let herself ask: *Was it really an accident? Could he have* ——

She sat there, seething with anger, smoking, and after a while she looked out and noticed the river. They were coming to the part of the ride she liked best, the open countryside with its backdrop of mountains. She saw cars flashing along the highway that followed the tracks. Finally, when she had lost track of the stops, she knew by the way the train slackened speed on the steep incline that they were approaching Northridge.

After she descended the steep steps of the train car to the wooden platform, she heard someone ask her name.

"Miss Carmichael?"

"Yes," she said.

"I'm Dave Ellison. Dr. Dwire asked me to take you to the lodge. Is this your bag?"

"Yes," she said. "Thank you."

Once at the lodge she let Dave lead her into the elevator and down the long corridor of the second floor. They had put her in the Adams suite. It was the one she usually had, and she was momentarily grateful to Dr. Dwire until she remembered that Roger had always been there before. She would see him on every chair, sitting on the edge of her bed, hear him in the bathroom. *I can't stay here,*

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he thought in panic. But what difference did make? Dave set her bag down.

"I know you'd like to freshen up," he said. I'll be waiting downstairs. Unless you'd ather go alone to see him ——"

"No," she said. *I don't want to go alone,* he thought. She'd been thinking about it all he way up from New York. She had thought hat she would wait for Ralph and they would o together, but now that she was here she idn't want to wait. She had to see him. She ad to know. She felt with a terrible stab of isbelief that it hadn't happened at all. Some- ow she thought that she might get there and nd that it wasn't Roger. It was some other oy. Not hers.

Once in the car, she began to feel a churning ckness. They passed the Northridge High chool. The marching band was drilling at one nd of the playing field, the drums beating, the ound of the *Colonel Bogey March* coming ith its haunting *esprit de corps* through the ot, dry September air. She looked up and saw hat they had reached their destination, a reat, white brick house that looked like Southern plantation. It was new. A small gn, lettered in black, a very dignified sign winging between two wrought-iron posts, earing the name "Godwin Funeral Home," aught her eye.

Dave drove around to the back and drew up eside a long black limousine and a hearse. hey were polished and they shone like jet in he sun. As they got out of the car one of the odwins came down the flagstone walk to eet her. Reaching her side, he spoke in a eep, hushed voice, took her arm, and led her nder a small breezeway that connected the hapel to the house and in at a side door.

Eva cringed as he touched her arm, felt the rm clasp like the touch of death, resented the ushed voice, the long, sober face, recoiled as he entered from the stillness, the air-condi- oned coolness, the soft carpeted darkness of he interior of the house.

She paused at the door, her heart pounding violently she felt her whole body tremble, nd tears flooded her eyes, refusing to fall but wirling inside, choking her. She pulled free f her escort, looked wildly around and found hat Dave was still beside her.

He nodded at her. He smiled. "It's all right," e said. "Just wait a minute. You'll make it."

In a few minutes she said, "I'm all right," nd then, walking together, they went down he hall and into the room where Roger lay.

Oh, my God, she thought, because there was o mistake. It was her son. She stood and tared at him and she began to cry. She cried ntil she could control herself, then she rose nd looked at her son, reached out and ouched him. She stood there for a long time. he knew that Dave was still with her, stand- ng silently, sharing her grief. From far away he heard the faint sounds of the band.

The sound of the band came closer, and uddenly she couldn't bear the stillness, the rtificial darkness, the plush softness of the oom. She crossed to one of the windows, rked open the draperies, unlocked the win- ow and flung it open. Hot sun poured into he room, dust motes danced in its beams; the and coming closer sounded louder, the rums pounding. She looked out through the igh, black wrought-iron grille and saw the usicians, their faces gleaming with the exer- on of marching and making music on a hot fternoon.

As the band approached the noise grew eafening. One of the Godwins rushed into he room, saw that the bereaved mother was anding in the sunshine at the open window, er back turned to her dead son. Dave shook is head, motioned him out of the room, and ook her arm. She let him guide her through he shadowy passage to the door and back to he car. When they reached the lodge he of- red to come up.

"I'd like to be alone for a while," she said.

"I'll be back," Dave said. "I'm going to eet Mr. Carmichael. He's coming in on the ve-o'clock train. Have you any message for im?"

"No," she said. "I'll see him later."

Apparently a lot of people were coming in n the five-o'clock train. When Dave came along the platform he saw that John Dwire was there ahead of him.

"Hello, Dave," Dwire said. "Did she get in all right?"

"She's at the lodge."

"How is she taking it?"

"Very well," Dave said.

Dwire looked at his watch and glanced up the tracks. He was a man who never lost his composure, but he gave himself away in small, obscure ways. He was too alert, his hard, wiry body held erect, his gray hair too perfectly in place, his tanned, lined face set in a smile that was immobile. As Dave watched him he thought, *Apparently it takes the head of the foundation to get Dwire to the railroad station.*

Dave didn't know how long his impression of Dwire had been uncomplimentary. The trouble was, he couldn't really pinpoint his dislike of John Dwire. Dwire had charm and intelligence, was remarkably capable, but he did not know how to make allowances for the small, human side of things. His relationship with his heads of departments was almost dictatorial, and although the results were often excellent there was a lack of rapport between him and the instructors that often filtered down to the level of the students. Dave was inclined to think that the Harrison School was only a step for John Dwire, one of the last he had taken as an employee of the Harrison Foundation, and now there was only one thing left: Dwire wanted to become the executive secretary of the foundation. For that reason he was here on the soot-covered platform of the Northridge railroad station, nervously watching for the train that was bringing Warren Harrison up from New York.

The bell at the crossing began to clang, the flags went up and the lights flashed on. In a minute they heard the train and, standing back, they watched it roll into Northridge. Dave stood back to get a good view of the passengers. He saw Dr. Dwire expand with relief as Warren Harrison descended from the Pullman car, the first off the train.

"Warren," Dwire said, "good to see you." He flagged a redcap and took care of the bags with a smoothness that Dave saw did not escape the old man. "My car's right here."

"Fine," Mr. Harrison said. "Good of you, John."

Then as they passed, not five feet from where he was standing, Dave heard Mr. Harrison say, "A terrible thing you've had happen up here. Very sad."

Dwire's voice took on a new quality. "A great tragedy," he said. "A very great tragedy."

Dave had still not spotted Ralph Carmichael, but as Dwire's car began to move he saw the father of the dead boy step down from the Pullman, a raincoat over one arm, and a small bag in his hand.

Ralph allowed himself to be led to the car, handed Dave his bag and got in.

"The school has reserved you a room at the lodge. I hope that's all right?"

"That's fine," Ralph said. He looked at Dave, trying to place him. "Sorry, I didn't get your name."

"Dave Ellison. I'm the chaplain."

"Well, thanks," Ralph said. "I appreciate your meeting me."

"That's all right," Dave said. "If there's anything else I can do, I hope you'll let me know."

Ralph nodded and said, "Has his mother arrived yet?"

"She got in at three-thirty."

"Has she seen him?"

"Yes."

The car pulled up in front of the lodge and Dave walked with Ralph to the door.

"I'd like to talk to you both about a service," Dave said. "Do you think you'd be ready to discuss it this evening?"

"I'll have to see his mother first," Ralph said. "I'll call you."

He went rapidly up the steps to the veranda and then into the large, pine-paneled lobby. Stopping at the desk, he checked on his room and ordered a bucket of ice and some whiskey. Then he crossed to the elevator and, getting off at the second floor, went down the corridor into his room. He dropped his hat and coat and pulled off his tie. Dropping down on the edge of the bed, he picked up the telephone and asked for long distance.

In less than five minutes Ellen answered. He knew by the sound of her voice that she had been right beside the phone.

"Hello," he said.

"Oh, darling, I'm so glad you called."

"Everything all right?" he asked.

"Everything's fine here. Are you all right?"

"I'll make it," he said.

They both fell silent and he knew she was worried about how he was taking it, wondering if Eva had arrived, but afraid to ask.

"I wish you'd let me come," she said softly. "I wish I were with you."

"I wish you were too."

"How long are you going to be there?"

"I'm planning to get the afternoon train out of here tomorrow. I ought to be home sometime tomorrow night."

She sighed with relief. "I hope you can."



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As he put the receiver down he heard the bellboy at the door. *I need a drink*, he thought. "Come on in," he called; "set it on the table."

He fixed himself a drink and, sitting down by the window, pulled out his cigarettes. He sat, and smoked, and drank, and thought about Eva. He ought to call her, or go to her room. She was probably expecting him. *In a minute*, he thought, *in a minute*.

As if in response there was a sound at the door and he rose, switched on a light, and opened it.

"Hello, Eva," he said, opening his arms to her, taking her into an embrace that circled nothing but their common grief.

"Hello, Ralph," she said.

He closed the door and put his arm around her shoulders. "Come on in." *She's looking well*, he thought. Despite the ravages of grief which had shattered her below-the-surface beauty, she was something to look at.

"How have you been?" he said, after the silence had stretched into long minutes. "I read you're rehearsing a new play."

She nodded. "That's right."

"Matt still bucking traffic for you?"

She raised her eyebrows. "You do have a unique way of putting things."

"Why don't you marry him?" Ralph said gently. "He'd sell his soul for you. Give him a break. I think you'd make a go of it."

"Thank you so much," she said coldly. "It's touching to hear you recommend marriage."

Her cutting tone washed over him. He and Ellen were untouchable. Pity for her rose in him. He had Ellen and he had three children. She had nothing at all.

She took a cigarette, lighted it, and scarcely looking at him she said, "I keep thinking about it, and I can't help wondering about it. He didn't want to come back. He told me he wanted to stay in New York, or go to school in Switzerland where he could be near the places where they race the cars. You know. He wasn't happy. I can't stop wondering about it. He couldn't have wanted to ——"

"No," Ralph said. "It was an accident."

He watched her, saw she was shaking and knew she was crying. He would have taken her in his arms, but that would have peeled back another wound and what was the use?

"Oh," he moaned, "I am so sorry."

She nodded, gasped for breath. "He was such a beautiful boy," she said, her voice catching. "He always was. Always."

Ralph nodded, silent.

"How could it have happened?" she asked.

"These things just happen. They happen in summer camps, and in the YMCA, and they happen at places like Harrison."

"How?"

"Somebody's careless, or a boy is wild and breaks the rules. There are dozens of ways."

"I don't see how it could have happened," she said. "If he was out of his room somebody should have checked up on him. I've wondered all day if they called the fire department and tried to do anything for him."

"I'm sure they did everything they could."

"How can you be sure?" she said. "Oh, Ralph, you're such a soft touch. You always were. Why do you let people push you around?"

He shrugged and smiled. "I'll get tough," he said. "It will make a difference?"

"Somebody's going to pay for this," she said bitterly. "Before I leave here I'm going to know exactly what happened and who's responsible."

"Come on, now," Ralph said. "I'm going to order us some food and a pot of coffee."

He took up the phone and ordered dinner. He knew her moods and he welcomed the vindictiveness she was expressing. He had suffered when it had been turned in his direction, but that was long ago. He was safe in port now. She couldn't hurt him anymore.

He settled back and listened to her talk and she went on and on and on until the waiter rolled in their dinner, lighted the candles and whipped off the linen cloths and silver covers. At last they were alone and they tried to eat. It was almost nine. He knew that Eva was just beginning to come alive. Despite the terrible ordeal of the day, she was reaching her time of night. As for him, he was beginning to feel the effects of the strain. He was tired. He thought about his home and his children and his wife, and he had to force himself to push away the thoughts he kept having, thoughts that blotted out the room, Eva's voice, the way he felt about his son, blotted out everything except the great desire he had to be back in Morrisville, Pennsylvania, with his wife.

"Well," Ralph said, "if you don't want any more coffee maybe we ought to drive up to Harrison and have a talk with the chaplain."

"What for?"

"He said this afternoon that we would have to decide about a service."

"Oh," she said. It hadn't occurred to her that they would have to make this sort of decision. "Why doesn't he come here?" she said.

"I'm sure he would. I just thought you might like to get out of here for a while. Or do you want to go to bed?"

"Oh, no," she said. "At nine o'clock!"

"I'll see if they can give us a car," he said, and he called the desk.

They made the drive in silence, pulled up in the drive of Flagg House and stopped.

To her right she noticed the headmaster's house, with spotlights turned on the entrance and the circular drive choked with cars.

"Whose house is that?" she asked.

"The headmaster's."

"Oh," she said softly, "Dr. Dwire."

A MOTHER LOOKS AHEAD

By MAY RICHSTONE

Fondly I look at my children and sigh,
One day they will leave me high and dry
In the age-old sad and lonely state—
There are moments when I can hardly wait!

She stared through the darkness, watching Ralph until he disappeared through the door of Flagg House, then she turned her gaze on the headmaster's residence. She saw the door open, saw a man in a white coat stand back as three men in dinner dress entered. *They're having a party*, she thought, incredulous.

The Dwires' house was ablaze with lights. All the rooms were opened to the guests and along the drive torches burned and a parking attendant waved the cars into position.

Eva went straight across the grass, her shoes soaked and ruined, her heels piercing the soft ground. She was not aware of her shoes or the distance across the lawn, which was considerably more than she had anticipated.

Most of the guests had arrived and were assembled in the library drinking. As she came up the walk she could hear the pleasant hubbub of voices from the interior of the house. The windows were up and she caught a glimpse of the piano and the great sheaf of roses that rested on it.

Eva went quickly up the steps to the wide porch and rang the bell. She pressed her thumb against it, pressed so hard, rage prompting her, she could feel the hardness of the brass through her glove.

In an instant the door swung open and a Negro in dark pants and white coat opened the door to her.

"I want to see Dr. Dwire," she announced.

"Yes, ma'am," he said, "come right in."

"Will you please tell him that Miss Carmichael is here?"

"Yes, ma'am." The man bowed, alarmed at last by her tone of voice, catching the name Carmichael with a shiver of recognition. He backed away from her and disappeared into the library.

The front entry, which was large, with the stairs rising at the back and double doors opening on either side to admit guests to the library or the parlor, was lighted by bracket lights and candles. There was a table at the base of the stairs; a large mirror hung over this, and another floral arrangement rested on the table. She stood and looked at all this gracious living, felt a hollow bitterness, and turned as a man stepped through the open doorway, his hands outstretched.

"Miss Carmichael," he said, taking her hand in both of his, "I'm Warren Harrison. I didn't realize that you were coming. Won't you let me take you back to the music room?" He put a firm hand under her elbow.

As they passed through the entry, John Dwire, white-faced and shocked, appeared at the library door. As they disappeared he went rapidly down the back hall to the kitchen, picked up the phone and called Dave Ellison. Harriet answered the phone.

"This is Dr. Dwire," he said. "Let me talk to Dave."

"I'm sorry," she said. "Dave and Mr. Carmichael have stepped out to the car to get Miss Carmichael."

"She's over here. I wish you would ask them to come for her. She seems quite upset, and we have a houseful of people."

He put the receiver down and cut through the dining room to the music room. He should have known there might be trouble. As he approached he could hear Warren talking to her, and he hoped that the tone of his voice meant there had not yet been any explosion. He paused momentarily, collecting himself, waiting just long enough to hear Eva's voice, which was raised and shrill, and then he flung open the door, interrupting her. He crossed the room, both hands held out.

"My dear," he said, "why didn't you call me from the lodge? I would have come right in. You must be very upset."

Where is Halsie? he thought angrily. *She could be a real help right now.*

"This is not a social call," Eva said icily. "I have no desire to take you away from your guests. All I want is a simple statement of fact. It's hard for me to understand how it could have happened. Why wasn't he missed long before he was found?"

"I appreciate what you're suffering," John said. "This is a terrible thing; I'd give my life if it hadn't happened. We do everything possible to safeguard our students."

"How did he get into the pool?" she said. "How was it possible for him to enter the gymnasium and then get into the pool?"

"He must have had a key," John said.

"How did he get a key? Are the keys left lying around, or did he steal it?"

"There's no need to say that he stole a key," John said gently. "There's a very big difference between taking something that has been left available through carelessness, and stealing. I have no doubt whatsoever that the whole thing was simply an escapade that turned to tragedy. I think that he saw the key and was tempted to try a bigger stunt than any of the other fellows had taken a crack at."

His attempts to mollify her were producing antagonism. She sat stiffly on the edge of the sofa, her eyes feverish.

"Before I leave here," she said, "I'm going to know how he got in there and somebody is going to pay for it. I'm going to bring a lawsuit that will put the Harrison School on the front page of every paper in this country."

John caught the look of dismay on Warren Harrison's face, and said with an evenness that he did not feel, "Your feelings are certainly justified. We would do everything in our power to give you restitution for a very grievous neglect, although we are all well aware that there is nothing possible that will bring you any comfort or satisfaction."

As he finished speaking they heard footsteps in the hall and Dave and Ralph entered.

"I apologize for this intrusion," Ralph said. "I realize you have the trustees here tonight. We won't take any more of your time."

"Don't apologize," John said. "My time is at your disposal."

Ralph turned to Eva. "Come on, Eva," he said. "There's nothing to be gained by this."

Eva sat as if she hadn't heard him. Although she held herself stiffly erect, there was a pitiable weariness apparent.

"Eva," Ralph pleaded, "Dr. Dwire is having a dinner party. Come on."

"Please come over to the apartment," Dave said. "Harriet can make us a pot of coffee.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 104




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REGULAR OR
MINT-FLAVORED

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102

Now that you're here, we ought to make some arrangements."

"Let me come with you," John offered, rising and taking Eva's arm. "They won't miss me here. I'm no more than a bartender tonight. I'll come along with you."

"That's all right," Ralph said. "We'll be in touch with you tomorrow."

Founder's Day, September 30. John Dwire set the alarm for five-thirty; even so, he was awake before dawn. It was beginning to turn gray, the sky coming softly awake around the edges, and in the bedroom he roused up enough to see Halsie, completely relaxed in sleep. He reached across to touch her and sensed her faint stirring, as though she were trying to get away from him.

He rose abruptly, going into the bathroom and starting his shower. He tried to think of a time when Halsie had not drawn away from him, making all conscious consummation of his desires an impossibility. He had thought that a child might have made a difference, but now he felt that she and a child would both withdraw, leaving him no solace.

He should never have come to Harrison. He was not an educator. He had no tolerance for incompetence, no patience with sentiment. He had attracted the Harrison Foundation on the strength of his performance with the Euradine Distributing Corporation of America, an organization with a steel skeleton and no personality. He had weeded out, and tightened up, and red-penciled, and blackballed, and forced the school out of its ivy-draped complacency. The actual plant of Harrison, including the Howerton Gym, ranked in the top tenth of the nation. The faculty-student ratio was one of the lowest on the East Coast.

Despite his efforts he felt a stiff core of resistance to much of his program. Halsie had become a different person in the past ten years. Men for whom he felt a basic respect, and whose favor he would have liked to attract, appeared to shun him. This was true in the case of the chaplain. For the first two years he had made allowances for Dave Ellison, feeling his age and lack of experience were natural obstacles to mutual understanding. Now, despite the progress made in the past years, for which there was ample evidence, John sensed that the chaplain felt a distinct lack in the school. He wished they could discuss it because he had also felt lately that there was something amiss, and if the drowning were a manifestation of it, or if the reaction on campus to the event was going to be hard to handle, then someone needed to discuss it.

He stepped out of the shower and dressed rapidly, trying to be quiet, for Halsie was either still asleep or pretending to be. Closing the bedroom door silently, he hurried downstairs, left the house, got into his school car and started for Northridge. He knew that he should have made a definite date with Ralph Carmichael the night before. He had known his day would be full, and he had realized that not only school policy but also common decency required that he offer every assistance to the parents of the dead boy. Eva's appearance in his home last night had set him off balance, and the possibility of a lawsuit put another face on the matter. There wasn't much he could do now but get to the lodge as early as possible and hope to catch Ralph at breakfast.

It was after nine when he swung up again in back of his house. His time was running pretty fine, and he went rapidly through the back of the garage and into the kitchen, almost colliding with Mrs. Whitaker.

"Mr. Hall called and wants to see you," she said. "He was here yesterday afternoon."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I haven't time this morning. If he calls back, tell him I'll see him later."

"He said it was very important."

John paused in the hall. "Has Mrs. Dwire come down yet?" he asked.

"She's come and she's gone."

"Gone?" He thought irritably, *Where has she gone at nine in the morning?* "Did she say where she was going?"

Mrs. Whitaker answered him with a deliberation that was infuriating. "No, she didn't."

He turned quickly and started toward the stairs when he heard a small commotion. "Oh, Dr. Dwire," Mrs. Whitaker called, "Mr. Forrest is in the study."

"I can't see him now," John said, raising his voice purposely, knowing that Avery could hear him.

"He says he has to see you," Mrs. Whitaker insisted, and as if to confirm it Avery Forrest appeared at the door of the study and, advancing into the foyer, looked up to the landing where Dr. Dwire, tweed coat over one arm and tie loosened, stood glaring angrily down at him.

"I'm very sorry, sir," Avery said. "I realize how busy you are, but there is something you must know."

"What is it?" John snapped. "I have to get to trustees' meeting, and I've got to change."

"It's about the Carmichael boy."

That again, John thought. He couldn't turn a corner without coming up against it. Even in his own house, even in his own bedroom, he thought bitterly as he tried to regain his usual composure.

"Well," he said, "what's the trouble?"

"There's no trouble," Avery said, attempting a matter-of-fact tone of voice. "I simply feel there are some things you should know about Roger and I regret that I didn't come to you sooner. As a matter of fact, I did consider it, but in all fairness to the boy I had decided it was something he and I should straighten out ourselves."

"I expect it was a wise decision," John said. He glanced nervously at the clock, saw that it was already past nine-thirty. "I doubt that it would make any difference now." *The boy is dead,* he thought wearily, *it's too late.*

John turned to the door, making an obvious motion for Avery to precede him, and although Avery rose to his feet, he didn't move.

"To put it bluntly," Avery said—"and I wish there were some other way of saying it—but the truth is, Roger Carmichael was a thief."

"A thief?" John said. "That seems like a pretty strong accusation. How do you know he was a thief?"

"I suspected it last year and caught him in the act last spring. We had a lot of long discussions about it. I thought he might be a kleptomaniac and if I'd really felt this were true I would have reported it, but he was obviously aware of what he did, and took pride in it. I don't think he ever took anything of much value, and I had thought last June that I'd talked him out of it. We were actually on pretty good terms."

"Well," John said slowly, "things like this always do come up and it is hard to handle. It's too bad, but I think it would be a kindness to keep his parents from knowing anything about it." He realized as he spoke that he didn't have the time right then to ponder the matter, but aside from the boy this was a reflection on Avery, and for some time he had doubted Avery's ability to fill his position. This was the kind of weakness Dwire couldn't stomach. It is not a pretty thing to expose a boy who is light-fingered. It would have been unpleasant, and possibly cruel or unjust, but it would have been the thing to do, and it might have saved his life. Now it was too late.

"Oh, certainly," Avery said. "I had no intention of telling his parents."

"Well, then," John said, "I'm glad you brought it to my attention—it explains a few things—and now you will have to excuse me, Avery. I'm due at the trustees' meeting."

"That's not all," Avery said.

John started toward the door. "Come back this afternoon," he said. "No, on second thought, better make it Monday morning in my office."

"What I came for," Avery said, "was to tell you about the key."

John snapped around. "What about it?" he asked.

"I missed my key about a week ago. I keep my keys in my desk, in the top drawer. I had them individually tagged and the one to the pool was loose because there is never any occasion for me to unlock the pool. I have a key in the event that someone needs to get in, particularly when the team is —"

"Where is your key now?"

"I have it locked in my strongbox," Avery said. "I missed it, and supposed I had misplaced it and was going to report it, when I found it under my blotter. It didn't occur to me until later that he might have had it copied and returned mine to my desk."

John looked at his watch, saw that the time was almost up. The whole thing sickened him.

"All right, Avery," he said, "I think I've got the picture. I appreciate your coming to me. There's no need to bring all this out, at least not now. I think it would be doing an injustice to the boy and adding to the weight of his parents' grief."

"Yes, sir," Avery said. "I only felt ——"

"Forget it," John said. "The harm's done. I think we have the situation under control, and the less said about it, the better. I would like you to get your key to me immediately, however. Turn it in at my desk."

"Yes, sir," Avery said.

John went rapidly through the kitchen and out the back door. As he got into his car he heard someone drive in behind him, blocking the drive, and he slammed on his brakes and got out of the car. Immediately he was confronted by Ryan Hall.

"Good morning," John said, controlling his impatience. "Mrs. Whitaker gave me your message, but I can't stop now. I'm due at the office. Would you mind moving your car?"

"Certainly," Mr. Hall said. "Are you going to the trustees' meeting?"

"I'm due now," John said.

"In that case I think you'd better take this key," Ryan said.

"What key?"

"The key to the pool. I picked it up yesterday morning, and took it into Northridge. I tried to get to you several times yesterday, but you were tied up. The locksmith on Elm Street said he made it last week sometime. He said the boy who left it gave his name as Ralph Carter, but according to his description it was the Carmichael boy."

John extended his hand and took the key from Mr. Hall. He turned it slowly in his palm. The bright brass key that had opened the gate to heaven.

"It would be a good idea to make sure the original isn't still in circulation," Ryan said.

"That's been located," John replied. "Now that I have this in hand, I think we might consider the file complete."

Avery started his car and almost without thinking swung around the drive and into the parking lot at Flagg House. He pulled his car under the maple tree and, switching off the ignition, he sat, undecided, looking up at the Ellisons' kitchen windows. Avery knew Harriet would have the coffeepot on the stove, and he knew he would be welcome.

He felt tired and washed out. It had never occurred to him to turn to a minister for help before. Basically he thought of himself as the kind of person who could count on his own inner resources in time of trouble. The truth of the matter was, he had never actually faced a crisis.

Avery slowly got out. Harriet opened the door, and as soon as she saw who it was she said, "Have some coffee? Let me get the baby down and I'll heat some up."

She was pouring it when Dave came in from the chapel. He pulled up a chair and sat down at the kitchen table with them. "It's turned into a nice day," he said. "How are things with you, Avery?"

"I've just been to see Dr. Dwire," Avery said.

"Oh," Dave said, "what's up?"

"Nothing special. He was breaking his neck to get to trustees' meeting, so we had time for only a couple of words. He's a remarkable man," Avery said; "nothing gets him down."

"He was rattled enough last night," Harriet said.

Avery looked up. "What happened last night?"

"The Carmichaels were on campus, and she went over and almost broke up his party," Harriet said. She glanced at Dave and gathered from his expression that she had said enough. The baby cried out and she rose hurriedly and left the kitchen.

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)NTINUED FROM PAGE 104

"I'd better get back," Avery said. "They'll obably be showing up any minute."

"Let me know when they arrive, will you?" ave said. "I'd like to speak to them if I can. e was pretty upset last night, and from at Ryan Hall says I think I can give them me idea of what might have happened."

Avery set his cup down. "What did he say? as he found out something?"

"He found a key," Dave said. "Why? Did u have some idea about it?"

"Well, yes," Avery said; then, taking out a garette with obvious agitation, he said, 'es and no. That was what I went to see Dr. wire about."

He looked quickly at Dave, seeking reassurce, feeling suddenly the same chill feeling at came when he let himself think that he d known all along, known the moment the one rang and he was told that Roger was owned, known that the boy had used his y. He twisted in his chair.

"Well, you know how it is, Dave," he said. 'ou have a houseful of boys here. You know w you'd feel if you lost one of your boys. cept thinking there might have been someing I could have done to prevent it."

"I've wondered the same thing," Dave said. don't know how many times I had Roger my study, and I can't help wondering now I could have managed to get closer to him."

"I didn't worry about that," Avery said. reached over and refilled his cup. To think at Dave had doubted his own handling of e boy strengthened Avery's feeling that he d done all anyone could do. "We were really pretty good terms," Avery said. "Of course new he swiped things. That's why I went to Dwire this morning. I've known for almost year that Roger got a charge out of stealing ings, and when I first discovered it I started report it."

"Why didn't you?"

"Well, you label a boy a thief. Sooner or ter it gets out and then what chance does have? I thought that if I let him know I ed him and respected him even if he did al, he'd just outgrow it."

"And he had your key?" Dave said.

"He must have. I missed it about ten days o. I would have reported it, but it showed again, and I didn't think anything about I wish to heaven I had," Avery said.

"You didn't think yesterday that he might ve had it copied? All the time Robinson was uirming in my office, and afterward here at nch, you didn't think you might have been le to shed some light on it then?"

"Well," Avery said, "I suppose it may have ossed my mind. I could tell at lunch that obinson was all cut up, but I didn't like to y too much in front of him."

"Cut up," Dave said. "Great heavens, very, don't you know why the boy is all cut ? He knew about the key, and he feels reponsible. You want to see him destroy himlf too?"

Avery's expression was uncomprehending. Now, Dave," he said, "I don't think it's that ad. You know how boys are."

"Yes, but do you? I think you'd better have e of those long talks with Robinson and ke him off the hook."

Avery shook his head, looked thoughtful, d said that it might be a good idea. Clearly wasn't giving it much room, and Dave deded he was talking to the wrong man. "What d Dr. Dwire say? What is he going to do?"

"What can he do?" Avery said. "What can y of us do? There's not much use in saying ything to his parents. It certainly wouldn't ake them any happier to know he was ief."

"There's no need to be brutal, but lack of formation leads to misunderstanding, and isunderstanding can lead to tragedy. It ems to me we've had enough."

"There's no doubt about that," Avery said. e looked at his watch and rose to leave. "I've t to get down there. They ought to be along on. Tell Harriet thanks for the coffee."

Dave followed him out to the door. "I'll e you," he said.

Avery turned. "Right." He swung around, en hesitated. "Look, Dave," he said, turning back. This time his voice was low and urgent. "Look," he said. "How would you feel if you were me? I know it's done and there's no changing it, but I keep feeling I should have handled him differently. I should have reported his stealing. He would have been dropped or watched more closely, and if he'd been dropped he would have drowned in some other pool, but I wouldn't have to feel so rotten about it." *Absolve me*, his eyes said, *I'm confessing. Give me some help.* "The only thing," he went on, "the only thing is, I've always felt you ought to look for the best in people, and since I've been teaching it seems to me that boys need to have somebody look for the good in them more than anybody else. I've always felt you just had to close your eyes to some things, and then in due time the flaws you saw would disappear. That's the way I've always looked at things," he said, "only now that this has happened I don't know." Avery stopped. They could hear Harriet with the baby.

"Well, I've got to run," Avery said. He didn't move. "How would you feel, Dave?" he said. "How would you feel if you were me?"

"Just the way you do," Dave said.

Avery nodded slowly, his shoulders sagged and he started down the hall. As he disappeared through the front entrance Harriet came into the room. She held the baby on her shoulder, patting him. Her face was white.

"How much of that did you hear?" Dave asked.

"All of it," she said.

Ralph and Eva sat at the table in the dining room of the lodge and had a second cup of coffee.

"What did Dwire want to see you about this morning?" Eva asked.

"He wants to be sure there won't be a lawsuit."

"Oh," she said. She looked at her watch. "It's getting late."

"We've got plenty of time."

She broke off a corner of toast and bit into it, but she didn't want it. She looked out the window and into the side yard where the hotel had set wooden lawn chairs under the trees. There was a croquet court down on the lawn. She and Roger had played croquet there one evening when it was just beginning to get dark and the fireflies had flicked on and off around them. She sighed.

"Aren't you finished?" she said.

"I'm finished," he said. "Let's go."

They drove to the campus and went directly to the Cloisters. They parked at the back and, going through the arcade, went directly up the stairs to Roger's room. Both beds had been stripped down to the blue-and-white-tick mattresses, and a neat pile of folded bedding lay on the foot of the bed that had been their son's.

Someone had brought his trunk up and Eva opened it. She saw that a few of his things—his basketball shoes and tennis racket, the extra bedding that he brought for winter, a sofa pillow and his ski boots—were already packed. She rearranged them, and began to go through bureau drawers. Ralph pulled Roger's two suitcases out of the closet and started to pack his suits and shirts, and all the more personal items that his son had brought to school—the framed photographs of his parents, his hairbrush, his wallet.

They worked silently. Eva looked up once and said, "What do you want me to do with this? Can you use any of it?" What she meant was, *Can you use any of it for your other son?*

Ralph shook his head. "Anything you want to do is all right with me."

Turning back to the closet, he began to dig back on the shelves. He found mostly shoes and odd gloves, and a couple of old notebooks. Reaching farther, he pulled out a flashlight and a small camera.

"Did he send you any pictures?" Ralph asked.

"Pictures?" she said. "No, why?"

"No reason. I just found his camera, that's all."

"I didn't know he had a camera," she said. "Let me see it."

They inspected it carefully, saw that it was an expensive one and put it into one of the



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bags. Almost immediately they came across something else: a cigarette lighter, a cheap one, but monogrammed. Ralph held it out to her.

"Somebody's initials," he said. "J.W."

"Oh?" She took it, saw that he was right and handed it back. "Who is J.W.?" she asked.

Ralph shook his head. "Some boy, I suppose," he said. "They trade things."

It sounded convincing enough, but for a minute they just stood and looked at each other. Neither one of them wanted to put it into words. What difference did it make now? It was just another piece of their private grief, the last confidence they would share about their son. "Let's get this over with," Ralph said. "I'm ready to get out of here."

Eva didn't look back as the car pulled out of the school drive. The sun was quite hot now. It hit her arm with a dull, deep heat, reminding her that she was still alive and could still feel.

"Will I ever see you?" she said. "Will I ever hear from you?"

"Sure," he said. He reached over and put his hand over hers. "You'll hear from me."

"No," she said slowly, "I won't. I'll think I will and you'll come into town and call me. We'll try to get together, but then the times in between will get longer and longer, and after a while it will be months since I've heard from you, and then years, and then it won't be ever."

"I promise you," he said. "I promise you I'll keep in touch."

She shook her head slowly, suddenly unable to talk. Tears choked up in her throat because now, with no one to tie them together, there was nothing left. "It's just him," she said, and suddenly she was crying again. "When I had him you weren't gone, and now I keep thinking that if I had you, then he wouldn't be gone. Oh, I'm just a mess. I'm sorry." She opened her bag and took out a handkerchief and blew her nose, and mopped up her eyes.

"Come on," he said, "bear up. Things keep on. I'll be in touch."

"I know it," she said. "Thanks. It's not that I want to move in on you. I just want to know that someone else feels it the way I do. It's not so bad that way. I really am glad you have Ellen, and the others, and I'm glad you've got the kind of house you want, and all those trees and things that you always talked about. I'm really glad, Ralph."

Halsie Dwire had risen that morning almost as soon as John left the room. She bathed and dressed and went down to the kitchen. Mrs. Whitaker was already getting down tea things and she paused to ask Halsie if she didn't want some breakfast.

"I don't believe so," Halsie said. The idea of eggs or bacon made her feel faintly sick. She poured herself a cup of coffee and made some toast. It was almost nine, and she had an appointment in town at nine-thirty. She would not have made it for that particular day on the trustees' weekend if she had realized how it would fall, but at the time, three weeks ago, she was thinking only that she must take the first opening the doctor had.

Since then two thoughts had worried her, coming to her at night when she couldn't sleep, intruding in her thoughts when she was at her lowest. Either she was entering change of life, which was unlikely at thirty-seven, or she was in the early stages of cancer. Either way, her life was over.

It took her almost thirty minutes to drive into Northridge. As soon as she entered the waiting room she knew the doctor had arrived, for the nurse was in the back and she called Halsie into the examination room.

She began to prepare for the examination. It was an old story. Five years ago, when she despaired of producing children without the expert help of a gynecologist, she had been examined in Northridge, and in Boston, and in New York, and she grew to regard the procedure with the same matter-of-factness that she regarded having her hair done. She slid onto the table and the nurse came and draped her, then she endured the examination, thinking about other things, except to give the doctor the details of what alarmed her. The more he probed, the more certain she became that he had found something he did not like, and when he had finished she felt frozen to the table.

"Well," he said, turning his back and stripping off his gloves, "it's about time you came in."

She rose to sitting position, gathering the sheet around her, suddenly shivering. "Did you find something?"

"You know darn well I did. Why haven't you been in before this?"

"I just wasn't sure," she said.

He turned, smiling at her. "Well, it's about time," he said. "Now you'll probably have two or three in a row."

"What?" she gasped.

"Haven't you had any nausea?" he asked. "Two months pregnant, you ought to be feeling something."

"Two months?" she said softly.

Aware of the import of what he had told her, he patted her knee, grinned cheerfully at her, and told her to get dressed. Then he left the room. Halsie moved from the table, reached for her clothes, and when she was dressed she sat down to wait for him. *Pregnant*, she thought. She felt two things. Quite horribly she was two persons again. Uncontrollable joy rushed through her body, brilliant warmth pulsed within. Calm acceptance followed this, making it possible for her to sit perfectly still while the doctor came in and began to outline his program for her pregnancy.

When she had finally escaped and was once more in the car, she thought, *It's too late now. If it had only happened a year ago when there was still a flicker of something left between us. It's too late now.*

How can I tell him? she thought. If only she could recall seeing him react to a child with tenderness, or amusement, but even with the boys he maintained a kind of austere friendliness that chilled her. If only now, in the face of the Carmichaels' tragedy, she could have seen the kind of shattering sympathy that she felt; but if he felt it at all he concealed it, for all she had seen was concern for the school.

I am going to New York, she thought, thinking of her sister. *I'll visit Meg for a while. As soon as this weekend is over, and the trustees are gone, I'm going.*

Dr. Dwire came down the steps of the Administration Building with Warren Harrison. They went along to the headmaster's car, which was parked in the shade under the trees. Getting in, Warren Harrison took up the conversation where he had let it drop in the meeting.

"I'm afraid I took up too much time with foundation affairs," he said. "I have let myself get carried away with the plans for the laboratory. If we can rebuild and expand as we hope to, there is great hope that our lab will in time become a referral center for the whole country."

"It very well might," John said.

He pulled into the parking lot at Flagg House, where Warren Harrison was expected for lunch. The older man got out of the car slowly, gathering his briefcase and carrying his hat in his hand. Shutting the door, he leaned back through the window.

"Science is the thing, John," he said. "The more boys who lean in that direction, the better. These young men ought to know where the challenge really is."

John nodded. "We've had the emphasis on our math and science for a number of years," he said.

John watched the older man start up the walk, and then, slowly, he backed his car out of the drive and headed for home. He hoped that Halsie would be there so that they could go over the plans for tea and dinner, but the house felt empty. He went down the hall and into his study, thinking privately that Warren Harrison was showing his age. His interest in the Harrison Laboratory was all out of proportion.

John wanted a drink. The whole weekend had been unnerving to him. He opened the small liquor cabinet and poured some vodka into a glass. Vodka didn't taste and it didn't smell. That was the best that he could say for it.

He drank, and he thought, and gradually he came to the conclusion that it would be a courteous thing to do to go along with Warren Harrison. He needed to check with Dave on the Carmichaels anyway and it occurred to him that he might combine a couple of items. With this in mind he picked up the telephone and called the chaplain.

"Dave?" he said. "This is John Dwire. I wonder if you could run over here for a minute."

"I'd be glad to."

"That's fine," John said. "And by the way, if you've got a draft of your Founder's Day address, would you bring it along?"

John went to the front door as Dave came up the walk. "Come on in, Dave. I don't want to take any more of your time than I have to."

"That's all right," Dave said. He was carrying his file and he handed it to the headmaster. "Sorry, it's rough."

"Come in and sit down." John reached for the file and took out the address. "Just let me look at this," he said.

Finally he put it down and looked up, smiling pleasantly and nodding. "That's very good," he said. Privately he was disappointed. He had hoped Dave would present something they could sink their teeth into. Even if he felt obliged to be spiritual, there were certain solid truths he could have employed. All the same, John said, "I like the point you make about the difference between the competitive spirit and the essence of good sportsmanship. I like the whole thing."

Dave, who didn't like it—in fact, who felt it was a very smooth little package of double talk—nodded slowly. "You realize it's pretty rough," he said. "I had planned to doctor it up a good bit."

Actually what he had in mind was putting the whole thing into the wastepaper basket and talking straight off the cuff to the boys about the Harrison School, how it had been founded and why, and for whom. In the past few days he had read both of William Ezra Flagg's books, which, though remarkably dry, were nevertheless a clear battle cry of the enemy of ignorance.

"There is just one thing, Dave," John said. "There's just one thing that occurs to me—and it's simply a matter of shaping to the times, looking ahead, visualizing this as an institution that foresees the needs of the future, and prepares her students to meet them."

Dave nodded, still unable to divine the headmaster's point, but certain that it would hit him square in the face on the next go-round.

"I'd like to see you put in a real plea for the sciences," John said, looking at Dave. "Stress the academic for its own sake. Let these boys aim for the stars"—he broke off, forcing a laugh—"or, as the case may be, let them aim for the moon."

Dave went right on nodding. He felt like a reflection of the man in front of him. They both sat looking thoughtful, nodded their heads and agreed. Dave wondered if the hostility he felt stemmed from a simple lack of communication, but he didn't feel like testing it. He finally said:

"I think I'll revamp the whole thing. I'll do my best for the sciences."

"Fine, fine," John said. His devious approach began to gall him. He would have liked to say frankly that all he wanted was to humor Mr. Harrison, but he could not allow confidences of this sort. To share his decisions would place him in a position of vulnerability that he was not willing to risk. They sat silent for a moment, and then because it had been on his mind all morning, ever since Avery had stopped by the apartment, Dave asked about the Carmichaels.

"I saw Mr. Carmichael this morning," John said. "They're taking things very well."

Dave nodded. "I hope you will have an opportunity to let them know how things happened," he said.

"Well, of course," John said, "it may be they are better off without all the particulars."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 111



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Mrs. Carmichael seemed very keyed up night. I think it would put her mind at to know how it happened. Another thing; roommate is very disturbed. I've spoken to ery about it and I hope he will see that it is clear in the boy's mind, but in both cases re is certainly a risk in allowing any misderstanding."

"I saw Avery this morning," John said, d a full explanation would have to reveal fact that the boy had been stealing. I have n them, and I feel they accept it as an acit, but of course if there is any indication to contrary I will try to eliminate any doubts."

"It seemed to me that it might be best to ow through on it while they are still here in rthridge."

"Possibly you're right," John said. His paence was at a low ebb. He did not like to estioned.

"It is my conviction," Dave said, "that the rden of this should rest on the man who has ned the right or the duty to carry it. And it lso my conviction that any man who is alved or allows himself to escape this actotance of responsibility suffers far more than would have suffered otherwise."

Silence filled the room. John knew that very's days at Harrison were numbered, but also knew what a dismissal at this point ould mean in terms of the newspapers. He shed and said, "Well, now, Dave. I underand how you look at things. That's your ivilege, and, considering your position, I ow you are required to be dedicated to a nd of personal honesty that is sometimes, if u will forgive me, not very workable. I ink I see this thing in its proper perspective; hope you will let me handle it as I see fit."

After leaving Dr. Dwire's study Dave alked slowly back to the apartment. Harriet as washing the cups and saucers and had the aby's bottle warming. She turned when he me in, smiled at him and tested the bottle.

"Want some coffee?" she asked.

"No, thanks." He picked up his file and ttled down at the desk to go over his Found-'s Day address.

Harriet brought the baby out and got his ottle, then she sat down on the sofa and beın to talk, oblivious of the fact that Dave as trying to concentrate.

Dave didn't mean to ignore her. He liked it hen she bubbled over with conversation; it as like background music and he tuned in ow and then and gave her a cue that would eep her going. Today he suddenly realized hat she was irritated.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"You haven't heard a darn thing I've said."

"I heard it all," he said. "You were talking bout the trustees and when they'll do somehing about a house."

"Well, why don't you answer me?"

"What am I supposed to say?"

"I said—do you think they approved the ouse? When will we know what they've deided?"

"Harriet," he said patiently, "I am not one f the trustees. I've never been to a trustees' neeting. I haven't any idea how things went." He stretched and held open his arms to her. "Come here, woman," he said.

She made a face at him. "You," she said.

"What's the matter with me?"

"Don't you care if we ever get moved out f here or not? Don't you want us to have a ecent place to live?"

"You know I do," he said.

"I don't know how you feel about it," Harriet said, "but if we don't get a house I'm not going to stay here. It will be another six months until they meet again, and then heaven knows how long before they'll do anything. I am not going to stay in this apartment."

"It's all right," he said. "I know how you feel. I hope we won't have to."

"Well, I won't," she said. "If you can't go to Dr. Dwire and make him give us a bigger place, then I give up."

She hadn't expected to get angry, but suddenly she was. She was tired of chastising herself for being small and unreasonable. Her complaint was all too real, and had been binding her for a long time.

"All right," Dave said, "I'll try. I grant you this apartment is small and it's a lot harder on you than it is on me."

"It's all right," she said, "if there's ever going to be an end to it." She stood across the room from him, and suddenly the awful walls, and the long windows, the furniture crammed together, all the "things" of their life that were so distasteful to her, seemed like old friends.

Dave got up and crossed the room, put his arms around her and pulled her up close. She shivered and began to sniffle. "Look," he said, "just look around. You can't even see the ceiling it's so darn high, and the walls look like something out of Charles Addams."

"I've looked," she said.

"Look again," he said. "If you want me, that's the way it's apt to be. Radiators that pound, and no closets, and an oven that won't bake, and a husband who won't listen to you. If you want me, that's what you get."

"Oh, Dave," she cried, tears streaming down her face.

"I wish I weren't so darn earthly," she said, reaching for his handkerchief and wiping her face. "That's all it is," she said. "Even if you don't make that kind of sermon. It's being earthly, nothing else."

"That's all right," he said, "that's the way I like you."

It was dark by seven-thirty. The lights in the chapel shone through the tall Gothic windows and from a distance the building rose up like a great gray wall in which a row of golden angels stood guard. The air was already nippy, cold with the dampness that came from the river, promising another frost in the morning. The boys, wearing coats and ties, and crammed with Founder's Day turkey, filed from their dormitories across the quadrangle and into the chapel.

Warren Harrison, who had returned to the lodge for a rest and dinner, arrived by car. He climbed the hill slowly, passing little knots of boys who stood outside in the damp air talking, postponing until the last possible moment the time when they would be required to take their places. As he entered the vestibule the last call rang, the chimes in the tower striking slowly as he climbed the stairway to the balcony which was reserved for guests.

Yes, he was old. Someday, in another five years perhaps, he would be ready to relinquish his position as head of the foundation. The job of executive secretary was almost more than one man could handle.

Settling down, he glanced at the program. The choir was already filing in, the chaplain and headmaster in their robes had taken their places in the chancel. He bowed his head for the invocation, feeling a sudden humbleness, aware that he was one of the few for whom Founder's Day had deep meaning. And then, although he was tired, he turned his head to one side in order to catch all the address.

He liked the chaplain. This thought went briefly through his mind as he watched Dave mount to the pulpit and spread out his notes. He had heard Dave speak on other occasions, and it had occurred to him more than once that here was a young man who was realistic and spiritual as well. A rare combination.

"Gentlemen," Dave said. His voice went to each boy, a direct salutation. "Gentlemen," he said, "you are here tonight to hear about the founding of this school. Sixty-six years ago, on this day, a man by the name of William Ezra Flagg, working with the First Congregational Church of Springfield, Massachusetts, established a school for the purpose of educating poor but worthy young men who would otherwise have been unable to prepare for college. Tonight you are faced with the arduous task of paying tribute to a man whom you did not know. To you, William Ezra Flagg is nothing more than a portrait in the library, and most of you would be hard put to it to describe his features. Most of you would find it an even more impossible task to define his beliefs."

Mr. Harrison leaned forward.

"That's all right," Dave said. "A few weeks ago I was no better informed than you are right now. But a few weeks ago I started scratching under the surface. I found enough about the founder of this school to stretch into a half dozen addresses. I could talk about his background, which was singularly lacking in the spectacular. I could talk about his fiery temper, his great wisdom, his many kindnesses, his humanity. Tonight, however, I am going to talk about one thing—his integrity.

"How many know what integrity is?"

His glance swept the group beneath him, his voice suddenly challenging them.

"I'm not talking about a cherry-tree honesty—a boy's honesty. I'm talking about a man's honesty, his basic integrity, his allegiance to the truth. The dictionary says that integrity is not only honesty, but an uprightness of character, a state of soundness, a completeness. It is the very core of a man.

"Integrity is not a code of denials. An honest man does not see integrity as something outside of himself that stands over him with a whip, waiting to strike him when he transgresses. Personal integrity is a positive force. It rises inside a man, it guides him when he is in doubt, it strengthens him when he is faced with temptation, it leads him when he is lost, it permits him to raise his voice against injustice, it gives him the courage to stand up before other men and say, 'I was wrong.'"

He had them in his grip. Every boy who was struggling with the beginnings of manhood looked up.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 113



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ONTINUED FROM PAGE 111

Warren Harrison, leaning forward in the hadows of the balcony, knew that he had heard omething he had not expected to hear. It ade him recall another time, the time when lagg House had been dedicated, almost forty ears ago. He could almost recapture the image hat he had had of Dr. Flagg, when, at the edication ceremony, Flagg had risen, still a igorous man with white hair flowing almost o his collar, and black eyes keen, and made n address that Warren would never forget.

"Young men," Flagg had said. His voice ang out like Gabriel's trumpet and the room as as silent as a closed vault. "Ah, young nen," he said, "there is only one thing worth iving your life for; and mark my words, you ill give your lives, sacrifice them on the altar f living as surely as you breathe. There is nly one thing, when it's all said and done, hat is worth the struggle." He raised his rms high over his head. "Truth," he cried. Basic truth. Inner truth. A truth that you an live with, and a truth that you could be illing to die for."

Warren Harrison sighed. Suddenly he felt great emptiness. He felt what many men eel who know the direction a marionette must ake to cross the stage of life, but find themelves powerless to manipulate the strings. He ad always had to rely on other men. His deas were sound, he knew that, but he could ever translate them into action.

He was finding this to be true in his plans or the laboratory. He knew what must be done, but he couldn't seem to make it go. Vision was one thing, results were another. What he needed was a first-rate organizer, a nan with personality and drive, a fund raiser, a public-relations man. He had known for ome time the man he felt was all these.

There is no doubt about it, he thought, *John Dwire is a good man.* He hoped that the headmaster would realize the possibilities involved n the proposal he planned to make him. He was going to put it squarely, say simply, 'John, I want you to take over the job of director of the laboratory." A man with less vision than John Dwire might think of the job as a comedown. But he could foresee a time when the Harrison Laboratory, if properly handled and developed, could become the core of the foundation. *Yes*, he thought, *John's the man. He will be hard to replace here, but I've got to persuade him to take it.*

With an effort Warren Harrison brought his attention back to the scene around him. It was shadowy in the balcony. Ellison was winding up his address, focusing his whole attention on the silent boys. The light which was placed directly over the pulpit shone down on the young man's head. For a fleeting minute Warren felt as though forty years had dropped away. *Another time, another man*, he thought. *The pendulum swings, seeds germinate and come to fruit, the tide recedes and comes again.*

He knew that he was old, but he had always been a good judge of men, and never in all the years of his association with the Harrison School had he felt more keenly that here, in young Dave Ellison, was a man to be reckoned with. If he took one good man away from the school, what could be more fitting than to fill the position with someone who was already primed for the job?

October 6. Robinson Perry could hardly believe it was only a week since his roommate had drowned. It seemed like a year ago. Even the weather had changed, almost overnight into brisk days and raw, windy nights.

He couldn't even remember what his roommate had looked like because he had tried to erase the image completely. There was just one thing left, and every time he heard it he thought he was going to be sick. It made him feel hot, and the back of his neck would ache, and it felt as though there were a tight cap on the back of his head pressing down, every time someone called him Como. For all he knew the other boys didn't even remember how it had started, but he did. It was about the first thing his roommate had said to him.

After scrutinizing the name plate on the door, Roger had looked him up and down, and said, "Hi, Como, welcome to the cell."

From then on he had been Como. For all he knew he would always be "Como" Perry. Nobody even knew what his name was.

Robinson went into his room and switched on the light. Opening the top drawer of his desk, he noticed his wallet, and slipped it into his pants pocket. He didn't need to count what was in it. He knew he had over ten dollars. Finally he opened his closet door and took out his London fog jacket. He felt his back pocket, checking on his wallet, and then he walked out of the room.

By the time the student officer made the rounds at lights-out, Robinson was way down the road, riding along on the front seat of an automobile, and listening to a long, involved report on the depressed state of the merchandising business. He hadn't had the nerve to ask how far his ride was going, but every mile of it was painful to him, painful and exhilarating. He held just one thought: *If I can get there, and talk to her, and tell her how it happened, everything will be better. If she knows, and doesn't blame me*, he thought, reasoning that, after all, even if she was the great Eva Carmichael she was still Roger's mother and she must feel the worst of anybody. If she could understand how it was with him, things would be better.

He was immersed in this thought when the driver turned his attention from the pressures of his own life and focused on his passenger.

"How far you going, kid?"

"New York."

"Good enough. I'm driving practically into the city myself. You can catch a bus anytime day or night."

Robinson sighed. "That's fine," he said.

"You running away?"

A quick denial rose to Robinson's lips, but he had seen enough television to catch some obvious pointers on the devious methods of camouflage. "No, sir," he said solemnly, "I'm running back."



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"What do you mean by that?"

"I'm going home."

Eva nodded. "Good boy," he said. "It don't do no good to run. You get to be my age and you learn there's no place to go. A man can spend his life running, but what does it get him? More problems. How come you ran away in the first place, you steal something?"

Robinson wanted to say that he had killed somebody. That's a big thing, killing somebody. You could look at it one way and it made you quite a man, but the trouble was he couldn't look at it at all. He just felt sick at his stomach, that was all. He knew the man was glancing at him, sizing him up, and he said the first thing that came into his head: "My father and I don't get along."

While she was in rehearsal Eva tried to keep civilized hours, and she was in bed by midnight about ninety percent of the time. Since Roger had died, there wasn't much use in it. No matter what she did, there was no escaping those awful, still, black hours in the night when she would lie in bed, writhing with an indefinable agony.

She would lie, dry-eyed, in the darkness and wish she could cry. Her throat would feel as though it were swelling, growing into a massive, aching lump that was going to suffocate her, and when the pain was unendurable then she would think about the thing that bothered her the most. It was a small whisper that she couldn't silence. They said it was an accident. It had to be an accident, but she could remember the way he had looked at her through the train window, his face downcast, his eyes accusing. She had known from the first how the divorce had broken him, and as she groped around, trying to pin the blame, she would come up against herself. *It was the only thing he could do*, she would think. *He wanted to die.*

It had been only a week. Seven days. She looked at the clock. She had turned the light out at eleven-forty-five, taken two pills, and lain there trying to persuade herself that she was drowsy. It was now one-fifteen in the morning. She lay there, unable to sleep, and all at once she heard someone stirring in the living room. She tried to distinguish the sounds, and it seemed to her that she could hear the doorbell, then she heard the door opening, and, faintly, Florence's voice. Getting out of bed, she pulled on her robe and went to the door, opened it and listened.

"Miss Carmichael's asleep," Florence said, her voice muffled with sleep.

Eva flung open her door and crossed the room rapidly. "Who is it, Florence?" she asked. "What's the matter?"

Florence turned away from the door and Eva saw him standing in the lighted foyer. He was hatless, his white jacket hung unzipped, showing the green blazer. She had never seen him before, but she supposed he had had something to do with Roger, and she wanted to scream at him to go away and leave her alone.

"Well," she said, "what is it?"

"I wanted to see you," Robinson said.

Eva took a cigarette out of the box on the table and lighted it. The boy's discomfort touched her. "Why did you want to see me?" she asked, her tone easier.

"I was his roommate. I knew about the key," Robinson said urgently. He shoved his hands into his pockets, and then, making a tremendous effort, he looked at Eva and said, "I knew all about the key. He had a copy made and he told me he was going to use it anytime he felt like it."

"Oh," she said. She tried to grasp the significance of what he was saying. Robinson looked at her. He was terribly tired. When he was coming up in the elevator he had felt sick to his stomach. Now he felt cold and stiff. He might as well be back in the chaplain's study, looking at the wall of books, saying the same things, throwing up his guilty conscience that filled him alternately with a rolling sickness and a frozen rigidity.

As he sat there, it came to him that this was what he should have expected. For as long as he could remember he had been the rubber ball in his parents' game of self-esteem. Flung from the marshmallow warmth of his mother's embrace to the barbed-wire net of his father's expectations, he assumed that life consisted of bouncing from one place to another. The truth was more like what the man in the car had told him: "It don't do no good to run. There's no place to go."

Robinson moved restlessly. He wanted to get away. He wanted to be back where he had come from. He wanted to be with the other boys. All of a sudden he didn't care if they never called him anything but Como, because that was a good thing to remember about Roger Carmichael; not the key, nor the fact of his death, but the easy way he had of making friends, putting a label on people, laughing at the things that usually made Robinson cringe. He wanted to say something and go away again. He wished Roger's mother would say something so that he could stand up and tell her good-bye.

Eva, watching him, began to perceive his suffering and was sorry for him. She said gently, "Look, do you want to tell me about it?"

Robinson shook his head slowly. He shot her a look that cut through her own self-pity, and he said, "I thought it would make me feel better. I thought if you knew about the key and said you understood why I hadn't told anybody about it, that it wouldn't bother me so much."

"What about the key?"

"I told you," he said. His voice cracked and he cleared his throat and spoke more quietly. "He got the key and he had a copy made so he could use it over and over again. He asked if I wanted to go along, and I said I didn't. I didn't know when he was going to use it, but if I'd of told about it then they would of caught him, and it all wouldn't of happened."

"He was going to go in the pool over and over again," she said slowly.

"Yes," Robinson said.

Not once, she thought, *but again and again.* If he had been planning to use the key more than once he couldn't possibly have wanted what happened to happen. It was a strange thing, but from the moment she had known her son was dead she had thought of him as a performer in a play. She had seen him sitting morosely in his room, resenting the fact that they had sent him away, brooding on his fate as an unloved child, a castoff, a displaced person in the barren world of divorce. Then, as though she inhabited his skin, she had conjured a feeling of his withdrawal, and, at last, driven to hurt those who had rejected him, he had slipped away in the middle of the night, broken into the pool and drowned himself.

Until that moment she had refused to let the word enter her thoughts, but now it screamed through her mind. Suicide. He couldn't have committed suicide. Her mind had played a cruel trick on her. He had not wanted to destroy himself or the ones who had loved him. All he wanted was the satisfaction of defying an authority that he scorned. He was just a boy, a normal boy, a wonderfully wild, rebellious, all-male boy.

Eva sat, staring at Robinson Perry, and she didn't see him at all. She didn't see the room which was a vast cavern of shadows in which she and a small, distraught boy crouched in a ring of yellow light. She didn't see Roger's face pressed against the window of the train, his eyes beseeching and accusing her. She saw him all the other ways, laughing, surrounded by the mess of his model airplanes, pounding the top with his fork handle, doing setting-up exercises in the middle of her elegant living room. She could hear his voice, drowned out by the rush of the shower, cracking with passion as he burst into boys' obscenities, wheedling, teasing, raucous, joyful. All this made her feel that something was melting inside her, and for the first time she thought she was going to cry again.

Suddenly the room returned, and the boy, and the black night outside, and she tore herself away from her memories and said, "You've got to stop blaming yourself. It's not your fault."

"I can't stop thinking about it."

"I know what you mean," she said. "I feel the same way, but it doesn't do much good. Whoever left the key where he could get it in the first place is to blame. When you split the responsibility it isn't quite so bad, is it?"

"I don't know," Robinson said.

"Look," she said gently, "the best thing we can do is try to remember the good things. You've got lots of time ahead to make up for all that's happened."

She was thinking about Matt and all the good years she had let slip by. She needed him right then, wanted him, wondered suddenly what her life would be if she lost Matt too. It was nothing she could explain to this boy. She forced her attention back into the room, smiled at Robinson, and said, "Did you like him?"

"I didn't know him very well."

That's true, she thought. *There wasn't time.*

"I would of liked to be like him," Robinson said. "Everybody liked him. He was always making somebody laugh. He had a crazy way of naming people, and after that nobody ever used their real names."

He would never have committed suicide, she thought, *never.* Not her son. A great, shuddering breath went through her. "Well," she said, her voice suddenly brisk and motherly, "isn't it kind of late for you to be out? Does anybody know where you are?"

John Dwire spent most of the evening at his desk, drafting a reply to Warren Harrison's offer. The decision was not an easy one. The whole thing had come as a blow to his



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pride, and to have it offered in the spirit of friendship and confidence made it all the more bitter. Still, he could see the possibilities, and he was becoming increasingly aware of a feeling that he had spent all the time he should spend here.

He missed Halsie. His life was no different with her away, but he missed knowing that she was there. The house seemed curiously silent, which didn't make sense because Halsie was really a very quiet girl. There was one good thing about the job with the laboratory: New River, Pennsylvania, was more Halsie's kind of town. She had never taken to campus life, and their social life had dwindled to duty entertaining and school functions, and neither offered any real joint satisfaction.

The phone rang and, hoping it might be Halsie, he lifted the receiver and said, "Yes?"

"Dr. Dwire, this is Avery Forrest. We've just made the lights-out check and Robinson Perry is not in his room."

"Where else have you looked?"

"We've made a thorough search of the house, and the other officers have checked through. He's not in any of them."

"Have you called anyone else?"

"No, sir," Avery said.

"Well, send your boy to bed and tell him not to be alarmed. See if you can find out what he was wearing."

He put down the receiver and rang the campus police. Then he phoned the boy's parents. They wanted to know if he thought they ought to come up there.

"I think you ought to stay right where you are," he said. "He may have headed for home, or he may try to get in touch with you there. We'll let you know if we hear anything."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Perry were on the line and they were of different opinions. It was all he could do to keep his temper and placate them. When he put the phone down he was sweating, and he thought, *Twice within a week.* This was what he had always striven to avoid. Unstable boys. Somewhere along the line this boy should have been screened and rejected. If Halsie were here, she would be walking up and down, looking stricken and defending him. "He's just a sensitive boy and this whole thing has been too much for him," she would say. "His poor mother. Those poor people. Where do you suppose he is? Where would you go if you were fourteen, and your roommate had drowned in the pool, and you were all cut up over it? That poor boy."

He was pacing the floor himself. *Well,* he thought, *let me tell you about his poor mother, Halsie. Judging by her tone of voice and the things she said on the phone, I would say his poor mother made him the way he is. We should have interviewed the parents, not the boy. Those poor people set their teeth in him long ago and have been gradually pulling him apart. God knows where he is. Think what a field day the papers are going to have with this one, right on top of the other. Think about the trustees opening their papers tomorrow morning. Think about all the other parents whose sons are enrolled in this school.*

If Dave were here he would say, "Think about the boy." Probably tomorrow morning the chaplain would be in his office, John thought. They would have found Robinson and, provided he wasn't dead, they would be confronted with a shaken boy, and his shaken parents, and there would be only one sensible thing to do, send him home. His mother would cry and say she wanted him to come home and his father would swell up with indignation and embarrassment, and Robinson would sit in the middle and squirm.

John sighed. He had expended his usefulness to the school. He had upgraded it, developed its physical plant, unified its curriculum. He had done everything but love it.

He looked at his watch. It was after midnight. Glancing out the window, he saw headlights coming up the drive and almost immediately Dave Ellison was at the door.

"Avery called me," Dave said. "Have you any idea where he's gone?"

"We've notified his parents and the police, and turned the campus inside out. There's not much to do now but wait."

"Have you talked with Avery?"

"Only briefly."

"Had he had any indication from Robinson that he might be planning to bolt?"

"Not that I know of," John said. "All I got out of Avery was a description of his clothes, and I don't know how accurate that was."

Dave sat, smoke swirling around his head. His questions and the tone of his voice were not in keeping with the usual tempo of their talks. Preoccupied as they both were, this went unnoticed, but as Dave proceeded with a kind of third-degree persistence John reacted irritably.

"Well," Dave said, "do you know if Avery has talked with the boy about the key?"

"No," John replied.

"Oh, my God," Dave moaned.

These were John's sentiments, but coming from Dave they sounded more reverent than expletive, and he said, "What do you mean by that?"

"I will always blame myself," Dave said. "Don't you know what that boy was suffering?"

"Now, Dave," John said, "I knew from what you said the boy was disturbed, but that was natural. You should realize that ——"

"I do realize," Dave said. "That's the very hell of it." He rose, moved restlessly toward the door, turned, and coming back he leaned down, his hands gripping the edge of the table. "Do you recall that I sat in your study one week ago and told you that that boy was torturing himself with guilt and remorse, and to conceal the facts of the thing from him was a dangerous and a cruel thing to do? Do you recall that?"

"I do recall it," John said, and his voice took on stiffness, "but I don't recall as much vehemence. Aren't you exaggerating?"

"Let me tell you something," Dave said. "These boys are not machines that sit in class and make the kind of grades that take them to Harvard. They are flesh and blood. They feel. They are primarily feelings, throbbing masses of fleshy feeling that they hide because they are boys and boys do not like to show their



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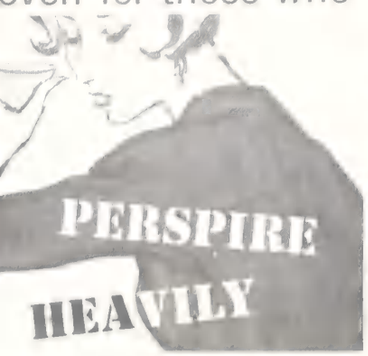


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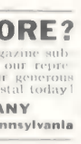


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feelings any more than you or I do. Robinson was sick with guilt. He spilled it all over my office. He knew about that key, and he knew that if he'd reported it his roommate wouldn't have drowned. In his own mind he killed the boy. His hands drip blood. That's all he can see. He should have been told that Avery missed his key and knew he had a thief in the house, and suspected from the first that he was the one responsible. Robinson should have known that someone else preceded him in the line of the guilty. I told you, but"—he paused and his voice dropped—"but I knew I should have seen to it myself."

Well, the line grew. Robinson, Avery, Dave; and the more the light shone on the whole thing, the more certain John became that he belonged with the others. To save the school further embarrassment he had chosen to retain a man who was, by his own admission, incompetent, and now another casualty confronted them. He rose abruptly and started down the hall to his study, took up the telephone, dialed, and in a moment Avery Forrest, sounding foggy with sleep, answered.

"Avery, this is Dr. Dwire," John said, his voice cold. "I want you to come up here."

There was a brief pause during which time Avery came alive with several hopeful, eager questions about Robinson Perry, all of which were answered in the negative, and then the headmaster said, "Did you tell Robinson how the Carmichael boy got that key?"

There was another pause and then Avery plunged into a dissertation on the intricacies of a good faculty-student relationship.

Anger and impatience flickered over John's face and he said abruptly, "Never mind, Avery, just get on up here."

It was almost two when the phone rang and Eva Carmichael told him that she had just put Robinson Perry to bed in her guest room. He sent Dave and Avery home, and he called the Perrys, and notified the police. He was exhausted, but even the relief he felt was not enough to dispel the feeling of futility that filled him. Avery's maudlin rationalization of his own evaluation of Robinson's plight sickened him. He had reached the point himself where he could no longer feel confidence in his own judgment, but he was convinced that Avery's squirming sentimentality was more dangerous than his own unyielding conviction that the lines of responsibility could not be drawn heart-shaped.

Sinking into his desk chair, he thought about the question of getting the boy. He had told Eva that Halsie would pick Robinson up in the morning and drive him back to the school. He had made this decision rapidly because it seemed better than having the police pick him up, or risking exposing Eva to the Perrys. He had hoped he hadn't been too hasty. He didn't know what to expect from Halsie anymore.

He lifted the phone and dialed for the operator, gave her sister's number in New York, and when Halsie finally came to the phone she sounded as groggy and out of sorts as he had expected. "I'm sorry," he said. "I hated to disturb you."

"What's the matter?" He could hear her trying to talk through a yawn. It gave her voice a warm, muffled sound.

"It's a long story," he said, "and I know you're half asleep. The gist of it is that Robinson Perry left school tonight, and somehow he has managed to get himself to Eva Carmichael's apartment. I have just talked with her and I told her you'd pick him up in the morning and drive him back here."

"Oh." She paused. "Why in the world did he come down here?"

"I don't know," he said. "Do you think you can get around there by eight? I've called his parents and they'll be coming up in the morning, and I want him back here as soon as possible."

"What's the address?"

He gave it to her, waited for her to find a pencil and paper and write it down, and then she groaned. "That's way across town."

"I know it. I'm sorry to ask."

"That's all right," she said, sighing. "Just tell me one thing, though. Are you trying to do what's best for him, or best for the school?"

"I think it's best for everybody."

"All right," she said. "I'll get him."

John got into bed at two-thirty in the morning. The phone waked him at seven. It rang like a fire bell. Lifting his head, he knocked the pillow onto the floor, and, reaching for the phone, he sat up. He supposed it was campus business, and yet when he heard Eva Carmichael's voice he was not really surprised.

All the weariness that he had felt the night before settled once more into the frame of his body. Tension flowed back through his limp limbs, and he sat, nodding his head, as she told him that Robinson had left the apartment. Her maid had just gone in to get him up for breakfast and found the room empty. He could have been gone for hours, she said, and John listened patiently while Eva described Robinson's state of mind, and while she defined his reasons for coming to her and seeking the solace of confession.

As she talked John pictured the boy, pursued by the ravenous wolf of his guilty conscience, and compassion filled him. Robinson's flight was simply a boy's reaction to a man's burden. It was a commendable thing, a brave and courageous thing despite its lack of direction and its apparent failure.

He did his best to reassure Eva that she had not been negligent in letting him get away, and finally he brought the call to a conclusion and then he called the Perrys and the police, and feeling that he was caught in a whirlpool, he put in a call to Halsie. "I'm sorry, Halsie," he said. "The Perry boy has disappeared again and there's no need for you to pick him up."

"Disappeared? What's happened to him?"

"I wish I knew," he said.

"How long has he been gone?"

"I don't know," John said.

"Oh," she said. Her voice was full of warmth and sympathy now. It could have been for Robinson, or his parents, or even for him, and he was touched when she said, "I'm so sorry, John. Have you called his parents?"

"Yes, I've called his parents."

"Isn't there anything I can do?"

He wanted to laugh. There was Halsie, asking if there wasn't something she could do. What could she do? Why did she always think there was something she could do?

"Nothing, thank you," he said.

"What are you going to do?"

"Sweat it out. What would you suggest?"

"I don't know," she said. Her voice receded again, growing small and hurt. "I just thought you might be going to drive down to the Perrys to see if there was any way you could help them. Or something," she said vaguely.

"Now Halsie, do you really think I could help the Perrys by driving down to Connecticut to talk to them about their son? They don't want me. They want their boy."

"I know," she said. She said it the way she could say it to a child. "But it might help them to know you knew what they were going through. They would be touched if you came because they know how important you are. It might make them feel that you care about Robinson; not just about finding him, or how it looks to have him run away, but that you cared about him."

"Yes," he said, "I see what you mean."

"Do you?" she said, her voice low.

He could feel anger and anguish running through him, drowning him, and he said, "I am not made of stone. I have had exactly four hours of sleep tonight because I have been pacing the floor and doing everything I could do to try to discover why this one boy has behaved the way he has. I don't like what's been happening around here any better than you do. When they find that boy I'm going to give him a shaking up he'll never forget."

"That ought to do the trick," she said, her voice better.

"Look," he said, regretting now the tide of emotion that made him want to hurt her for the inadequacy he felt. "Look, Halsie," he said, "we can't talk about it over the phone—I've got to keep the line open—but, believe me, I have learned about this boy tonight, and he needs shaking up. He needs help. He's trying to carry a man's load and he's not ready to do it. I don't know; you may be right. I might go ahead and drive on down to the Perrys. God knows they must need a little support."

"Oh," she said. "Oh, John." Her voice was suddenly warm again.

What had he said? The effect was of the sun coming out from behind a bank of clouds. It seemed to him he had simply made a point, clarified his position, but the sudden change in her tone of voice indicated much more. All he had done was announce that he might make a personal effort to sustain the Perrys until there was definite news of their son. He thought, *Is it as simple as that?*

He heard her continue in the same soft tone, "Don't go unless you want to. Just because I said I thought it was a good idea doesn't mean you have to do it."

"Halsie, I believe you are right. I do want to see the Perrys. It is certainly something that should be done right away."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure," he said.

"For the sake of the school?"

"Oh, Halsie!" How much was he expected to endure? "For the sake of the boy," he said. "Why do you think I'm sweating blood up here? I don't want the school all over the papers, and I don't want the trustees on my neck, but I should have seen to it that that boy never reached the point of needing to run away. I've got to see this thing through not only for his sake, but for my own."

The phone was silent again, another long thread of nothing strung between them, but he knew he had made contact, he could sense it, and then Halsie said, "I'm coming home today. I'm all packed anyway, and I want to come home. I have a lot to tell you."

"Good," he said. "I'm ready to have you."

He put the receiver down and started into the bathroom. As he passed the window he glanced down the drive, and there, coming slowly, wearing a white London fog jacket, was Robinson Perry. He came to the front walk, paused and looked up at the house. For an instant, even at that distance, John could see the hollow-eyed, white-faced determination that had kept him coming all the way back from New York. The headmaster grabbed his robe, knotting the sash as he went down the stairs and opened the front door. He flung it open just as Robinson put his foot on the first step, and then he said, in a voice that didn't sound very much like his own, "Come on in, son. You and I have got a lot to talk about."

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RISES OF A NDIDATE'S WIFE

TINUED FROM PAGE 57

bens in the heat of battle. They *knew* the
n from their own firsthand knowledge—
gs they had seen and heard; then they
rd statements that could not possibly be
. Little girls—teen-agers—are sensitive,
fierce loyalty is quick to flame into action
nst injustice or untruth.

ut now they knew that in a campaign
ebody is going to get *hurt*. As Julie once
, "If you have the ball, some of those big
les on the other side are going to try to
ber you."

erhaps this is the very lifeblood of govern-
t of the people, by the people, for the
ple—part of our American way. Yet it is
always easy for those who become targets,
more than it is, I suppose, for Julie's man
the ball who may get clobbered. He has
ake a choice.

s their father and I watched the girls' faces,
rd kept coming to me—*anti*.

o each family there are small things, big
gs, that stand out in the family record-of-
ory. Among mine I found that word anti,
I remembered that it had been Julie's
head-on clash with what she conceived to
njustice. It was flung at Julie that "Nixon
ti-this or anti-that." Nixon, she heard, was
Jewish, anti-Negro, antilabor—all kinds
ings.

t burns me up," Julie said. "Daddy is
r *anti* anything." As far as she knew, this
true. From the time she could understand,
father had hammered home the fact that
ple of all races, backgrounds and religions
made and were making their contribution
merica.

He has to be anti-Communist," Tricia said
thoughtful voice.

Well," Julie said, "he wants us to be *for*
erica. Not just *anti* the way they do things
ussia. He told me himself when you were
ussia he didn't find any people that were
anti-American. They were all dedicated
Communism. He isn't really *anti* the New
Yankees; he's just *for* the Los Angeles
els."

t's quicker for some people just to say
something," Tricia said, "than to be
mative about it."

s we sat around the table before the fire
ussing the governorship race, I know that
y things were in our minds—all the weeks,
ths, years, special days and hours, of our
rience in politics.

thought of a few of these special mo-
ts—three especially.

rst, the night John Foster Dulles, then
etary of State, called me after a cabinet
ing. At the time, President Eisenhower
too ill to attend cabinet meetings, and so,
s orders and with his blessings, the Vice
ident was presiding over them and making
final decisions. "Pat," the Secretary of
e said to me, "I had to tell you how great
was today. You know how I have always
about him, and today he demonstrated
he is the statesman I believed him to be.
work in unity, his judgment were far be-
l what I expected, and that was high."

cond, the two-millionth letter. Two mil-
is a lot of letters. They came to us after
vere attacked by what my husband refers
s the second crisis, *The Fund*. This was a
charge concerning an alleged secret
paign fund. When he was nominated as
nhower's choice for the second place
he ticket in '52, he went on television to
ain this matter to the people.

rom the first day Dick made up his mind
n for office, I knew in my heart that men
rinciple will always win in the end over
of power. Nothing had changed my
ion. But when I sat watching him that
, knowing that the whole country was
hing with me, I knew that his life, his
r and his future in the work he loved
and was best fitted to do was on the block.
best I was able to do was sit like a wax
e, afraid if I made one move I might
too much emotion, my control might
way on the screen. As soon as it was over
I began to wonder if I had shown my faith in him enough, and made plain my absolute certainty and knowledge of my husband's honesty and integrity—to wonder if I should have *done* something, or *said* something. The life of the wife of a candidate will always be beset by these if's, these backward looks.

How could I convey to every wife what I was feeling on that television show while my husband's fellow citizens watched? It was Mamie Eisenhower who said it for me later: "I expect Pat was praying." You see, she had had long experience through two wars when her husband was under fire, and she recognized another woman in prayer when she saw her. It was, I know, all I could do at that moment.

So the joy of that letter was with me, which told me that 2,000,000 people had taken the time and trouble to write us that they believed my husband.

In every family, it seems to me, there is one who can express the heart of the family. With us, it is Julie. Dick, Tricia and I do not always find it easy to show our emotions, no matter how strongly we feel. Julie overflows and explodes by nature. Tonight it was Julie who said, "Daddy, you know we want you to be happy. But we thought you were happy in the law and writing books. Do you want to run for governor of California?"

Her countenance was a little rueful, and her father laughed. Then he said, "You know, Julie, I have always advised capable men in our party— I would say it to all men of whatever party—*run*. Be a candidate. Run for the office which you are fitted to fill. If you're in politics or want to be in politics, the only honest thing to do is take the opening that needs an honest candidate."

For a minute Julie didn't say anything, and I found later that she was thinking of other risks involved in public office. She was remembering a day in 1958 when she came home from school for lunch, turned on the radio, and heard the news about the violent Communist attacks on Dick in South America. Terrified, she had called our office and screamed, "What are they doing to my mommy and daddy?" In this manner the busy office staff had first learned about the dangerous mobs.

All of us, I think, were surprised that it was Tricia, never given to fighting words, who had the last word, and it *was* a fighting word.

Later she told me she had been thinking, as our discussion went on, of other men in this country. Soon after Dick began the second term of the vice presidency, Tricia had remarked that she was *living* right in history, and it was making the men and things that had happened before so real to her that someday she would like to major in history and perhaps become a historian. She was devoted to President Eisenhower and he to her. Once he told her that most Americans put Lincoln first, as he did himself, but, he said, he had deep devotion to and sympathy for George Washington. "I expect," Tricia told us, "nobody else but another general would know what it took to win the War of Independence and keep the army at Valley Forge in 1777." As she studied, Tricia saw that all great and dedicated men had been attacked, all had been on the firing line.

"Imagine," she said now, "if lots of the men who made history had decided not to run because it was tough or something. Imagine if we hadn't been there in Washington that Christmas."

We all knew what Christmas she meant. It was the Christmas when the big steel strike was settled in the library of our home in Washington. We peeped around the dining-room door, as we were wrapping packages, to see the men going upstairs or coming down after long hours. The tree was already up in the living room, and they stopped to admire it. One day Secretary of Labor Mitchell came down looking satisfied and happy, and told us he'd never seen finer negotiations than Dick was conducting. Later, Dave McDonald, one of the great labor leaders, put an arm around Tricia and said, "Your dad's doing a great job, young lady, and you've got a right to be very proud of him. Honest, open discussion and settling things the way men of good will ought to."

A rewarding memory, a rescuing memory. The unpleasant memories seemed to fade away.

Suddenly Tricia put her arms around her father and said, "Daddy, come on—*let's show 'em!*"

On paper, it looks belligerent and maybe it is—but, coming from our gentle Tricia, it seemed more like a bugle call to action.

So—the Nixons were running again, this time for the governorship of California, and it was plain just what this meant and how much it meant when, a short time later, a certain young man came to talk to my husband about whether *he* should run for a minor office in the state.

He was an ideal candidate, a fine-looking young man with an engaging smile, graduate of a good university, married into an old California family. In both parties there is always this need for good young men to take the plunge into the political arena. Not all of them have families who can help them in those early years; often they have to make sacrifices to run, give up better salaries and greater opportunity to make money. In this case, there wasn't any money available to help; but even more serious, both families were violently opposed to his entering politics at all. The gamble seemed too great.

I tell this story because too often I have heard of opposition inside the family circle keeping a good young man from running for office. Yet we must have the best, the most intelligent and most honest men we can find to run because *these are the men who govern our country*. These are the men in whose hands will be war and cold war and peace. They will run the biggest business in the world, the United States of America. They must be worthy and able.

Yet here was a brilliant young man and his dynamic young wife whose parents had said, "Politics? No, no, you stay out of politics; it's a dirty racket. Look what you have to go through, the things they say about you. No future in it. Don't campaign for office, think of your wife and children." I don't suppose these relatives realized that if we are to have *brains* and *character* at the head of our nation, somebody has to take these risks and these beatings.

I wish they might have heard what my husband said to this young man.

"You have a life," he said. "It's all yours. What do you want to do with it? If you want to go out for worldly success, money, all the comforts—if you want to seek safety and avoid the battles—that's one thing. If you want to serve your country—that's another. As my daughter Tricia says, where would we have been if the families of Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Jefferson, Teddy Roosevelt had kept them from running for office? You are now making your first decision to run or not to run. That's always the question. I hope you will say yes. And your wife must say it with you—as mine did, time and time again." He smiled and said, "Pat can tell you all about it, if you ask her."

I thought how typical it was of my experience that Dick Nixon, as a rookie congressman, didn't give me time to attend my first receptions—or hardly—before we were plunged into the case against Alger Hiss, and that I hadn't got my Washington legs before he was a national and international leader.

He can't help it. He must always have a crusade.

Then when we had that nice, safe seat in the House, another call came from his party. A Senate seat was open. They wanted Dick to run for it, although it had been held by a Democrat for years, and he didn't, they admitted, have a chance. Well—he took that chance and won.

All these things went through my mind as my husband said to the young wife, "I dedicated my book, 'To Pat—who also ran.' As you will—as you must—if your husband decides on service as his career. Any of the fine women who have been wives of men in office will tell you this. One thing I myself can tell you about, a blessing no man ever deserves—a wife who believes he is a great man and that it is necessary to the future of his country and the world that he be elected."

Finding the eyes of the two young people on me, I didn't know what to say. Americans hesitate to say such things as "I think my husband is a great man." Once or twice the wife of Abraham Lincoln went that far and was misunderstood—right as she was. I stood bound by the old tradition that a wife must not praise her husband in public. It would be bad taste. Or would silence perhaps be even worse?

I will tell you what I recollected then, so that I knew I must bear witness by my conduct—as I hoped I had done for many years.

It was a calm, gray, rainy morning in a Midwestern state. Traveling by car in a cavalcade, through a clear gray light, we went through the fields and farms and small towns, and always the sides of the roads were lined with people who had come out to watch the Vice President pass by. At corners, in town main streets, he would stop and speak to them.

On one such occasion, on our tour of the Middle West, we saw a group of children making their way through the tightly packed crowd, led by a woman who was obviously their teacher. People stood aside for them, and she came to the side of our car and spoke to us. She told us that these were children from a school for the deaf, just over the hill. "They so much wanted to see you," she said. "Of course they cannot hear you, but if you permit me, I will stand beside you and translate your words to them in sign language."

What I describe now I saw and heard myself, but there were many other witnesses, and they will testify to the story. Speaking very naturally and quietly, as to his neighbors, Dick began to tell them about the United States of America. He said it was a miracle that the United States should exist, and yet it did. There it was, all around them, north, south, east and west. His voice began to ring, and the children who could not hear it drew closer, never taking their eyes off him. Soon we all saw that the teacher's hands hung at her sides, perfectly still. In a country so big, he told them, with so many different kinds of people of different blood and heritage, different language and religion, different interests and sizes and weather and surroundings, it didn't seem possible that they could be united, these states. That New Hampshire and New Mexico, Minnesota and Mississippi, Detroit and Dallas, New York and California, could be held together as one—without force or fear. By their own free consent. No Gestapo, no threats, no starvation, no secret police.

They were our states, he said, united by a spiritual ideal and held together by the free consent of the governed. Men had had a dream, and the dream had come true. The dream of freedom had become freedom—the truth that all men are born to equal opportunity. Every state, he told them, had her own freedom within herself as well as within the Union of States, and that freedom, too, was important to preserve. He said each of us in our own community, our own state, as well as our nation, must preserve this freedom and never lose sight of it.

I cannot tell you how it happened, but it did. Those children heard him. We could tell, many of us, as their faces responded to his words. Their eyes were the eyes of *listening* children. None of us who saw this have ever forgotten it. Some miracle of communication had awakened those senses by which, as Helen Keller tells us, we will someday see or hear—the senses she uses above and beyond the ordinary physical ones.

But I knew that I must say to my daughters, to the young candidate and his wife, to anyone who would listen, "I once saw and heard Dick make deaf children hear and understand the dream of the United States of America." This must always be my answer to the question of whether I think my husband is a great man.

So, as I said to our dog Checkers this morning—the same dog that, though not so well known as President Roosevelt's Fala, nevertheless has had her moments of publicity—"Well, Checkers, here we go again. I am once more a candidate's wife—and proud to be, too."

How else can a wife and children feel if their husband and father is a dedicated man who desires to go on serving his country?

END



QUICKER COOKING PUDDING THAT GIVES YOU A PERFECT CREAMY SET EVERY TIME

New-Recipe Royal Pudding is better than ever to taste—easier than ever to make. When you see the very first bubble—it's done! (You can't scorch it because you don't boil it.)

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CHOCOLATE • VANILLA • BUTTERSCOTCH • DARK 'N' SWEET
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HOW TO BECOME FAMOUS FOR YOUR COFFEE

By ELLEN SALTONSTALL, Dir. of Consumer Service, Pan-American Coffee Bureau

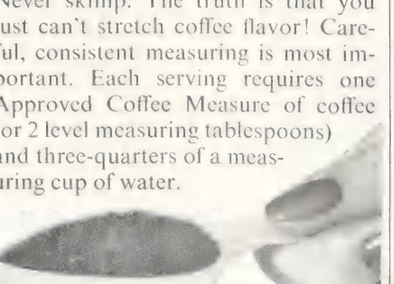
"Honestly, *this* coffee is the best I've ever tasted! May I have another cup?" Those are treasured words—and here's how you can hear them often.

When you buy coffee:

Pick the grind that is right for your type of coffee maker. Which brand is best? The brand that tastes best to you. Each brand is a blend of different coffees, each chosen for its distinctive flavor quality. If you have already found the brand that seems blended just for your taste, stay with it.

When you measure coffee:

Never skimp. The truth is that you just can't stretch coffee flavor! Careful, consistent measuring is most important. Each serving requires one Approved Coffee Measure of coffee (or 2 level measuring tablespoons) and three-quarters of a measuring cup of water.



When you brew coffee:

Always start with fresh, cold water in a clean coffee maker. If your coffee maker isn't automatic, timing is important. Percolators should perk *gently* 6 to 8 minutes. In a vacuum coffee maker, after the water has risen to the top section, it should be kept over low heat 1 to 3 minutes.

When you serve coffee:

Immediately after brewing, it's at its peak of flavor. If you must prepare coffee ahead of time, keep it over very low heat. Never let it boil!

When you judge coffee:

Put it to this test: Is the flavor rich, true coffee flavor? Does it have a heady, tempting aroma? Is the color dark and clear? If the answers are all "Yes," you're an expert, and your friends will be asking how you do it!

Pan-American Coffee Bureau

PERFECT LITTLE DINNERS FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

SEAFOOD ILE-DE-FRANCE

Meat from 3 cooked lobsters (about 1½ lbs. each)
2 cups fresh or frozen crab meat
¼ cup Pernod (optional)

SAUCE AMERICAINE

1 tablespoon olive oil
2 tablespoons chopped shallots or onion
1 clove garlic, crushed
1 can (2-lb.-3-oz.) tomatoes
1 tablespoon chopped fresh tarragon or 1½ teaspoons dried
1 tablespoon chopped fresh chervil or 1½ teaspoons dried

CREAM SAUCE

3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
¼ cup heavy cream
¾ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
Few grains nutmeg

(1) Remove bones from lobster and crab meat and cut lobster into bite-size pieces. (2) Prepare Sauce Américaine: Heat the olive oil in a saucepan and sauté the shallots or onion and garlic until pale golden. Stir in the tomatoes and remaining ingredients. (3) Simmer, uncovered, until reduced to about 1½ cups sauce. Purée through a food mill or buzz in a blender (strain to remove seeds). (4) Make a cream sauce with the butter, flour, milk and cream. Add all seasonings, cook and stir until smooth and thickened. (5) Mix the two sauces together and transfer to the top of a double boiler. Add the lobster and crab meat and, if you like, the Pernod. Heat, stirring occasionally.

Serve in scallop shells if you like. Makes 6–8 servings.

DUCKLING A L'ORANGE

2 (4-lb.) ducklings, quartered
2–3 teaspoons salt
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
2 cups chicken broth
1 cup dry white wine
4 oranges
½ cup sugar
½ cup water
1 cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup brandy (optional)
Salt
Pepper

(1) Rub each duckling with about 1 teaspoon salt and place on a rack in an open roasting pan. Prick well all over with a fork. Roast in a very hot oven, 450° F., for 20 minutes, turning and pricking often. (2) Remove ducklings and rack from pan, drain off all but 1 tablespoon of the fat. Reduce oven heat to moderate, 350° F. (3) Melt the butter in the roasting pan over direct heat and stir in the flour. Add the chicken broth and white wine, cook and stir until slightly thickened. (4) Return ducklings to roasting pan (without the rack), continue roasting in a moderate oven for 1–1½ hours or until fork-tender and golden. Baste with the sauce from time to time. (5) Carefully cut rind from the oranges, sliver it and boil in water to cover for about 3 minutes. Drain. (6) Cut all the white pith from the oranges and slice the fruit into ¼" thick circles. (7) Heat the sugar and water in a saucepan, then boil, uncovered, until the syrup is light caramel in color. Add the slivered orange rind and juice, the lemon juice, and brandy if you like. (8) When ducklings are tender, transfer to a warm platter or clean roasting pan. Keep warm. (9) Strain sauce from the roasting pan and add to the caramel mixture, if the sauce is not too greasy, otherwise discard sauce. Boil, uncovered, until the sauce has reduced a little and is slightly thickened. (10) Season to taste with salt and pepper. If you like a thicker sauce, add 1–2 teaspoons cornstarch mixed to a smooth paste with a little orange juice. (11) Strain and pour over the ducklings, or pass in a sauceboat.

Garnish the platter with the orange slices, if you like. Makes 8 servings.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

½ pound sweet baking chocolate
1 cup sugar
½ cup water
8 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons rum or Cognac

(1) Melt the chocolate in the top of a double boiler. (2) Heat the sugar and water in a saucepan until it is syrupy. (3) Pour the syrup into the chocolate in a slow, steady stream, beating constantly. (4) Add the egg yolks, one at a time, beating after each addition. (5) Remove from heat and add rum or Cognac. Cool. (6) Beat egg whites until soft peaks form and fold into chocolate mixture. Spoon into an 8-cup soufflé dish or serving dish or individual dishes. (7) Chill overnight. Makes 8 servings.

MENU II

VOL-AU-VENT MARYLAND
ROAST LEG OF LAMB WITH FLAGEOLETS
GRILLED TOMATOES
SPINACH IN CREAM
CUCUMBER MOUSSE
BOMBE GLACEE CARIBIENNE
DEMITASSE

VOL-AU-VENT MARYLAND
(Crab Maryland)

3 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
¾ cup milk
¾ cup heavy cream
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
¾ pound crab meat, boned and flaked
2 tablespoons dry sherry
6–8 baked puff-pastry patty shells, homemade or frozen

(1) Melt 1½ tablespoons butter in a saucepan and stir in the flour. Add the milk a little at a time, stirring after each addition. Add the cream, salt and cayenne. (2) Cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. (3) Sauté the crab meat in the remaining butter over low heat until most of the butter has been absorbed. (4) Stir the crab meat into the cream sauce and add the sherry. Taste for salt. Cook, stirring, over low heat until the flavors are blended. (5) Fill the warm patty shells with the crab mixture. Makes 6–8 servings.

ROAST LEG OF LAMB WITH FLAGEOLETS

1 leg of lamb (6–7-lb.)
2 (1-lb.) cans flageolets or 1 pound white pea beans
¼ teaspoon pepper
4 teaspoons salt
3 cloves garlic, peeled
¼ cup canned tomato purée
1 can (10½-oz.) consommé, heated
2 tablespoons butter
¼ cup chopped parsley

(1) Wipe the meat with a damp cloth and cut off excess fat. Let the lamb stand at room temperature for about 1 hour before cooking. (2) If using white pea beans, prepare these first: Wash the beans and pick them over. Place in a saucepan and cover with cold water, add 2 teaspoons salt and bring to a boil. Remove from heat and let stand 1 hour. (3) Add the pepper, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and the tomato purée; continue cooking for about 1½ hours or until tender but not mushy. Add more water as needed to keep the beans covered at all times. (4) If using canned flageolets, heat them just before the roast lamb is done with 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 clove garlic, crushed, and ¼ cup tomato purée. (5) Roast lamb: Make deep incisions in the flesh of the leg and insert 2 cloves garlic which have been slivered. Rub the lamb well all over with 2 teaspoons salt and a little pepper. Insert a meat thermometer if you wish. Place lamb, fat side up, on a rack in an open roasting pan. (6) Roast in a moderately slow oven, 325° F., for about 1–1½ hours for rare to medium done. Baste frequently with the hot consommé. (7) When the lamb is done, transfer to a platter and keep warm. Drain the beans or flageolets, add the butter and the roasting-pan juices. Mix well and taste for salt and pepper. Spoon the beans around the meat and sprinkle them with the chopped parsley. Serve a spoonful or two with each serving of lamb. Makes 6–8 servings.

GRILLED TOMATOES

8 ripe tomatoes, halved
Salt
Pepper
1 tablespoon chopped fresh basil or 1½ teaspoons dried
1 tablespoon chopped fresh chervil or 1½ teaspoons dried
Butter

(1) Arrange tomatoes on a baking pan. Sprinkle each with a little salt and pepper. (2) Mix basil and chervil and sprinkle some over each half. (3) Dot with butter. (4) Broil 5"–6" from the heat about 10–15 minutes or until golden. Add more butter if required. Makes 8 servings.

SPINACH IN CREAM

3 (10-oz.) packages frozen chopped spinach
2 tablespoons butter
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg
¾ cup light cream

(1) Cook the spinach according to package directions. Drain very well, pressing out as much water as possible. Force through a sieve, if you like. (2) Melt the butter in a saucepan and add the flour. Cook, stirring, until pale golden. (3) Mix in the spinach and cook for a few minutes or until it is quite dry. (4) Season to taste with the salt, pepper and nutmeg. (5) Add the cream, cook and stir for a few minutes longer. Serve garnished with small toast triangles or quarters of hard-cooked egg if you like. Makes 8 servings.

CUCUMBER MOUSSE

5 medium cucumbers
2¼ cups water
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1½–2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 cup mayonnaise
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
1 cup heavy cream
½ cup French dressing

(1) Cook 4 cucumbers, peeled and seeded, in 2 cups water with the lemon juice until tender. Drain well. (2) Purée the cucumber through a food mill, or buzz in a blender. (3) Add the Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper and mayonnaise. (4) Heat gelatin in remaining ¼ cup water until gelatin dissolves. Stir into cucumber mixture. (5) Cool until a spoonful mounds. (6) Whip heavy cream and fold into mixture; add a few drops green food coloring, if you like. Spoon into a 6-cup mold and chill until set (overnight if possible). Unmold and serve garnished with remaining cucumber peeled, thinly sliced and marinated in the French dressing for about an hour. Makes 8 servings.

BOMBE GLACEE CARIBIENNE
(Caribbean Ice-Cream Mold)

3 pints coffee ice cream
2 pints chocolate ice cream
Sweet baking-chocolate curls, garnish
Crème de cacao

(1) Chill a 2-quart mold or metal bowl thoroughly. (2) Soften 1½ pints coffee ice cream a little—it should still be quite firm but spreadable. (3) Spread it on the bottom and up the sides of the mold in a layer about ¾" thick. Freeze until firm. (4) Soften the chocolate ice cream in the same way and spread over the coffee ice cream, mounding it up a little in the center. Freeze until firm. (5) Soften the remaining 1½ pints coffee ice cream and pack into the mold, filling it to the brim. Cover with waxed paper and freeze until firm, preferably overnight. (6) To unmold: Turn the container upside down on a chilled serving dish and wrap in a cloth wrung out of hot water for a minute or two. Be careful not to get the metal hot enough to melt the contents. Slide the mold out and decorate with shaved chocolate curls. Pass the crème de cacao as a sauce. Makes 6–8 servings. END

THE NATURAL ENEMIES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

did with Angela: caught in the eye of a hurricane and on the way to meet a tornado.

They started filling in the years at a luncheonette that boasted a windowed wall on Broadway. A theater marquee across the longest and brightest street in the world announced that Louisa Herrick was soon to open in a new play. Carefully, Mollie placed the magazine face up beside the sugar bowl.

"The last time I saw you," Angela said with a hint of annoyance, "was when my career as a nurse was cut short because the housemother caught me necking at the door. Housemothers are frustrated English governesses. That's my personal theory."

"Let's be fair. It was the third time she caught you. And it was after curfew."

"Dismissing me for breaking a few silly rules! I had a natural talent for healing the sick in body." She smiled ruefully. "But it was their loss, not mine."

"I missed you after you left," Mollie said. Hadley House *had* been dull without Angela, who had worn a uniform as if it were a Dior original and who had always had all the answers to everything, except, of course, how to stay in training.

"I meant to keep in touch," Angela apologized. "I really did. But I became involved in a whole new life. I got a job in a psychoanalyst's office. It was absolutely fascinating delving into mental abnormalities: characteristics of aggressiveness; individual differences in nonadaptive behavior ——"

"You did all that?" impressed.

"Well, not exactly. I typed up the transcripts from the tapes, but I learned enough to realize that I also had a natural talent for healing the sick in mind."

"I'm sure you did," Mollie said, taking her word for it.

"I probably would have gone much deeper into the study, but I decided to devote myself to 'the home' instead. I married one of our patients after he adjusted to the idea of marriage."

"I got married too," Mollie announced simply, anticipating the full effect the announcement would have after she told the whole story.

"I noticed your ring immediately. Any children?"

"We've been married only three months," she said by way of explanation.

"I have a little boy—Mark—only three. And oh, Mollie, now I've discovered my *true* talent: catering to a tiny id."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Id, darling. The source of all instinctual energy—all needs and desires." She consulted her wristwatch and gasped.

"You don't have to leave, do you?" Mollie said anxiously. "We just got here and I haven't told you a thing about myself."

"I have to telephone home. Mark is expecting to hear from me. It gives him a sense of security—a knowledge of being loved. The baby-sitter says it's the cutest thing to see him sit by that phone and wait for my calls."

"How many times do you call him when you leave?"

Angela dug into her change purse. "Oh—at least three."

"Well," Mollie said airily, "what are a few dimes compared with an id?" She smiled and hoped she had said something intelligent on the subject, but her ex-roommate had already flown in the direction of the phone booth.

Mollie sipped her coffee and waited patiently. She had always had a high opinion of Angela's judgment. If anyone else had suggested that it was necessary to reassure a child so many times a day that he was loved, she might have been skeptical; but since Angela had decreed it—it was, in all probability, true.

She came flying back a few minutes later. "There! I feel much better now. He was so sweet. What do you think he said?"

Mollie was prepared to be overwhelmed with a gem of childish precocity. "What?"

"He said, 'Mommy, bwing me something.' Isn't that cute? Now, let's talk about you."

"His name is Rod," Mollie said, the news she had kept back so long spilling out at last. "He's a free-lance artist and I think he has a great future."

Her friend's eyes swept upward to the mink hat. "His present doesn't look too bad either."

"He's sweet and considerate. And I think he's very handsome."

"How did you meet him?"

"He was my appendix in three-oh-nine. Practically the first thing he said when he came out of anesthesia was, 'Falling in love is like Pentathol. Both are a shot in the arm and you forget all pain.'"

"My name is Jones now," Angela said. "What's yours?"

"Herrick," Mollie told her.

Angela glanced at the face on the magazine cover. "That's a coincidence!"

"She's my mother-in-law."

The announcement was greeted with a shocked silence. Mollie had never before been able to shock or silence Angela, so she took advantage of doing both now and continued blithely, "I was a little overawed at first. Who wouldn't be? Louisa Herrick is, after all, practically a national institution. But she was so sweet from the beginning. She found an apartment for us while we were on our honeymoon and furnished it as a wedding gift. And this hat that you admired"—her fingers went to it and gently caressed the fur— "I happened to mention one day how much I liked it—and the next thing I knew ——"

"You poor thing," Angela said, finding her voice finally. "How terrible for you."

"Terrible?" Mollie parroted.

"It's bad enough having a mother-in-law, but to have one like Louisa Herrick! What girl could ask for worse competiton?"

"I don't try to compete with her."

"On the level of glamour, you mean. Well, thank goodness you're smart enough to realize you couldn't get away with it. You'll simply have to fight her on another level."

"Why do I have to fight her?" Mollie asked, puzzled.

"Mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law are natural enemies—like cats and dogs. That's one of the facts of life."

"But she has been very"—self-consciously Mollie searched for an unoffending adjective and came up, finally, with a pale one: "nice."

"Smart, you mean." Angela leaned forward confidentially. "I'll bet she looks at least fifteen years older in person."

"No," Mollie contradicted. "In person"—she recalled the news dealer a short while before and quoted: "She's a living doll."

"Well, if you spent all *your* time being massaged and creamed ——" She winked knowingly. "But you don't have to and that's it."

Mollie's head was beginning to throb. "What's it?"

"She's jealous of you, of course. You have two things she wants most, but can't have. You have youth"—she paused significantly—"and you have her son."

"That's true," Mollie admitted.

Satisfied with the admission, Angela settled back. "I never knew Louisa had a son."

"They were hardly ever photographed together."

"A growing hulk of a boy wouldn't have helped her career much, would it? Thank heavens, that'll never happen to my Mark."

"Rod seems to have survived pretty well," Mollie said a trifle testily.

"I noticed you called her Louisa."

"That's because Rod does."

"Ah"—significantly.

Mollie began to collect her handbag, her gloves, her magazine. Louisa's face looking up at her was radiant and accusing. *I mustn't listen to Angela*, she told herself—*she doesn't know what she's talking about.*

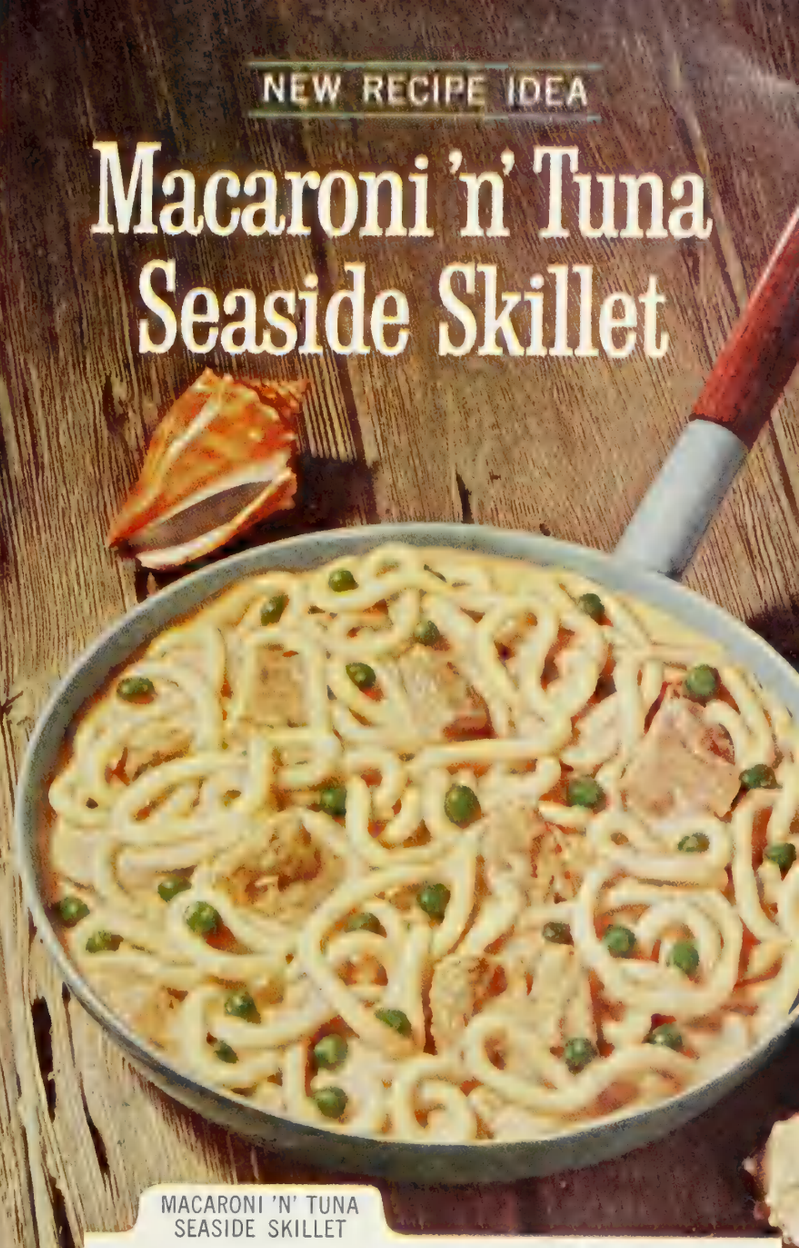
"I wouldn't want to change places with that woman," Angela said coolly. "She must be ridden with guilt, knowing that she was less than half a mother."

"I've got to go," Mollie said.

"And she probably has sleepless nights wondering how soon her son is going to start making comparisons to the kind of home she gave him and the kind you're giving him." She put out her hand to cover Mollie's. "You *are* trying to make it up to him, aren't you? For all those lost young years? I don't know him, but my heart aches for him."

NEW RECIPE IDEA

Macaroni 'n' Tuna Seaside Skillet



MACARONI 'N' TUNA SEASIDE SKILLET

Savory, new dish that's quick and easy to make

Here's a tasty meal you can fix right on top of your stove—FRANCO-AMERICAN Macaroni with Cheese Sauce—combined with onions, peas, and tuna. It's high in flavor, but low in cost.

- ¼ cup chopped onion
- ¼ teaspoon dry mustard
- ¼ teaspoon paprika
- 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
- 2 cans Franco-American Macaroni
- 1 can (7 ounces) tuna, drained and flaked
- 1 cup cooked peas



In skillet, cook onion, mustard, and paprika in butter until onion is tender. Add macaroni, tuna, and peas. Heat, stirring now and then. 4 to 6 servings.

FRANCO-AMERICAN MACARONI WITH CHEESE SAUCE

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OF Campbell SOUP COMPANY

eally must be going," Mollie insisted.
zela's voice followed her up. "You think
is being . . . nice, doing all those things
ou both—and passing out hand-me-
s? Don't be naive. She was only trying
press her son."
k out on the street again, Mollie inhaled
and headed quickly for Fifth Avenue
Fiftieth Street. It was all nonsense, of
e, but suddenly the hand-me-down mink
d to weigh heavily on her head. She
t off and carried it the rest of the way.
t possible that Rod had a lost young
ood that needed making up? If it were
she had already wasted three precious
s. She closed herself into an outdoor
elephone booth and dialed home.
er a few rings, the receiver lifted on the
end. Rod said, "Hello."
rling? It's me."
e been breaking pencils all day," he
"The place is full of sharpened stubs.
ing wrong?"
, I just called to ——" Now that she
seemed a silly thing to have done.
use"—she forced herself to go on—"I
d to tell you I love you. That's all."
ied to pass it off lightly. "Hasn't any—
oman ever called you just to let you
she loved you and . . . missed you?"
ot that I can remember."
om now on I'll do it every time I go
she promised, "if you'd like."
ne," he said agreeably.
n on my way home," she said.
the way, she stopped at a tobacconist's
y him a new pipe, at the bakery to buy
frosted angel cake, and finally at a
dasher's to buy him a new tie. In one of
three places she lost the magazine with
a on the cover. Would Angela, she won-
, have labeled that a subconscious desire
rid of Louisa?
en she arrived at the apartment in the
ixties, she found her mother-in-law there
of her. She was wearing a fitted coat of
cashmere. There was a ring of white
on her pale hair, and she looked,
e thought, dazzled, like a frosted angel
herself.
—I'm sorry," she stammered. "I didn't
you were coming. I would have been
" She felt strangely ill at ease.
on't apologize, little one," Louisa said.
stopped by to say hello. I'm on my way
hearsal. All we need is a new play and a
director and we're a sure hit. You look
anta Claus."
What is all this stuff?" Rod said, coming
o kiss the tip of her nose.
hese are just a few things for you."
ll that for me?" He was, she noticed
an overwhelming tenderness, as excited
ttle boy.
's not his birthday, is it?" Louisa in-
d, sinking into a chair and crossing the
us legs.
ou mean you don't know when his birth-
s?" Mollie said, stunned.

h her husband and her mother-in-law
ed. "Don't be a dope," Rod said. "Can't
ell when Louisa's kidding? Never mind,
have years to learn." He opened the
package. "A new pipe!"
it the kind you like?"
curved briar. Just what I wanted." He
d her again and went on to the second
age. "And a blue tie. It'll be perfect with
ray suit."
hat's what I thought," Mollie said.
ed. "Don't bother opening the bakery
It's a frosted angel cake."
ou hate angel cake," he reminded her.
know," she told him, "but I'll enjoy
hing you eat it."
low do you like this wife of mine?" Rod
turning to his mother. "And just before
came, she called for no special reason ex-
to tell me she loved me."
uisa uncrossed long silken legs. "That's
y," she said, getting up. "Don't forget,
one, what I warned you about when you
married."
What did you warn her about?" Rod asked.
some of your business." At the door she
d. "I know the way Mollie keeps house.
never left the room in *this* condition."

With so many other things on her mind, Mollie hadn't even noticed the condition of the living room. Rod had tossed sofa pillows on the rug and had used those, along with overturned ashtrays, candy dishes and a small marble bust, as part of an obstacle course. A golf club was still on the floor where he had dropped it, and a small white ball rested comfortably in a hat that stood upended against the wall.

"I set it up when I finished work," Rod explained. "It relaxed me, but I really didn't mean to leave such a mess." He began to clear away his private country club.

"No!" Mollie said.

He looked up at her, puzzled. "What do you mean—no?"

"I mean—don't bother. This is your home and if you want a golf course in the living room, you can have it. I'll clean around it."

He straightened up, took her in his arms and kissed her again, only this time it wasn't on the tip of her nose.

"I really should get dinner ready," she said.

"Let me help you," he offered.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. Stay here and play golf."

"If you insist." He picked up the club and swung it. "If you insist."

All the while she was broiling the steak, setting the green beans on a low burner and mashing the potatoes, she was thinking, *I wish I hadn't met Angela. Before I did, I thought everything was going so well.*

Mollie beat the potatoes as if she had a grudge against them and remembered back to the wedding reception three months ago—and the warning Louisa had given her then.

The mother of the groom, wearing champagne-colored chiffon and looking more like the bride, had taken her aside and said, "Speaking as an old pro, little one, since I've had three husbands—although Rod's father was the only one who really counted—I have this to suggest: love him a lot, but don't spoil him."

At the time Mollie had thought the advice was well meant. In grim retrospect she wondered if the other woman had only been worried about comparisons later on. Thoughtfully she set the table, remembering as she did the consideration and genuine fondness Louisa had always seemed to show her. Mollie wanted desperately to believe that it couldn't have been an act simply to impress Rod. On the other hand, wasn't Louisa Herrick one of the theater's foremost actresses?

During dinner, Mollie toyed with her food and made a pretense of eating while she channeled the conversation into reminiscences of Rod's early life. "What were Louisa's husbands like?"

"I don't remember my father. He died when I was a baby. But I was crazy about Paul. He was great fun. I was always sorry when she divorced Paul."

"Why did she?"

"I never asked. Soon after him came Herbert. I didn't get to know Herbert really. That was the winter I was sent off to private school. When I came home for summer vacation, he was gone. I didn't have to go back to private school the next year."

Mollie bit her tongue and kept herself from crying out, *Of course not. You weren't in the way then.*

With difficulty she sat quietly pouring coffee. What she really wanted to do was rush to the other side of the table, throw her arms around him and promise to make it up to him for everything he must have missed before she met him. Angela couldn't have been more right. . . .

As Angela was the first to admit when they met again. "It's a miracle to me he turned out as well as he did," she said. "Theoretically, juvenile delinquency is directly attributable to environment."

"I'm doing my best to compensate for it."

Angela pressed forward eagerly. "Tell me."

So Mollie told her: about little surprises she never failed to bring him now, little things to please him, unexpected extras; the way she was trying to give him a real *home*.

"How's his mother taking it?" Angela inquired politely.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

SEND A SANTA



HOROWITZ

The most personal Christmas card you can send is the one you make yourself. To inspire you to get busy right now, we show ten designs, above and on page 124, created for us by Miyo Endo. These require only the simple skills you learned in kindergarten, pasting and cutting. They involve easy-to-come-by, low-cost materials, as gummed seals and dots, colored papers, doilies, sequins.

Reading clockwise:

SANTA MARIONETTE is first cut from stiff white paper. Cut his face and torso in one piece, cut each arm and leg in two sections. Paste colored papers on the white cutouts to make his features, red suit and cap, black boots and mittens. Assemble all the parts with paper fasteners. Write "Merry Christmas" and your name on a tiny white card and paste on one hand. Punch a hole in his cap and thread a string through it so Santa can be hung on a tree.

CHRISTMAS ANGEL has a white-paper face, colored-paper features, yarn hair beneath a gold-cord halo, paper-doily wings, and a gown of cotton swabs cut in two. Paste all parts in place on a card.

LACE TREE is composed of circlets of white doily pasted on a colorful card. Add a doily star at the top and trim with sequins.

HOLLY BRANCH is three-dimensional. Cut out flaps in the shape of leaves, then fold the flaps back to show green paper pasted beneath the white card. Punch holes for holly berries and paste red paper beneath these. Paste red paper on the card for branches.

GILT TREE spells "Merry Christmas" with gummed letters. Base and trunk are made from a notary seal, ornaments are gummed dots.

How to create 4 new Italian Dressings with this Good Seasons Mix



The Basic Italian Dressing

Robust with garlic, flecked with onion and sweet red pepper. It's so easy to blend in the Good Seasons cruet. Simply combine vinegar, a little water and your favorite oil with the Mix. (Directions on the Good Seasons envelope.) Be sure to have an extra cruet handy—this truly tangy dressing will inspire you to try many wonderful variations.



Wine and Rosemary Italian Dressing

Good Seasons Italian Salad Dressing Mix
Dry wine
½ teaspoon slightly crushed rosemary

When making the basic Italian dressing, substitute any dry wine for the water. Just before final shaking, add rosemary.



Fennel Seed Italian Dressing

Good Seasons Italian Salad Dressing Mix
1 teaspoon fennel seeds

Add fennel seeds to basic dressing just before final shaking.



Lemon-Tarragon Dressing

Good Seasons Italian Salad Dressing Mix Lemon juice
Tarragon vinegar
½ teaspoon grated lemon rind

Use tarragon vinegar when preparing the basic dressing. Substitute lemon juice for the water. Optional touch: add lemon rind before final shaking for extra tang.

Get the Good Seasons cruet, with measures marked, where you buy the 9 mixes: New Parmesan, Italian, Bleu Cheese, Garlic, Cheese-Garlic, Onion, Old Fashion French, Classic and Exotic Herbs.

GF
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



NTINUED FROM PAGE 122

"We haven't seen her for weeks. She's been rehearsal."

"Then she doesn't even suspect what's go- on? She won't like it."

Mollie yawned, wondering why she was so red lately. "I don't care if she likes it or not."

"Good for you!" Angela said. "Just re- ember, she's your natural enemy; it's the w of the jungle." She consulted her watch. Do you realize we've had a two-hour lunch? ave to call Mark."

There was only one free telephone booth the restaurant. Generously Mollie let her end have it. "I'll take a cab home, and tell od I love him when I get there." They ushed cheeks and made kissing sounds in e air the way women do to protect their stick.

"I don't have to wish you luck this time," ngela said. There was admiration in her ice. "Just keep up the good work."

The cab she hailed got stuck in the molasses ze of Fifth Avenue traffic. It took her re than twice as long as she had thought it uld to arrive home.

By an odd coincidence Louisa was once ain there ahead of her. This time she was aring a simple black traveling suit. The lor matched Rod's mood. Mollie hardly d time to close the door behind her when stormed, "Where were you? All of a sud- n it was four-thirty and you hadn't called ce."

"Since when is that grounds for divorce?" "I was worried about her," Rod said, up- . "She always calls me at least three times en she goes out."

"You must own stock in T and T," Louisa d dryly.

Mollie slipped off her coat. "Angela and I t got to talking and I forgot. How've you en, Louisa?"

"This horrible play will kill me yet." She mmaged in her alligator handbag. "I'm out cigarettes." She got up to get one from the x on the coffee table and almost tripped on e of the pillows on the floor. "I see you've up your miniature-golf course again."

Her son lighted her cigarette. "Not again. ll. It's OK with Mollie."

Louisa colored the air between them with ie smoke and made no comment.

It's true, Mollie thought; *she doesn't like it it!* Strangely, there was small satisfaction knowing it. "Will you stay for dinner?"

"Can't. I'm off to Boston for the opening. I t rushed in to say good-bye."

You were probably always rushing off some- ere, Mollie brooded. *Most of the time Rod bably didn't even know he had a mother. ell, he has one now!* Silently she amended, *ean—a wife.*

She went to sit beside him on the couch. m sorry about not calling you."

He squeezed her hand. "What'd you bring ?"

From across the room, Louisa Herrick sat lt upright. "What did you say?"

"I asked her what she brought me. Mollie ays brings me little surprises. It makes life eresting."

"I should think living with Mollie would be eresting enough."

If I were as clever as Angela, Mollie thought, nfused, *I'd be able to see immediately the ttle underlying implications of jealousy.*

"Well," Rod repeated, "what'd you bring ?"

"I sent out a sports shirt for you. Navy rduroy."

"I wish it had been brown."

"I'll change it." Mollie offered quickly. She sed him on the cheek. "Dinner will be ready six-thirty."

"I had a late lunch," Rod said.

"What time do you want it, then?"

"I'll let you know when I'm hungry."

Louisa got up on legs that had once been ured by Lloyds of London. "I can't stand " she said.

"What?" Rod asked her.

"My girdle. It's too tight. Well, good-bye, rlings. Don't be surprised if we close in ston."

"So long," Rod said. "Break a leg."

"Rod!" Mollie said, genuinely shocked. He was probably suffering from what Angela would have termed a sudden and violent expression of repressed antagonisms. She felt responsible and couldn't look her mother-in-law straight in the eye. She was surprised to hear her deep-throated laugh.

"It's just show-business jargon, little one. It means good luck. Well, good-bye again."

"She's annoyed. I can always tell," Rod said when they were alone. "What do you think it is?"

"Don't worry about it," Mollie advised. She lifted his feet up onto the couch, took off his shoes and tucked a pillow under his head. Then she turned on television for him. "Rod," she said, "are you happy?"

"Honey"—he stretched luxuriously—"I can honestly say there's only one thing in the world I want now."

"Name it."

"A peanut-butter sandwich."

"You just said you weren't hungry."

"I'm not, but that would tide me over until I am." Without a word, she started out to the kitchen. He called her back. "Be an angel and change the channel for me, will you?" he requested cheerfully. . . .

The news from Boston where Louisa's play opened was anything but cheerful. For a week she sent brief communiqués. The last, a telegram, read: "Show died. They're shipping the body, mine, back to New York by plane. Wake will be held tonight." That was Thursday afternoon. Rod signed for the wire and came into the living room to read it aloud.

"Louisa hasn't been in too many flops," he explained, "but whenever she is, she throws a big party. She says it's better than drinking alone. She's a great girl, isn't she?"

His wife was trying to navigate the vacuum around the living-room golf course. Instead of answering, she blew back a strand of hair that had fallen over one eye.

"One thing about Louisa," he continued. "I've never seen her look anything but glamorous." He glanced slantwise at Mollie, who was looking anything but glamorous.

"Your mother," she said, "always had a maid to clean up her apartment. She didn't have to work like a horse the way I do."

"You used to find taking care of the apartment fun when we were first married," Rod said in injured tones. "Maybe the novelty is wearing off."

"Or maybe this apartment's a lot harder to clean lately. Look at it! Sketch pads on the mantel, paintbrushes on the TV. Everything used to be kept in your study. Now it's spread all over the house."

"Mollie ——" he began.

"And I'm getting sick of this golf course."

"OK," he said. "I'll clean it up."

"Don't you dare!" she almost screamed at him. "This is your home and I want you to enjoy it!" She burst into tears, then rushed into the bedroom and slammed the door. When she emerged a short time later, she had combed her hair, applied fresh makeup and was dressed to go out. "I'm sorry about my little outburst," she apologized softly.

Rod was practicing putts and didn't seem to be too upset over her little outburst. "I know more than most men about temperament in women. Don't forget, I used to live with Louisa. You going someplace?"

"I thought perhaps I'd go over and visit Angela."

Skillfully he eased the ball around the ashtray and into the hat. "Remember Louisa's party tonight."

"I'll be back in plenty of time."

A crosstown bus took her to the apartment building where Angela lived. She had felt a need, suddenly, to talk to her friend about a guilt complex—not her mother-in-law's, but her own. Rod was admittedly happy; and she felt guilty because she, herself, had been much happier before—during those three months when he was miserable and didn't know it.

Angela opened the door. "What a nice surprise," she said. "Come in."

On her way in, Mollie stumbled and almost fell over a toy truck. The entire apartment, as far as the eye could see, was littered with little

CONTINUED ON PAGE 126

SEND AN ANGEL



HOROWITZ

More cards to make—these showing, among other ideas, how a hole punch in a steady hand can create works of Christmas art. Like the designs on page 122, these include something for everyone, from a whimsical reindeer to a benign angel. Two of the cards—the Santa marionette (see page 122) and the ornament above—can be used by the recipient to hang on a Christmas tree.

Reading counter clockwise:

TREE TRIMMER requires stiff white paper that you cut into two identical ornament shapes. Paste each side of each shape with colored paper (you could use several colors), then staple the two shapes together right up the middle. Holding them flat, use a hole punch to make a perforated pattern in both shapes at the same time. Thread a gold cord through a hole in the top. Mail flat and the recipient can bend back the sides to hang the card on a tree.

NOEL ANGEL is made with a hole punch, with the angel perforated on one strip of colored paper, "Noel" on another in a different shade. Paste strips on a white card to show up the designs.

SANTA PARADE is made by cutting out red notary seals, large ones for the bodies, small ones for the caps. Tassel caps with silver dots. Add paper boots and noses, gummed-dot eyes. Draw moustaches.

CHRISTMAS REINDEER wears sequin ornaments on his wire antlers. His head is half a cork, with drawing-pin eyes and a red-dot mouth.

HAPPY NEW YEAR card is decorated with three gold-seal "watches." Paste a circlet of doily on each seal and trim with millinery "jewels" to indicate the hours. Hang the watches on gold cords.

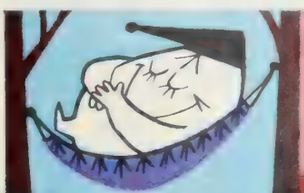


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Even before you add milk, Life's protein is 100% as useful as the protein in meat and milk. Enjoy Life!

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oat taste. Mothers love
protein build-up Life gi
(and the way kids eat it u
Everybody loves Life's s
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

trucks of every size and description. Carefully, feeling like Gulliver, Mollie stepped over them to the safety of the couch. She sat down on a miniature bulldozer.

"Mark," Angela sang. "Angel, we have company." A small boy emerged from the bathroom trailing a roll of toilet paper behind him. "Say how do you do," his mother prompted.

He stuck out his tongue.

Mollie drew back. "He's adorable."

"No inhibitions. Isn't that marvelous?"

"What did you bwing me?" he demanded.

"Nothing this time," Mollie said.

He smiled and kicked her in the shin.

"Go play with your toys, angel," his mother said. "I want to talk to our guest." She turned to Mollie. "How are things at home?"

"Rod is very happy."

"Aren't you proud of yourself? How is—you know who I mean."

"Louisa's coming back into town today. Her play closed out of town." Did she imagine it, or did Angela seem pleased at this news?

"I had a natural talent for acting," Angela said. "I probably could have been a star." She looked fondly at Mark, who was busy tearing the colored pages out of the encyclopedia. "But I've found my fulfillment in another way—as a mother."

"I came to see you," Mollie said, "because ——"

"I want a pea-butter sandwich," Mark bawled.

"No you don't, angel. You'll spoil your dinner."

"I want it," he howled. "I want it now."

Angela lowered her voice for a confidence. "He's just resenting the fact that I'm paying attention to you instead of him. It's negativistic behavior attributed to the Oedipus complex. Very common. What were you saying?"

Whatever Mollie was saying was drowned out by the commotion that followed. Mark flung himself down and began to bang his head on the floor. He kicked with his legs, flailed with his arms and held his breath until his face turned blue.

"I really have to go," Mollie said. She closed the door quietly behind her. With all the racket still going on it wouldn't really have mattered how much noise she had made leaving. . . .

They arrived late for Louisa's party. Mollie had spent almost a half hour searching for cuff links Rod had misplaced. After that she had to fix his tie. Somehow in the past he had always managed his tie himself. Dressing herself took longer than usual too; she was all thumbs. Inside her was a nagging unrest. It

CONTINUED ON PAGE 128



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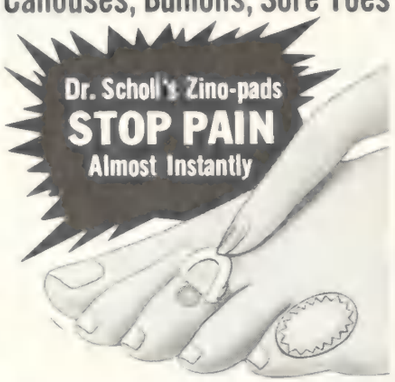
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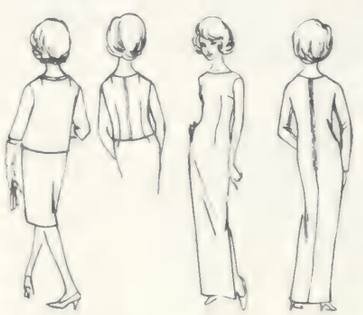
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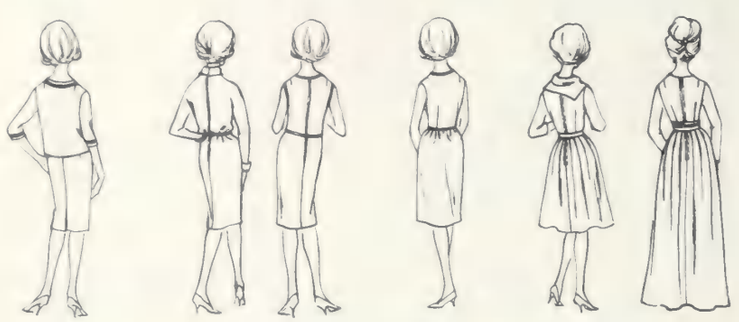
SWEATER DRESSES

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 66 and 67.



Vogue Design No. 5668. Suit and blouse; 10–18 (31–38); $1.50, in Canada $1.65. Jacket and skirt require 2¼ yards of 54" fabric without nap. Blouse requires ⅞ yard of 54" fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5675. "Easy to Make" evening dress and jacket; 10–18 (31–38); $1.50, in Canada $1.65. Version shown requires 2⅛ yards of 60" fabric without nap, size 14.



Vogue Design No. 5737. Two-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38); $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Version shown requires 2¼ yards of 54" fabric without nap and 2 yards of novelty braid, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5748. One-piece dress; 10–18 (31–38); $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Long-sleeved, long-skirt version requires 2½ yards of 54" fabric without nap. Long-sleeved, street-length version requires 2½ yards of 54" fabric without nap. Sleeveless street-length version requires 1⅜ yards of 54" fabric without nap and 3¾ yards of novelty binding. All, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5749. Coat dress; 10–18 (31–38); $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Version shown requires 2¼ yards of 54" fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5750. "Easy to Make" one-piece dress and scarf; 10–18 (31–38); $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Long version requires 3⅜ yards of 54" fabric with nap. Street-length version and scarf require 2⅞ yards of 54" fabric with nap, size 14.

Buy Vogue Patterns at the store which sells them in your city. Or order by mail, enclosing check or money order, from Vogue Pattern Service, P.O. Box 630, Altoona, Pa.*; or in Canada from P.O. Box 4042, Terminal A, Toronto 1, Ont. These patterns will be sent third-class mail. If you desire shipment first-class mail, please include 10 cents additional for each pattern ordered. *Calif. and Penna. residents add sales tax.



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Dr Scholl's AIR-PILLO Insoles

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 126

had something to do with Angela's obvious pleasure on learning that Louisa's play had been a flop, and something to do with the fact that both Rod and little Mark demanded peanut-butter sandwiches before dinner.

"We're late," Rod explained, "because Mollie couldn't find my cuff links."

Mollie glanced across the room. "Isn't that Gil Spencer?" she gasped.

"If you ask me," Rod volunteered, "he's an awful ham. There are no cameras here. What's he posing for?"

"His fans, darling," his mother said. "Mollie and I are among them. Come meet him and be civil. Then you can leave if you like." She pulled Mollie by the hand to the French windows and practically thrust her under Gil Spencer's perfect aquiline nose. "This is Mollie," she introduced, "and this is her husband, Rod. He also happens to be my son. Darlings, Gil Spencer."

"Well," Gil said, looking only at Mollie, "how long have you been married?"

"Four months," Mollie answered.

"I wish I had met you five months ago."

"It's very nice to meet you, Mr. Spencer," Rod said with stiff formality.

"That was lovely and civil of you, darling," Louisa approved. "Now you're free to leave while Mollie and Gil get acquainted."

"I don't want to leave," Rod said stubbornly.

Gil Spencer took Mollie's arm. "Then enjoy the view," he said, leading her away.

Somehow, after that, Mollie found herself at the buffet table. Gil lavished attentions on her, and Mollie enjoyed every minute of it.

She was laughing at something Gil had said when Rod pushed his way through to them. He looked like a thundercloud. Abruptly Mollie stopped laughing. "In case you've forgotten," he raged, "I'm the guy you came with."

"Be reasonable," Gil said. "She's at your beck and call all the time."

Placidly Mollie sipped her champagne. "Especially lately."

"I think it's time we went home," Rod decided.

"I don't want to go home. I'm having too good a time." Was she imagining it, or was he getting a little blue in the face holding his breath?

"Now!" he said, raising his voice, so that it could be heard on the other side of the room.

Louisa heard it and floated over, her stiff silk rustling. "What's going on?"

"Mollie and I are going home," Rod said, turning on her. "We're both tired."

"I'm not," Mollie said. "I feel fine."

"In that case," Louisa suggested, "why don't you leave, darling?"

"Maybe I will," he threatened. He glared at his wife. "Are you coming with me?"

"No," Mollie said, "I don't think so."

Without a word he turned and left. Almost immediately Mollie regretted it and started after him; but Louisa put a restraining hand on her arm. "Let's find a quiet place on the terrace," she said, "and have a talk."

It was a mild night for early April, but Mollie was shivering. Louisa drew her close. "I warned you. On your wedding day, I warned you about spoiling him."

"I thought you were afraid of comparisons later on," Mollie blurted, and suddenly she was telling her everything that had happened since that day she and Angela had met at the newsstand.

"You certainly built up quite a case against me," Louisa said, amused. "Let me see if I can break it down. If I wasn't photographed much with Rod while he was growing up, it was because I didn't think the publicity would do him any good. As for my collecting husbands, it's true Rod thought Paul great fun. Paul told stories a twelve-year-old is too young to hear, slipped him cigarettes when I wasn't looking, and got him into the habit of calling me by my first name."

"And Herbert?"

"He would have kept Rod in private schools and let him come home on alternate Christmases. Exit Herbert. Oh, Mollie, there are a lot of women who work because they have to or because they want to. Sometimes they work harder than others to be good mothers. I did."

"Angela said I had the two things you wanted but couldn't have—youth and your son."

"She's right about the first," Louisa admitted, "As for wanting my son back, you're welcome to that spoiled brat you've turned him into. I wouldn't have him around the house.

"Angela said all mothers-in-law and daughters-in-law are natural enemies—like cats and dogs."

"Once," Louisa told her, "I had a collie who practically brought up a Siamese kitten. Don't fight me, kitten."

"I have spoiled him," Mollie admitted, "and now he's had a tantrum, just like Mark."

"I may not have delved into psychology the way Angela did, but I have my own personal theory about that girl."

"You think she acts superior about everything because she really has an inferiority complex?"

"No," Louisa quipped, "I think it's because she *is* inferior. But don't feel guilty because you let her influence you so easily. Unfortunately, the relationship between a mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law is always suspect." She gave Mollie a little hug. "Go home to your husband."

"How will I treat him from now on?"

"Like the man I brought him up to be. But since you've turned him into a brat, you'll have to treat him like one for a little longer. Let's see; how do you get a child over a tantrum? I should know. In my time I read enough books on the subject." She thought for a minute, then advised her what to do under the circumstances.

"Say good-bye to Gil for me," Mollie said. She was looking rather pleased with herself. "Imagine him picking me out of all the glamour girls here. That's what made Rod really appreciate me for the first time in a long while."

Louisa smiled the enigmatic smile of the sphinx.

"Louisa! You put him up to it!"

"I?" her mother-in-law said. "Don't be ridiculous." She read the line convincingly; but then, wasn't she one of the theater's most convincing actresses? . . .

A subdued Rod, obviously ashamed of his performance earlier, was very glad to see her.

Let the child go off and get over the tantrum by himself. That was Louisa's first suggestion.

"Hello, darling," Mollie said, tossing her wrap on the chair. "I decided I'd rather be with you." *Make nothing of it. Don't let him know he's upset you.*

"I'm going to change," she told him, heading for the bedroom. "While I do, why don't you start picking up all that stuff on the floor?"

When she returned, she had put on her trousseau negligee. "Ah," she said, "the living room looks lovely."

"So do you," he told her.

She smiled and switched off the light.

There were three things Louisa had advised. The third was: *Put him to bed.* She did.

HOW TO TELL A DEMOCRAT FROM A REPUBLICAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

been recruited mainly from Democratic families. It was felt that these athletes would not change their political views until their bowling alleys had started paying off.

Republicans are often pictured as solemn or even pompous—Democrats are more frivolous. That is to say, Democrats are the sort who go around pushing one another into swimming pools on which a Republican holds the first mortgage.

In general, Democrats are people trying to get someplace—Republicans are people trying to stay where they are. Both feel the Government should help them do it. It may help to picture them as Jack Sprat and his wife, with the country being represented by the platter.

Critical observers are fond of referring to the Democrats as the War Party and to the Republicans as the Depression Party. No one has ever explained who started all the wars and depressions before there were Republicans and Democrats. It is as though the Russians should accuse the United States of having started athlete's foot. It wouldn't do anyone any harm and might have a therapeutic effect on the Russians—helping them to relieve tension and anxieties.

Perhaps if we pay a visit to an imaginary small town, the differences between the two factions can be noted more specifically. The first things we notice as we approach are the signs erected by the chamber of commerce and the various service and business organizations. These will be manned mostly by Republicans. Perhaps the town has a little-theater group; here you will find nothing but Democrats—at least on the stage. There are two explanations for this. The Democrats maintain that Republicans make poor actors. The other viewpoint is that actors make poor Republicans.

At any rate, all the Republicans you will find in a little-theater group will be in the box office or on the board of directors. Then when the actors demand fancier costumes or more greasepaint, the board says, "No, you can't have it." Most people feel that is the natural order of things.

Incidentally, the plays they put on will be written by Democrats. Republicans do their share of writing, but not plays. They write letters to the editor. Democrats circulate more petitions and carry more signs. Republicans do biographies of other Republicans. They feel these are the only fit subjects for a literary work. Republican women usually write about their grandfathers.

It has been suggested that a man best reveals himself by the things he throws away. Let us suppose, for example, that in exploring our imaginary small town we come upon a trash can containing an empty sour-mash whiskey bottle and some sprigs of sodden mint. A Democrat lives here. Moving on, we find a bottle that has contained a fine brand of Scotch. A Republican this time. But now we find not one but several empty Scotch bottles of various brands. This one is tricky. Not, as you might first suppose, a number of Republicans sharing a common trash can. This would be greatly out of character. Much more likely, I think, a Democrat wishing to impress the trashman.

Continuing our exploratory walk along a tree-shaded street, we see a house. It is two and a half stories high, painted tan with brown trim.

In front there are matching bay windows and on either side of the door are panels of stained glass. In the center of the door is a bell with a handle that turns. At one corner is a hexagonal tower with a cupola. There is a lilac bush in front of this, somewhat rootbound, and along the side is a row of peonies.

In the backyard is a grape arbor with built-in seats, a bed of rhubarb, and by the back door a trumpet vine. The garage was formerly a carriage house. In it is a three-year-old dark-blue sedan of the medium-price field. If you examine the inside of the rear window, you will discover the remains of a Nixon sticker.

A month later we pass the house again. There is a red-and-cream station wagon in the driveway with one door open. It is last year's model, but looks considerably older. Directly in back of one rear wheel is a toy steam shovel. In the backyard a badminton net trails from a single, listing pole. There is a case of empty tonic bottles beside the front door. From the hi-fi in the living room comes the voice of Dylan Thomas. A family of Democrats has moved in. The former owners have gone to Pasadena.

In this account I have attempted to feel my way along, stepping on the same number of toes on either side of the fence. I have tried to avoid singling out any one person or group as an object of ridicule. The only fair and just way—indeed the American way, in my opinion—is to offend everybody equally.

END



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■ If you're the kind of wife who keeps up on the latest news about food, you'll be specially interested in this fact: Scientists have discovered that delicate safflower oil is actually 50% higher in poly-unsaturates than corn oil!

■ Now, thanks to safflower oil, you can enjoy a delicious new margarine—Golden Glow—higher in poly-unsaturates than any leading margarine, including 100% corn oil margarine.

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Your husband will love it—your whole family, too. Golden Glow's fresh, sweet flavor is so delicious. Try it—and see!

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Princess Dial–a new kind of complexion soap, takes its place beside Dial–
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HOW TO AVOID "CHRISTMAS-PACKAGE PANIC"

Thousands of people are disappointed every year when Christmas packages come apart or go astray in the mails. In the New York City post office alone, six men work full time trying to identify and return the contents of packages lost or damaged in the mails. The Honorable Robert C. Christenberry, New York City's postmaster, offers the following tips for Christmas mailing:

Always place your return address on a slip of paper inside the box as well as outside—if the outside container is damaged, your package can be identified. Your best bet for addressing packages is to print with dark ink directly on the package surface. Labels can come off, and pencil or crayon may smear.

Print the address on one side of the package only, being sure to note zone number and to place your own address in the upper-left-hand corner. Packages that are addressed on the nonpostage side may be returned for postage by a harried clerk.

Make sure that your packages fit post-office size specifications. Domestic parcel-post packages mailed from and addressed to any first-class post office should not exceed 72 inches in length and girth combined—for example, a package that is 24 inches long should not measure more than 48 inches around. All other parcels are limited to 100 inches in length and girth combined.

Remember that by paying four cents extra and indicating outside that a letter is enclosed, you may enclose personal letters in sealed parcel-post packages now.

If you favor "Do Not Open Until Dec. 25" labels, keep them small and well away from the package address.

A boon for book lovers: Books may be mailed at the low "educational materials" rate of nine cents for the first pound and five cents for every pound thereafter. Book wraps available in most stationery stores will protect jackets and covers.

What can you send through the mails? Almost anything, says the postmaster, including live turtles or baby alligators, if such is your Christmas fancy. But—

*It is illegal to send liquor through the mails, and the post office may lawfully confiscate it.

*Decorative boxes of matches and fancy (flammable) colognes should be wrapped with a secure inner wrap of aluminum foil.

*Cash may be mailed, but checks and money orders are safer.

*Cash may *not* be mailed into Iron Curtain countries. (Check with your local post office for specific restrictions on mailing various items into foreign countries.)

*Mistletoe is a parasite and should not be sent through the mails.

*If you're sending flowers, check with a florist about preserving them for travel. Send flowers, fruits and baked goods by airmail for best results, and mark each package "Perishable."

*Use labels marked "Fragile" where they apply.

*A customs duty is charged on parcel post going into many foreign countries—Greece, for example. If you send a box of gifts to family or friends in another country, be sure they can pay the customs charges; otherwise the package will be returned. Your local post office can advise you about customs regulations.

Mail early. Domestic parcel-post packages should be mailed early in December. Airmail parcel post is quicker, more expensive—even then, you should allow several days to a week for delivery.

For packages going abroad, heed this general schedule:

Far East—October 19
Africa—November 1
Europe—November 10
Central and South America—November 10

Foreign air parcel post is faster, but even that may take ten days to two weeks.

The post office recommends insuring packages up to $200. After that, consider registered mail. If goods are damaged, the post office *will pay*.

If you suspect that a gift has gone astray, the person who mailed the package should put a tracer on it at his post office within a reasonable length of time. Be persistent—most packages turn up eventually.

Your postmaster has a heart, and a box full of gifts lovingly tagged for the family back home will be delivered if there is any way in the world to do so. The number of Christmas packages delivered safe, sound and on time each year is an annual miracle. END



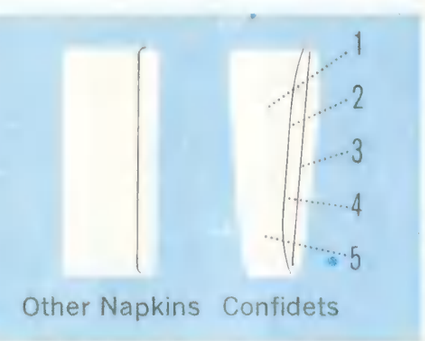
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New Confidets—the only sanitary napkin with true anatomical shape and accident-proof inner shield



PARTY GIRL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69

Mrs. Cotton, whom I didn't know and who didn't know me. Mrs. Cotton had insisted that I was anti-Spanish and would drive all the Spanish-American women out of the party.

This accusation hurt. I had never thought that I reacted to people as members of national or racial groups. I didn't know then that a charge of prejudice is always a good political attack.

How unusual it is for an outsider, particularly a woman, to be admitted into a political party at the grass roots I didn't realize until later. Local ward and precinct bosses have developed effective techniques for keeping outsiders outside.

Probably the most effective weapon against women that the precinct bosses can wield is their insistence that all women in politics are immoral. In this way they persuade respectable husbands to keep their respectable wives at home. Honorable women who aren't thus frightened off can be accused of immorality simply because they are in politics. I fell for the "immoral woman" routine as my first political blunder.

Immediately after the convention I organized a Democratic Women's Club in our county which, it was hoped, would rival the Republican women's organization. Mr. Big was inordinately proud of the new women's auxiliary. He bragged of the wonders we would perform in the forthcoming campaign.

Personally I knew nothing about a political campaign and I feared that the women I had recruited for the Democratic Women's Club were just as ignorant. Mr. Big must have known this. Still he seemed to be trying to convince the Central Committee that the Women's Club could manage campaign headquarters. I quaked as he talked. And then I was saved.

One of the men stood up and said that his sister had agreed to help at headquarters this year as she had often done in the past. He pointed out that she was experienced, knew how to organize the work and the rallies, and would be able to use volunteers from the new women's organization effectively.

I sighed happily and moved that we accept the kind offer. Though the meeting room was overheated, as meeting rooms always are, there was a sudden chill, a moment of silence, before somebody timidly seconded my motion. It carried without enthusiasm.

Next day Mr. Big, The Whisperer and several other key figures in the county machine called on me at my home. I didn't understand what I had done, they said. It was true that Mrs. Cutie had helped at headquarters in the past—but the way in which she had acted! They looked at one another in shocked disapproval.

"Inefficiently?" I asked.

"Improperly," they answered. "Indecently! It was a scandal!"

This was the reason they had wanted "someone respectable" for chairwoman, someone approved by the community, a woman of the finest moral fiber. They nodded at me appreciatively. Then they shook their heads sadly. Had I stopped to think what would happen to my new Women's Club when its fine, upstanding members went to headquarters to help Mrs. Cutie and saw the way she behaved in the back room?

"I know Mrs. Cutie," I protested. "I've worked with her on community drives, on committees, in clubs. She has always seemed very nice, very proper, very intelligent."

Ah, well, that was a good front she maintained for gullible people like me, they explained. Why did I think she volunteered her services at headquarters, campaign after campaign?

"I suppose she is a good party member and wants to do her bit," I said.

"No!" The heads shook vigorously. "Not at all."

They let The Whisperer whisper the truth in my ear. Mrs. Cutie used political campaigns as an excuse to get away from home. In headquarters she did nothing but drink and "carry on" with her male admirers. I could understand, couldn't I, how important it was that she not be allowed to work in headquarters again? For the sake of the party's good name, I would have to take on the job for which Mrs. Cutie's brother had volunteered her services.

"But Mrs. Cutie is expecting ——"

"We'll send Chato over to tell her she won't be needed," they said. And so the interview was concluded.

I was not aware then of all that had been accomplished. I knew only that my respectable, if ignorant, self was going to replace the immoral Mrs. Cutie at headquarters.

I did not know that the men who called on me were not at all concerned with Mrs. Cutie's morality, or lack of it. They *were* concerned with cutting down her brother's political size and influence. They saw that at that moment they could strike a blow for which they would never have to take the blame. Since Chato foolishly carried the bad news to Mrs. Cutie, and since I, innocently, took Mrs. Cutie's place in headquarters, we could be accused of initiating the stories about her indiscretions to further our own political ambitions. It was a neat maneuver and it worked.

I was too worried about the responsibilities to which I had fallen heir to realize that with them I had inherited powerful enemies. Just because I was ignorant and inexperienced, I was determined to do a good job. And a good job was going to be needed if the Democrats were to make a showing in our county.

Our trouble was that the Republican governor, Laughing Boy, running for re-election, was a home-grown product! He belonged to one of our oldest, most distinguished local families. His wife belonged to another.

Shining Knight, opposing him for governor on the Democratic ticket, was from another part of the state. Nobody out our way knew him. It was said, unkindly, that he had "bought" the Democratic nomination.

The political seers agreed that we could not defeat the Republican Laughing Boy in our county. All we could hope to do was to persuade the party members to split their tickets. Vote for Laughing Boy, they would—even the stanchest Democrats. But if we worked hard, they might also vote for our county Democratic candidates. The county candidates were the important people on the ticket, everybody said. And they were home folks too.

The experts sat around all day in the back room at headquarters. Of course they had farms or businesses, too, so they came and went. But there was always a roomful of them, drinking coffee or something stronger, filling the air with smoke rings and political wisdom.

In this little back room they tested the political climate of the county and the state. Everything they knew about politics—and they knew everything—they learned from one another. The routine went something like this:

"How are things in the lower part of the county?"

"Don't rightly know. Haven't seen Joe for quite a spell."

"Funny, ain't it? Joe usually comes in every other day."

"Yeh. Wonder why he ain't been coming around."

"Somebody said he went fishing."

"Joe? He wouldn't do that in the middle of a campaign!"

"Not unless things looked hopeless."

"Yeh, that's right. Things must look hopeless down there in the lower end of the county."

"That's a bad break. We always been able to count on carrying Joe's precincts."

"It'll be a blow to lose the lower end of the county. We ain't never done that before."

"We better get to work down there. Can't afford to lose Joe's precincts."

"If it'll do any good."

"Yeh. It may not do no good. If it would, I guess Joe wouldn't have gone fishing."

"He would have been up here asking us to help him."

"That's right."

"Sure is."

"Better call up Charley and tell him things look hopeless in the lower end of the county."

"It'll break his heart."

"He ought to know, though. It's kinder to tell him, don't you think so?"

"Yeh. I reckon it is."

"You call him. I can't bear to break the news."

"Why don't we have that new chairwoman call him? What's her name?"

"Mrs. Gullible."

"Yeh. Let her call him."

"Mrs. Gullible! Will you come here a minute? Call up Charley and tell him to get down here right away. Something very important has come up. We're going to lose the lower end of the county."

My job was to call Charley, call the candidates for meetings, order food for rallies, get ads to the newspapers, urge new voters to register. I wasn't expected to know anything about political prognosis.

I didn't. Neither did the women in my Women's Club. But we did get around. We chatted with friends in the supermarket, went to PTA meetings and art exhibits and community concerts. We called on everybody in town several times a year collecting contributions for worthy causes.

From all these contacts it was inevitable that we should learn something about the local citizens' political attitudes. We compared notes over our teacups at the meetings of the Democratic Women's Club. Absorbing this information, sifting and analyzing it, Mrs. Smart came up with a brilliant idea.

We could beat the Republican governor, Laughing Boy, in his own home county if we concentrated on the newcomers in town, she said. The newcomers within the city limits outnumbered the lower end of the county and the upper end of the county and every other end. No family ties or high-school loyalties bound them to Gov. Laughing Boy.

PROBLEMS OF PARENTS

A new book by Dr. Benjamin Spock titled *Problems of Parents* ($5.00) has just been published by Houghton Mifflin Company. It deals with the easing of family tensions and concentrates on answers to parents' own quandaries, both in daily living and in periodic crises. As in his previous volume, *Dr. Spock Talks With Mothers*, the material—extensively revised and expanded—is based on some of his *Ladies' Home Journal* articles.

Actually, the newcomers knew nothing about state or local politics. Most of them hadn't bothered to register to vote. Still they were concerned about schools, roads, public utilities—all the things that affected them and their families in their new location.

They would vote for the candidates and the party that showed an interest in them and their problems, Mrs. Smart said. We could get their votes and their support if we brought our candidates, including Shining Knight, to their doors so they could meet and talk to them. We should take along notaries to register them in their own homes.

Mrs. Smart's idea met with enthusiastic approval from the members of the Women's Club, who began working out the details. Fortunately, the newcomers lived in new subdivisions at one edge of town. The women estimated that the entire area could be canvassed in a three-week period. They mapped the project carefully before they invited the candidates and the county party officers to a meeting to discuss it.

These gentlemen weren't as enthusiastic as we had expected them to be. Some of the candidates complained they hadn't the time to go calling door to door. The party officials suggested sourly that people too lazy to get to the county clerk's office to register would be too lazy to get to the polling place on election day.

The chairman of the precinct in which the newcomers lived angrily refused to have anything to do with the project. "I'm not going to waste my evenings registering a bunch of Republicans. And that's what they are—Republicans—whatever they call themselves."

Despite the opposition, the Women's Club voted to carry on. Most of the candidates cooperated, some of them reluctantly, and we managed to recruit enough notaries for the job.

We gathered every night at a home of one of our Women's Club members. We went out in teams of three—a member of the Women's Club, a notary public and a candidate. Where we found people who weren't registered, we offered to register them. If they were registered we introduced our candidate and left our literature. We talked Shining Knight for governor until we were hoarse.

Generous people tried to give us money, sure that this was another drive for charity. Others were short and hostile until they discovered we didn't want money. Then they were more friendly. Doors were slammed in our faces, but we were also invited to join families for birthday cake, coffee, after-dinner drinks.

We worked every night, from 6:30 until 9. By the time the drive was over we had called on more than 3000 householders, had registered 1765 new voters. Some of them had registered as Republicans, others as Independents, but 1402 had registered as Democrats.

We were convinced that we had captured votes for the local candidates who had accompanied us from door to door. We felt that we could also guarantee that the precinct would give our candidate for governor an overwhelming majority if we could just get Shining Knight and the newcomers together.

But candidates are balky critters—and a political race is as tiring as any other. Quite naturally, Shining Knight didn't want to spend his time and energy where the expenditure would bring no return. He had already conceded Gov. Laughing Boy's home ground to the Republicans, hoping to pick up elsewhere the votes lost in our county. He paid us token visits, but his heart wasn't in it.

Hopefully, I argued with him. He *could* carry our county by at least 100 votes if he would help us work the newcomers' precincts. Shining Knight laughed. Then he patted me on the head and called me his "dear child." I hadn't been called a child for a good many years, and knew that he meant I was talking childish nonsense.

I knew I was not a political genius, but I thought, in all fairness, he could do his part in our heroic effort to gain him votes. So I trailed him like a jealous wife, dragging him to teas, coffees and receptions in the new part of town whenever he came within smelling distance of the county.

It soon became evident that the work in the newcomers' precinct would pay off on election day. Overflow crowds attended our coffees and teas to shake hands with Shining Knight. Democratic stickers blossomed on cars in the precinct. Newly registered women joined the Democratic Women's Club. Men came to headquarters to offer their help or to pick up literature to give to friends.

Such demonstrations of interest made the women proud and happy. But the men in the back room at headquarters went into a permanent sulk. I was too naïve to understand the reason for their unhappiness. It was a simple reason; their pocketbooks were in danger.

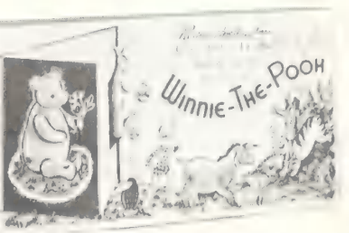
In a one-party state, a governor running on the wrong ticket does not get elected without strong support from the opposing side. Laughing Boy's Democratic support had come in large part from his home territory. And he had paid generously for it, with favors, contracts and jobs.

It had not been difficult for Democrats in our county to remain good party members—even leaders—while helping Laughing Boy become governor. They had simply to withhold support from the Democratic gubernatorial candidate and let home-town sentiment prevail. They could, at the same time, work for the rest of the Democratic ticket. This is what they had done in the past and they had expected to repeat the performance this election.

Then I came along, with my club of meddling women. When they elected me chairwoman they hadn't expected me to try to run the show. Moreover, if I were allowed to continue my activities, I might well ruin them financially. If Laughing Boy were re-elected governor he would think they had double-crossed him in his own county. And if Shining Knight won the election, it wasn't likely that he would grant special favors to the Democrats whom Laughing Boy had rewarded in the past.

They were in a tight spot, their predicament that much worse because they couldn't disown

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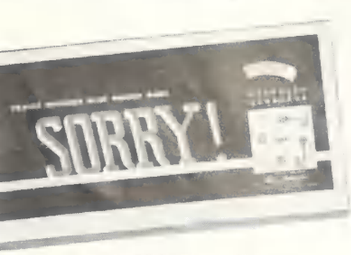
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me and my women. Newspaper editorials had lauded our registration drive. In the eyes of the town I had become "Mrs. Democrat."

Men are not very imaginative, politicians least of all. They might have played on my vanity, kept me busy accepting congratulations, arranging flowers, warming chairs at head tables. This would have slowed my efforts for Shining Knight and shifted my attention from his candidacy to my own importance.

But they didn't think of this. They fell back on an old gimmick. They attacked the respectability they had once considered my chief asset. In the little back room at headquarters questions were asked and answered until they emerged as truths to be whispered about the town.

Why did Mr. Big and I stay late at headquarters? Were we really working on the campaign? Why had I organized the registration drive? Did I want to register voters or was I trying to lead astray certain handsome candidates and notaries? Wasn't it disgraceful the way I tagged around after Shining Knight?

After all, if I were really a decent, respectable woman I would never have become involved in politics in the first place. Certainly I would never have consented to work at headquarters. Headquarters was no place for a lady, and if I was a lady I wouldn't be there. It was as simple as that. But at this point I hadn't heard the talk. I plunged ahead with rallies.

Rallies are still the soul of a campaign. They are confusing, and amusing, and utterly useless except as an expensive tradition. But they are dear to the heart of every red-blooded politician. In some of the precincts we had barbecue suppers. In others we had picnics or dances. Whatever form the rally took, it was expensive. And though the old-timers complained that rallies didn't attract the crowds they had in the good old days, still they would not give up the anachronism.

To help earn money for rallies and other campaign expenses, the Women's Club sold popcorn at parades, held bake sales, tamale dinners, hot-cake breakfasts and raffles. They couldn't earn as fast as the men could spend.

Every so often the situation grew desperate. Then the men in the back room called state headquarters and threatened to close down the campaign in our county if no money was forthcoming.

Money thus obtained was usually received in cash, from a messenger. One messenger came when I had headquarters full of women stuffing envelopes for which we hadn't the money to buy stamps.

The men, waiting nervously for the messenger, overflowed the back room. The women, working furiously addressing envelopes, filling and sealing them, complained with some bitterness that the men did nothing but get in the way.

Then the messenger arrived. The men fell all over him and one another to get the wad of bills he pulled from his pocket. Fat Farmer was successful; he stuffed the bills in his pocket.

"We'll need some of that money to put out this mailing," I told him.

He backed away from me. "There isn't enough," he protested. "We have to save it for the rally in Big John's precinct."

"There aren't more than a dozen voters in Big John's precinct," I said.

"Eight," he corrected. "Two of them Republicans."

"Then don't you think it would be wiser to send out this mailing to *all* the voters and forget about a rally for eight people?"

He shook his head. "We always have a rally in Big John's precinct. It's one of our best."

So the envelopes the women had stuffed and addressed sat, unmailed, at headquarters. And the rally at Big John's ranch was a success, attendancewise. All eight voters came—even the two Republicans.

As the day of the election drew near, nerves grew taut, tempers short, suspicions large. First one and then another party member was accused of being a spy for the Republicans. The rumor that Mr. Big and I were "carrying on" at headquarters spread like the flu.

We *were* spending longer hours together, preparing for a giant "Democratic Day" rally, planned for the Saturday before election. But our association had brought us much closer to cutting each other's throats than to any kind of affection—romantic or platonic.

Our antagonism reached fever pitch over the parade with which the Democratic Day activities would begin. We had a limited amount of time for the parade and I wanted it concentrated in the new part of town. Mr. Big wanted the caravan to go through the Spanish section.

Day after day we argued. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, Mr. Big gave in. I was allowed to draw up the parade route and advertise it, including the fact that bubble gum would be tossed out to the kiddies along the way. It was hoped that the bubble gum would entice mothers and offspring to view the candidates riding past. Candidates, themselves, are not too enticing.

CLOCK IN THE QUIET NIGHT

By R. H. GRENVILLE

Waking, I hear the heartbeats of the house,
The small and steady rhythm of content,
Too gentle to alarm a questing mouse,
Yet strangely comforting in darkness spent
Wide-eyed awake. Some clocks salute the hour
With silver chime, and some with golden gong;
Some merely keep, with smooth and certain power,
Track of time's secret passing season-long,
But all have mother-voices, quick to bring
Sweet reason to the nightmare-haunted heart;
The sanity of a familiar thing,
Which, from our earliest days, has been a part
Of all the rooms where dreaming love lay curled,
Safe, in the lonely mansion of the world.

Preparing for the parade was a strenuous job which Mr. Big left in my hands. Women wrapped bubble gum in "Vote Democratic" bits of paper. We borrowed convertibles all over town, furnished substitute transportation for their owners, had the borrowed cars washed and polished, made signs for them, found glamorous female drivers.

Finally Mr. Big came out of his sulk and offered to arrange for the police escort. The men from the back room, dressed in their Sunday best, met visiting dignitaries as they arrived at the airport.

The weather was perfect—brisk and bright. The sirens blew. The motorcycles led the way. And where did they take us? Through the Spanish section of town! I had won the argument about the route. Mr. Big had won the parade—simply by giving the motorcycle escort instructions of his own.

So the big day began in complete confusion. Children, with their mothers, waited for bubble gum in the new section of town. It didn't arrive. In the Spanish area the parade was unexpected, the streets deserted.

If Mr. Big had not been quite so big I would have strangled him happily. As it was, I merely strangled on my own anger.

"You'll feel better after a good night's sleep," Wally promised. "And tomorrow is Sunday—day of rest."

But there was no rest that Sunday. Chairmen and emissaries from the far ends of the county began storming into headquarters. They had found voting machines in their polling places, and they were angry.

For several years voting machines had been used in town. This was the first time they would be used in the outlying precincts. The unsophisticated voters in the country would be afraid of the machines, the party workers predicted. They would refuse to use them and, even if they were talked into trying, they would be too stupid to pull the right levers.

"Too much progress is enough," one of the irate precinct leaders declared stoutly.

The day before election was a frantic one. As usual, Mr. Big and I were in an argument. I wanted the party to pay for gas and oil for my election-day volunteers from the Women's Club. Mr. Big said that all available money had been spent for more important things.

"What more important things?" I demanded.

Mr. Big would not elaborate, but a telephone call early election-day morning aroused my suspicions. "Where's the liquor?" an anxious voice asked over the phone.

"Liquor?" I repeated breathlessly.

"My people absolutely refuse to go to the polls until they've got their liquor," the caller declared.

"So! The women can't have any money because it was used to buy liquor for voters!" I threw at Mr. Big when he came into headquarters.

"Somebody must have got the wrong number," Mr. Big protested. "Probably trying to call Republican headquarters."

"I hope it was the wrong number. For your sake," I said darkly. "Do you realize that the women are paying for baby-sitters at home so they can drive people to the polls and sit with voters' children? They're buying their own gas and oil and they've even furnished food for poll workers' lunches—and cooked it! I feel sorry for you if they ever suspect that party funds were used to buy whiskey."

"So what would they do—demand a cut?" Mr. Big asked wearily.

"They drink tea," I reminded him.

Then the voting machines began to break down. In one precinct the lever for the Democratic candidate for sheriff didn't register. By the time the discovery was made, a dozen votes had been cast.

Before the morning was over one of the voting machines in the newcomers' precinct broke down completely and could not be fixed. As the line outside the polling place grew longer, the election officials pleaded for hand ballots to take the place of the disabled machine.

"Impossible!" ruled the district attorney. The election code would not permit hand ballots where machines were also in use.

There had not been enough machines in the newcomers' precinct when all were in operation. The loss of one machine kept voters waiting outside in the cold wind until many of them gave up and went home. At least 100 were left outside, disfranchised, when the polls closed promptly at 7 P.M.—another provision of the election code.

In this way much of the work the Women's Club members had done at registration time was lost. But they were too busy to worry about it at the moment.

Like a well-trained army, they worked through that hectic day. They called voters, reminding them to vote, worked as checkers at the polls so that voters who didn't show could be called again. They answered requests for transportation and baby-sitters. They delivered lunches and coffee to poll workers from one end of the county to the other.

Seven o'clock came. Nervous candidates, party workers, precinct chairmen, poll workers crowded into headquarters to await the results of the election which were totaled, precinct by precinct, on a huge blackboard.

All enmities were forgotten as the women poured coffee and the men poured whiskey. Candidates who had fought one another throughout the campaign embraced like brothers. Those accused of spying for the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

A step ah



Never, never try this in an ordinary washer

Only a true Heavy Duty washer – like the 1963 Westinghouse Laundromat® Automatic Washer—with its tumble-action washing system – can pass this test. It cleans mud, grease, ground-in dirt—the "toughest" problem washes—without a whimper.

Even sand, the arch enemy of ordinary agitator washers, breezes through a Laundromat. Professional testers (somewhat older than those above) . . . have proved it. They added a cup of sand to a fully loaded agitator washer and ran it through the entire wash cycle. When the machine was opened, most of the sand was still there . . . scattered all through the clothes. Put to the same test, the Heavy Duty Laundromat's tumbling tub—whirling at the rate of 57 times a minute—*easily* washed the sand away.

Economical too. Actually saves on detergent and bleach; uses only half as much. Visit your Westinghouse dealer and look into a Laundromat. It's easy . . . we've put a window in the front for that purpose. *You can be sure . . . if it's* **Westinghouse**

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

YES, IT'S A KITCHEN!



e cooking center is complete: under the marble slab with a set-in 4-burner oking top are spacious cupboards; above is an exhaust hood with its own ht. The 18"-wide oven has a pull-out broiler compartment underneath.



Preparation center between sink and gas refrigerator has cutting board that pulls out from under the counter. A wonderful feature here is the row of shallow cabinets with sliding doors that hide outlets, utensils and spices.



ss-through joins kitchen with laundry. Well-organized storage includes lves for ironing and mending aids; supply cupboards like those in the chen, but a gay color. Washer and dryer are made to be serviced easily.



But where is the wastebasket? That question asked about many modern kitchens is answered here with the extra-large plastic container that holds a lot, is easily emptied, stays neatly hidden behind a pull-out cabinet "door."

CABINETS BY MUTSCHLER; GAS REFRIGERATOR, AUTOMATIC WASHER AND GAS DRYER BY NORGE; DISHWASHER BY KITCHENAID; BUILT-IN GAS RANGE BY HARDWICK; VINYL-TILE FLOOR BY CONGOLEUM-NAIRN.



Accent on VALUE

What makes this General Electric Mixer so unusual?

(It sharpens knives, to

Pick it up—with a finger. It's lightweight. Only 2¾ lbs. But powerful! It mixes the heaviest cake batters, whips the frothiest malteds, beats the fluffiest potatoes. (The drink mixer is free.)

Note the convenience of the controls. Right at your fingertips. There's even a handy push-button beater ejector!

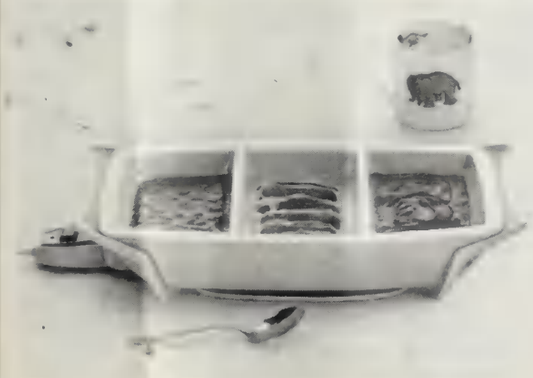
Now plug in the optional knife-sharpening attachment. In a jiffy, your blades are carving-sharp.

General Electric's Portable Mixer has a detachable cord, hangs on your wall like a saucepan. Comes in white, pink, yellow, turquoise to brighten up your wall.

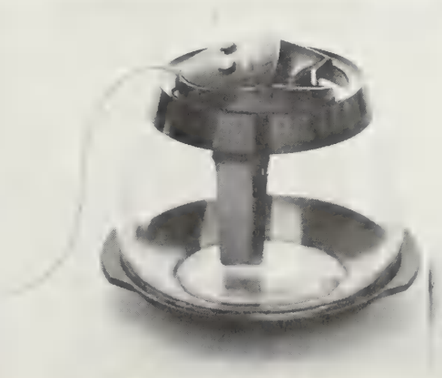
Another thing: Have you ever seen a *prettier looking* portable mixer? Kitchen-proud homemakers like that! Look for it at your General Electric dealer's, where you'll always fin "Accent on Value." General Electric Co Housewares & Commercial Equipment Di Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Progress Is Our Most Important Pro

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Mother's helper. General Electric's Baby Food Warmer heats baby's food, keeps it warm; light signals when food is ready. New low price.



Automatic Vaporizer. Safe and sure. Steams all night. Automatic shut-off. Separate tray to protect table finish. Transparent glass bottle.



New Floor Polisher with splash guard! It s without splashing, waxes, buffs, even cleans Complete with attachments and liquid dispe

E'RE 20 YEARS BEHIND BREAST-FEEDING

NTINUED FROM PAGE 70

he nursery, was crying from hunger. I was d and disheartened, but I was mad too. One evening I was walking past the nursery ween feeding hours and was thunderstruck see the nurse sitting with *my* baby in her , giving him a bottle. This was the most naging thing she could have done to the by's and my attempts to establish my milk. e breasts *must* be stimulated frequently by ungry baby. The next day I spoke to the d nurse and my doctor, and with their pport I was able to nurse my sixth just as I the first five. But if he had been my first by, I would have given up the struggle, vinced I hadn't enough milk.

The mother who wants to breast-feed uld know that her best ally in the hospi- is her pediatrician. Ideally, she should t him before the baby is born so that can leave instructions on her baby's rt right from the beginning: no nipples in uth.

t will take the full force of the medical fession to persuade hospitals to change ir ways. Meanwhile, however, I see an portunity for every trained nurse who is erested in the problem to provide private nsulting services for mothers who wish to ast-feed. Many such nurses—and I am one them myself—have retired to raise their own families, but would enjoy doing part-time work. I fell into such work quite naturally when friends who were discouraged by their hospital experiences began calling me for advice. Word spread, and I have now helped nearly a hundred women to breast-feed by a combination of personal visits and telephone calls. I have not had a single failure so far. To me this is vivid proof that many women *want* to breast-feed and, with personal encouragement, most women *can*. This personal encouragement should be supplied in abundance to every mother who wants it. Regular hospital staffs should give her a good start during her hospital stay. Ideally, she should have some advice on how to care for her breasts *before* entering the hospital, and further personal support after she leaves it—including someone friendly to call during blue moments. This my proposed consulting service would provide.

The choice to nurse or not to nurse must be the individual mother's to make. Every nurse and doctor knows that there are definite social pressures against breast-feeding. It always surprises me to learn that some women consider it immodest, but they do, and only education and custom will change this attitude. It is generally recognized that some young husbands object to their wives' breast-feeding; the breast is a sex symbol that they regard as their own exclusive property. Only maturity will change *this* attitude.

But the fact remains that perhaps only a quarter of our babies are starting their lives on breast milk—too poor a record to let stand. If professional people would combine to give the problem the attention it deserves, I am sure that mothers in far greater numbers would breast-feed successfully. I believe that more than a quarter of our mothers already want to try.

I recently stood in a check-out line in my neighborhood supermarket, telling a friend about my breast-feeding consulting plan. Our voices were low, but we stopped traffic in the line. Even the checker stopped her work to eavesdrop. After I left the store, several women followed me to tell me the story of their hospital experiences—how they had wanted to breast-feed their babies, but couldn't manage it by themselves. This is my point: No woman should have to learn this great, creative art by herself.

ADVICE FROM MRS. O'KEEFE FOR THE NURSING MOTHER

▶ *Your baby is getting enough to eat if he sleeps for four hours at any one time during the day, and can be seen swallowing for five minutes at a time.*

▶ *All babies are fretful occasionally—relax, and remember no one knows more about your baby than you do. Daily variations in nursing are perfectly normal.*

▶ *Watch your baby's weight gain from month to month—he'll soon gain back the advantage the bottle-fed baby gains in the hospital.*

▶ *Don't worry when your breasts diminish in size. After the letdown reflex sets in, the breast functions at each nursing and has no need to store milk.*

▶ *Eat a well-balanced diet for nourishment—you won't gain weight easily. Plenty of fluids will stimulate milk production—I recommend beer and wine in moderation, as well as tea, milk and plain water.*

▶ *You can nurse with a cold with no threat to your baby—I've nursed through bouts with the flu.*

▶ *Plan naps around feeding time—it can be done. And rest during feedings.*

▶ *If your milk seems low, try frequent short feedings.*

▶ *Your milk will be lowest and your baby crossest around dinnertime. If the baby seems unusually hungry, add a feeding before dinner.*

▶ *If your baby doesn't seem satisfied after feeding and changing, put him back to your breast for five minutes. This approximates the extra ounce or two left in the bottle if the baby were not breast-fed.*

▶ *Relief bottles can be prepared by adding whole homogenized milk from an unopened quart bottle to a clean nursery bottle containing sterile water and sugar in the proper proportions. Or use manual expression to provide your own milk for bottle.*

▶ *Biggest help of all—imagine yourself and your baby on a desert island with no bottle!*

ARTY GIRL

NTINUED FROM PAGE 130

ublicans and those who had done the using shook hands and slapped backs in ounding good fellowship.

Except for the governor's race, the figures the blackboard were comfortably Demo- tic. "You can't beat Laughing Boy in his n county," the men said, looking wise.

And then came the returns from the new- ners' precinct! We *had* beat Laughing Boy his own county. Just as Mrs. Smart had dicted—the newcomers had outvoted the of the county. And they had voted for ning Knight! Our candidate for governor shed the race with a 300-vote lead in his ponent's home bailiwick.

The men shook their heads in disbelief. en the telephone rang. It was Shining ight, calling long distance. He didn't want peak to Mr. Big. He wanted to speak to me. "Laughing Boy just conceded the election," said.

"Congratulations, Mr. Governor."

"I think the returns from your county took heart out of him. You and your Women's ub did a heroic job. I want to thank you. All women. It was magnificent. I shall be ever grateful."

Beaming with pride, I repeated Shining ight's message of gratitude and praise to the men. We were proud and pleased. The ures on the big blackboard spelled victory all our candidates.

Mr. Big took the election win as a personal umph. He bounced around headquarters, king hands and shouting joyously, "It shows what can be done when everybody lls together!"

On the street, over the telephone, party mbers congratulated me on my part in oducing a Democratic win. Then they asked *question:* "What do you want out of it?"

"Just what we got. Victory."

"Oh, come on, now. You can tell me! You nt *something* ——"

"No—really! I'm just glad that we won."

"Well, I'll tell you what I want ——" And y told me.

The chairman of the newcomers' precinct nted a paying job. Everybody knew that he d sat the campaign out in a local bar, ticizing the work that the Women's Club s doing. But now that the election was over felt that he was entitled to a reward. After he was the precinct chairman. There was a estion of protocol here which could not be ored.

Neither could the voices of the women who had worked in the newcomers' precinct go unheeded. Most of them did not know what they wanted for their efforts. But they were loudly articulate about what they did *not* want. They did not want the chairman of the newcomers' precinct credited for the work they had done.

Finally we had an Executive Committee meeting to select the people the county Democratic organization would officially recommend to the governor-elect for state jobs and board positions. Mr. Big and I were delegated to go to the capital to present our list.

When we got there we found that half a dozen other delegations from our county had preceded us—each with its own, unofficial recommendations. Shining Knight and his advisers looked harassed, as well they might.

If they followed the recommendations Mr. Big and I brought they would make enemies of all the other delegations from our county. If they accepted the suggestions of another group they would be accused of overriding the party organization that had worked for their election.

Despite his troubles (Shining Knight looked as if he hadn't had a good night's sleep in months), the governor-to-be seemed childishly delighted with the secret reward he had planned for me. The only thing that made him sad, he said, was that he could not repay every member of the Women's Club for the work each had done. Since he couldn't, he had determined to honor their chairwoman with something so grand that all the women in the county could bask in my reflected glory.

"What do you suppose it is going to be?" I asked Wally when I got home.

"I wouldn't have the vaguest idea," he said. "What I know about politics you could put in a teaspoon and have room for sugar."

"Maybe he'll appoint me to a board," I suggested, thinking how few state boards there were with women members.

Impatiently I waited through the inauguration and the new governor's first weeks in office. Since the women in the Democratic Women's Club were going to bask in my reflected glory, they waited as impatiently as I. And then it came.

It was a surprise, all right. In gratitude for the work I had done for him during the campaign, Gov. Shining Knight announced that he had reserved a place on the powerful, important state finance board.

For me? No, of course not. The appointment was for Wally. What more could a woman want than that, for her services to her party, her husband should receive such a high and honorable position?

Nothing is as bad for the unity of the party as victory. For victory convinces every party member that his dream should come true—and no two are dreaming the same dream.

In our county, many dreams were shattered when Gov. Shining Knight made his appointments. It was obvious that he was following the recommendations Mr. Big and I had taken to the state capital. The fact that these recommendations had been made by the entire Executive Committee of the county's party organization was forgotten. The appointments meant that Mr. Big and Mrs. Gullible were gaining too much power "upstate." They would have to be cut down to size.

The battle for control of the party came out into the open. What new stories weaned Mr. Big's friends from him or what threats convinced him that he should resign as county chairman, I don't know. I know only that he gave up quietly, without an open battle. Mr. Big was an old and wise politician.

Fat Farmer, running for county chairman, promised to rid the party of newcomers and females. He proposed to eradicate these treacherous elements by relieving me of my position as county chairwoman.

Not immorality but Communism became the new charge against me.

Evidence against me was cited, as follows:

1. I was intelligent (a doubtful proposition but, for some reason, accepted).
2. It took an intelligent person to understand Communist dialectic.
3. I had gone to college in the East.
4. Eastern colleges were hotbeds of radicalism.
5. I wore my hair straight.
6. A friend of mine was employed by the Ford Foundation.
7. I championed the rights of Mexicans, Negroes and women.
8. I subscribed for *The New Republic*.
9. I had two abstract paintings hanging in my living room.
10. If I wasn't a Communist, why did I neglect my home and family to devote myself to politics?

Fat Farmer proposed to eliminate me and everything I had added to the party. I proposed to protect the work I had done—which meant keeping Fat Farmer out of the chairman's seat. What frightened the members of the Women's Club was the prospect of an intraparty struggle for power which might, in some way, involve them. They were quite willing to address envelopes, wrap bubble gum and prepare potluck suppers. But fighting was for men, wasn't it?

As for the men I had helped to elect—they suddenly found themselves extremely busy. A few even left town. For a while it looked as if I would stand—or fall—alone.

One night the telephone rang. "It's for you," Wally announced.

I rushed to the telephone. It was Skinny Conniver, a local politician I scarcely knew.

Why Skinny Conniver had popped up on our side in the fight, I didn't know. I was too tired to care. A victim of battle fatigue, I was at home to recuperate.

"We've found a candidate," Skinny Conniver reported cheerily over the telephone. "One Fat Farmer can't scare off."

"Who?" I asked.

"Jelly Thompson."

I was a bit surprised. Though the Thompson family had been active in politics for many generations, Jelly had never been active in anything. He was almost too fat to move. As for his not being scared off—to me he had always looked perpetually scared.

"He's just the man we've been looking for, doll. Mad about newcomers and women."

"Fine." I tried to sound enthusiastic.

"We'll show that double-crossing, low-down crook, Fat Farmer," Skinny promised. "I'll start my boys calling on precinct chairmen tomorrow."

I refused to share his optimism. But this time it was Fat Farmer who left town before the meeting. He had weighed his chances and decided that it was wiser to lie low than to be laid low.

Jelly Thompson was elected without opposition. It was, everybody agreed, a triumph for the women. Happily, I received congratulations and best wishes for the future. The Women's Club could grow in size and importance now and continue its work with the newcomers.

I hurried next day to Jelly Thompson's office, my head whirling with projects and plans. "Congratulations!" I beamed at him.

He backed away. "Now let's get one thing straight, right off. I didn't ask you to campaign for me and I didn't make you any promises." He wiped the perspiration from his soft, pink face. "I know what they've all been saying—that if I got elected county chairman I'd take orders from the women. Well, I won't! This isn't going to be a petticoat administration. Not as long as I'm in office."

I gulped. "But you do want the women to keep working, don't you? You want them to be active in the party!"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 136

Only Flair Range has oven doors that glide up...safely out of the way of tall pans, your arms and shoulders. Also, when broiling, they shield your face from heat.



Only Flair electric Range has cooking units like this, units that slide back under a convenient work surface, completely hidden when not in use.

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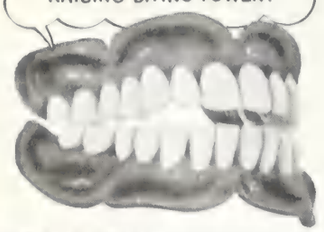
fade them out

*Weathered brown spots on the surface f your hands and face tell the world you're etting old—perhaps before you really are. ade them away with Special Esoterica the ew cream that helps lighten pigment masses. Makes skin look white and young again. A pecial formula for those allergic to normal nedication. Equally effective on the face, eck and arms. Not a cover-up. Fragrant, reaseless base for softening, lubricating skin s it helps clear those blemishes. Fully guaran-eed by the trustworthy 41-year-old laboratory hat produces it. At leading drug and toiletry ounters. If you want lighter complexion free f age spots get Special Esoterica today.



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In case after case, while gently reliev-ng pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) ook place.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134

He shuffled the loose flesh of his body into something that resembled a manly stance. "Personally, I am of the firm opinion that women's place is in the home," he said.

Jelly Thompson was a man of his word. He did not take orders from the women. He took orders from Fat Farmer and his friends. And from Skinny Conniver. He tolerated the women—and me—because Skinny insisted.

Skinny's show of strength in electing Jelly to the chairmanship had reinstated him in the county machine which had previously tried to get rid of him. But it was an uneasy alliance. Skinny held the women as a club over the heads of his friendly enemies.

That was the reason (I know now) that he pushed me into the position of state chairwoman for the party—an office for which I was ill-equipped, to say the least. Or, as one kindly old politician told me:

"My dear lady, you are much too innocent to be in politics."

Most middle-class women are too innocent to be in politics. They engage in political activity as they have engaged in church and community affairs, with a simplehearted faith that right will triumph over wrong. They can forgive those who trespass against them, but they have no experience in fighting back. They are easily defeated because they are unsuspecting and unprepared for attack.

As naïve as any of my sisters, I returned from the state convention happy with my new position and absorbed with plans for the next campaign. Thus preoccupied, I let Jelly Thompson resign after a period of time as county chairman, watched The Whisperer, installed in his place, without a suspicion that all was not right.

But politicians are eternally on guard against the usurpation of power. Everything I had done for the party—the organization of the women, the registering of the newcomers—rendered me dangerous in the eyes of the local machine. My success in attaining the position of state chairwoman weakened them and made me stronger. And more terrifying.

It should have been plain to them that what strength I had attained I held in innocence and ignorance. How easily they could have used it to their own ends had they been perceptive enough to see that I had neither the inclination nor the know-how to use it against them.

Unaware that I was under fire on the home front, I rushed to the state capital to take over my new duties. I walked into the party's state headquarters to find an office for the chairman, for the paid secretary and for the publicity man. But no office for me. Not a chair. Not a typewriter. Nothing.

When I mentioned the lack of facilities to the new state chairman, Mr. Handsome, he seemed quite surprised that I should want to work. But with an innate understanding of the kind of work for which women are suited, he said, "Fine! Fine! Get a notebook and I'll dictate some letters."

"I don't take dictation."

His mouth flew open. "Then what kind of work are you going to do?"

I explained the importance of the women's vote, the usefulness of women workers, the ways in which they could be organized to register voters, spread information, get out the vote. He heard me through like a father indulging a child's wild scheme for digging to China.

"Fine! Fine!" he said. "Go right to it. Just don't spend any money."

"Women, properly organized, will make more money than I'll spend," I assured him.

"Well," he said doubtfully, "if you *are* going to spend money, better let me know now so I can get the expenditure approved at the Executive Committee meeting this afternoon. I'm having the committee approve the five vice chairwomen I've selected too."

How nonchalantly he delivered the two blows. I had not been invited to attend the Executive Committee meeting. I had not been consulted on the selection of my vice chairwomen.

"Don't you think that *I* should approve the vice chairwomen?" I asked. "I'm the one who will have to work with them."

"Oh, they won't be expecting to do any work!" Mr. Handsome laughed. "The vice chair*men* never do any work. It's just an honor."

"They're going to work if they're going to be *my* vice chairwomen. We've an election to win."

"Of course! Of course!" he agreed heartily. "That's what I'm going to tell them at the Executive Committee meeting."

"I'm surprised that I wasn't notified of the meeting," I said sternly.

"Are you a member of the Executive Committee?" he asked. "I can't remember women attending in the past."

"I must be a member. I'm a party official," I insisted.

He shrugged. "Come to the meeting, then. But I'm darned if I know why you want to."

"I'll be there," I promised.

He shuffled through the litter of papers on his desk. "Let's get out of here!" He pushed the chair away from the disordered desk. "I'll take you to lunch and then we'll go to the meeting."

The sample room in the hotel had been dusted for the meeting of the Executive Committee. As we entered, I was greeted (with marked coolness) by Fat Farmer, The Whisperer and Sonny, who advertised himself in our county as "the finest young man ever to run for public office."

Sonny believed his slogan. He was so clean-cut he resembled the sharp edge of a razor. I wondered what he was doing at a meeting of the state executive committee. He was a candidate for county office in our county, 150 miles away.

The meeting resembled a pep-club rally. Gov. Shining Knight gave a pep talk, which the chairman of the Shining Knight for Governor Club tried to top. Then the two hired publicity men cheered us on to victory. After which Mr. Handsome reported what had been said before and called on Mr. Virtue for a spiritual rewording of the message. He even called on me for a contribution.

I asked each one present to give me the name of the chairwoman in his county. I explained how much local women's organizations could do in a campaign and promised to come to all the counties and help organize women's clubs.

My little speech brought an excited response from the members of the committee. "Women ought to run their homes and let the men run the party," voices muttered about the room. I sat down, confused and discouraged.

Mr. Handsome rapped for order and announced that The Whisperer had asked for a few minutes of the committee's time. The Whisperer shook his head and waved his hand, trying to signal Mr. Handsome to forget the whole thing. But Mr. Handsome was nearsighted and wore his glasses in his pocket when he was on display. So The Whisperer had to rise and explain, with obvious embarrassment, that he had nothing to say to the committee after all.

When the meeting was over Mr. Handsome and I went back to state headquarters. I had to leave that night but before I went I composed some letters for the secretary to send out. As I left, I saw the three men from my county in the hall outside the waiting room. They avoided meeting me.

When I returned to the state capital a week later Mr. Handsome seemed fidgety and nervous. Finally he closed the door to his private office and asked me if I were a Communist.

"Don't be ridiculous!" I said. "I'm not a Communist. And I'm not lascivious. Those were dirty rumors used against me in a dirty political fight. Surely you don't believe them!"

"Oh, no—no—of course not!" he said quickly. "But that bunch from your county seemed so positive. They were afraid to speak up in the meeting when they found you were there. So they called on me after you left. In view of the charges against you, they want the Executive Committee to remove you from office."

I pondered the situation, feeling outraged and betrayed and in despair. "The best thing would be to bring it out into the open," I decided aloud. "Let The Whisperer and his gang repeat the charges against me to the Executive Committee in my presence. They can't prove their stories, because they're all lies. I ca prove my innocence. In court, if necessary."

"Oh, no!" Mr. Handsome cried. " wouldn't be good for the party—just as we ar starting the campaign! Best to let the whol thing blow over."

Wally did not agree with Mr. Handsom When I brought the story home, he blew up storm that carried him straight out of th house to each of the three men who had gon to state headquarters.

All of them denied vehemently that the had carried tales about me to the state cap ital. The party chairman had misunderstooc They had gone to see him as my friends, nc my enemies. They had gone because the didn't believe that I was a Communist. Fo my sake, and for the sake of the party, the had gone to Mr. Handsome to seek help in squelching the vicious rumors.

In Wally's presence, they called Mr. Hand some long distance to "set him straight" or the whole thing. Mr. Handsome was only too willing to admit that he might have misunder stood, only too ready to let the whole thing drop.

"They're tricky," Wally said, reportin back. "With Mr. Handsome backing down, wouldn't want to drag them into court. But think we had better go to the FBI. There's a least one part of the rumor that's true by now."

"What?"

"The story that you are under investigation The Federal boys must have had a hundred reports of your Communistic activities by this time."

Wally was wrong. The FBI had received no reports that I was a Communist. We were the first ones to come to the local office with the story. We signed loyalty oaths and gave a complete accounting of our lives. We also re lated as much as we knew about the origin and content of the rumors in circulation.

The local agents were polite, co-operative and sympathetic. "This sort of thing pops up often in politics," they told us. "Obviously the people spreading the story are interested in ruining your reputation, not in protecting the country against Communists. Otherwise they would have reported their suspicions to us instead of spreading them everywhere else. With no facts to feed on, this will die and be forgotten. But if you find anyone trying to revive the gossip, why don't you bring him to us for a little chat?"

"I feel better," I told Wally when we left the Federal office. "This thing had me so worried I was beginning to wonder if it was possible to be a Red without knowing it."

"You're a Red, all right," Wally said. "The original Little Red Ridinghood, walking innocently into traps set by the big, bad wolves. But they won't devour you."

"How do you know?"

Wally laughed. "You're too innocent. It fools them every time."

There are two kinds of men who hamper the work of women in politics. First there are the men who resist any activity on the part of the women. To them political headquarters are as sacrosanct as Joe's Pool Hall. No woman has ever set foot inside the door and no woman ever will.

Against such opposition women may organize, but they are defeated before they begin. If they raise money, they are taking it from the party. If they hold meetings, they are stealing thunder from the rallies planned by the men. If they attract newcomers, they are trying to build up strength to take over the party organization. If they don't do any of these things, what good are they?

Men in the second category—the co-operative ones—are almost as difficult as their brothers in opposition. Co-operative men are absolutely sold on the miracles women can perform. They are also sold on the idea of letting the women perform their miracles while the men sit on the sidelines, observing and cheering.

The trouble is that, expecting miracles, the cheering section is inevitably disappointed with purely human results. The women set to work with enthusiasm and diligence, but nothing they do is enough. The men compare the

results of the women's work with their own hopes and decide that the fair sex is deliberately marking time. They begin to prod, push, scold, cajole. Eventually they become a jeering section. Unable to please, the women give up in despair.

It is at this point that the state chairwoman is called in to build a fire under the women and set them working again.

In the middle of the next campaign I was called to an isolated mountain county, inhabited by ranchers and Indians, with a few tradesmen in the tiny towns scattered through the valleys. The men had arranged for my visit because they were dissatisfied with the performance of their chairwoman.

When I arrived at the chairwoman's home I found her an attractive, enthusiastic young woman who handled her very special problems with ingenuity. She had, for instance, organized the women so that they took turns riding with the trucker who picked up milk cans at the farms and ranches scattered through the hills. On these trips the women distributed campaign literature, made arrangements to register isolated voters and get them to the polls on election day.

I was impressed by all that the women had done, handicapped as they were by the distances that separated them, unpredictable weather and impossible roads. But the men wanted more—more—more.

They had planned the dinner meeting (at which I was to speak) for the women, but every woman who came was accompanied by her menfolk. The men outnumbered the women and outtalked me. Anything I had to say was drab and commonplace compared with the men's eloquent testimonials to the miracles performed by women in every phase of life.

They eulogized teachers who had transformed stupid pupils into brilliant scholars, nurses who had brought life to the dying, mothers who had inspired their children to goodness and greatness. The meeting closed with a plea to the women to repeat, in politics, the great works their sisters had done in other fields.

The chairwoman took me home with her for the night. "You see what we're up against?" she said as she settled me in the guest room. "The men wouldn't be satisfied if we laid down our lives."

Lack of sleep and a constant diet of barbecued beef and beans threatened to finish me before I finished the campaign. My discomfort was complicated in the first warm months by constant chills.

In August and September, the rallies were held outside—in parks, football stadiums and pastures. Sometimes the wind blew. Sometimes it rained. Even if the day had been warm and bright, night brought a sharp drop in temperature. I prepared for this by carrying with me, in the heat of the day, a fur coat and head scarf which I donned when the sun went down. But platforms, hastily nailed together in the middle of an open field, have a disconcerting way of shooting cold jets of air upward, through flimsy pumps and sketchy nylons.

Seated on these exposed platforms, my legs as stiff and cold as icicles, I yearned for October, when the rallies would be held in closed coliseums, auditoriums, school buildings and courthouses. I knew that when the speechmaking moved inside, my feet would be warm. I did not dream that they would come dangerously close to kindling temperature.

Public buildings are not heated. They are overheated. Blowers shoot blasts of hot, dry air at you until it is impossible to breathe. Even a nudist would feel overdressed in such an atmosphere. We were wearing warm fall woolens. We were also wheezing, sneezing, coughing and sniffling. The head cold is as common to the politician as silicosis is to the miner.

I carried my respiratory ailments noisily around the state until the campaign was over. In this condition I did not impress the people who had heard from my enemies that I was a "femme fatale." It was difficult to live up to my reputation with a red nose, and watering eyes.

I felt as incapacitated as I looked, but I was imbued with political ambition and clung to the merry-go-round of campaign activity in the vague hope that continual motion would guarantee success. Everybody else was in motion with me. None of us was quite sure why we were doing what we were doing, but we were afraid to remain still while the opposition revolved.

That year was "coffee" year. The informal, neighborhood coffee was the secret of vote getting, the experts told us. Since coffee is woman's province, I preceded the campaign caravan, lining up coffee hostesses in each county.

I even carried coffee cups around with me. A hostess might be expected to round up forty neighbors for a "meet the candidates" coffee, but she couldn't necessarily be expected to provide forty coffee cups. In the end, that was what the campaign cost me—forty coffee cups lost, strayed or broken.

The casual neighborhood coffees took a lot of planning. They operated on a split-second schedule. Candidates had to be shuffled from one coffee to another so that each candidate shook hands with guests in every house and no house was left without candidates for so much as a minute.

Since the traditional evening barbecue and speechmaking rally could not be eliminated just because something new had been added to the campaign, the candidates shuffled all day, spoke all night and arrived, fresh and smiling, at a town 100 miles away in time for breakfast coffee the next morning. The pace was killing, but all the motions had to be made even when it was obvious that they were useless.

This was all too often obvious. On many days the candidates rushed from one house to another only to shake hands with one another. There was no one else there. At other times, in other places, coffee guests were shuffled around as fast as the office seekers. The weary candidates met the same faithful guests at different coffees all through the day, and spoke to them at the rally in the evening.

Still, victory seemed only as far away as the election. And then the day was upon us. I went home to vote and—unexpectedly—to weep. Election day had brought victory, all right—to the opposition. For our side it was a crash landing. It left me alive, but scarred.

Politicians are much too busy to think. Even in off years. They have to keep up their political contacts. Before an election the hired publicity agents and speech writers do a politician's thinking for him. After an election the thinking is turned over to the political analysts, hired by newspapers and magazines.

Some of the analysts reported that it was the women's vote that had won the election for the Republicans.

Wally asked me: "Do you think that's true?"

"I wish I knew where they got their information," I answered wearily. "The machines total up the number of votes, but not the sex of the people who pulled the levers. It's hard enough to find out *if* the women voted, let alone for whom they voted."

I knew. I had just spent a week with some dozen helpers going through the registration books, precinct by precinct, to find out how many women had voted in our state. This much information our tedious research had granted us, but little more.

Where we had organized women's clubs, the vote was heavier—for both sexes. Did that prove that a women's organization brought out the vote? Or did it show that it was easier to organize a women's club where people voted? Since the Republicans had organized the women wherever we had (and vice versa), our women's organizations had not, to all appearances, given us a larger percentage of the total vote.

Obviously, the women's vote is not an actual threat but an imaginary one. Because there isn't any women's vote. There never will be. Politically, women are divided just as men are. They belong to different political parties. They are separated geographically and economically. The concerns of the farmer's wife are not those of her urban-dwelling counterpart. The workingwoman and the suburbanite housewife read the same headlines with dissimilar reactions.

Even when women organize for a purpose in common, they zealously guard their organization from any involvement in partisan politics. The strangest example of this is the League of Women Voters, dedicated to governmental reform and to the training of women for participation in politics. The League attempts to attain its objectives by staying above the battle between the political parties as well as the infighting factions within each party.

When I had finished organizing the Democratic women's clubs across the state, the president of the League of Women Voters wailed, "You've stolen all our best workers, women we've been counting on for officers."

"Use them," I suggested. "Their experienc in party offices should make them that muc more valuable."

"We can't do that. It's against League po icy," she said sternly.

Allowing any of its officers to be involved i partisan politics is against the policy o most women's organizations. Strangel enough, the purposes for which these organ zations exist often require at least some polit cal action. The causes include better school adequate recreation programs, uniform ma riage and divorce laws, legal and financia protection for widows and orphans, and man others. Occasionally, some member of th

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anization will become so inspired that she
l run for Congress or the state legislature or
some other office in which she thinks she
help the group achieve the goal.
But does she get help from the organiza-
n"? Not usually. Chances are the women
n't even vote for her. Their reasoning goes
e this: "All the important 'deals' are made
smoke-filled rooms. Nice women aren't in-
ed to smoke-filled rooms. Better elect a man
o can really do something."
That the men are committed to do the work
the groups that put them in office doesn't
ur to the nonpolitical women. When the
ction is over they take their proposals to
men who can make deals in the smoke-
ed rooms. Naïvely, they announce that they
resent 4000 (or 40,000) women voters who
members of their organization.
The men are courteous. They introduce the
men to their colleagues. But they don't take
ir proposals into the smoke-filled rooms.
They have more important things on their
ds—namely, re-election. And re-election is
achieved by working for 4000, or 40,000,
es which may or may not be forthcoming.
her, it results from pleasing those who fill
campaign coffers, man the campaign head-
rters and fight like fury to get their repre-
tative elected.
As for the partisan women's organiza-
n—the party will use it to win votes, raise
ney, and elect candidates chosen by the
n. It will rise against the female offspring,
wever, if the women's organization attempts
se its power independently or tries to elect
didates from among its members.
To be listed on the ballot, a woman should
ong to the wrong party in a one-party state,
re being a candidate means work and ex-
se with a very slim chance of election. The
est way for a woman to achieve office is to
ace a husband who has died unexpectedly.
e has lingered on, in old age or ill health,
hasn't a chance. The men have had time to
ct and groom his male successor.
losing a husband is rather a high price to
for political position, but it is almost al-
ways exacted, one way or another. A man must be a saint to put up with a wife who thinks it more important to change a voter's registration than to change the baby's diaper. And even a saint can be driven to despair—or to the divorce court.

A husband may favor a wife's dabbling in politics as long as it helps business and does not interfere with home life. But no one can blame the man of the house for exploding when he finds his home invaded by a never-ending stream of politicians. He must be completely insensitive or extremely devoted if he doesn't object, now and then, to being left in charge of house and family while his wife takes off for a day, a few weeks or several months to campaign, attend conventions or lobby at the legislature.

A single woman isn't really better off than one who is married. If she depends for her livelihood on appointive political jobs, she will receive the ones least likely to lead upward. If she tries to make a political start while working in a nonpolitical business, she may well find that her boss will not tolerate political activities. In business for herself, she will have to stretch time, energy and money over two pursuits and quite possibly brave the disapproval of the public as well.

The widow of independent means, with no family on her hands, is perhaps the woman best suited to go into politics. But she is not likely to reach the top. With a late start, she is competing against men who have been climbing the political ladder since they were old enough to vote. And they have the last rungs roped off "For Men Only."

The world of politics is still a man's world. It is also a battlefield, and women are not experienced in warfare. Before they can get very far they need to grow tough skins and hard heads. They will be compelled to develop such determination that they willingly risk their own necks, and the necks of their friends and families, too, in pursuit of their political goals. Without losing sentiment, civic concern or idealism, they will have to develop suspicion, cunning and ruthlessness. It's a big order. Too big. You can count me out.

"Count you out?" Wally took the pipe from his mouth. "I don't believe it!"

"I'm no Joan of Arc," I said. "I don't have any cause except the one that all citizens—even women—should take an active interest in government."

"Seems to me you've put the cause very neatly," Wally said.

"Oh, I can express it. I just can't do anything about it! I'm through. Finished. And I'm tired."

"No!" the children cried in chorus. They had enjoyed my excursion into politics. They had met important people, stayed up late at rallies, tooted horns in parades. "It was such fun," they mourned.

But Wally grinned. "I'll take an apple pie."

I baked an apple pie. I sewed and mended, cleaned and gardened. When my friends came to tell me that Fat Farmer and The Whisperer had found someone to replace me as county chairwoman, I cheered. "Good! I was going to resign anyway. I couldn't care less."

But my friends did care. On the night of the county convention they appeared in my patio, where Wally and the children and I were having a picnic supper. We were still in our bathing suits, wet from a late-afternoon swim.

"Get dressed!" my callers ordered. "We'll be late to the convention."

"I'm not going," I replied.

"Of course you're going! You are going to be re-elected county chairwoman. We've worked for weeks on it."

They produced records of their labors. They had called on every precinct chairman. There were lists of the ones they could depend on to vote for me, lists of the maybes, and lists of the votes against me. How many times had I worked on such lists myself!

So I went to the county convention and was re-elected county chairwoman. Which meant that I had to go to the state convention. "To resign," I promised Wally.

But it didn't work out that way. At the state convention my Boom County friends had taken the initiative in lining up support for me. "I didn't resign," I told Wally when I returned. "I was re-elected. But I made it clear that I wouldn't do anything."

"Good," he answered.

I was true to my word. I didn't do anything for the party. I stayed at home and baked apple pies.

My sudden and unexpected withdrawal from the political scene frightened my enemies. They could not believe that I was cooking anything as innocent as pies. I was up to something, and it was the more menacing because it was hidden and secret.

For some years now I have done nothing in politics—and my reputation as a power behind the scenes has grown until it frightens even me. It is said that I elected certain people to office, defeated others. It is stoutly maintained that I tell the city and county commissioners whom to hire and fire and how to vote. I am supposed to rule our county representatives in the state legislature with an iron hand.

Everybody would feel better, it seems, if I ran for something—anything. My enemies have joined my friends (I was never sure which were which) in an all-out effort to get me into public office. They say they want to reward me for the work I have done for the party. I think they are more concerned with bringing the work I may be doing out into the open. They won't believe that I have retired.

They file into and out of the house, looking for signs of my secret activities, plying me with questions. Wally watches them with a resigned expression on his face.

"Once you're in politics, it's hard to get out," I explain to him.

"Goody!" the children cry. "Can we ride on the sound truck? Politics is fun!"

"Sometimes fun and sometimes not so fun," I say sternly. "I'll have to consider ——"

Wally winks at them. "Some people are alcoholics and some can't kick the narcotics habit. With your mother, it's politics." He measures his waistline with his hands, sighing. "Oh, well, apple pies aren't really good for the figure," he says. END



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WHAT MAKES A CREATIVE CHILD?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

Like gold, the creative mind is where you find it. The social and economic background of a family seldom determines the creativity of a child—unless so deprived that he is totally preoccupied with attaining the basic needs of living. Then there is the possibility that he may turn to crime, because he sees no other way out. It has been suggested that some criminals may be potentially creative persons whose creativity found all the normal, acceptable channels blocked.

His early school years are vitally important to the creative child. John was one of the lucky ones. His teachers were wise enough to recognize and encourage his special abilities. That made it a time when the world seemed to open up to him, and he got that first real glimpse of where he wanted to go and how he was going to get there.

But if a creative child's capacity is not recognized, the early school years can be a time of growing frustration for him, a time when his creative potential can be lost forever. Parents are not the only ones who may fail to recognize the special needs of a creative child. Our educational system must share the burden of responsibility. Traditional aptitude and intelligence tests used in our schools define a child's I.Q., but they seldom identify that elusive thing called creativity. For while the creative child *is* intelligent, as the study points out, he does not always get high grades. He may be too shy ("introverted") to show interest and curiosity when he feels it, or ask for help when he needs it. On the other hand, being "independent, skeptical and sometimes egotistical," he may often appear to be a problem child, demanding and disruptive. He may criticize his teacher rudely, argue with her stubbornly, make excessive demands.

Tommy was such a child. He was blue-eyed, bright, friendly and overactive as a puppy. At first he thought that school was a great new game. He wanted to tell everyone just how the game ought to be played. A picture story at the back of a brightly colored reader fascinated him, a story about a train. Each day at reading time Tommy clamored for the train story. The train story was scheduled to come later, so each day the teacher said, "No, Tommy. Sit down and be quiet. You are disturbing the class." Every day there was a scene. Then Tommy began to sulk. He refused to have anything to do with book or reading lesson. He would not learn to read.

When his behavior was reported to his mother, she was astonished. "But Tommy *loves* books!" she protested. "He even sits in front of the television set reading a book—a little story about a train."

Questioned, Tommy shrugged and admitted that sure, he could read. He'd wanted to learn, so he did. By himself. "But don't tell that teacher," he said darkly. "She thinks reading is bad."

If an eager—and sometimes admittedly disruptive—child finds his interest being squelched again and again *without being told why*, he may well come to feel that it is the interest that is wrong, not his disruptive behavior. If his teachers do not respond to that spark of eager curiosity which he himself can hardly be expected to recognize as the beginning of creativity, he may decide that it is a valueless thing and discard it. Such a child often drops out of school early, his creative promise lost because no one recognized it for what it was.

The danger of traditional I.Q. tests failing to spot the creative child is very real. Dr. Donald W. MacKinnon, director of the Institute of Personality Assessment and Research at the University of California, and director of the six-year study of creative people, says, "It is certain that many of the most creative people in our study were not grade-getters. Nor were they always of very superior intelligence, though over the whole range, intelligence and creativity are related. We found no feeble-minded creative subjects. On the other hand, above a certain required minimum level of intelligence—which varies from field to field and in some instances may be surprisingly low—being more intelligent does not guarantee a corresponding increase in creativeness. It is just not true that the more intelligent person is necessarily the more creative one." The inevitable conclusion: "We are missing people with high creative potential at a time when we urgently need to find and use them effectively."

Also concerned with the failure of traditional intelligence tests to identify children who are highest in creative talent is the National Education Association. Professor of Psychology Calvin W. Taylor is convinced that "present tests cover only a small percentage of the more than fifty known dimensions of the mind."

What can schools do to find more of our creative children? Suggests Dr. E. Paul Torrance, director of educational research at the University of Minnesota: "We need a complete revision of tests designed to reveal creativity. Present tests may fa l to identify as high as seventy percent of the most gifted." Other needs: improved textbooks and teaching materials, new training courses for teachers, better and more understanding counseling.

What can parents do to help a creative child? You can encourage his interests—but don't push so hard that he develops a resentful feeling that they are being shoved down his throat.

"I can't say that my father ever tried to push me into writing," says the novelist daughter of one of the country's best-known novelists. "But I guess I always knew how much he wanted me to follow in his footsteps. Maybe it was inhibiting. Anyway,"—with a quick smile—"I was thirty before I ever struck a typewriter in anything but anger."

"Show interest in what your child creates," says child psychiatrist Dr. Stella Chess. "But don't show him off. If you do, the attention he gets may come to be more important to him than the creative act itself."

You can provide stimulation. "Stimulation by indirection is best," says a mother who has studied the ways of creative children. "Parents can provide books, records, musical instrument, paints, even typewriters, as recreational devices. These can result in experimentation and discovery on the part of the creative child that might not emerge for years otherwise."

You can give him training. Lessons are a great help, whether his interest is painting, music, writing, science. "Creativity is a spontaneous thing," says Dr. Chess. "But spontaneity can be carried just so far, then technique—knowing how to do well the thing that interests you—becomes important too."

You can encourage—but not force—him to try new things. Don't plan *all* of his activities. He has the right—and the need—to do some of his own planning. He also needs leisure time. Both mothers and child psychologists are beginning to wonder whether we may be wearing our children out with an endless round of planned activities, leaving them little quiet time for thought *or* creativity.

Don't be overprotective. Professor Aarre Lahti of the University of Michigan says, "As parents, we try to provide our children with an environment as free as possible from pain, conflict and frustration. But are we right to do it? We may be depriving them of the very motivation that impelled us toward whatever we have accomplished in life. Having such things as conflict, frustration and loss in their lives has motivated some creative people to outstanding success."

Professor Lahti's theory of creativity: "It comes from 'troublemakers,' individuals who feel compelled to change the world around them because it is, in their view, unreasonable, inadequate and in drastic need of revision. A person who grows up in constantly pleasant—and therefore probably unrealistically sheltered—surroundings feels no need to change his environment."

Be a parent. Say "no" when you feel it is required. Share what you've learned about life with your child—even if you know you're not infallible. A child is an apprentice learning to be master of his trade—the trade of being a meaningful person. How can he learn if he is not taught? END



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Fast-acting Duractin stops headache throb. Eases muscular pain and minor joint aches. Relieves fever and discomfort of colds. And *Duractin is long-lasting*—relieves pain up to 8 hours. While you work, play, sleep, Duractin gives you continuous protection to guard against the return of pain.

Duractin brings you this 8-hour action through a remarkable scientific principle—never before available in an analgesic.

A reservoir of pain relief in every capsule.

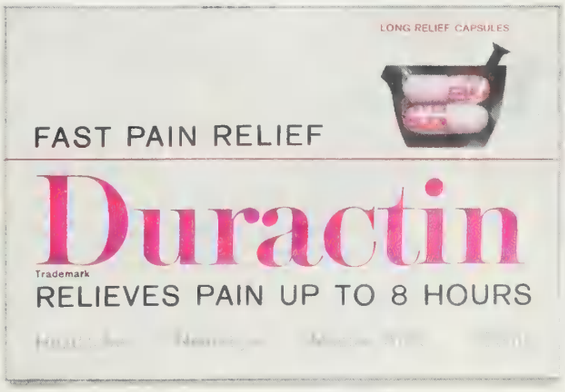
Inside each Duractin capsule are hundreds of tiny pain-relieving pellets. (Look closely—you can see them.) Many are designed to dissolve quickly in your system, bearing swift relief. Then, *from a reservoir of pain relief in your body,* more and more tiny pellets keep dissolving continuously, hour after hour. Gentle pain-relieving medication keeps flowing smoothly, continuously, through your system for up to 8 full hours.

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SOAP

By MARY K. BLACKMAR

Cakes, flakes, liquid . . . perfumed, tinted—it's all soap as we now know it. But how rare and unromantic its antecedents.

• Soap, in one form or another, has been known from antiquity, but curiously enough it was first valued not as a cleansing agent but as a means of brightening the hair! Thus testifying once again to that ancient unquenchable human desire for enhancing sex charm and bodily beauty.

Soap is mentioned in the Old Testament, and washing, of both clothes and person, figures largely in the Mosaic law. Pliny spoke of soap both as a purifying and a medicinal means, and as a Gallic invention for giving luster to the hair.

As our earliest forefathers began to withdraw from their dwelling caves into the daylight, the idea, possibly, of personal cleanliness began vaguely to dawn upon them. Then, gradually, as the art of weaving developed, some experimental soul *for the first time* washed her rudimentary skirt! Then the priesthood and royalty caught the notion that shining purity might give a certain added glory to their ceremonial vestments of fine linen and white wool.

In early Rome, goats' tallow and beech ashes were used to make soap, and the remains of a small primitive factory were found in Pompeii. Eighth-century Spain, and later Italy and France, began the manufacture, in small quantities, using for it the lowest grade of the native olive oil. No soap was made commercially in England before the middle of the fourteenth century, and its manufacture did not become important until the seventeenth.

In pioneer American homes, the ash barrel with a spout was a familiar back-yard feature. The ashes were kept wet, and the lye collected in a pail underneath the spout. This, mixed with all the household savings of refuse fat, became soft soap, a cheap and plentiful domestic necessity.

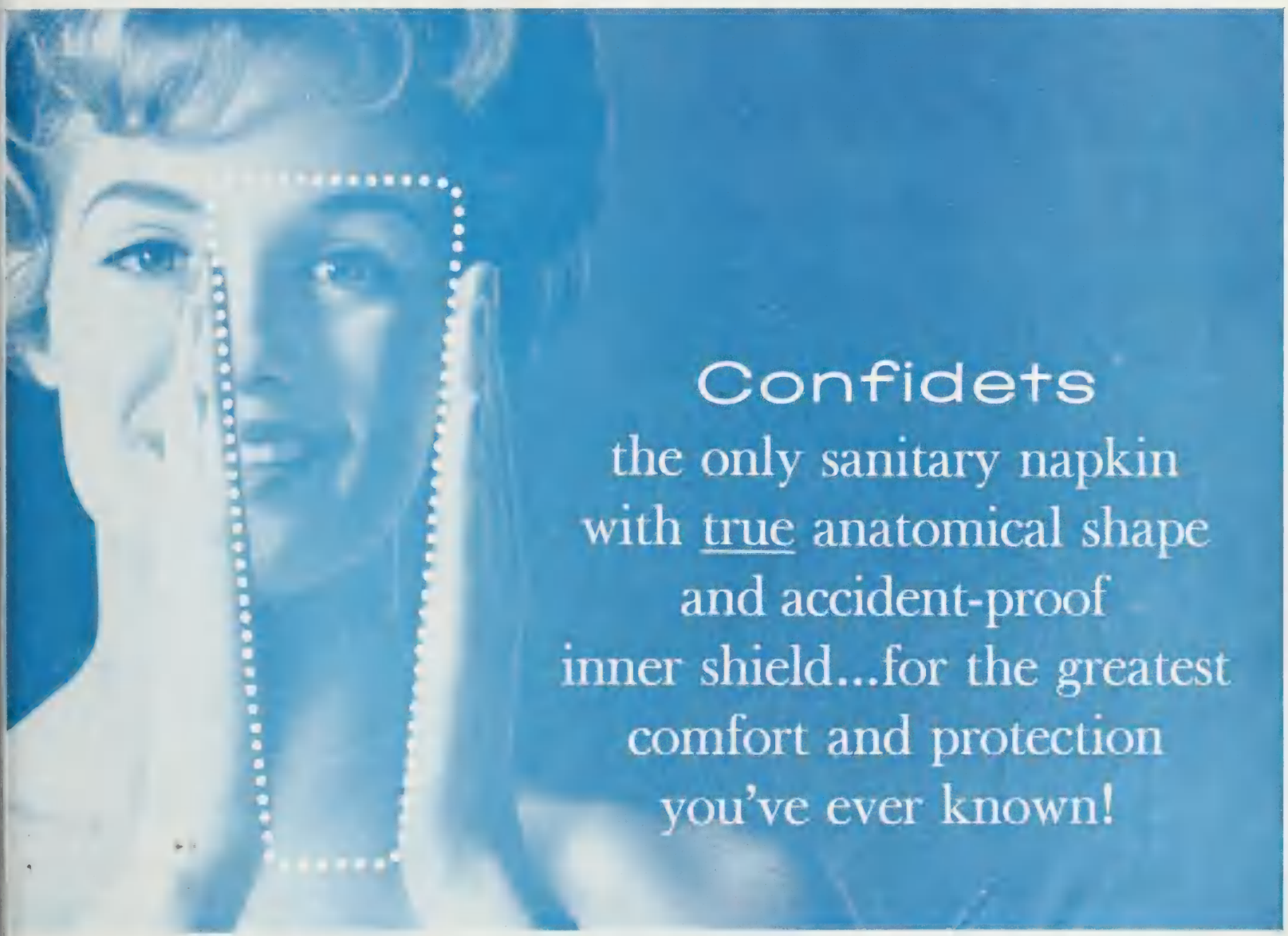
Much earlier than soap, natural substitutes were known for it. Plants like the *soapbark* and the *soapberry*, rich in the principle known to chemistry as saponin—lathering in water—have been known from remote times by fastidious people such as high-caste Chinese and preferred for washing their hair and their delicate silk garments. Even today, in out-of-the-way places, the homely *bouncing Bet* may find a use in shining up the tresses of some mountain belle.

The present-day intensive fight against dirt is one of the notable aspects of modern civilization. Our not-so-distant ancestors, even the rich and privileged, accepted a great deal of grime, muck and stench as a natural condition of life. When dining, they could (respectably) throw their meat bones on the rush-covered floor. They emptied their slops in the gutters of the cities. Men, according to fashionable French memoirs, could urinate (without reproach) in their vast smoky fireplaces. England's Shakespeare was far from unmindful of the odorous "groundlings" at the play, and the "greasy" rabble in the street. Neither in the Palace of Versailles nor in the old patrician houses of New York was there any place resembling a modern bathroom.

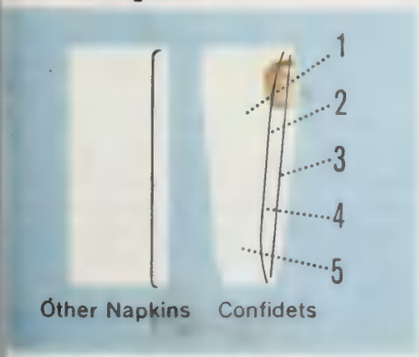
Human and animal odors have accompanied fine clothes and lavish perfumes. Marcus Aurelius, the philosopher-emperor, says in his Meditations, "Be not angry with thy brother because his armpits stink." He could not foresee the day when the poorest, commonest of his brothers could stand in his company, bathed in his own tub, cleansed, deloused and deodorized in his "outer man," and no longer in the slightest material danger of maddening the most aristocratic nostrils. END

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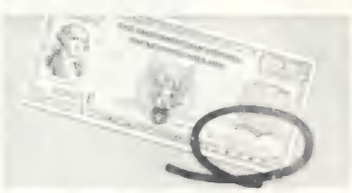
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Hold the Phone

It takes a man to get into a ridiculous situation like this—and a woman to get him out.

BY WILL STANTON

The telephone has always baffled and irritated me. Now that I think of it, so have children; and when you put kids and phones together, I'm lost.

My difficulties with the telephone don't fall into any special category; maybe that's why they're always so unexpected—like the trouble over the cookies. It started with the P.T.A. My wife was in charge of cookies for one of their functions, and since she was going to be downtown and I was going to be home I had promised to pick them up at four o'clock from some woman whose name I couldn't recall. I hung around the house figuring that eventually the woman would call to see where I was, which is what happened and where I was when she called was at the store getting cigarettes. My daughter Jeannie explained it to her.

"Fine," I said when I got home, "what's her name?"

Jeannie thought it began with an *N*. That was the way I remembered it too. "Neville?" I suggested. "Something like that?"

She shook her head. "More like Nelson."

That seemed to ring a bell—fortunately there was only one Nelson in the book. A man answered the phone.

I introduced myself. "I'm sorry I was out when your wife phoned," I said. He didn't say anything. "Mr. Nelson, your wife did call me, didn't she?"

"What about?" he said.

"About the cookies," I said. "I was supposed to pick them up. Your wife was going to bake six dozen—small ones."

"I see," he said. "What gave you the idea she was going to bake you these cookies?"

I could see I had got off on the wrong foot. Apparently she had neglected to tell her husband about the P.T.A. "She wasn't making them for me." I laughed apologetically. "As a matter of fact, I'm afraid I've never been much of a cookie eater."

There was a long pause. "Would you mind repeating that?" he asked.

Well, I did mind—it wasn't the sort of remark that's improved by repetition. However, Nelson was nothing to me and becoming more so by the moment. "I'm afraid I've never been much of a cookie eater," I said distinctly.

"What's that?" It was my wife calling from the hall. "I'm home early. You've never been much of a what?"

"A cookie eater," I yelled at her. "I've never been one."

"No need to make an issue of it," Nelson said. "I believe you."

"I was just telling my wife," I told him.

"That's always best," he said. "I'll tell my wife. Is there anybody else you think ought to be told?"

"You bet," I told him. "If this community is going to the dogs, it's jokers like you that have only themselves to blame. And one other thing ——" I said. However, Mr. Nelson seemed to have hung up.

"What in the world was that all about?" My wife was looking at me in amazement.

"That was the husband of your cookie woman," I told her. "He just got wise once too often."

"Oh, no," she said. She grabbed the phone and started dialing. "I should have known something like this would happen —— Hello . . . Mrs. Nielson? I'm afraid there was a little mix-up between our husbands ——"

I walked to the far end of the room and lit a cigarette. Nielson? That's what she said. I dropped the match into an ashtray. Nielson.

My wife was cradling the phone in both hands with a big artificial smile on her face. "He is?" she said. "In Toronto, you say? Well, there must have been some mistake." She threw me a murderous glance.

I left the house. If they wanted to make a border incident out of a few cookies, I wanted no part of it. I never did learn how it finally came out.

Then there was another time Jeannie answered the phone. The call was for me, but she said I couldn't come because I was putting champagne into a washtub. Champagne happened to be the nitwit name of our dog that I was attempting to scrub. Jeannie had picked out the name because she thought it sounded classy.

How it sounded to my boss who had given me the day off to stay home and make out some reports was somewhat different. There was only one bright spot I could think of: I had managed to talk Jeannie out of naming the dog Dorothy Kilgallen.

Finally there was the incident last summer at the cottage. I had been lying on the beach, killing time until 4:30, when I was supposed to pick up my wife at the station. My watch said 3:10. It had said 3:10 the last time I had looked at it. I remembered then that I had taken the watch away from Jeannie that morning when I caught her using it for the tiara of an Arab queen in her sandbox. I gathered up my things and ran back to the cottage. The kitchen clock said 4:20.

Jeannie and our neighbor Suzy were playing house in the bedroom.

"You girls run along," I told them. "I've got to get dressed and drive down to the station."

"We're playing house," Jeannie said. "Suzy's mother is taking a nap and she said Suzy was supposed to stay out of the house until she wakes up."

"That's fine," I said. "Now go on out."

They went into the living room and I started changing. I was just buttoning my shirt when the phone rang.

I listened, but it wasn't our ring—it was for the cottage next door; it was for Suzy's house, as a matter of fact.

I called to her, "Suzy, that's your ring—if your mother's taking a nap maybe you'd better answer it."

She did and it was her father calling. "No," she said, "I can't call mommy because she's in bed and I'm not allowed to disturb her. There isn't any grownup here except Jeannie's daddy and he's going to the railroad station just as soon as he can get his clothes on." Then she hung up.

On our next vacation, we're going where there's no phone. In case of emergency just write me R.F.D.

END



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Where, oh where has my dining room gone?

Caught without a dining table and chairs? No matter. It's the day of the elegant buffet.

I love candlelight dinners for eight or ten . . . the look of silver on damask . . . roses . . . the security of a chair at a table. I dream of being that kind of hostess. But I don't have a dining room. I don't even have what some people call an "L" or an "area."

What I do have is an attic 33 feet x 9.3 and only 4 feet high under the eaves. When I entertain, it must be buffet; but after all, buffets are fun and a perfectly proper way to entertain. Even if guests sit on the floor and eat off the coffee table, a buffet can be done with a flourish.

There's an artist in New York whose buffets are beautiful to the point of being ceremonial. Friends arrive early and stay late. They can relax, watch as the fire is laid, as potatoes, red and green peppers, roasting ears (foil-wrapped) are nestled among the coals. Slowly the vegetables bake, sharpening appetites, raising spirits and tempering the fire for a giant sirloin which sizzles and sends guests scurrying for plates. The room darkens, then bourbon, gently warmed and ladled over the steak, fairly explodes into blue-orange flames. *Élégante!* The service is hearthside, and one by one guests sink happily into the nearest sofa or camel saddle. Cushions go down on the floor, guests too. Then . . . only the sound of knife to plate is heard. Everything is simple—but sensational.

Such rituals require a fireplace, of course, and *they* seem to be disappearing as fast as the dining room. But there's always the chafing dish, which a friend of mine has learned to use with magical results. "Small flame but a big reputation," she says. "There's something about copper and brass that says 'gourmet.'"

True, yet she has found chafing-dish cookery much simpler than it sounds and kind to the hostess with cramped counter space. "You aren't limited to electric outlets and you've only to make a cream sauce and add canned crab or chicken or tuna. Plus an herb or two. And wine!"

Her kitchen *is* her living room. But with the chafing dish she manages well, entertains often and proves that lack of space need not mean lack of grace. Her buffets are often stand-up affairs. She simply converts her hi-fi cabinet, a long slim walnut piece, into a buffet. And her menus extend the length of it—curried tuna bubbling in its chafing dish, peppery veal paprika (it's guests' choice), a mountain of rice, another of avocados and endive (bite-sized and easy to eat), precut crusts of French bread, an array of condiments for the curry (grated orange rind, coconut, chutney, chopped nuts and scallions). Sometimes there's a vegetable casserole. It's all fork food because the meats have simmered to butter-soft tenderness. There are candles and flowers and music—and no complaining guests. The mood is warm, the food superb, the hostess a success.

My own entertaining problems are similar. A five-foot kitchen does not inspire one to shish kebabs, chicken Kiev or even fried chicken. About the only chicken I'm up to is the kind that can go straight into a casserole.

Ah, casseroles! Ever reliable, always versatile, they're *the* way to avoid kitchen clutter and cope with a crowd—plus drop-ins. Furthermore, they've a talent for cooking themselves. Any hostess who wants to attend her own party should begin a good collection. I have mine: a savory dish of sweet sausages and lentils and tomatoes, another of chicken, chestnuts and snow peas, a third of crab, cauliflower and cheese. Whenever I feel the need of a salad I can quickly concoct one from a saran-wrapped stock of crisp, chilled greens. The dressing's done in an instant too. And as for dessert—the simpler the better: a fruit compote lightly laced with liqueur, or a trifle of custard and wine-soaked cake that waits well in the refrigerator.

Buffets are gay and deserve better than juggling-act billing. They do not cramp one's style, for good silver and china are in order. Also fine linens and flowers. Space permitting, a buffet can become a compromise between self-service and sit-down (at party-dressed card tables). My dining room may have gone the way of many—which is to say, *away*. But its pleasures, never!

—JEAN ANDERSON

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h-Bone Burgundy Dressing accents with the sparkling flavor of Burgundy ragrantly spiced with tarragon.

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CAN THIS MARRIAGE BE SAVED?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

we were still talking madly. He is as easy to talk to as my own father. In the past six weeks we have talked about everything. He has been completely honest. I'm fully aware Clay has been married twice, that his divorce from his second wife isn't final, and she might make trouble. But when Clay says he can handle everything and he needs me, I just know we can be happy together.

"It's quite true there was a time when I imagined I could be happy with Ted. But, Ted just isn't romantic. On our wedding trip to Hawaii he wouldn't go walking with me in the moonlight. He wouldn't hold my hand on the beach. At the same time, he complained that I was unemotional and cold. As a bride, I blamed myself for our unsatisfactory love-making. Our sexual relationship has never been very good. Several years ago he started sleeping in the den.

"I am now convinced that Ted himself is cold; it's a family failing. His sisters are cold, his mother and father are icebergs. My parents were loving with each other and with me. We admired and praised each other. In my girlhood, I was accustomed to fun and laughter.

"Ted won't miss me. His mother will be glad to keep house for him. At first the situation may be hard for Jim and Joe, but they're certain to be fond of Clay when they meet him. We plan to move to Mexico City, where Clay expects to establish a studio in the American colony.

"Recently, for the first time in my life, I've been earning a little money by modeling professionally for some of the smart shops. And for the first time in my life, I have a bank account in my own name. It isn't large, but I get a thrill from every deposit. I intend to keep on working. I don't doubt that Clay and I will have a rugged time financially until he is established. But the struggle will be a joy."

TED TELLS HIS SIDE: "Maybe I should be consulting a lawyer, not a marriage counselor," said forty-one-year-old Ted, a muscular, thickset man with watchful eyes. "When Julia asked for a divorce, I was speechless. I was so shocked I was tempted to file suit myself.

"I've given Julia everything a sensible woman could want. I bought her a house in an upper-bracket neighborhood. I bought her a car which is better than my car. She has charge accounts in a dozen stores. At her insistence I put our kids in a private school, although I had to struggle to get through public high school and one year of college.

"I can't believe Julia knows what she is doing. She must be too confused to think straight. Otherwise she wouldn't be involved with a worthless character like Clay. Julia is tenderhearted and undisciplined, and can be as credulous as a child.

"Several years ago a local society columnist printed a favorable paragraph about a hat Julia had designed, and Julia was extremely cast down when I wouldn't subsidize a millinery shop belonging to the columnist's sister. She saw no connection between the flattery and the request for money. Another time she wanted me to bail out a bankrupt bookstore. A friend had offered her a partnership—at a staggering price.

"I blame new friends of hers for the present mess. I blame myself for inadvertently encouraging her to make those friends. When she shipped our younger boy off to boarding school two years ago, she discovered time hung heavy on her hands and that she was lonesome. I refused to let her work at the factory for good reason. The chemical reaction of her inexperience and my mother's tactlessness would have blown the place sky high, and buried dad and me in the wreckage.

"Julia continued to lament that she felt useless. One night I got fed up, lost my temper and said I felt useless too, except when I was writing checks to pay her bills or the boys' tuition. She broke down and cried. I hate to see her cry and usually I make tracks fast. But this time she looked so pitiful I suggested she might help publicize our plant—it's really a high-class forge for making custom hardware—by getting out and circulating among women who were community and civic leaders, style-setters.

"The result? Julia became palsy-walsy with a group of silly, idle women who raise minimal amounts of money for worthy causes by throwing fancy parties to entertain themselves and other time-wasters. Martinis and Scotch whisky enliven their lunches and afternoon committee meetings. They play bridge, gossip, exchange secrets they ought to keep to themselves. They analyze their husbands' foibles and shortcomings—sexual and otherwise.

"Julia was impressed by her new friends because they told her they were sophisticated. What impresses me is the fact that four of her closest buddies are separated from their husbands, and three of the four are in the divorce courts.

"I was a washout on the single evening Julia entertained the group at our house. I didn't like the women or the men with them. The dislike was mutual, and I was adjudged a plodding and dull businessman. Anyway, Julia's friends set out to smash our marriage. Led by a three-time loser named Elsa, this bunch pretty much convinced her that she had missed out on all the sparkle and variety of life by being faithful to her husband.

"When Julia says she has fallen in love with Clay, she probably thinks she means it. I think she's nuts. Clay may have talent, but one thing is sure—he hasn't done much with it. He is almost as old as Julia's father, and he has yet to be self-supporting. His current wife, an independently wealthy woman, is not entirely sure she is willing to divorce him. She has written Julia in detail about Clay's past infidelities and his expensive tastes.

"Julia isn't moved. In some sort of foggy way, she believes she was born to be Clay's inspiration. Is he Rembrandt? Is he Gauguin? No, he is a free-lance photographer who has some prestige among other photographers, and not much else. If they go to Mexico they will starve to death by inches.

"Ordinarily I'm reasonably levelheaded. But this situation has me beat. One minute I'm so mad I want to tell her to pack and leave. But I keep quiet and say nothing. Because the very next minute I remember I didn't marry Julia for her practicality and common sense. I married her because I wanted to shield and look after her. I knew she was spoiled, and I soon found out that she had no conception of the value of money.

"That was natural enough. Her father is a broker and promoter who has alternately made and lost fortunes. He is a nice enough guy, but he is venturesome and erratic. Julia's mother took to me when I first went to their house, and I know why. She was then fatally ill and saw in me a husband who might provide some stability and security for Julia.

"My parents opposed the match. I'm the only son, the spark plug of the business. My mother was doubtful Julia would be a proper helpmeet. I didn't want a helpmeet. Mother has always done double duty at home and the plant, and overwork hasn't improved her disposition. Anyway, I got the wife I wanted, and I've tried to provide security for her.

"My business has been good recently, but good times don't last forever. If Julia had known the amount of my income (the past five years I've averaged better than $18,000 annually), she would have thrown away every penny on herself, our boys or some lame-duck acquaintance with a sad story or a bright idea. She hasn't the first notion of how to live on a budget. To this day I have to balance her checkbook; she can't add or subtract. In order to protect my business and her home, I've accumulated savings and reserve funds of which she has no knowledge. On several occasions I've made 'emergency' loans to her father without mentioning it to her.

"I don't mind hard work. I'm used to it. My father started as a common laborer; our backyard garage served as his first factory. In my boyhood I had no time for sports, games, fun. For me, work was fun. My first years with Julia were happy—but now I seem to have lost contact with her and my sons. Both Jim and Joe prefer Julia to me.

"Apparently hard work isn't enough. I've been generous to the boys and lavish with Julia, but I end up behind the eight ball. This seems to me grossly unfair. Julia isn't entitled to a divorce, and, anyway, divorce is not in her own best interest. If she will shuffle off Clay and her worthless friends, I'm willing to forgive and forget."

THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS: "Straightening out this marriage wasn't primarily a matter of my advising Julia and Ted how to break up a triangle. Frankly, I doubt Julia actually wanted a divorce. When I suggested that she stop seeing Clay for a three-month 'trial period,' she readily agreed. What she wanted was attention, reassurance that she was attractive and counted for something.

"A great many marriages run into serious difficulties after eighteen or twenty years, especially if communication between husband and wife is poor. When the boys went away to school, Julia was swamped by feelings of futility and emptiness. She and Ted had virtually no communication. When she tried to discuss her unhappiness with Ted—perhaps hopeful he might find a solution—he listened impatiently, if he listened at all.

"It isn't surprising that Julia responded with uncritical enthusiasm to Clay's flattery; nor is it surprising that in many surface ways Clay resembled her idolized father. Julia was a romantic. Coddled in her girlhood by both parents, she had only rosy recollections of herself and her mother pulling up stakes and following daddy anywhere. Why couldn't the adventurous, exciting past be repeated in Mexico? Why not ignore the voice of common sense—and dream about escape?

"The basic problem confronting Julia and Ted was that neither had made allowance for temperamental differences resulting from very different backgrounds. Julia hungered for affection and praise. She preferred to be on the go from morning until night. She was gregarious, sociable. Ted mistrusted the motives of most people and was cagey on friendship. He preferred work to play. He was suspicious of compliments, stingy with words of love.

"In Ted's view his devotion to Julia was solidly proved by the fact he paid her bills regularly every month. His outrage when she turned to Clay was normal enough. However, Ted instinctively realized that he needed Julia's warmth as much as she needed his balance and financial support. He didn't want to lose her. Very soon in our interviews he recognized and admitted that in succeeding as a businessman he had failed as a husband.

"He determined to make amends. He began to spend less time at the factory, more time at home. He refrained from recriminations and invited Julia to talk to him about her dissatisfactions. Moreover, he listened to her as attentively as he would have listened to a prospective customer. He forced himself to become more articulate and talkative. When he discussed his business with Julia, she didn't reward him by becoming a financial wizard. She still can't balance her checkbook. But she deeply appreciated his confidence.

"At the American Institute of Family Relations, in Los Angeles, we conduct lectures on sex re-education. Both Julia and Ted attended the lectures. They then resumed their sexual relationship on a far better basis.

"Julia was starved for recreation. Ted set aside one evening a week to take her to the theater, to the movies or a concert. Thus, in many small but definite ways, he proved to Julia his love and concern for her. When he accompanied Julia on visits to neighbors whom he had never met, she knew it was a genuine sacrifice. As a result she gladly dropped out of Elsa's giddy group. For the first time in their marriage the two made mutual friends as a couple. As Ted became less of a lone wolf he began to enjoy broadening his severely limited interests. Long before the three-month period was over, Julia said a permanent, unregretful good-bye to Clay.

"There was no financial necessity for Julia to work, but there was an internal necessity. She developed an interest in politics and now works hard for her party without a nickel of pay. There is still a cleavage between Julia and Ted—she is a Democrat and he is a Republican. This doesn't bother them at all!"

Editors' Note: This case history was compiled and condensed from actual records.

A PRETTY PARTY LOOK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57

fingers and lightly touch bony ridges at the outer corner of your eyes. Blend the rouge up and out as you would eye shadow. Above it, clinging to the inside curve of your eyebrow, run a narrow border of eye shadow in a whitened pastel shade of blue or green. This combination of rouge and shadow will add new emphasis to your eyes and make them appear wider and clearer in the bargain.

One last trick with color: outline your smile with a deep shade of lipstick. (If you're not expert with a lip-lining brush, substitute one of the new slim lipsticks, or an auburn eyebrow pencil.) Fill in with a clear pale lipstick for the smile of a Christmas cherub.

Some complexions take on extra color in the winter—it's their way of protesting the cold—and for them treatment as well as camouflage is necessary. If your skin is winter-sensitive, be sure you dress it properly to face the elements. Moisturizers make perfect winter cosmetics because they serve as a buffer between your skin and the drying winds and cold of the out-of-doors, the dehydrating effects of steam heat indoors. Make it a rule never to venture outdoors without a protective covering of moisturizing cream or lotion.

If a ruddy complexion is a problem for you every winter, then you will want to invest in a special foundation that will cope with your seasonal excess color. Ask at your makeup counter for a green foundation. Scary as they sound, these pale, pale green tints actually work, for they act as a neutralizing color barrier that even the rosiest skin cannot glow through. Over it put your usual foundation and proceed with your usual makeup routine. Conversely, if winter makes an ice princess of you and turns your skin waxy and sallow, then there is a pale-violet foundation that will do the opposite for you—neutralize the yellow tones and lend your skin pretty, fresh color.

If your extra color is only temporary—a Rudolph red nose, for instance, courtesy of a common head cold—then follow these emergency makeup tips that act to camouflage the problem. Clean your face with cream or a creamy cleansing lotion, working it in carefully over the nose and cheeks to soften the rough skin that always accompanies a cold. Tissue off, then blanket your face with a washcloth that has been wrung out in warm water. (A minute or two will do the trick.)

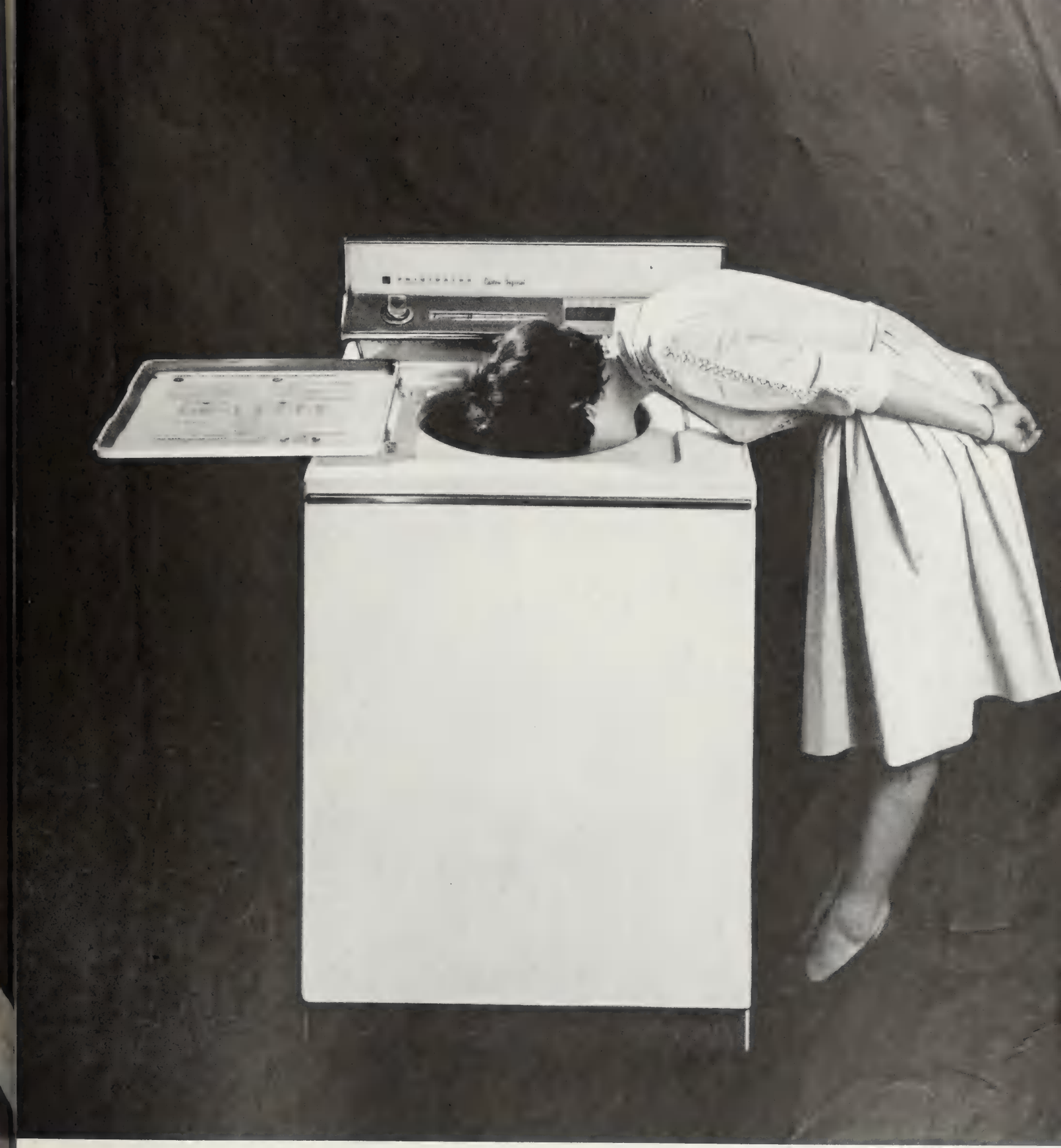
While your skin is still moist and warm, apply a moisturizing cream or lotion. Pay particular attention to the chapped areas and to your nose. Now you're ready for your makeup base. Tinted liquid foundations, particularly the ones that dry to a matte finish, are excellent coverups, and are especially easy to use, even over chapped skin. Choose a beige tone, and if you have a bit of leftover makeup foundation in a still paler color, use it as an underfoundation to block out a show-through of color on the blotchiest areas. Stroke the chapped skin flat with the foundation, being sure, for the smoothest effect, to blend the two foundation colors together where they meet. If you have just your regular color on hand, make it treat and treatment by mixing it with a bit of your moisturizer before you put it on your nose and the surrounding chapped skin. Apply full-strength foundation to the rest of your face. Now apply powder to just the smooth skin areas, skipping over the rough places that powder will point up. A translucent face powder (you buy it by tone instead of shade) won't add color to your complexion but will give it a velvety finish.

Dark circles under the eyes are a frequent winter complaint and one that can be easily covered up with a little practice. The best effects are gained by using one of the special foundations made just for this purpose. They are paler and more opaque than your usual foundation and, therefore, do a better masking job. You'll find them in both stick and cream form. To put on, use a clean lipstick brush or the flat end of an orange stick and carefully trace this pale color over just the dark areas under the eyes. Set the foundation with a puff of powder and then follow your usual makeup routine, applying tinted foundation over your entire face, including the circle areas. END

Journal Menagerie

THE WONDERFUL THINGS CHILDREN SLEEP IN are the most imaginative ever—ours might have come right out of the zoo. The lively zebra and the docile bunny rabbit (we also have a ferocious lion and a fierce tiger) all become girls and boys again when they take off their hoods and go to bed. The basic sleeper zips up the front and is cozy and warm. They make adorable costumes for a party or an unexpected Christmas present. All are made from Vogue Design No. 5771. Lion and tiger sleepers, also back views on page 107





A new kind of washer ought to be looked into

Look into the Sturdy Frigidaire Washer. It's new. New 12-pound tub. New agitator. And new dependability—built right in, thanks to the Frigidaire 15-Year Lifetime Test. The whole purpose of the test program is to improve any part that doesn't last the equivalent of 15 years of normal household use. (Tests don't stop at 15 years, either.) And the tests are tough. Washers run night and day, with detergents, fully loaded. And results have been amazing. For example, the average 1962 Frigidaire Washer tested ran the equivalent of 14 years without even one repair! And Frigidaire engineers say that the 1963 models, now on sale, are even better! Look into them. Look for the **F** with the crown on top. The crown stands for leadership.

THE STURDY WASHER

F

FRIGIDAIRE

LITTLE PLUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

ot," said Mother, which was not entirely rue. Nona and Belinda were to think about a great deal in the weeks to come.

All that autumn men swarmed in and over The House Next Door, from the garden to the oof, and the whole road was filled with the ound of knocking and hammering. A con- rete mixer turned. Rubble and old wood, ulled-out fireplaces, pipes, a cooking stove nd cisterns were dumped on the lawn. The as people came, and a telephone van; lorries came and went and the pavement was taken up. The ilex was covered with dust, and more dust and noise came over the hedge into the Fells' house. Mother said it was almost unbearable, but Belinda loved it. She and Nona watched every day, and every day they had something new to report.

"It gets interestinger and interestinger," said Belinda.

A fireplace with a white mantel went in: "Marble," Nona told Belinda. The floors were sanded and repolished. Doors and windows, skirtings and banisters were painted white. "There are two staircases," said Belinda. She went in and out and had made friends with the workmen, but Nona was too shy; she only watched.

The landscape gardeners tidied the garden, pruned, cleared, weeded, and made new paved walks where the old brick paths had been. The roses were cut back and the flower beds filled with new plants bearing labels with strange-sounding names: "Cystus albus?" asked Belinda. "Viburnum sterile?" Nona wrote them down and took them to her friend, old Mr. Twilfit, who kept the bookshop.

Nona was often in and out of the bookshop, and sometimes she took Miss Happiness and Miss Flower to visit Mr. Twilfit. He had lent her books on Japan so that she could learn to play with them properly, and had helped design the Japanese dolls' house which Tom built for her. He was a surprising friend for Nona, who was a timid child. Most children were afraid of him: he had a bad temper, a habit of roaring in his deep voice; and his eyebrows looked ferocious—"gray caterpillars," Belinda called them. Even she was quiet and respectful when she went with Nona to the bookshop. "Mr. Twilfit must be very wise, with all those books," she said.

"Cystus albus?" he said now. "That's a pearly-white broom. Viburnum sterile? That's a snowball tree."

"Why couldn't they say so?" asked Belinda.

At last The House Next Door was ready, spick-and-span; in fact, so spick-and-span it made one catch one's breath. "Just imagine if you left finger marks on that white paint," said Anne.

"If you brought in a bit of mud on those floors," said Tom; while Mother said she would hardly dare to cook in the white-tiled, blue-and-white kitchen. The garden, too, was uncomfortably tidy.

"Suppose a ball went into one of those shrubs," said Tom.

"If you fell off your scooter into one of the beds," said Belinda, "or rode your bicycle on the paths and went onto the new grass."

"You couldn't ride your bicycle in that garden," said Nona, "or scoot."

"I don't think there *can* be any children," said Belinda.

But when two days after Christmas the furniture arrived, Belinda and Nona saw what was unmistakably children's furniture—a pale-blue bed with poles, like a small four-poster, with a pale-blue dressing table, chest of drawers and chairs to match. There was furniture, too, for a sitting room; a school desk, a blackboard, small armchairs, bookcases and, delivered in a special van, a miniature white piano. There were toys too, and all of them were obviously for a girl.

Tom groaned. "We have enough girls already."

To their great excitement, all these were carried into the two rooms that were opposite Nona's and Belinda's bedrooms. "That's where the girl is going to sleep and play," said Belinda. "What fun: We shall be able to watch her and wave to her."

"If she will wave to us," said Nona, but such a doubt never entered Belinda's head.

Not too long after the furniture, a lady and gentleman arrived in a Rolls-Royce. The big car stopped at the gate; a chauffeur sprang out to open the door, but the gentleman was already out.

"Is that the father?" whispered Belinda. "He doesn't look like a father."

He was certainly not like any of the fathers she had ever seen; he was young, tall, thin, pale and beautifully dressed. His shirt seemed to be cream-colored silk, his shoes shone, his dark overcoat looked very warm and rich, and Nona thought with a pang of her uncle's raincoat, his office suit, his old tweed coat and flannels.

The lady looked older than he; tall too, but large, in a large fur coat, high-heeled fur boots and a red velvet hat.

"I can smell her from here," said Belinda.

"Sh-h! That's her scent," said Nona.

The gentleman stayed out in the garden, walking about the lawn, while through the window the children could see the lady ordering everyone about. The gentleman looked at the flower beds. Every now and then he read one of the labels, and seemed surprised.

"He doesn't know what they are either," said Belinda.

He heard Belinda's loud voice and looked up, saw them behind the hedge and smiled. Even to the children it seemed a sad and absentminded smile.

The front door opened, and "Harold! Harold!" the lady called in an imperious voice that was louder even than Belinda's. "Harold! You might come and help."

"My dear Agnes, I thought I should only be in the way."

"It's your house!" said the lady.

"Then isn't it hers? Isn't she Mrs. Tiffany Jones?" asked Belinda.

It seemed that she was not. The new cook made friends with Mrs. Bodger, who came to clean every day for the Fells, and soon the Fells knew all about the Tiffany Joneses. The real Mrs. Tiffany Jones, it seemed, was in a hospital because two years ago she had caught polio.

"She got it in London," Belinda reported, "and Miss Tiffany Jones had to come and look after the house there, and look after the girl, because Mr. often goes traveling, but now Mrs. Tiffany Jones has been sent to—to"—Belinda could not remember the name and said, "to a famous hospital here."

"Of course, Stoke Mandeville," said Mother. "That's where they teach hurt people to move again; walk and swim and use wheelchairs. Perhaps it means she is getting better."

"He bought The House Next Door just to be near her—this great big house," said Belinda. "Miss Tiffany Jones will look after it. She's his sister, his much older sister. She used to look after him when he was a little boy. That's why he can't say 'Bo!' to her."

"Belinda, you are not to repeat gossip," said Mother.

"It isn't gossip. He can't. Their cook told Mrs. Bodger."

The cook's name was Mrs. Mount; the other maid was Eileen. The houseman was called Selwyn, "and you don't call him mister," said Belinda. The chauffeur was Benson; "You don't call him mister either." They were all complete except for the little girl.

Then, on a bitter January day, the Rolls drew up at the gate and out got a girl and a woman. Belinda and Nona clutched each other.

The girl walking up the path looked about the same age as Nona. She was wearing a green velvet coat and hat, white boots fur-topped and a white fur tippet, white gloves, and a white shawl wound around her neck. She was as pale as Mr. Tiffany Jones, and down her back hung a long fall of fair hair. It gave her the look of being drowned, thought Nona.

She and Belinda looked to where the woman was taking a rug and parcels from the chauffeur. She was a big, solid woman with a big face and iron-gray hair.

"Is she a nurse?" asked Belinda in a whisper. "That girl's too old to have a nurse. That must be a governess."

"She doesn't look like a governess," said Nona uncertainly. "Perhaps she's a kind of maid."

Selwyn came out to carry the suitcases. "Welcome home, Miss Gem," he said as respectfully as if he were talking to a grown-up.

"Jem, that's a boy's name," said Belinda.

"Not *J-e-m*, silly; *G-e-m*."

"It certainly goes well with Tiffany," said Mr. Twilfit when he heard it. Tiffany's, he explained to them, was a famous jeweler's and goldsmith's in New York.

"Does it belong to Gem's father?" asked Belinda, her eyes round.

"Hardly probable," said Mr. Twilfit. "Might be some connection, though."

"Gem Tiffany Jones. It's the richest name I ever heard," said Belinda.

"Belinda," said Mother a day or two later, "you are not to go next door."

"Which means not hanging round the gate," said Anne, and Belinda blushed.

"I want to make friends," she said.

Belinda was friends with everyone: with the shop people, the postman, the laundryman, the vicar; with Sir Arthur Mortimer, who was Topmeadow's Member of Parliament; and with the old chestnut seller who had his stand in winter at the corner of the road. To Belinda everyone was a friend, and it was an astonishing idea to her for the Fells not to make friends at once with the Tiffany Joneses. But Mother was quite firm.

"What? Never?" asked Belinda.

"Not unless you are asked."

"But suppose they never ask me?"

"Then you can never go."

The weather grew colder and colder until one day snow began to fall. It fell all morning and by afternoon the road, the roofs and gardens, the whole of Topmeadow was white with snow. Then the sky cleared, the sun came out, the frost sparkled and Nona brought Miss Happiness and Miss Flower out to see the snowy world. The dolls wore warm coats over their kimonos, coats wadded and quilted with cotton wool. Over their painted sandals they had warm white socks and Tom had made them tiny clogs, cut from cork. Belinda came to look.

"What are you doing, Nona?"

"Miss Happiness and Miss Flower have come out to admire the snow."

"You might have told me," said Belinda. "I would have brought Little Peach."

Belinda ran up to her bedroom and fetched him. Little Peach was a Japanese boy doll. Belinda had lost his coat and trousers, but she wrapped him up in a handkerchief.

"You keep him," she said to Nona.

Nona was used to keeping Little Peach—Belinda always had so many other things to do—and now Nona tied him on Miss Flower's back in the way that Japanese girls often carry their baby brothers. She had just begun to walk them up and down when the next-door gate opened and out came Mr. Tiffany Jones. He stopped when he saw them, then came closer, bending his height down to look.

"How very pretty," said Mr. Tiffany Jones. "May I touch?" and when Nona shyly nodded, he picked up Miss Happiness. "Why, you have made them *tanzen*—proper Japanese coats—and *taibi*," he said, touching the socks. "Lucky little dolls, they are beautifully warm."

"How do *you* know about Japanese things?" said Belinda to Mr. Tiffany Jones. "Nona knows, and Mr. Twilfit, but how do you?"

"Well, I go to Japan sometimes," said Mr. Tiffany Jones. "As a matter of fact, I'm going there tomorrow for three or four days."

"Did he say three or four days?" asked Belinda, when he had gone down the road. "But . . . Japan's on the other side of the world."

Mr. Tiffany Jones, Father said, was an important person in business. "He might very well fly to Japan for just one meeting," Father said.

"I am beginning to feel sorry for that little girl," said Mother.

"What little girl?" Nona and Belinda did not quite follow Mother.

"Gem; I'm sorry for her."

"*Sorry!* For *Gem?*"

"But . . . she has *everything*," said Nona.

"*Look* at the things she has," said Belinda.

One that particularly filled Belinda with envy was Gem's pony. Almost every day the riding master from the stables near the park would ride up to The House Next Door, and beside his horse trotted a white pony, glossy white, with a long white mane and tail, the daintiest pony imaginable.

"If I had a pony like that I would be happy forever," said Belinda.

"Would you, I wonder," said Mother, "if you had to be Gem?"



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When Nona and Belinda came to think of it, Gem did lead a queer restricted life. Belinda tried to imagine what it would be like not to be free to run into and out of the house and garden. Gem never went on errands to the shops as Belinda loved to go. She never went to the park to meet other children—she walked there beside her maid, Matson—and she never seemed to play. Gem never seemed to wear the comfortable, ordinary clothes Nona and Belinda wore—jeans, or shorts and jerseys, hair tied up in a ponytail. "She's always dressed up," said Belinda; dressed in elaborate dresses with ruffled petticoats, in coats with white collars or trimmed with fur, in tailored suits. For riding, Gem wore jodhpurs, a white silk shirt, yellow waistcoat, smart tweed jacket, velvet cap and dear little jodhpur boots. More and more Gem seemed like a girl in a book.

"And not a very truthful book," said Nona, because nowadays not even princes and princesses were treated like this. "Princesses have to be friendly and smile and wave," said Belinda. Gem never smiled or waved; she did not seem to want to know the Fells. If she met them on the road she looked the other way. Of course she may not have been free to wave or smile; everywhere she went Matson followed her. Soon Nona and Belinda found themselves saying, "Poor Gem."

Mr. Tiffany Jones came back from Japan with a Japanese lantern for Gem. It was a beautiful lantern, big, of misty white paper with a black band top and bottom; when it was lit, it glowed yellow. Nona and Belinda could see it hanging up in Gem's sitting-room window; it looked most poetical.

Belinda's best present at Christmas had been a pair of roller skates. Up till then she had used Tom's old ones; they were always coming off and bringing Belinda down. The new ones were beautiful, with leather heel grips, ball bearings and hard rubber rollers; they were swift, almost noiseless, and on them Belinda felt she flew. "But if they are fast, they can be dangerous," Mother told her. "You can go as fast as you like in the park or round the tennis court, but you are not to go fast on the road."

On those new skates, Belinda could not help going fast—at least, she could not resist it. Besides, she and Tom had a secret game: they raced on opposite pavements, each side of the road. Tom gave Belinda a start and they skated to the far end, away from the shops, and back again to the house. Tom had to turn round a pillar box at the corner of his pavement, Belinda round a lamppost. They both went furiously fast.

"But only when we see the road is empty," said Tom. "Or almost empty," said Belinda, who was not as careful as Tom. "One or two people don't matter."

Sometimes they did matter. Once one of the people was Miss Tiffany Jones. Belinda shot past her, making Miss Tiffany Jones almost jump out of her skin. "How dare you!" scolded Miss Tiffany Jones. "I don't know where you come from"—she seemed curiously blind to the Fells next door—"but if I see you skating like that on a public road again, I shall tell the police. Why, you might give someone a heart attack!"

Scarlet in the face, her head sheepishly down, Belinda skated slowly away and for two whole days she did not skate on the road at all.

But Belinda was not very old, and when you are young you forget. Besides, by far the most exciting place for skating was on the road. On the third day she was back again, but she kept a wary eye out for Miss Tiffany Jones.

"There's ice on the roads," said Father at breakfast. "Be careful how you walk."

"And how you skate," said Mother. "Better keep off the road, Belinda. If you get on a patch of ice, you might skid and not be able to stop."

"I can always stop," said Belinda. "And if I can't, it's more fun."

It was wonderful skating that morning. Tom and Belinda stayed in the park all the morning; it was almost lunchtime when they came back, and the pavements were empty.

"Let's race home," said Belinda.

"All right. Give you forty yards start," said Tom.

Belinda's skates were so good and she was skating so well that she was able to keep well ahead of Tom. "I'm going to get there first," she said through her teeth. The air was so cold and she was going so fast that her cheeks stung and her eyes were watering, but—*Faster, faster, faster*, thought Belinda. She reached the corner, swung round the lamppost to turn, but did not really look as she gathered speed again; nor did she listen or she would have heard Tom shout, "Look out! Belinda, look out!"

Then suddenly, in front of her, she saw the Tiffany Joneses, Mr., Miss and Gem, their backs toward her, walking toward their front gate. They were strung so much across the pavement that there was no room for Belinda to pass. She tried to brake, but she was going too fast; she tried to steer toward the wall, and met exactly what mother had warned her about: a patch of ice. The skates flew sideways, she spun round twice and, pell-mell—crash!—went into Gem and sent her flying. Worse than that, skidding after her, Belinda veered backward and forward, clutching at Gem; the skates flew up, one roller catching Mr. Tiffany Jones on the shin. Then Belinda fell flat on her back on the ice, bringing Gem down on top of her.

What a to-do there was! Mr. Tiffany Jones was hopping on one leg, swearing with pain; his black striped trousers had a great rip. Miss Tiffany Jones was half crying with shock and scolding in her high, loud voice. Tom was picking up Gem as well as he could with his skates on, and trying to clean her coat from mud and ice, while he told Belinda under his breath what he thought of her. Gem's muff was dangling on one string, the gold-green hair was draggled with ice and mud, and she was quite silent and white. "She might have said something," said Belinda afterward. "Well, you knocked the breath out of her," said Tom.

He left Gem to Miss Tiffany Jones and dragged Belinda to her feet. Belinda was too ashamed and shocked to say a word, but Tom apologized, though Miss Tiffany Jones hardly paused long enough to hear him. "A perfect little hooligan," she was saying. "I told her the other day not to skate like this; she must be severely punished."

"Oh come, Agnes! It was an accident," said Mr. Tiffany Jones, who was beginning to recover, "and Gem isn't hurt."

"Accident! Not hurt!" Miss Tiffany Jones turned on Belinda. "I would telephone your mother, but as she lets you play in the streets, I doubt if it would do much good."

Mother wrote a note of apology to Miss Tiffany Jones and made Belinda write one to Gem. This was a real punishment for Belinda, and even when she had written it three times over there were still blots. "I bet Gem writes *beautifully*," she said, but that they could not know, because Gem did not answer; nor did Miss Tiffany Jones.

Mr. Tiffany Jones still lifted his hat when he met Mother in the street, and said "Hullo, tornado," in a most friendly way when he met Belinda, but Miss Tiffany Jones swept by with her head in the air. As for Gem, she walked straight past. "She thinks I did it on purpose," said Belinda resentfully. "But why are the Tiffany Joneses like this? Why?" she asked her mother.

"Different people have different ideas," said Mother, "and bring their children up differently."

"Not as differently as this," said Belinda

"Remember Topmeadow is a new place fo them," said Nona. "Remember how silly was when I first came."

"You were miserable," said Belinda, "bu you weren't stuck-up." Then a thought struc her. "Soon it will be time for school," sh said. "Gem will have to go to school. Tha will unstick her."

But when term time came Gem did not go t school. Instead a number of new people cam to The House Next Door. A lady came ever day from half past nine until one; she was proper governess, the children discovered. Th mademoiselle from their own school cam twice a week to teach Gem French in private a gentleman came on three afternoons to teac her the piano. "And she has to practice whole hour every day," said Belinda. Ge learned elocution and had private dancin lessons. "Ballet, twice a week," said Non longingly. These did seem a great many lesson for one small girl.

"Every child should have a private time, Mother said, "time of her own, and for play.

When Mother saw Mr. Tiffany Jones on th road she always stopped and asked, "How your wife?"

"Getting on; getting on, I hope," said M Tiffany Jones, but he did not sound at a hopeful; he sounded wistful. He seemed to lik watching Belinda and Nona with Mothe though when he saw the way Nona hung o her arm, and heard Belinda's chatter, his fac would grow more wistful than ever. "I wis Gem could be with her mother like this," h said one day.

"It is distressing for a little girl not to se her mother," said Mother. "But perhaps Mr Tiffany Jones will be coming home soon."

"I should like her to, but Agnes says would be too difficult," and he sighed.

"With all those servants?" said Anne whe he had walked on. "If you ask me, Miss Ti fany Jones likes bossing that lovely house an doesn't want to give it up. She likes bossin Gem too. Why doesn't he tell her not to 'Agnes says! Agnes says!'" mocked Anne.

"Don't, Anne," said Mother. "You mus not criticize the poor man. He is driven ha out of his senses with worry."

"I'm going to clean the dolls' house fro top to bottom," said Nona one wintry afte noon when they could not go out. Nona dolls' house was a Japanese dolls' house; To had made it for her. "It must be the only on in England," she often said proudly. Th dolls'-house garden had a looking-glass strea bridged with a half-moon wooden bridge tha Tom had carved. Best of all, the garden ha miniature trees, real ones, growing in its earth a nine-inch-high cedar and an even smalle willow tree. They had been given to Nona b Mr. Twilfit.

Now she was arranging and dusting th house as she loved to do, and the dolls helpe her. Miss Happiness had on an apron over he kimono, a handkerchief tied over her blac hair; Nona had given her a duster the size of postage stamp. In the garden Miss Flower wa looking after Little Peach. Tom had made hi a swing that hung from a branch of the ceda tree. Little Peach sat in it and every now an then Nona gave it a gentle tap; it looked as Miss Flower were really swinging him.

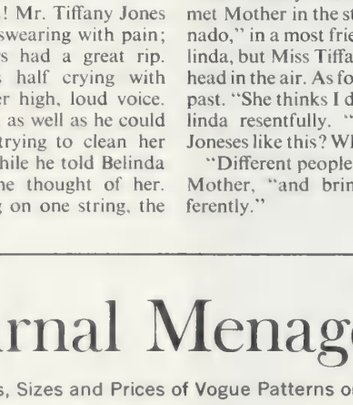
Nona was so busy playing that she neve thought of looking up, of glancing across th way; if she had, she would have seen a sma pale face pressed against the glass, fair ha falling each side of it—a book forgotten on th sill; someone watched every move she mad

You may wonder why, if Gem watche Nona so carefully, she always looked awa when she met her or Belinda in the stre and why she never smiled. There was a reaso

Every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, two o'clock, Belinda's class at school went the park to play netball, and when they we coming back, at four o'clock, they met Ge going to her dancing lesson. They walked tw and two down the road, fourteen little girls a dressed alike, in dark blue coats and beret blue-and-yellow-striped mufflers; this mad Gem seem conspicuous in her velvet coa white fur cap and muff, white boots. An always beside her walked Matson.

Journal Menagerie

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Page 104.



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"Belinda, you set them all on," said Anne; "I have a good mind to report you."

"Fourteen against one," said Tom.

Belinda felt ashamed, so much that she began to whistle very loudly.

"No wonder Gem hates us," said Nona.

"Well, I hate her," said Belinda; but it is odd: when you have done something that is unfair to someone, you cannot get them out of your mind.

There are ways and ways of being disobedient and Belinda knew them all.

"You are not to go next door," Mother had said; but, "If I am in the ilex tree," said Belinda, "how can I be next door?"

"You can't get up into the ilex tree," said Nona. "It's too high. Besides, the ilex tree is Tom's."

He and his friends had a Swiss Family Robinson house up in the branches. None of the others had seen inside it, not even Belinda. Though Belinda very often took no notice of Mother or even of Father, she always did what Tom told her. "You keep *out*," Tom had said, and Belinda kept out.

"But that was last year," she said now.

There came a half-holiday, one of those still, sunny February days that seem as if spring has come. Belinda was in the garden quite alone. Father was, of course, at his office; Mother had taken Anne and Nona shopping; Tom was in the garage making an oak bookshelf for Mother's birthday. On the Tiffany Joneses' side of the hedge all was quiet too. They were all out.

"Tom, are you going to use the ilex house this year?"

Tom was busily planing a board and at first he could not hear her. She had to wait until he stopped to rest.

"This year are you going to use the ilex house?" she asked again.

"The ilex house?" asked Tom. "What do you think we are? Kids?"

That was just what Belinda wanted to hear and her face beamed as she asked, "Then can I have it? Can I?"

"If you like," said Tom indifferently, and went back to his planing.

Belinda ran pell-mell off to the ilex, but Nona was quite right: the lowest branch was high out of her reach. Looking up she could see planks, ropes, a ladder going up into the higher branches, a chair, a saucepan; it looked exciting, but how was it reached?

She went back to Tom. Once more she had to wait until he broke off from his planing. "Tom, how did you get up?"

"We made a rope ladder," said Tom, feeling down the board to see if it was smooth.

"Where—where is it?"

"Lashed to the first branch. We kept it rolled up there; that's how we stopped anybody getting up."

"But how did *you* get up? To—to unroll it?" In her earnestness Belinda stammered.

"One of us got on the other chap's shoulders."

"I haven't a chap," said Belinda. "Could I get on your shoulders? Would you let me? Oh, Tom, will you come?"

"Sometime I will," said Tom. "Not now. I'm busy."

"But I want it *now*. Please, dear darling Tom."

"I'm not your dear darling Tom," said Tom. "You kicked me at breakfast this morning. Look," and he showed a blue bruise on his shin.

Belinda was sorry now—Belinda was often sorry for the things she did—but it was too late. He had already gone back to his planing.

The garden steps were too heavy for her to carry, the garden chairs were flimsy and not high enough. Then what? Belinda looked round the garden and saw a wheelbarrow, half full of leaves. She emptied the leaves on the path; the barrow was almost too heavy for her to tip, but at last she was able to wheel it round the edge of the lawn until it stood under the ilex. The barrow was steady and firm; it needed to be that because in it Belinda began to build a tower. The barrow was just wide enough to hold a kitchen chair. Then she found a box in the tool shed; she stood it on the chair and on top of it put a big flowerpot upside down. Then she climbed into the barrow and up onto the chair. The box left only the narrowest edge of chair seat round it—almost too narrow—to stand on, but Belinda steadied herself against the ilex trunk. Then, with a huge stretch, she got one foot up on the box itself. It wobbled a little as she stood on it and she quickly brought her other foot up to balance on it, a foot each side of the flowerpot. Now she could reach the branch with her hand and could see a tied-up bundle of rope that must be the rope ladder, but she needed to be higher to untie it. Holding onto the branch with one hand, she stepped cautiously right up onto the flowerpot. It was not very safe, as she had to stand on one foot; but feeling with her toe, she found a small hole in the bole of the tree in which she could rest her other foot. Now she could use both hands to untie the ladder. That was hard work; Tom's knots were firm, her hands were small, but at last she got one side undone and was struggling with the other when, pulling at the obstinate rope, she jerked. The flowerpot skidded away from her foot, the box shot sideways, the chair overbalanced and, crash, Belinda, flowerpot, box and chair toppled out of the wheelbarrow. The chair and the box landed with a thwack, Belinda fell on her head, hitting her eye on the wooden wheelbarrow wheel, and the flowerpot bounced and caught her on the mouth.

For a moment tree, houses, sky seemed whirling round in front of her. The pain was so bad that it made her feel sick, but she sat up on the grass while blood ran down her jacket. Exploring with her tongue, she felt something in her mouth and spat; with the blood she spat out came something small and hard and white. It lay on the path and with her good eye she peered down at it. It was a tooth.

"Gosh!" said Belinda in awe. There was a rent in the knee of her trousers and through it showed a graze, a dark red swelling coming up around it. The sleeve of her jacket was ripped, too, and her elbow hurt. Belinda was only just eight; she could not help two tears squeezing out of her eyes and she sniffled.

Slowly, painfully she picked herself up off the grass. Though the graze stung and her elbow hurt, nothing seemed to be broken. The tree and the houses were steady again; from the ilex branch the ladder dangled, one side half free. *I had nearly done it—nearly*, thought Belinda. She went round to the kitchen, hobbling because of her knee. Mrs. Bodger had put some dusters on the windowsill to dry, and Belinda took one to stanch her bleeding mouth. She looked in the mirror over the sink, but though the eye was closing up, puffed and purple-looking, the cut was more like a slit and not deep enough to bleed. Her lip was swelling, too, and there was a dark gap where the tooth had been. It was altogether a piteous-looking face that gazed back at her from the mirror, and, *Wait till Mother sees my trousers and jacket*, thought Belinda.

The thought of Mother made Belinda cry a little more. *What will she say?* she thought, but it was no use thinking of that now. If you are obstinate you have also to be brave.

Belinda had a drink of water to help her stop crying and limped back to the ilex tree. She put the chair back in the barrow, the box on the chair, the flowerpot on the box, then painfully and much more carefully climbed up her tower again. She was not so agile now, and the pain made her clumsy; she fell twice more. Once the box gave way, but she managed to hold to the branch and drop gently onto the grass, missing the path. Once she and the tower fell right down, but this time she was wary and managed to fall on her back. It made her mouth bleed again, which hurt, and her sleeve was ripped even more; but at last the ladder hung free from the branch, she was able to climb down and, *After this, if I stand on the box—only the box—I can reach the ladder easily*, said Belinda. Yes, she could get up the ilex without Tom and, though it hurt her to move her lip or eye, Belinda smiled. She was triumphant, but she was very sore. *I need a grown-up*, thought Belinda. Tom was not grown up; besides, he would be cross with her.

I believe, Belinda said to herself, *I believe I shall go and see Mr. Twilfit. He's so kind to Nona, perhaps he will be kind to me.*

'hat's her nannie," Belinda told the girls
hool. She had told them all about her, and
time Gem passed, fourteen pairs of eyes
ed her up and down, and there were four
sniggers.
esently there began to be little flipped
irks, not loud enough for the mistress
e back to hear, but quite loud enough
"Here comes the snow queen."
"Here comes the ballerina."
n't catch cold, will you dearie?"
"Nannie! Nannie! Where's my handkerchief?"

The only sign Gem gave that she heard was that, as she walked past them with that stony face she walked faster, and white patches came round her nostrils and she seemed to breathe quickly through them, her lips held tightly together.

Belinda thought it very funny until she told about it at home. She told it shaking with laughter, but, "Belinda—Belinda—Belinda," said Mother.

She limped to the gate; her knee was beginning to stiffen up and hurt her hideously, but she went on, out into the road. Then as she turned to go toward the shops, she found herself face to face with Miss Tiffany Jones.

Miss Tiffany Jones had just got out of the Rolls-Royce. "Good gracious!" she said. She looked at Belinda's face, swollen and marked with tears and blood, at her puffed lip and closed-up eye; her torn jacket and trousers stained with grass and blood and, "*Good gracious!*" said Miss Tiffany Jones again.

"It's the little girl from next door, miss," said the chauffeur.

"I know that," snapped Miss Tiffany Jones.

"She seems to be hurt, miss. Shouldn't we ——" but Miss Tiffany Jones cut him short.

"You have been fighting," she said to Belinda.

Belinda was offended. She had kicked Tom that morning, but she would not have been in a fight that hurt people like this. "Just playing," she said sullenly.

"Playing!" said Miss Tiffany Jones. "Well, I sincerely hope you confine that kind of playing to your own garden."

"We will see that she does." It was Mother's voice; she, Anne and Nona had come up behind them, and in a moment Belinda was sobbing against Mother's soft coat. A cool, clean handkerchief was in her hand and Mother's cool, careful fingers were examining the cut eye and the swollen lip, while Anne tenderly looked at the grazed knee. Nor did Mother say one word about the torn clothes. She merely said, "Good afternoon, Miss Tiffany Jones."

"I advise you to get your doctor," said Miss Tiffany Jones; her voice sounded as if she were speaking to Mother twenty yards off instead of being just beside her. "That cut looks dirty to me."

"I think I can deal with it," said Mother quietly. "Come, Anne and Nona," and she led Belinda indoors.

Soon Belinda was tucked up in bed, her cuts washed and dressed, her eye covered with ointment. Anne brought her a special supper on a tray: a bowl of soup, a roll of crusty bread, a private pat of butter, a plate of orange jelly, all laid on a pretty green cloth with a little vase of snowdrops, and Belinda, leaning back on her pillows, felt a heroine.

Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday went by before Belinda could climb the ilex tree again. She was too sore and stiff to do more than hobble and Mother kept her home from school. She seemed, too, a little suspicious of what Belinda had been doing when she hurt herself and would not let her out of her sight. She had never once asked what Belinda had been doing when she hurt herself, though all the others had. "What were you *doing?*"

"I fell over the wheelbarrow," said Belinda, which was true.

"*Over* the wheelbarrow? How could you?"

"I did," said Belinda.

Tom shrugged and said, "*Très* rum," but Nona was wiser.

"I know what you were doing," she said. "Trying to reach the ilex branch."

Then came another half-holiday, Thursday, when Nona had her friend, Melly Ashton, to tea. Melly and Nona were making clothes for Little Peach and it was supposed to be a surprise; Belinda had to keep out of the way.

As she let herself quietly out the garden door, she could hear Nona and Melly laughing in the playroom. Belinda quietly shut the door, went round to the tree and pulled the box out of the bushes. She got up on it and, holding to the rope, stretched her foot up to the lowest rung of Tom's ladder. It could just reach, and though she said "Ouch!" when her weight came on her wrenched shoulder, she pulled herself up by her hands, then went up rung by rung until she reached the first big branch. After that it was easy. She could climb from one branch to another until she came to the platform the boys had built for the floor of their house. It was not large; there was just room enough for a chair, two stools made of logs, and a rusty spirit stove. Then did they cook up here? Belinda wondered in admiration. From the platform a ladder led up to the branches above, on which she could see three doormats tied. Were those their bedrooms? she wondered. The ladder, she could see now, was only a bit of a ladder, broken off short.

Now that she had seen it at last, Belinda did not think the house so very exciting; what did excite her was that from where the platform had been built against the ilex trunk, a pair of branches went across the hedge so far that they almost touched the fire escape next to Gem's sitting-room window. The lower branch was big, ending in a fork with a spread of dark green leaves; the upper branch was thin and leafy so that it made what Belinda called a roof over the lower one. *I could sit on the big one, and wriggle to the fork*, thought Belinda, *and nobody would see me.* Belinda never waited; in a second she had lowered herself to sit astride the branch; then she began to work herself forward. It was perilous; the hedge, with the garden path on the Fells' side and one of the Tiffany Joneses' new paved paths on the side of The House Next Door, was below her, at least fourteen feet below, but it never occurred to Belinda to look down, and quite happily she worked her way out along the branch. She was holding her breath with excitement and her cheeks were crimson.

Now she was really close to Gem's sitting-room window with the rose creeper round it; she could see right into the beautiful room with its desk and small white piano, the pale walls and flowered rugs; she could see the big dolls' house, dolls' beds and dolls' furniture, there were pictures and the bookcases were filled with dozens of books. If she turned her head sideways, she could see into the bedroom, too, with its pale-blue four-poster bed, the dressing table that matched it and on which were small-sized silver brushes and combs and clothesbrushes.

Both rooms were more beautiful than any Belinda had seen, but suddenly she was not looking at the rooms; she had seen something else. She looked, blinked, looked again, then quickly, far more quickly than she had come forward, she wriggled backward along the branch to the platform, where she turned herself round and, forgetting all about soreness and stiffness, almost tumbled down the branches. When she reached the grass she ran limping and hopping into the house, where she burst into the playroom.

"What do you think?" panted Belinda. Nona and Melly looked up in astonishment—Melly had hastily hidden their work under her dress. "What do you think? She—Gem—*she* has a Japanese doll."

Three people were on the big branch of the ilex tree: Nona behind Belinda, Melly behind Nona. They had both been frightened to leave the platform and go out along the branch; in fact, Melly had had to shut her eyes, but Belinda encouraged them in whispers, and now they were all looking over one another's shoulders into Gem's sitting room.

"There! I told you—look!" whispered Belinda. "Look on Gem's windowsill."

"She *is* a Japanese doll," said Nona, marveling.

The doll was little, perhaps three inches high—"Not as tall as Miss Happiness and Miss Flower," whispered Nona. "Not as small as Little Peach." whispered Belinda. She seemed to be made of the same plaster as the others, and perhaps had the same rag body, with a plaster face and little plaster hands and feet. Her feet were bare and, as if she were not much more than a baby, her legs were curved to sit down. Her eyes were black glass, and she had little painted eyebrows; her mouth was painted in red and looked like a half-open rosebud. Her hair was black with a fringe, but she had a topknot wreathed with blossoms and pinned with a tiny silver pin. She was dressed in a kimono with sprays of pale pink flowers.

"Look at her hair! Her topknot with the blossom!" whispered Melly.

"She looks like a girl Little Peach—Peach Blossom," said Belinda. "Only she's not peach, she's plum. Little Plum! That's her name!" In her excitement Belinda raised her voice. "We will call her Little Plum."

Nona hushed her, then objected, "You can't give a name to somebody else's doll."

Belinda's eyes grew bright and determined. "She is Little Plum," she said in a very loud whisper.

I wish I could go over and touch her, thought Belinda. *I wish the big branch stretched that far. I wish our dolls could play with Little Plum. I wish, oh how I wish*, thought Belinda, *that I could go next door.*

On the way back from school next afternoon, Nona and Belinda met Miss Tiffany Jones, and to their surprise she stopped them. Then she looked them over in her condescending way. They were certainly very different; in fact, you could not imagine two more different girls: Nona in her dark blue coat and beret was neat, her long socks were straight, her shoes clean, and she had on her gloves; Belinda's beret was crooked, her coat buttoned wrong, her socks were falling down and her shoes were muddied where she had carefully stepped in all the puddles.

Miss Tiffany Jones's eyes came to Nona. "You seem a nice quiet child."

"Thank you," said Nona. She could not really believe she was talking to Miss Tiffany Jones.

"What is your name?"

"I am Nona. This is Belinda." Nona tried to bring Belinda in, but Miss Tiffany Jones ignored her.

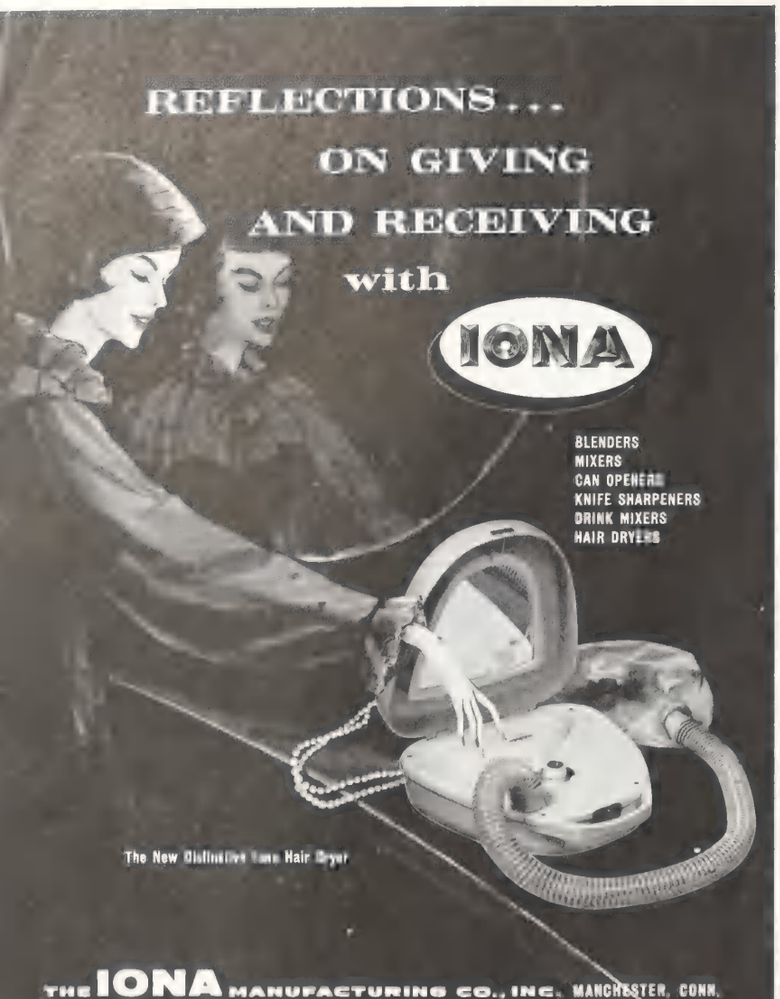


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"My brother wants Gem to make friends with you and . . . yes, I should like her to have a nicely mannered little friend. I will write your mother a note."

"She isn't my mother," said Nona. "She's my aunt."

"Your aunt, to ask if you may come to tea."

"*And* Belinda?" asked Nona.

Miss Tiffany Jones's gaze came back to Belinda. "I'm afraid not Belinda; she is too impossibly rough. I'm afraid I couldn't allow Gem to play with her."

Belinda's face went as scarlet as if it had been slapped. Color came into Nona's face, too, a bright pink spot on each cheek. Her head went up and she said, "Thank you, but I don't go out to tea without Belinda." She took Belinda's hand, and they walked away up the road. When they got into their own garden and the gate was shut, Belinda said through clenched teeth, "I hate—I hate *all* Tiffany Joneses."

Belinda was not fond of dolls. She liked ponies, boats, balls, roller skates. Then why should she suddenly have such an interest in a doll—and one that did not even belong to her?

"Gem doesn't play with her," she told Nona.

"Perhaps she doesn't know how," said Nona.

"H'm!" said Belinda. She was silent a moment and then she said, "It would be fun to teach her."

A day or two later she asked, "Nona, could you make a little padded coat?"

"A *tanzen?*"

"Yes, like Miss Happiness's and Miss Flower's, only smaller. Poor Little Plum looks so cold."

"You are not teasing Gem again?" asked Nona.

Belinda opened her eyes wide so that they looked very innocent. "How could I tease her?" she asked. "How could I when I never see her?"

In a day or two the coat was made, of scarlet silk wadded with cotton wool, and a scarlet cord to tie it. Nona was getting very clever with her fingers. To go with the coat was a pair of *taibi*, so small that they fitted the tip of her little finger.

"Belinda," asked Nona, "how will you get the socks and coat to Little Plum?"

That was the question.

"You could post them," said Nona.

"Miss Tiffany Jones might open the parcel, or Matson," said Belinda, and she said thoughtfully, "I must put the coat and socks on the windowsill."

"But how?" asked Nona.

"Somehow," and Belinda went up the ilex tree to think.

She thought of getting Tom's fishing rod and dropping the parcel on Gem's windowsill, but how would she get the parcel off the hook? She was a good thrower, but she could not be sure of throwing a parcel so that it would go in through the window. She wondered if she could jump across onto the fire escape, but how could she jump back? She thought and brooded, and each time her eyes and her thought came back to the fire escape.

It was as elaborate as everything belonging to the Tiffany Joneses, a twisting spiral of iron with railings, and a small landing on each floor; one of these landings was just by Gem's window. From the fork to that landing was not very far. *I believe I could make a bridge to it*, thought Belinda. *If I could slide a plank across until one end was on the fire escape, the other on the fork, then I could stand on the landing on one foot, put my other foot on that drainpipe; I could hold onto the fire-escape railing with one hand and I believe I could just, just reach the window ledge.*

Most people, even children, would have thought of the danger of going across that space on a plank which would be narrower than, not half so firm as, the ilex branch. It would be high above the ground, and most children would have thought of turning giddy, or of the plank's wobbling, or falling, but Belinda did not give one thought to any of these things. *A plank*, she thought. *How can I get a plank up the ilex tree?* It was then that her eye fell on the ladder Tom and the boys had brought up. *If I can tilt it so that it will come down slowly until it is resting flat on the branch* —— No sooner had Belinda thought this than she jumped up to try.

Standing with her feet apart and firmly planted, she gripped it with both hands and pushed. The top of the ladder caught on a small branch full of leaves and she had to shake it free; it scraped against big branches and she had to juggle it; then, suddenly, it came down with a rush that almost took her off her feet. It was such a thwack that it shook the whole tree; Belinda nearly fell off the platform. The spirit stove, saucepan and stools went flying. The thwack sounded as loud as a clap of thunder, and Belinda expected that heads would appear at all the Tiffany Joneses' windows; that Mother and Tom, Anne and Nona would run out, calling, "Goodness! what has happened?" But no one appeared, nobody called and soon the ilex leaves stopped shaking and she could dare to look. Luck was with her; the ladder was lying just where she had wanted it to lie—along the big branch. *I can push it forward as I come forward myself*, thought Belinda, *until the far end lies on the fire escape*. She was delighted. *It's wider than a plank*, she thought. *Wider—nice and safe!* The ladder was perhaps a foot wide, the drop to the path below was all of fourteen feet, but Belinda did not think of that. She had her bridge.

When she had it in position, Belinda knew she must tie its near end firmly to the fork. She had that much sense. She cut a length of rope from the boys' store with Anne's Girl Guide knife that she was not supposed to touch. Little Plum's coat and socks were ready, with a notice that Belinda had written; she had them pinned in her pocket. Now she sat down astride the branch behind the ladder, pushing it in front of her, and began to wriggle forward.

The ladder, polished and smooth with age, slid along the branch quite easily, more easily than Belinda—who had to keep stopping to lift herself over a side branch. *Will it be long enough*, she asked, *oh, will it?* But it was just long enough. When one end rested on the fire escape, the other just lay on the fork. Belinda pulled her rope through the last rung, which was resting on the fork, and quickly lashed it until it was firm. It did not wobble—*very much*, thought Belinda. But it wobbled a bit, and she breathed hard as she put first one leg, then the other across until she was sitting on the ladder, a leg each side. It did not feel wide or safe; it felt thin and flimsy and Belinda almost went back, but, *It's only a little way*, she told herself. She was afraid that the end on the fire escape would tip up and she wished she could have lashed that end as well, but still she went forward bit by bit. She did not once look down, which was as well, and in a minute her hand went out and caught the railing of the fire escape; then she was standing on it. With a beating heart she unpinned the notice and, facing the house wall, put her left foot on the drainpipe; then, holding firmly to the railing with her right hand, she stretched out her left. The sitting-room window was open a crack and, though this first time Belinda did not dare to crane forward too far, she was able to stick the notice with the coat and socks through the crack. In two minutes more she had wriggled back along the ladder and was over the fork back in the ilex tree.

She could not turn around on the branch to unlash the rope; she had first to go right back along it to the platform, where she turned around and wriggled forward again. Then she had to work herself backward, pulling the ladder back along the branch, until it lay safely hidden among the leaves. Only then was she able to rest, sitting on the platform, but still breathing very hard and waiting for her heart to stop its pounding. She felt as if she had taken an hour, but no, it was only minutes; nobody had come running, nobody had seen or heard, and Little Plum's coat, her socks and the notice were safely on Gem's windowsill. "CAN'T YOU KEEP YOUR DOLL WORME" Belinda had printed.

As soon as tea was over she slipped out again, ran to her ladder and climbed up. It was beginning to be dusk, but she could see that her notice was gone. Little Plum was in her usual place on the sill opposite. She was not wearing the coat or socks. On the win-

dow ledge outside was propped a notice, larger than Belinda's—Gem had used one of her expensive painting blocks. On it was printed in big letters "MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS" and underneath was written, "and it's 'warm,' not 'worme.'" Next day Belinda found the scarlet jacket and the socks; they had been wrapped round a pebble and thrown over the hedge into the Fells' garden.

"MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS." Nona would have minded hers at once, but "Huh!" said Belinda, as if she were delighted; and next afternoon, "Nona, haven't we another paper sunshade like the dolls'-house one?" she asked.

They had found two sunshades in crackers at a party that Christmas. Now reluctantly Nona took one out—it was pink with cherry blossoms—and gave it to Belinda. "I was keeping it in case ——" she said, but Belinda was already writing. "How do you spell 'umbrella'?" she asked.

Gem almost caught Belinda that afternoon. Belinda had only just time to draw the ladder back when Gem came into the sitting room. As fast as she could, Belinda wriggled right back to the platform and flattened herself against it. She had put the sunshade on the windowsill with a message: "WE TAKE OUR DOLLS OUT. WHY DON'T YOU? IF YOU'RE AFRAID OF RANE, HERE'S AN UMBRELLA."

Belinda had not long to wait. In a minute the window opened wide and the sunshade was thrown out, hard. It was open, and like a little parachute it caught the wind and floated, eddying toward the Fells' garden, and Belinda saw that it went so well because it was weighted by a screwed-up paper. *A message*, thought Belinda. It eddied over the Fells' garden, coming lower and lower.

Belinda ached to go and catch it, but with Gem at the window she had to stay where she was—and as still as a frozen rabbit.

It was growing dark; soon Mother would miss her; people would be set to search: Tom, Anne, Nona; then Mother must find out what she was doing. Belinda knew without telling that Mother would be annoyed. She began to think she would have to move when the Tiffany Joneses' gate opened, and there was Gem's music master coming as he did every Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Because the window was shut, Belinda could not catch words, but she could hear Matson expostulating. "I won't come down," Gem seemed to be saying. "You must, Miss Gem," Matson was answering. Matson must have gone to get Miss Tiffany Jones, for she appeared in the doorway. At the sound of her loud voice Gem left the window quickly and . . . *she doesn't want Miss Tiffany Jones to know*, thought Belinda. At least Gem was not a sneak. Miss Tiffany Jones spoke peremptorily, and slowly, reluctantly Gem went out the door. Belinda had almost moved when Gem suddenly whipped back again, ran to the window and took a hasty peep.

"Ha-ha! You thought you would catch me," said Belinda under her breath and, cold as she was, she made herself stay quite still until she heard Gem's scales going up and down.

It was just light enough in the garden to find the sunshade parachute. She had to take it indoors before she could read the message which was written in small clear writing; what it said was clear too: "TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED," Gem had written. "IF I FIND YOU IN OUR GARDEN, I SHALL CALL THE POLICE."

"Nona, can you make a Japanese dinner on a tray?"

"Yes, but you will have to buy a dolls'-house tea set," said Nona.

"Buy it with my own money?"

"If you want a Japanese dinner," said Nona. "You can buy one of those painted metal tea sets; Tom would file the handles off the cups to make bowls. There is a pretty pink set in the window at Morrow's shop and they cost only ninepence."

"Ninepence! That's a *heap* of money," said Belinda. "I can't spend ninepence on Gem."

Belinda hated to spend her pocket money, but Gem's last message had been really rude and, *I'll show her who's trespassing*, said Belinda.

Nona had never made anything prettier than that tray. She made it from the lid of an old pillbox, and painted it shiny black outside, scarlet inside for lacquer. She gummed the pink bowls onto it in case Belinda spilled them, and gummed the food on as well. There were notices the size of half your little fingernail, to say what each bowl held: "rice"—that was snipped-up white cotton; "fish"—they were cardboard fish as small as ants, painted silver in a red sauce; "vegetable"—ground-up green parsley in another sauce; "cake"—pink-and-white meringue-sugar crumbs. There were chopsticks made from pine needles; and what was most wonderful of all, the tea was hot. Belinda had taken the tea over in an aspirin bottle, keeping it in her pocket so that it should not get cold. "It was boiling when I put it in," she told Nona. But she did not tell Nona the message that had gone with the tray: "WHY DON'T YOU GIVE YOUR POOR STARVING DOLL SOME FOOD?"

As soon as Gem was out of the way next day—gone for her walk in the park with Matson—Belinda went up in the ilex tree to see how Gem had liked the dinner. She soon saw! Down below on the path was something scarlet, black and pink; the thrown-down tray, its food all scattered; while on Gem's windowsill was a small china pot with a cover. By it was a notice printed: "FOOD FOR YOU." *Whatever can it be?* thought Belinda.

When she had gone across to get it, she took the cover off the pot; inside was something that looked like dreadfully smelling, dreadfully colored jam—covered by a piece of paper that said, "MY OWN RECIPE." The recipe was written out in Gem's pretty handwriting:

VINEGAR
MUSTARD
CASTOR OIL
TOADSTOOLS
FROGS' EGGS
CRUSHED COCKROACH
WORMS

At the bottom was written: "PLEASE TAKE IT."

Good heavens gracious me! said Belinda, her eyes round. After the first minute she thought it was funny, but when she showed it to Nona, Nona was not so sure. "I don't like it," said Nona.

"We're not meant to like it," said Belinda.

"You are teasing Gem," said Nona; "don't go on."

But Belinda said, "We're not teasing now. We're fighting."

The war had now been on for three weeks. "Little Plum needs a bed," said Belinda. "Nona, can you and Melly make her some quilts and pillows?"

Nona chose some flowered stuff, to match Little Plum's kimono, and made two quilts, wadded with cotton wool, for Little Plum to lie on, a pillow with tassels at the corners, and an overquilt, thinner but wadded too. It was the prettiest set she had made.

"I believe, if the window was open, I could put Little Plum into the quilts," said Belinda.

You may wonder, if Gem wanted Belinda to mind her own business, why she did not put Little Plum out of reach, or out of sight.

"Perhaps she likes the things we send," said Nona. Belinda had not told Nona how Gem had thrown the jacket and socks over the hedge; how she had cast out the sunshade and smashed the dinner tray.

"She just wants to catch me," said Belinda.

Belinda had to take Little Plum off Gem's windowsill to put her into the quilts, but in a moment Little Plum's legs were straightened and she was slid between warm covers, a pillow was tucked under her head and a minute later she was back on the windowsill. Beside the bed was one of Belinda's notices: "IT'S CROOL TO MAKE CHILDREN SIT UP ALL NIGHT. *OUR* JAPANESE DOLLS HAVE JAPANESE BEDS."

Next day a paper bag was hanging from Gem's windowsill. When Belinda went over and got it, she found inside, the pretty quilts and pillow snipped to bits.

Even Belinda was a little dismayed. She showed the bag to Nona and Nona could have cried. "But why?" she asked. "Why? It took me *hours* to sew those quilts," and she said, touching the snippets, "Belinda, what are you trying to do? Make Gem like Little Plum or make her hate you?"

"Make her like Little Plum, of course," said Belinda.

"You would do it better without insulting messages," said Nona.

"Well, she insults back. Gem's a good fighter," said Belinda.

Gem was. Next time Belinda went over the ladder, on one of Gem's ballet-lesson days, the window was wider open than usual. Nona had made Little Plum a cushion, and Belinda determined to sit Little Plum on it. She wrote a notice: "*OUR* DOLLS HAVE COOCHONS TO SIT ON." She was in a hurry and she was perhaps not so careful as usual; as she reached up for Little Plum her hand knocked the window frame.

There was a blinding icy-cold splash, something hit Belinda on the head and nearly sent her spinning off the drainpipe. How she kept her foot on it and clung to the fire-escape railing she did not know, because she was gasping for breath and spluttering; then she saw that the window was streaming with water while far below where she might have fallen was a small white plastic bucket, still rolling a little from its fall. "Sh-she s-set a b-booby trap for me," said Belinda through her chattering teeth.

It was a successful trap. As the bucket was white and hidden a little in the rose creeper Belinda, in her hurry, had not seen it against the white house wall. There had not been a great deal of water in the bucket—if there had been, Gem could not have lifted it to balance it on the open window—but there was enough to soak Belinda's head and shoulders; she was wet to the skin and so cold that she could hardly struggle back along the ladder. By the time she got back to the house she was shivering from head to foot.

The first person she ran into was Mother. "Belinda!" cried Mother. "*Belinda!* Where *have* you been?"

"Into a bucket of water," said Belinda.

"But how ——"

"It fell on me," Belinda was just going to say, but Mother had seen how she was shivering and she wasted no more words. In a few minutes Belinda was in a hot bath. Mother was rubbing her hair dry with warm towels and had called to Nona to make a hot-milk drink.

"She might have killed me," Belinda whispered to Nona. "I might have been dead!" Belinda sounded thrilled, but Nona was remembering the snipped-up quilts.

"Belinda, give this up," she begged.

"What! Now?" said Belinda. "Let her win now? Wait," said Belinda, and her eyes were bright blue over the top of the glass of milk. "Wait and see what I'm going to do to her!"

Late that afternoon Gem walked out the Tiffany Joneses' gate and in at the Fells'. Matson was not with her, nor the governess. "Why, Gem!" cried Mother.

"Will you please," said Gem in a strange high tone, "will you please tell your child, Belinda, to give me back my doll?"

Mother opened the door wider and said, "Come inside. Does your aunt, does Matson, know you are here?"

"No, they don't," said Gem. "But it doesn't matter. I have only come to get my doll." Gem spoke as if Mother were her enemy.

"But how could a doll of yours be here?"

"I don't know how," said Gem, "but she is here. She was on my windowsill—a little Japanese doll—and she's gone."

"A *Japanese* doll," said Mother, and she suddenly looked at Gem in a different way. "It wouldn't by any chance have something to do with a bucket of water?"

Gem's eyelids came down over her eyes like seals and she shut her lips.

"Come into the sitting room," said Mother, and she called down the passage to the playroom, "Belinda, come here. I want you."

Belinda came. When she saw Gem, though she tried not to let her face show anything, she could not help a smile.

"Belinda, answer me truthfully. Have you got Gem's doll?"

"No, I haven't," said Belinda, but Mother was not satisfied.

"Do you know anything about her?"

"Of course I do," said Belinda. "We all do. Gem has a dear, sweet little Japanese doll called Little Plum—such a pretty little doll with a topknot—and she takes no care of her. I'm not surprised to hear she's lost," said Belinda.

Before Mother or Gem could say anything to that there were agitated sounds; calls of "Gem! Miss Gem! Miss Gem, where have you got to? Gem, are you hiding? Miss Gem! Gem!"

"They have missed you," said Mother. "Stay here, Belinda. We will sort this out when I come back."

Gem and Belinda were left alone. Belinda was slightly afraid of Gem; she looked so fierce with her face set, her green eyes blazing. Belinda had never seen anyone in such a towering temper.

"How dared you take my doll?" said Gem.

"I didn't take her; I rescued her . . . for her own good," said Belinda, who had once heard her headmistress say that. "You were cruel to her."

"You took her. You're a thief." Gem came one step nearer; Belinda instinctively took one back. "Thief! Trespasser! Liar!"

"I'm not a liar."

"You were telling lies to your mother just now."

"I was not," but Belinda's voice was uncertain. "I was *not*. I haven't got your doll, she's by herself in a safe place. So bah!" said Belinda, as they said at school. "So bah! Squish, squash, flat on the floor."

"*You'll* be flat on the floor." Belinda backed away as Gem came closer, breathing in an alarming way through her nostrils. Gem's words came out through set lips. "Thief!"

"Cruel!" Belinda retorted. "Cruel beast."

Then Gem sprang at Belinda, and Belinda forgot all Tom's teaching, and hit out with both fists. She pulled Gem's hair. Gem screamed and hammered Belinda with her fists, and soon they were locked together,

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ing, thumping, scratching and kicking, the floor.

Good gracious! Gracious! Help!" Miss ?any Jones and Matson were in the door-

Belinda! Belinda!" screamed Nona. She ped in to help Belinda, but, "*Belinda!*" ther thundered in such a voice that Belinda go of Gem. Matson, with surprising quick-s, ran in, caught Gem and held her while ha pulled Belinda away.

oth children were panting. Belinda had a tch right down her cheek, more scratches ner hands, and her hair was tousled, while n's was hanging over her face.

Miss Tiffany Jones seemed too appalled to ak. Matson gave grunts of consternation began dabbing at Gem's cheek with her dkerchief. Nona stroked Belinda's shoul-in silent sympathy. "It wasn't meant for a t," said Nona, trying to explain. "It was that it turned into a fight."

A fight about what?" asked Miss Tiffany es faintly.

About Little Plum," said Nona.

Little Plum? Little Plum? Who is Little m?"

s Miss Tiffany Jones said that, Gem began augh.

Belinda, go up to your room *at once*," manded Mother. Belinda went, but Gem went on laughing—it was a horrible high ghing that Nona did not like to hear. Mat-picked up Gem's coat, wrapped it round and took her away, still laughing.

But—but it's nothing to laugh at," said s Tiffany Jones in bewilderment.

em and Belinda were both in their rooms, nda because she was punished, Gem be-se she would not come out. Nona had how, in the garden, she had torn herself y from Matson and run into the house.

he must have run upstairs because when ha went into her own room, she could hear ckings and voices calling from over the , "Miss Gem! Miss Gem! Open the door."

eemed that Gem took not the faintest ce. Uneasy and unhappy, Nona bent as often did to look into the dolls' house. It ays comforted her to see Miss Happiness Miss Flower. She bent down and stopped.

re on Miss Flower's blue pillow lay an un-akable topknot. "Little Plum!" cried na. "Little Plum!"

ou must give her back *at once*," said na.

elinda knew she was on losing ground. na's scandalized face and wrathful eyes le her feel uncomfortable.

At once!" said Nona.

Mother says I mustn't come out of my m," said Belinda, but feebly.

She would want you to come out for this. has gone to see Miss Tiffany Jones, to ex-n," said Nona, but how could Mother ex-n that Belinda had stolen Little Plum?

, Belinda!" said Nona. "How can you be ad?"

Gem was unkind to Little Plum."

She wasn't unkind—she was just not kind; that doesn't matter. You must put Little m back where you found her—at once."

l like a policeman she put Little Plum Belinda's pocket and chivied Belinda n the stairs. There she turned toward the , but Belinda stopped.

l have to go up the ilex tree," said Belinda. The ilex? But . . . I thought you went up fire escape; you can't reach from the ilex "

l can. Wait. You'll see."

iona stood at the bottom of the ladder, king up, mystified as to what Belinda was ng, but when Belinda reached the big nch she stopped. A lamp was lighted in n's sitting room and Belinda could see in. ona," Belinda whispered urgently, "Nona, n's crying." Belinda saw how Gem's ulders shook. "She's crying terribly," spered Belinda.

iona climbed up the ladder onto the plat-n and looked in too. "Oh, Belinda, what e you done to her?" said Nona.

elinda was a rough, tough little girl, but had a tender heart and now, at the sight Gem so hopelessly crying, a lump began to gather in her own throat and she had a miserable, guilty feeling. "What can I do?" she whispered to Nona.

"I don't know how you got up to the window," said Nona, "but do as you did before. Then tap on it and give Little Plum to Gem." Nona still thought Belinda would come down, slip across the two gardens and go up the fire escape, and she turned to lead the way. At the foot of the ilex she waited for Belinda, but Belinda did not come. Instead there were queer sounds up above and then Nona saw the wooden ladder sliding into position. "You're not—you're not going across *that!*" cried Nona in horror, but Belinda was already astride the ladder. Nona, looking up, saw the sickening drop from the ladder to the path and she could not look anymore. She cowered against the ilex tree and hid her eyes.

That was why she did not see Mother and Tom outside the gate. Tom was just going to shout when Mother's hand came down on his shoulder. "Hush! Don't shout; don't move," she said. "If you make her look down she'll fall." All the color had drained out of Mother's face, her eyes were wide with terror. As they stood there, Mr. Tiffany Jones came walking up to the gate of The House Next Door. He had his hand on the latch to open it when from the Tiffany Joneses' garden came a piercing scream.

It was Matson. At her scream Mr. Tiffany Jones looked up too. Then he flung open the gate and ran in. Miss Tiffany Jones, Selwyn, cook, Eileen all rushed out of the house; the gardener threw down his broom and ran, too, and all the while Matson pointed and screamed.

High above them all, halfway across the ladder, Belinda heard. She looked down. At once she saw the faces staring up at her, the pointing hands and, as if their fear had come up to her, suddenly Belinda was afraid. She had never looked down before. Now, feet below her, she saw the path; there was nothing each side of her but the empty air and she felt how narrow the ladder was, how her legs were dangling in nothing—and all at once she felt giddy and sick. Cold drops came out on her forehead, and the backs of her knees. Her hands felt damp. She swayed. Below, on the lawn, Miss Tiffany Jones fainted away.

By now Tom was up the ilex tree and out along the branch. "Hold on," called Tom, "I'm coming," but, big boy as he was, when he reached the fork and the ladder Tom could not make himself get on it. He lay along the branch and tried to reach Belinda, but he could not. "Come back, Bel," he said. "Come back toward me"; but "I can't," Belinda said.

She who had gone across the plank so many times could only sit and shut her eyes and cling with her hands.

"Don't look down. Don't," came Mother's even voice. Belinda could not look anywhere. Matson's noise had been joined by cook's and Eileen's, Selwyn had run in again to telephone the fire brigade, while a crowd began to gather in the road. A woman screamed, louder than Matson. A whole tumult of sound was gathering, beating in Belinda's ears, when a voice spoke close beside her. "Open your eyes," it said, "and look at me."

It was such a quiet voice in the hubbub that it reached Belinda. She opened her eyes and there, on the fire escape, just in front of her, was Mr. Tiffany Jones. His briefcase, his bowler and his beautiful greatcoat were cast down on the landing, and he was holding the end of the ladder, speaking to her. "Brave girl; go on looking." Mr. Tiffany Jones's eyes were gray and steady; they looked straight into hers.

Below, on the path, Selwyn and the maids had spread a blanket and were holding it to catch Belinda if she fell, but, "You won't fall," said Mr. Tiffany Jones steadily. "Look straight at me. Now move your right hand forward."

"I can't," and to everyone's horror Belinda swayed again. "I'm going to fall," she said in a rush.

"Fall? With Gem looking?"

Belinda looked up and there was Gem's face pressed against the glass, pressed tightly, looking at Belinda.

"Do you want her to think you're a coward?" came Mr. Tiffany Jones's voice. "Do you want her to laugh at you and think you're afraid?"

"I'm not afraid."

"Then move your right hand," and suddenly Belinda was able to obey.

"Come forward an inch. Move your right hand . . . now your left. Come forward," said Mr. Tiffany Jones. His face was oddly pale and he had wet drops on his forehead. "Your right hand forward. Now your left . . . come forward. That's right. Show Gem you're not a coward."

A hush had fallen on the garden and the street as Belinda began to move. Mother was silent down below, Tom silent in the tree, Nona silent at its foot. Gem was silent at the window, her hands clutching the sill. Slowly, as Mr. Tiffany Jones commanded her, Belinda moved along the ladder toward the fire escape. She had been only two feet out of Mr. Tiffany Jones's reach, but it seemed a long way to the people who were watching, and Mother's hands were pressed together, while Nona pressed hers against the ilex trunk. Then, as Belinda, still looking at him, came nearer, Mr. Tiffany Jones's hands shot forward, caught her in a strong grasp and in a moment she was on the fire escape with him.

"No sweets for a week; bed every night at six and you are not to go out anywhere unless someone is with you. I can't trust you anymore," said Mother.

Belinda hung her head. She was very much ashamed.

"She has had a terrible fright. Must she be punished?" asked Mr. Tiffany Jones.

"I'm afraid she must," and Mother said, "Belinda has been very naughty for a long time"; *but Mother doesn't know the half of it*, thought Belinda.

Mr. Tiffany Jones was right; she had had a terrible fright. As long as she lived she would not forget the moment when she had turned giddy on the ladder and felt herself sway. She woke in the night and thought it was happening again, and her hands and the backs of her knees were always wet. *I might have fallen and been dead*, thought Belinda. One of the worst parts was that it was all of it public: everybody, everywhere she went, knew how foolhardy she had been; yet it was what people did not know that tormented Belinda. Nobody but Nona knew, though Mother seemed to have guessed.

"You have told lies," said Mother. "You took Little Plum, who wasn't yours; and I can guess," said Mother, looking even sterner, "I can guess that you have been unkind."

Mr. Tiffany Jones was beginning to guess, too, yet he still seemed to like her—and to be a little cross with Miss Tiffany Jones.

"What I don't understand," he said, "what I don't understand, Belinda, is why you couldn't come and see Gem in the ordinary way."

"Because I'm impossibly rough," said Belinda.

"Who said so?"

"Miss Tiffany Jones."

"Agnes? She did, did she?" said Mr. Tiffany Jones.

"I try to be gentle," Belinda explained, "but I'm not. Nona is; she doesn't even have to try, because she *is* gentle. I do try but sometimes," said Belinda in a low, shamed voice, "I'm not."

"Well, Gem was pretty fierce," said Mr. Tiffany Jones. "That's quite a nasty scratch you have on your cheek."

For all Mr. Tiffany Jones's friendliness, Gem still kept her face turned away, still walked past with set lips, would not answer the most friendly smiles. Mother asked her to tea, and she would not come.

"You can't be surprised," said Nona. Belinda was not surprised, and she could not forget the sight of Gem with her head down on her desk, sobbing her heart out. These things were like thorns in her mind.

Sometimes, when one is really sorry and trying to make amends, a way seems to come. "How can I tell Gem I'm sorry when she won't speak to me?" said Belinda in despair. And then the thought came, *If I were Nona, I should ask Mr. Twilfit what to do.*

When an idea came to Belinda, she acted on it at once, forgetting everything else. Now she forgot about not going out alone, forgot about not skating in the road near the shops. In five minutes she was standing breathless in front of Mr. Twilfit at a counter piled high with books—she had left her skates outside—and, without waiting to give a word of explanation, she began, "Mr. Twilfit, *please* can you tell me what to do about Gem and Little Plum?"

"What in thunder are you talking about?" asked Mr. Twilfit.

"I'll tell you." Belinda stood on tiptoe to lean nearer to him across the counter, and her hands happened to come down on a book that was lying there open.

"*Look* at your hands," roared Mr. Twilfit. "Look—at—your—hands!"

Belinda was too stalwart a child to be afraid of Mr. Twilfit; besides, she was quite used to being scolded and she knew her hands were grubby.

"You keep your hands behind you when you come into this shop," said Mr. Twilfit, and Belinda obediently put her hands behind her. "And talk slowly," said Mr. Twilfit.

"Yes, Mr. Twilfit," said Belinda.

She began with The House Next Door, Mr. Tiffany Jones, and Miss Tiffany Jones. She told about Little Plum and how she had seen her from the ilex tree; about taking over the coat and socks, the sunshade, the Japanese dinner, the quilts; reluctantly she told about the insulting messages. When she came to the bucket of water, Mr. Twilfit said, "Good for her," and then Belinda's voice trailed away. She did not like to tell about the end but, "Go on," said Mr. Twilfit. "let's have it all," and in a small voice, her head bent over the counter, Belinda told of the fight and the frightening way Gem had laughed, then of how she had cried. She told of how she herself had suddenly been afraid on the ladder, but of the danger she hardly said a word; it was all about Gem. When she had finished Belinda's head was bowed low over the counter and the tears were spattering down on the book. Mr. Twilfit very gently lifted it out of the way, wiped the tears off its page with a large red-and-yellow handkerchief which he then passed on to Belinda. "H'm. You have got yourself into a pretty pickle, haven't you?" he said.

The shop door opened, twanging the bell. Belinda hastily turned away to hide her face, but it was only Nona. When she saw Belinda crying into Mr. Twilfit's handkerchief, she guessed what had happened and quickly came to stand beside her.

"She's sorry. Terribly sorry," Nona told Mr. Twilfit.

"Yes, but I don't know how to say it," sobbed Belinda.

Mr. Twilfit cleared his throat and his eyebrows worked up and down—which, as Nona could have told Belinda, meant that he was pleased, not angry. "It's always difficult to say you are sorry," he said gently to Belinda, "but you are lucky."

"Lucky?" Belinda was so astonished that she stopped crying.

"Yes. Do you know the date?"

"It's the end of February," said Nona. "Is it something to do with leap year?"

"This is a quarrel about a Japanese doll," said Mr. Twilfit, "and what better day could you have to make it up on than the Japanese Feast of Dolls?"

Belinda's head came up, Nona's face began to shine.

"Wait," said Mr. Twilfit. "I can find you a book about it. "Japanese Festivals and Ceremonies. I had meant to give it to Nona for her birthday, but you had better have it now." Mr. Twilfit turned the leaves over until he found the right place and then began to read. "Every year, throughout Japan," he read, "girls have a festival of their own. It is a doll festival when big and little girls arrange ceremonial dolls in a display. There should be about fifteen dolls, set out on steps covered with red cloth ——" and he went on to read to Nona and Belinda all about the emperor and empress dolls, the court on the steps below them and the delicate and beautiful things that were put round them.

"Tea things, musical instruments, chairs, palanquins—all miniature and exquisitely

made of lacquer, silver, or ivory, while in vases around," read Mr. Twilfit, "are sprays of peach blossom, the special flower of the day. The festival," he read, "is held on the third day of the third month. That is the third day of March," he said, looking up. "Today is the twenty-seventh of February, so that is in four days' time, which would give you just time to get it all ready. I suggest," said Mr. Twilfit, "that you keep the Festival of Dolls and that you invite Miss Gem Tiffany Jones and her Little Plum to keep it with you."

"We haven't any ceremonial dolls," said Nona.

"No emperor or empress," said Belinda.

"We could make the steps and cover them with red, but . . . in our house ——"

"Your house wouldn't be suitable," said Mr. Twilfit. "It isn't a Japanese house."

"Then ——"

"Gordon's ghost!" said Mr. Twilfit, losing patience. "Haven't you a Japanese dolls' house?"

"Of course, but ——" Then light broke. "You mean . . . we should have a *dolls'* Doll Festival," cried Nona and Belinda.

It was the smallest envelope Gem had ever seen; where the stamp might have been a white flower was painted. At the back was a gold seal, the size of a pin's head. The flymark writing said:

To Honorable Miss Little Plum
The House Next Door

"It's a trick," said Gem.

"You can't tell until you look; and it's for Little Plum, not for you," said Mr. Tiffany Jones, putting his arm around Gem. "She can't open it herself. You must open it for her."

Slowly Gem took the envelope up and broke the seal. The letter was written in the same microscopic writing, painted with the same flower.

"On the third day of the third month," read Gem in a shaking voice, "at four o'clock in the Japanese dolls' house, Miss Happiness and Miss Flower are keeping the Doll Festival. Please, Honorable Miss Little Plum, come and keep it with them." Below was written: "Please bring your most Honorable Girl!"

Gem stared at it, her eyes wide; then a flush ran up her neck to her face and glowed in her cheeks. "Most Honorable Girl," she whispered.

The dolls' house had been brought down into the playroom. Nona and Melly had made new cushions and there was a third one in peach-colored silk for Little Plum.

Two vases stood each side of the red shelves, shelves like steps covered in red paper.

"What are they made of?" asked Gem, wondering.

"I made them from cake," said Nona. "Cake cut into shapes so that I could stick the match people in." The match dolls looked so real that from the beginning she had called them match people.

"How could we get the dolls?" Belinda had asked Mr. Twilfit at the bookshop. "Those cere——" Belinda could not manage that word, but Nona finished it for her. "Dolls' ceremonial dolls would have to be *teeny*."

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Twilfit, "my sisters made dolls of clothes pegs; peg dolls we used to call them."

"Pegs would be too big," said Belinda.

"What do your dolls use for pegs?"

"Bits of split-up matches."

"Well then?" said Mr. Twilfit, and, "Matches would do!" Nona cried.

Mr. Twilfit had been right: matches made perfect dolls'-house dolls' dolls. "But you must be careful if you use matches," Mother had said. "Careful not to strike them."

"I'm not going to strike them," said Nona. "I need their heads."

She had pointed the other end of each match so that, stuck in the cake, it stood upright. Then she dressed them. They looked very real. On the top steps were the emperor and empress in robes made of gold and silver paper that stood stiffly out round them. On the emperor's head, for a hat, Nona had stuck a crumb of gold tinsel, while the empress had a fuzz of gold thread at the back of her black head. Their faces she made from the smallest blob of pinkish-yellow paint.

The shelf below was for the courtiers, more matches dressed in papers of ruby red, blue, purple and green. "You know those toffees wrapped in colors—Nona used those," Belinda explained to Gem.

On the third and lowest shelf were the musicians, and here Nona had been especially clever, though Anne had had to help her.

Nona had made bamboo flutes from pine needles and fastened them to the musicians' sleeves with a drop of glue. The drum was made entirely of silver sixpences, five of them, glued one on top of another. "A very expensive drum," said Nona, "but I'll unglue the sixpences and give them back to Mother." The drumsticks were two pins.

On every shelf were chairs and tables cut from fine white card and painted in shining black to look like lacquer. On the tables were twisted gold paper cups and plates holding dolls'-house rice and candy shot in different colors. "Which are the right size for dolls'-house dolls' dolls' cakes," said Belinda. They had made tiny fans and dolls'-house pots of peach blossoms. It really looked like the photograph of the Doll Festival. "I have never seen anything so beautiful," said Gem.

She was a different Gem. She had come quite alone, and had made Little Plum look as pretty and cared for as Miss Happiness or Miss Flower, better cared for than Little Peach. Little Plum had a new silk sash and a tiny fan, pleated with stiffened gold net. "I pleated it myself with my doll's iron," said Gem.

There were presents for Little Plum, a new wadded scarlet jacket and a pair of white socks. "Her *tanzen* and her *taibi*," said Nona with a shy smile. Then Belinda brought out a new sunshade, blue with white birds flying on it. Nona had made another dinner tray, a black tray with red edges that held a teapot, bowls and plates, a complete dinner for Little Plum to have next day. Belinda had paid another ninepence for the tea set and Nona had made the cushion on which Little Plum was sitting now. Finally Nona went to the pencil-box cupboard and brought out a roll of quilts and a pillow: "A new bed for Honorable Little Plum," said Belinda.

Some of the girls in Belinda's class at school had been asked to come. Gem flinched when she first saw them, but you would not have known they were the same little girls, they were so serious and polite.

"We can't think what there was to laugh about now we know Gem," they said.

Mr. Twilfit came in "Just to look," he said, but stayed to tea. He sat and watched them all, his eyebrows working furiously up and down.

In the midst of the happiness and excitement there was a loud knock on the door. "Gem, will you answer it?" asked Mother. This immediately struck Nona as odd, but Gem only thought Mother was making her one of the family and looked pleased and proud. She went to the door and a moment later "Mother!" shouted Gem in a voice as loud as Belinda's. "Mother!"

There was Mr. Tiffany Jones, not looking sad any longer, but happy and laughing. He was pushing a wheelchair and in it, with a fur rug tucked round her knees, a deep blue coat with fur sleeves, a fur hat, sat a lady laughing. Pale green-gold hair showed under the fur of her hat, she had Gem's straight nose and gray-green eyes; her skin was pale, too, but flushed now with laughing. "May we come in?" she said, but, "Mother!" cried Gem again and half strangled her with a big hug.

Mr. Tiffany Jones wheeled the chair in, and in a moment Gem's mother was surrounded by little girls. Nona, Belinda, Miss Happiness and Miss Flower were introduced. Gem's mother was shown Little Peach, but Little Plum did not have to be introduced or shown; she was sitting in Mrs. Tiffany Jones's lap.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Tiffany Jones would have known Gem; Gem with her hair flying, her cheeks pink, her eyes bright; Gem talking, snapping out remarks as fast as the other girls; Gem . . . "Happy!" said Mr. Tiffany Jones.

"I can never be grateful enough," he was just beginning to say to Mother when there was another ring at the front door—a peremptory ring—and Miss Tiffany Jones came into the room. Mr. Tiffany Jones looked worried again while Gem became stiff and silent, and Belinda went and stood behind Nona.

Miss Tiffany Jones's gaze went over them all. "Why was *I* not informed?" she asked.

"Informed of what, Agnes?" asked Mrs. Tiffany Jones. Her voice was soft and pleasant and she held out one hand to Gem, the other to Belinda.

By contrast Miss Tiffany Jones's voice went higher and higher. "Gem came to this party," said Miss Tiffany Jones, "without my being consulted She came without Matson or me."

But Gem lifted her head. "I was asked to come with Little Plum," she said. "Only Little Plum."

"Little Plum? Who is Little Plum?" asked Miss Tiffany Jones as she had asked before.

Mrs. Tiffany Jones's finger was stroking Little Plum's topknot in a soothing way. "Little Plum is this little doll," she said. "A most important little doll who has been invited to this party with Gem, and only Gem," said Mrs. Tiffany Jones. "We, Harold and I, came separately. It's a wonderful party and in half an hour, Agnes," said Mrs. Tiffany Jones, "we are all coming next door for some ice cream and fruit punch. Will you be so kind as to tell cook, Agnes? Ice cream, fruit punch, in half an hour."

Miss Tiffany Jones, Anne said afterward, gasped like a fish, but Mrs. Tiffany Jones took no notice. "You see, you don't have to tell people when you come home," she said. "And I," said Mrs. Tiffany Jones, "have come home."

"Gem didn't smile at us because she thought we didn't smile at her. Think of that!" said Belinda. "Gem liked my messages. She said they were interesting. I'm going to teach her to climb the ilex tree."

"But not to go over the ladder, I hope," said Anne.

"Gem's looking after Little Plum properly now. Tom says he will make another Japanese dolls' house for her."

"I'm going to teach Gem to roller-skate; she can use my skates and she says I can ride her pony."

It would have been difficult to find in all Topmeadow, or the whole of England, two happier girls than Gem and Belinda. "We're best friends," said Belinda.

Miss Tiffany Jones had packed her boxes and been driven away. Though Gem's mother still could not walk and had to live in her wheelchair, The House Next Door was changed. Mr. Tiffany Jones no longer looked worried and sad and Gem was allowed to run in and out as she liked. Matson had left.

"I don't need someone to look after *me*," said Gem. "I have to look after Mother."

Gem was going to school. "Next term?" asked Mother.

"Next term? She's coming tomorrow," said Belinda.

Every Friday night before dinner Father and Mr. Tiffany Jones played chess. Mother took Mrs. Tiffany Jones shopping; Mrs. Tiffany Jones took Mother out in the Rolls-Royce. The children went to school together, spent their playtimes together, shared their friends. As for Miss Happiness, Miss Flower, Little Peach and Little Plum, they were hardly ever apart.

Each night before they went to bed Nona would switch on the dolls'-house lights; Gem would switch on her Japanese lantern. Miss Happiness and Miss Flower would come to their window and bow; Little Plum would come to hers and bow back.

Then Nona and Belinda would wave their hands and put out the dolls'-house lights. Gem would wave and put out her lantern.

"*Sayonara*," was called from the Fells' house into the darkness past the ilex tree—*sayonara* is Japanese for good night. It was Miss Happiness and Miss Flower speaking, though it sounded like Belinda and Nona.

"*Sayonara*," would come back from The House Next Door. It sounded like Gem's voice, but it was Little Plum. END

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age spots*



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'YNTHIA AND 'HE UNICORN

ONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

he Gryphon in the attic had claws
and wings!
But never mind these!" he said;
"they're dull old things."

ynthia looked into his kind brown eyes.
My daddy says you are wondrously
wise,
tell me, please, where a child
goes to get her
ery own Unicorn?
. . . the smaller, the better."

he Gryphon shrugged his big
bronze wings
nd they creaked with a screech
like rusty springs).
You don't want a Unicorn—they're
far too shy.
hy, often in captivity they sicken
and die.
ream is the only food they find
comestible.
nd as for color, why, they're most
suggestible!
ed makes them angry,
ue makes them sad,
reen makes them fidgety,
nd orange makes them bad!
onsider what a chore to decorate
a room
or a color-conscious Unicorn who
tends to gloom!"

nthia thought the problem through.
My room is rose and gray, wouldn't that
do?"

Vell," said the Gryphon, "if the books are
right,
Unicorn's *favorite* color is white.
n a starless night,
hen the wind is right,
you walk in the woods *without any light*,
nd the dress you are wearing is a pure,
sure white,
you don't take fright,
en perhaps you might
et a glimpse of a Unicorn in flashing
flight!"

ut how can I catch him?" Cynthia said.

e Gryphon yawned. "It's time for bed,
nd I really think I must catch a wink.
hy don't you ask the Troll?"
And before she could blink,
was folding his wings up, clink, clank,
clink.

lling on the Troll was terribly scary,
r he wore an expression that was far from
merry.
ere in the darkness beneath the staircase
snarled and sneered with his not-very-fair
face,

AM A TROLL, FIERCE AS CAN BE!
EPARE TO FIGHT, OR GET READY TO FLEE!"

ell, Cynthia's knees did knock a bit,
t I'm happy to say she budged not a whit.
You may be big, and you may be bold,
t you've got your weakness—or so I'm
told."

EAKNESS!" he howled. "I don't quite
follow you.
could open my mouth right now and
swallow you!"

erhaps," said Cynthia, "but if you're so
tough,
w about the littlest Billygoat Gruff?
kid like that could make you a fool,
w about me? I've been to school!"

e Troll was embarrassed. "Well, you know,
at Gruff affair was a long time ago.
t's call it—water under the bridge."
nd believe it or not, he smiled just a
smidge.)
Now what, little girl, can I do for you?"

"The Gryphon said that perhaps you knew
The way to catch Unicorns once you find
them.
Lure them with gumdrops? Creep up behind
them?"

The Troll sat down and thought for a while.
"Unicorns have gone right out of style,
And how to catch them I simply can't
remember,
But I'm sure they're impossible to find in
December."

Cynthia wavered on the verge of tears.
"I've wanted a Unicorn for seven years!"

"Whoa!" said the Troll, "don't start a riot.
If you're out to stalk Unicorns you must be
quiet!
Besides, I have thought of an excellent
scheme. . . .
Go deep into the woods with a bowl of
cream,
Sit beneath an oak tree, close your eyes,
And if you're lucky, you'll get a surprise!"

"Oh, thank you!" cried Cynthia. "I'll go
this minute
To find a forest with a Unicorn in it!"

The woods at night was different, quite,
From the way it looked in broad daylight.
There were shadows and squiggles,
And rustles and wriggles,
And small things scurrying out of sight.
Cynthia clutched her bowl of cream
And hoped to goodness she wouldn't scream,
And said to herself, "If the Gryphon's not a
liar,
Then no matter how shy I am, a Unicorn's
shyer."

The deeper she went, the more the path
darkened,
And the less she heard though the more she
hearkened,
Till at last she was walking in silence so
black
It felt like velvet upon her back.
"Suppose I get lost?" And just as she spoke,
She backed right into a sturdy oak.

"I've found the forest, I've found the tree,
Surely a Unicorn will come find me!"

Then she heard a footfall—soft as a cat.
(Could a Unicorn walk as lightly as that?)
Should she spring up and seize him? Let
him get nearer?
Cry, "You're my prisoner"? (Then would
he fear her?)
But suddenly a sprinkle made it plain:
The patter of footsteps was the spatter of
rain!

Before she got home she was thoroughly wet,
And not a glimpse of a Unicorn yet!
And oh, she was discouraged! Though hard
to believe,
The very next day was Christmas Eve!
She really did doubt that a Unicorn
Would be stuffed in her stocking on
Christmas morn.

So after the stockings were hung (with care)
She slipped upstairs with a chocolate éclair.
In the big square bathtub water was
brimming,
And round and round the Mermaid was
swimming.
"Oh, goody!" she bubbled. "A Christmas
treat!
Cynthia, dear, you are terribly sweet."
And she flipped her tail with so gay a splash,
it
Sent water flying. "Watch out, don't mash
it!"

The Mermaid trod water in chocolaty bliss
While Cynthia said, "It started like this . . ."
And when she had finished, the Mermaid
looked disgusted.
"The Gryphon and the Troll just aren't to
be trusted!
It's utterly mad to hunt Unicorns with
cream;
The only way to catch them is in a dream!
Drink a glass of milk, break a branch of
willow,
Slide it gently beneath your pillow,
Turn round three times, say your prayers,
And go to sleep counting peaches and pears.
Then, if you dream of a Unicorn,
Seize the branch of willow and touch his
horn.
He will leap, he will plunge, he will try to
run,
But will have to come with you when the
dream is done!"

With a flick of her tail and a laugh most
cheering,
She dived through the water, quite
disappearing.

Cynthia lay in her small white bed
With visions of peaches and pears in her
head.
And these were her dreams: A bright lake,
glistening,
A Princess high in a tower, listening,
A valley of violets, a golden trumpet,
Afternoon tea, with jam and a crumpet,
Mother singing *Sweet and Low*,
The sea soft-surging, a candle's glow,
A flare of fireworks, a chiming bell,
And a marvelous ride on a carrousel!

And just as she balanced on the brink of
waking,
She sensed a *something* . . . her heart was
shaking. . . .
Was that a Unicorn, ready to run?
She seized the willow branch, and struck
it ——

Gone.

On Christmas morning they rushed
downstairs.
The stockings were bumpy, dolls sat in the
chairs,
Mechanical toys performed interesting tricks.
(One gay ballerina did forty-four kicks!)
There were jigsaw puzzles and sleds and a
bike,
Bracelets and books and a broadcasting
mike!
Cynthia said thank you, but she felt
forlorn . . .
There was not a *sign* of a Unicorn!

Then right after breakfast (it was chicken,
fried)
Daddy said lightly, "Let's walk outside."
And there, by the rosebush, what was that?
Smaller than an elephant, larger than a cat,
Heavy-maned, swishy-tailed, brown as toast
(Cynthia's face turned as pale as a ghost)
Pacing up toward her, shy but willing,
Making in his throat a sound that was
thrilling. . . .
She flung her arms around him, kissed his
ears,
Patted his nose, and burst into tears.

"What have you got there?" daddy teased.
And Cynthia said, looking terribly pleased,
"A Unicorn!
. . . but he's lost his horn."

"*I* bet it's a pony," daddy said.

But Cynthia pointed to a spot on his head.
"You can easily see there's a circle of white
Where his horn used to be—but it wasn't
on tight,
And he must have lost it in a Unicorn fight!"

"Such imagination!" (Mother was amused.)
But Cynthia wasn't a bit confused.
And to prove to herself that it wasn't a
dream,
She ran to the kitchen for a bowl of cream.
"Silly," said her sister, "cream's for a cat!
Horses like hay and oats, he won't eat that!"

But Cynthia's Unicorn swallowed it speedily
(If he hadn't been so tidy, I might have said
greedily)
And flung up his head as if to say,
"True fare for Unicorns isn't hay!"

And Cynthia beamed. "From the day I was
born
I have longed for my very own Unicorn.
I'll love him forever, and be so good
He will never be homesick for his shadowy
wood."

So that's how Cynthia came to be
A little neighborhood celebrity:
Owner of a sweet-tempered Unicorn
That somehow (alas!) had lost his horn;
Or (assuming that the Unicorn was only a
dream)
The owner of a pony who dines on cream.

END

HOLIDAY PARTYGOERS

Other Views, Sizes and Prices of Vogue Patterns on Pages 54 and 55.



3000 5672 5757 5767 5768 5769 5770

Vogue Design No. 3000 Basic Dress 10–44 (31–46) $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Version shown requires 3½ yards of 35″ fabric with nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5672 Coat and Scarf 10–40 (31–42) $1.50, in Canada $1.65. Either pink or blue version shown requires 3¼ yards of 54″ fabric with nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5757 One-Piece Dress 10–18 (31–38) $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Version shown requires 2¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5767 One-Piece Dress and Petticoat and Stole 10–18 (31–38) $1.50, in Canada $1.65. Version shown requires 2¼ yards of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5768 One-Piece Dress and Petticoat 10–18 (31–38) $1.50, in Canada $1.65. Skirt requires 2 yards of 35″ lace with one scalloped edge, without nap, size 14. Bodice requires ⅞ of a yard of 45″ fabric without nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5769 One-Piece Dress 10–18 (31–38) $1.00, in Canada $1.10. Version shown requires 2¾ yards of 45″ fabric with nap, size 14.

Vogue Design No. 5770 One-Piece Dress and Sheath Dress 10–18 (31–38) $1.50, in Canada $1.65. Version shown requires 3½ yards of 39″ fabric without nap, size 14.

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